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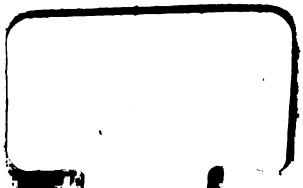

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CONTENTS.

Arles, The Ancient City of: Its Churches and Antiquities. (*Illustrated.*)—*Emma Endres*, . . . 586
Biology, A Glimpse of.—*William Seton, LL.D.*, ... 254
Cardinal Perraud and the Lacordaire Group, (*Portraits.*) — *Joseph O'Reilly*, ... 381
Catholic Authors, Authentic Sketches of Living, 130, 280, 424, 563, 708, 852
Catholic Charities of England, The.—*Alice Worthington Winthrop*, . 14
Catholic Education in India, . . . 289
Catholic Flanders, In. (*Illustrated.*)—*Rev. J. D. O'Donnell*, . . . 825
Catholics and the Revolution. (*Illustrated.*)—*Francis T. Furey*, . . 495
Celebrities I have Known.—"*Alba*," . 489
Centenary of the South-West, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Edward J. McDermott*, 240
Characteristics of the Normans, Some. —*Charles Gibson*, ... 506
Christ Walking on the Water, (*Frontispiece.*)
Church and Modern Society, The, . 214
Cloth Hall and Hôtel de Ville, Ypres, (*Frontispiece.*)
Columbian Reading Union, The, 139, 285, 429, 569, 716, 860
Crypt of St. Peter's, In the. (*Illustrated*), ... 738
Dante's Theory of Papal Politics.—*Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.*, . . 356
Degrees of Kindred.—*Ancilla Regis*, . 320
Democracy of Literature, A Citizen of the.—*Richard E. Connell*, . . 751
Dogma, The Development of.—*Rev. David Moyes, D.C.L.*, ... 433
Dolores' Easter.—*Easton Smith*, . . 93
Echternach and the Dancing Pilgrims. —*Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton*, . . 206
Editorial Notes, 128, 279, 421, 562, 706, 851
Edmund Burke, the Friend of Human Liberty.—*Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.*, ... 473
English Church strongly Roman, The Early.—*David B. Walker*, . . 766
"Farthest North," by Dr. Nansen. (*Illustrated.*)—*Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.*, ... 641
Footsteps of the Old Missionaries, In the. (*Illustrated.*) — *Arthur M. Clark, C.S.P.*, ... 154
Forgotten Literature, A. — *Leopold Katscher*, ... 37
Garden of the Lord, A. (*Illustrated.*) —*Caroline D. Swan*, . . . 78
Gubinet.—*J. M. Crottie*, . . . 442
Happiness in Purgatory, . . . 74
Happy Valley, The: A Reminiscence of a Tramp in the Austrian Tyrol. (*Illustrated.*)—*Mary Elizabeth Blake*, 24
Hero of the Swiss Republic, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*Mary Elizabeth Blake*, . 658
Hewit, D.D., Very Rev. Augustine F., Memoir and Portrait of.—*See August number.*
Historic Relics of the "Lost Ten Tribes," 535
Indian Clergy Impossible, An.—*Frederic Eberschweiler, S.J.*, . . . 815
Indian Vocations, Native. (*Illustrated*), 343
Isaac Butt, Personal Reminiscences of. —*William O'Brien*, ... 336
Juvenile Offenders.—*Rev. Francis W. Howard*, ... 115
La Salle's Connection with the Jesuits, Light on. (*Illustrated.*) — *Joseph Walter Wilstach*, ... 82
Life-saving Station, Life at a. (*Illustrated.*)—*Frances Albert Doughty*, 514
Life-Work of a great Catholic Apologist, and its Bearing on a Vital Question, The.—*Rev. M. O'Riordan, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L.*, . . 597
Mangan, Poet, The Genius of James Clarence, ... 528
Manning, A Protestant Defence of.—*Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, . 101
Michelangelo Buonarroti as a Poet.—*Thomas B. Reilly*, ... 802
Monseigneur D'Hulst. (*Illustrated*), 620
"More to be Desired than Gold."—*Katherine Hughes*, ... 1
Mother Catharine's Death before the Altar at Benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament, (*Frontispiece.*)
Mother Duchesne, R. S. H , an Uncanonized American Saint. — *S. L. Emery*, ... 687
Mother Francis Raphael. (*Portrait.*)—*L. W. Reilly*, ... 366
Nature Study in our Schools.—*F. Conigland Farinholt*, ... 674
Our Boys.—*Rev. Michael P. Heffernan*, 577
Parish of the Sacred Heart, In the.—*Margaret Kenna*, ... 463, 606
Priest in Fiction, The.—*Charles A. L. Morse*, ... 145
Psychology of the Beaver.—*William Seton, LL.D.*, ... 654
Puritan Catholicized, The —*Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan*, ... 111
Resurrection, The, (*Frontispiece.*)
Richard Whiting, Blessed, the last Abbot of Glastonbury. (*Illustrated.*) — *Very Rev. F. Felix, O.S.B., V.G.*, . 448

Digitized by Google

Rossetti's Poetry.—*Charles A. L. Morse*, 633
Science as a Detective. — *Ernest Lagarde*, ... 795
Shade of Joel Barton, The.—*Henry T. Byrd*, ... 56
Sin of Omission, A Heartless.—*Rev. G. Lee, C.SS.P.*, ... 679
Socialism and Catholicism.—*Rev. Francis W. Howard*, ... 721
Southern Acadia, The Soul of. (*Illustrated.*)—*Columba C. Spalding*, . 482
St. Anthony's Bread, ... 395
St. Colum-Cille and his Fourteenth Centenary. (*Illustrated.*)—*M. A. O'Byrne*, ... 305
St. Francis in Salvation Army Uniform. —*Rev. A. P. Doyle*, ... 760
Story of a Tired Woman, The Humdrum.—*Marion Ames Taggart*, . 728
Talk about New Books, 121, 263, 399, 546, 695, 837
"They knew Him in the Breaking of Bread," (*Frontispiece.*)
Time of War, In the. (*Illustrated.*)—*Helen M. Sweeney*, ... 188
"Unless a Man be Born Again—" . 223
Western Hospital, The Story of a great. (*Illustrated.*)—*P. G. Smyth*, 776
What the Thinkers Say, 135, 423, 567, 714, 856
Windhorst and the Kulturkampf. (*Illustrated.*)—*Mary A. Mitchell*, . 173
Worm in an awful Hiatus, A.—*John A. Mooney*, ... 162

POETRY.

Calculating Love.—*William P. Cantwell*, ... 253
Christian's Lex Talionis, The.—*Marcella A. Fitzgerald*, ... 52
Clock, The.—*F. X. E.*, ... 380
Easter Morning. (*Illustrated.*)—*Charles Hanson Towne*, ... 12
Food of Elijah, The. — *John Jerome Rooney*, ... 800
Immortality.—*Bert Martel*, ... 447
Life's Meed.—*A. Oakey Hall*, . . . 238
Old Trinity Church-Yard, In.—*Helen M. Sweeney*, ... 92
Return of May, The.—*C. T. Rush*, . 172
Sacrament, A.—*F. X. E.*, ... 11
Sea-Grasses.—*Caroline D. Swan*, . . 618
St. Monica's Eve.—*F. X. E.*, . . . 494
Sunset, At.—*L. Marion Jenks*, . . 304
Temptation, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Francis W. Grey*, ... 72

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

American and British Authors, . . 415
Catherine de' Medici, About, . . . 403
Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy, ... 270
Catholic Truth Society's New Publications: Cobbett's History of the Reformation; The Value of Life; Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case; Wayside Tales; Key to Labour Problems; Ought We to honor Mary? Library of Catholic Tales; The Drunkard; Life of James, Earl of Derwentwater, 409
Chief End of Man, The, ... 407
Christianity and Social Problems, . . 266
Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Mass, 553
Contributions to the Science of Mythology, ... 275
Disunion and Reunion, ... 845
Eclectic School Readings, ... 560
Edmund Campion: A Biography, . 418
Equality, ... 844
Falcon of Langéac, The, ... 700
Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City, The, . 846
Foundations of Faith, ... 556
Fragments of Roman Satire, . . . 839
Harp of Milan, ... 561
Heart Tones, ... 409
His Divine Majesty; or, The Living God, 556
Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature, ... 121
Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, 417
Jesus Christ during His Ministry, . . 401
Lectures on Literature, ... 842
Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, ... 548
Life of Christ, The, ... 702
Lily of the Valley, The, ... 403
Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects, The, ... 557
Logic and Metaphysics, ... 122
Long Probation, A, ... 704
Lyrics, ... 699
Martin Luther, ... 121
Metropolitans, The, ... 701
New Poems, ... 695
Organic Life, A Glimpse of, . . . 849
Our Martyrs, ... 268
Pastoral Theology, ... 557
Pius the Seventh, 1800–1823, . . . 551
Pope Leo XIII., ... 263
Religion for To-Day, ... 837
Romance of a Jesuit Mission, . . 546
Rose of Yesterday, A, ... 844
Sacrifice of the Mass worthily Celebrated, The, ... 127
Socialism and Catholicism, . . . 553
Society Woman on Two Continents, A, 124
Summer Talks about Lourdes, . . 704
Taming of Polly, The, ... 549
Thoughts for all Times, ... 399
Woman of Thirty, A, ... 403

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Contents.

"MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN GOLD." *Katherine Hughes.*

A SACRAMENT. *(Poem.)* *F. X. E.*

EASTER MORNING. *(Poem.)* *(Illustrated.)* *Charles Hanson Towne.*

THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF ENGLAND. *Alice Worthington Winthrop.*

THE HAPPY VALLEY: A REMINISCENCE OF A TRAMP IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL. *(Illustrated.)* *Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

A FORGOTTEN LITERATURE. *Leopold Katscher.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S LEX TALIONIS. *(Poem.)* *Marcella A. Fitzgerald.*

THE SHADE OF JOEL BARTON. *Henry T. Byrd.*

THE TEMPTATION. *(Poem.)* *(Illustrated.)* *Francis W. Grey.*

HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY.

A GARDEN OF THE LORD. *(Illustrated.)* *Caroline D. Swan.*

LIGHT ON LA SALLE'S CONNECTION WITH THE JESUITS. *(Illustrated.)* *Joseph Walter Wilstach.*

IN OLD TRINITY CHURCH-YARD. *(Poem.)* *Helen M. Sweeney.*

DOLORES' EASTER. *Easton Smith.*

A PROTESTANT DEFENCE OF MANNING. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*

THE PURITAN CATHOLICIZED. *Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan.*

JUVENILE OFFENDERS. *Rev. Francis W. Howard.*

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"And the Angel answering, said to the women: Fear not you, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid."
—*St. Matthew xxviii.* 5, 6.

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"MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN GOLD."

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

I.

EASTER comes late in the North, but when it comes it is greeted rapturously. For some days the sky is hidden behind a scudding rack of dismal gray clouds, and the valleys lie swathed in purple gloom. Then a radiant sun peeps over the dark hills and takes her westering course across the blue vault. She transforms the gray vapors into pearly cloud-temples, and turns a strong, warm, laughing face to the chilled earth.

The hardy Northerner bares his head to the tender west-wind. It gently lifts the flattened temple-locks, and its elfin fingers toy with them. A new sprightliness is infused into his sturdy frame, his eye flashes, and he tells his friends in a softened way: "Spring is coming over the hills. I can feel her breath." Soon his snow-shoes are hung out of the way upon the cabin-wall, and the canoes are freshly gummed.

In this way spring comes to Fort Stephen, lying snuggled in a little Laurentian valley, which all the year round echoes the thunder of the white horses' hoofs in their mad, unending race toward the great bay. It is an old gray fort, consist-

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ing of several log and stone buildings—a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. A high fence of posts, sharpened on top and secured with wooden pins to horizontal pieces of timber, encloses the fort.

At one time John Eliot and his assistant, Ross MacFarlane, were the company's servants here. Their straight-backed, energetic, elderly housekeeper was Mrs. Martha Dodge, whom John Eliot had brought with him to Canada from his old home in Scotland eight years previously.

One morning, as she served up breakfast in his cozy sitting-room, she said to him: "Gude mornin', Mr. John! My heart's rare glad that spring's come again. The snaw alwass minds an auld body like me of a windin'-sheet. It's sune to melt, I prophesy." A warm glow lit up her faded eyes as she spoke.

"I believe it is, Martha; I believe it is," he answered, rubbing his hands briskly, for the room was chilly despite the young fire and the flooding sunbeams. "MacFarlane has had his breakfast, I suppose." He crossed the room to the little, old-fashioned window. "Surely. There's a look of spring about the hills—blue as the bluebells of *lang syne;* eh, Martha? It is, hey, for Père Sabourin and the Indians now!"

"Ay, yess, a' warrant they'll be here as sune as the ice melts proper. Weel, weel, it makes a pleasant stir. But a' think a'll hev to mak a stir in this bit fire for ye. It's twice that Dan hass been at it this mornin', and it's nearly dead this minit."

John moved toward the old fireplace to offer his help, but paused to watch her. With a few vigorous pokes she tumbled the small front logs about, and bright sparks of the tamarac flew upward. She threw a large pine-knot upon the logs, and in an instant the fitful muttering burst into a great roar, and a ragged flash of flame darted up licking the wide, dark chimney. The fire was wonderfully improved. Her master remarked:

"I was going to help you, Martha, but you were managing it more cleverly than I could. I have never before seen a woman who could make a fire burn as it should. But, then, as mother used to say," John continued tenderly, "'there is only one such Martha in the world.'"

She was stooping to put in order the disarranged wolf-skin that lay before the hearth. When she rose, slowly, her dim old eyes shone with soft light.

"Yir sweet mither is dead, Mr. John, but her bonny heart is warm in ye yet," she said, and busied herself with pouring out his coffee.

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II.

Spring came, wept and laughed in heartsome delight over the growing beauty of the valley, and tripped away across the dark northern hills, as her slow-moving sister, Summer, came up in warm loveliness from the south.

At the head of the valley is the Horse Race with its booming uproar, and close below it the lake, out of which the river again takes its course. The ice had completely left the river before the Indians came—only a few large cakes, loath to melt, remained in the lake.

For a fortnight before Père Sabourin arrived the Indians had been at the fort. Their birch-bark wigwams lined the river's bank for some distance north and south of the opposite fort. Père Sabourin was, as usual, John Eliot's honored guest.

The morning after the priest's arrival John Eliot stood at the window of the store and looked out across the court-yard, the high palisade, and the flashing blue river at the encampment. The valley was drenched with warm sunshine, but on Martha's treasured sweet-brier bush gossamery cobwebs still hung, lightly impearled with dew. From a pinery that stood to the left of the fort came confused, harmonious bursts of bird-rapture, poured out to John's entrancement. Thin smoke wreathed sleepily up from the remains of the Indians' morning fires and a patch of hot air shimmered about each.

"Happy little beggars!" he said to himself, as he watched the small, dark bodies of some Indian children rolling about in the yellow sand. "How quietly they play! It is a wonder their mothers did not bring these little papooses to church. I suppose they realized that Benoit's house cannot conveniently hold more than the grown-ups."

On the brow of the opposite hill, partly hidden by a belt of picturesque fir-trees, Benoit's house stood. The tasteful Benoit had colored it red with a solution of clay found in the river-bed, and, lit by the strong sunbeams, it stood out glowing from the black firs.

Eliot saw Mrs. Dodge's erect, angular figure pass out into the court-yard. She wore a quaintly-fashioned, respectable black cashmere gown, and held her Bible in one hand. He watched her pass through the gate.

"Ross," he said, turning toward his friend, "I think I'll stroll up to the little church, and hear Père Sabourin preach. You will take charge here, eh?"

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"I'll run the ranch, old fellow. Say a prayer for yours truly," he said sleepily, and rolled over in the big chair and placed his feet more comfortably on the high box in front of him. He had been only nine months at Fort Stephen, and found it unspeakably dull; perhaps because all his former life had been spent in a lively Ontario town. John Eliot had greater resources at home, within himself, for he had spent three pleasant years in the solitary place, hunting, reading, and, occasionally, thinking seriously. This last fascinating diversion was something in which Ross MacFarlane did not indulge.

John went out. Yellow Dan, the half-breed servant at the fort, was busily weeding a patch of turnips in the small garden. John crossed over and looked on at his grubbing for a moment.

"What prospects for a good garden this year, Dan?" he asked him kindly.

Dan straightened himself and rested his elbow on the handle of the hoe and looked wise.

"Not moche. Not plaintee rain; an' Madame Doge say frost come h'early this year. But I doan' believe him," he said jerkily, as he continued his work. "No, I doan'. I laugh de way dat woman talk about de wedher. Smarte; yes, smarte! He tink he know every-ting. Dat's a fac'."

John turned away smiling and sauntered down to the river. There was a shabby little foot-bridge built over the shallow rapids down below the *Petite Chute*. But John dropped his canoe into the water, leaped in and paddled to the opposite side, landing among the dark-eyed little ones. He followed an old cart-road that ran past Benoit's house, and, as he came up the hill, the slight breeze carried the sound of Benoit's singing to him. He softly entered the little cabin, which was for a short while to be a true House of God, consecrated by Christ's Real Presence and the humble adoration of simple hearts. For however cunning the Indian may try to be in his worldly dealings, he presents himself before the Almighty with the heart of a child. Does not the Great Father read his every thought? Then he will adore him unreservedly and in all truth.

The old hunter, with the assistance of Yellow Dan's Indian wife, had put his home in perfect order, that all things might be properly befitting to his Divine Guest. The hewn floor and walls had been freshly cleaned. His bed of skins was rolled up in a corner, where it served as a couch for an infant which a young squaw had brought with her. The altar was a long

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box that Benoit had got at the fort. Year after year he kept it with scrupulous care for this annual Easter Sacrifice alone. And Martha Dodge, strict Presbyterian as she was, had given white linen for it two years before, which the wife of the stubbornly irreligious Dan kept in order. Benoit's nephew was acolyte. The cabin was crowded. A few young braves knelt outside of the door and by each of the two windows.

John stood leaning against the door-frame and watched the Indians as they knelt or stood, imitating Benoit in his place to the right of the altar. The Gospel read, Père Sabourin removed his chasuble and began the instructions to his beloved brethren of the forest. The soft white alb showed out the brown, weather-worn face, the shaggy iron-gray masses of hair and sinewy brown hands folded meekly before him. The dark faces of his kneeling brethren turned expectantly toward him. He spoke in the Algonquin tongue, with which John was quite familiar, and not one of the priest's concise, expressive sentences escaped him. Martha, whose sober attire looked as much out of place amid the red and blue skirts as a blackbird at a blue-jays' frolic, listened reverently, although the language was almost unintelligible to her.

III.

"*Ni Nitchanis!*" (My Children!)

The words fell tenderly upon the religious silence.

"The Great Master has again sent his servant to visit his children, that they may not forget the love he sheds always about them; and if any among them have forgotten during the long hunting months to keep his word, they may become again his loving children, turning their ears from the words of the Evil Spirit."

He told them what good works his Divine Master would have his children do.

"And you will do these things, my friends. You will do them to please the Great Father. When you have grieved the heart of your friend, you make a good act for him, that he may smile on you again; you try to make well once more the sick dog that you loved in the chase. Yet your friend has not always been kind to you; your dog has not always obeyed you!

"But your hearts are warm to them, my brethren! Yes, your hearts are warm to them. Are they not warm to the Great Father also? And will you not do this much for him—each day one little act to please him and make up for the

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many, many evil acts we have done in seasons that are gone with their evil, to stand against us when the just God judges us. Once this Great Ruler sent his Son down from his temple in the skies, and the Son suffered that his red brothers might be forgiven their sins; that they might have a place in his Father's happy court. Ah, yes, the All-Father has not places in his heaven for the white-faces alone. He would have his red children by him too, and it may be they will be nearer his great seat. The Man-God suffered to buy this for you.

"See Jesus!"—the missionary drew his spare, straight frame to its full height, and stood with a lean arm pointing to an imaginary view of Calvary. His face was in profile, and the dark skin and gleaming eye, high straight nose and long hair, outstanding stiffly, made him look not unlike one of their own honored sachems. His gesture was full of subdued passion, and his facial muscles unmoved; but his eyes were lit with feeling. His voice was low and intense; the words came fast.

"Jesus' face is covered with blood. He cannot lift the Cross we have laid on him; he falls, but men make him rise; they pierce him with spears. And this is Jesus, who has never made their hearts sad; Jesus, who is suffering to open his Father's court to them. But they beat him. See! he is covered with blood; and for us—for us, as for all men." He paused for breath.

"When our friend is cold to us we do well in his sight, that he may smile on us again; when the good dog is sick we give it healing herb-water; but tell me, brothers," and the old missionary reached a passionate, yearning face toward them—he was an ardent *Canadien* again—"when we hurt Jesus, do we make the little good deed to see him smile on us? Do our eyes drop tears at the thought of our sweet Jesus in pain? Ah, no!" he answered in cadences of intense regret, "we forget—sometimes, and still our Jesus wishes to pardon us.

"When the chief factor comes among you, you uncover your heads and walk behind him, and some of you make a smooth path for his feet. This is because you love your *Kitchi Atauewinini*, for he is pleasant with his children and gives them flour and grease and cloth for their furs. But the All-Father, the Great God, whose voice speaks to you in the thunder, and through the deep forest, and in the roar of the waters; who gave you breath, and filled the lakes with fishes and the forest with beasts, that you might have food; this great All-Father bends down from his seat, which is brighter than the clouds at

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sunset; bends down from that glorious place where he keeps seats for you all, and pleads with his red children to give him their hearts.

"My brothers, will you say you cannot give them?"

The old priest leaned forward appealingly to them, his hands outstretched. He made a long pause. Sixty pairs of glittering dark eyes remained fixed upon his. Across the reverential silence the warm noonday wind floated and brought on its breath the whispering of a young pine without, and the low, sleepy singing of the insect-choir. The birds were still, but up from the valley came the softened thunder of the waters in the Race.

The priest's simple, heart-searching words, and the tremulous sweetness of his appeal, moved John Eliot's very soul. Divine Love revealed itself in a flash. For an instant he felt an ecstatic glow in his heart. It passed, and the old John Eliot, who was religious because it was respectable, and liked the Bible for its beautiful language mostly, looked about at the motionless figures of the Indians.

"It's a downright shame a man with such a mind and heart should be thrown away upon ignorant men and women like these. They cannot be impressed. Ha! old *Ka Kinouuapitch* there, or Joseph Menjaki, rather—his Christian name is more in keeping here, I suppose—one might think he was listening devoutly. The cunning old rascal! But he is wondering what he shall get from me for that marten-skin. 'A gift for the good white chief himself.' Yes! and I shall have to make a handsome return. Mme. Menjaki would like a handsome string of beads for one thing, and the brightest cloth in the store. Poor old *Ka Kinouuapitch*, that's what is troubling your soul just now!"

While these conceits, at first honestly desirous of good, but in the end cynically unjust, were flitting across John's mind, Père Sabourin resumed his discourse. His low, earnest voice, rich in feeling, overflowed the small cabin-space and floated outward in lingering waves of sound, that were tenderly lost on the warm, sun-pierced air. John heard him saying:

"And because we know this, that He gave us life to love and glorify him—just for this, my children; not to hunt or fish, one better than another, or to have finer coverings; and since we say we love him, how can we make known our love for this Great God? When his voice calls us, not in the thunder or the waters, but by his strong angel, Death, we must each be able to say as we stand before his face, 'I loved thee, Great

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Father, and I loved all men because thou madest them my brothers.' I am an old man, my children; I shall soon hear my Father's strong angel calling me, and I say that my heart is heaviest when I remember the unkindness done to my brethren. For, listen, my children," he bent forward and said in low, thrilling tones, "he loves each one of us, and he died to save each one of us, and his loved ones' quarrels grieve his great Father-Heart.

"When we sadden our brother's heart we say to ourselves, 'Our brother has not always acted well toward us; it is good he should know that badness must be punished.' And another day we say to the Lord God of Heaven, who can send us joy or sorrow, 'O God! we have done wrong in thy eyes, but we love thee. Have pity on us, your poor children!' But God will say: 'Have pity and kindness for your brother-man; then I will pity you, and gather you about me in my Heaven,' where I pray the All-Father that we, his children, may meet. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

He turned to the altar.

Ka Kinouuapitch, the old chief, rose from his place in front. The slight stoop of his tall form was more noticeable than usual. He softly crossed the little room and stopped before *Wapanipich*, his nephew, and his bitter enemy for more than eight months. *Wapanipich*, erect and agile, sprang up. His chief's keen, dark eyes were looking kindly at him from out the immobile, old face.

"*Nikanis?*" (Brother?) The old Indian said it softly, questioningly.

Wapanipich placed his hand in the dusky, outstretched palm; the white man's hand-clasp was the seal of their reconciliation. Then *Wapanipich* lowered his eyes, and his head drooped slightly forward; the look in the old chief's eyes awed him. *Ka Kinouuapitch* gently released the young man's hand and returned to his place.

John caught his breath quickly. The stern old chief unbending to seek a reconciliation with one who was his inferior in rank, and who, moreover, bore no good reputation among his kindred! John Eliot was amazed at what he saw. A queer, choking sensation filled his breast; as though something within

NOTE.—*Ka Kinouuapitch*—The man who bends from carrying with the tump-lines. *Wapanipich*—White leaf. *Kitchi Atauewinini*—The Great Man who supplies us, or who furnishes goods (in exchange for furs).

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had suddenly expanded and was pressing to burst its confines. The burden of the priest's discourse seemed still to float on the silence about him: "God loves you; love God." Again an ecstasy of love thrilled him and even his strong form trembled. He stepped outside and walked, nay, *glided* down the hill. His heart pulsed fiercely; his mind was a very chaos of new, burning thoughts that rushed in upon him and set him distracted.

The little dark beings wondered why the good white man did not smile upon them as he passed, or even look at them as they held up to him fragrant branches of wild roses. Their great round eyes stared after him, as he strode by the encampment and down the old trail toward the *Chute*.

IV.

He turned down a rugged path he himself had worn, to a favorite seat among the misshapen granite boulders opposite the foot of the rapids. He dropped into the rocky seat and bowed his head upon his hands. He sat with them pressing firmly against his temples, endeavoring to make a world of love and beauty out of the fierce chaos of his mind. For an instant he remained in this position; then he raised his head slowly. His eyes fastened themselves on the gorge's spray-wet wall opposite him.

It was of primitive formation—the oldest of rocks, and its stony face bore the scars and seams of ages. His mind was held by it. It *was* before the Man-Christ came to earth—before even Adam, gloriously happy in man's pristine innocency, was placed by his Creator in the Garden. It had been riven apart in remote times, and the young torrent let through had gnawed as a cancer at the strong-set rock, and the water-path grew into this deep gorge.

His glance wandered over the ranges of hills, from the brown foot-hills to the purple slopes that blended with the rich midsummer sky.

"What ailed ye, O ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams: and ye little hills, like the lambs of the flock?" This the soft wind murmured.

"At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved: at the presence of the God of Jacob."

He flung himself upon his knees.

"*My* God!"

It might have been the soft breeze sighing down the ravine; the words were scarcely articulated.

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"*Our* God!" His voice rose glad and high in the solitude. "Mighty God of Heaven and Earth! Ah, the sweetness of thy strength!" Then his voice died to an anguished wail. "Lord of men! have I lived more than thirty years and never felt thee before? Where have my years gone? For in thee is the Wisdom of ages, and I have not known thee. God—*my* God! teach me; I am still a child." His voice sank to a whisper, and he steadied his shaken frame by leaning over the bare ledge of rock beside him, a rugged *prie-dieu*. "Teach me, Lord of the Ages, and help me to show thy greatness to my brother-man."

He ceased speaking. His figure was motionless. No sound broke on the noon-day silence; for the slow thud, thud of the waters against the base of the cliff, and their hissing turmoil in the rapids, were strangely blended with the silence, and formed part of it.

That night a worn old missionary and an eager young man kept a long vigil in the lonely northern fort.

The following night the Indians celebrated the baptism of their young babes and the marriages that had taken place that morning. The leaping flames of their high-piled fires drove back the fringing darkness and mocked the faint starlight. The merry clamor of the youthful Indians was brought across on the fresh night-breeze to John Eliot, as he knelt in his room and gave thanks for the new, surpassing happiness the morning had awakened him to, his first reception of the Body of the Lord God made man.

Presently he went to the low window and, sliding it back in its casing, looked out. Before the dusky background of the hills the fires flamed up and disclosed the wigwams of the merry band. Their loud mirth did not jar upon his devout mood. He recalled the passage: "Gather up thy heart in His holiness; and drive away sadness far from thee. For sadness hath killed many, and there is no profit in it."

He was awake to a new humanity.

"*Les chers enfants des bois,*" he said, quoting the old missionary. "Truly now my brothers in Christ," he added softly. The light of Easter had dawned in another heart.

There was joy in heaven that night. Another earnest soul had solved the problem of life. And rays of Divine Peace were shed about John Eliot in that northern solitude, which have since in the great outside world of action made clear his path.

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A SACRAMENT.

BY F. X. E.

THE Dove flew low to see the river lay
Its purple stole upon Emmanuel;
And scarce athwart frail Eden's symbol fell
His splendor whilst in Love's array
He stood, a neophyte, amid the spray,
When lo! divinely dawned the miracle
That proved to be what John had deigned foretell:
The harbinger of Earth's baptismal day!

And as the morrow's faintest glimmer came
A joy forgotten woke the desert drear,—
The Baptist heard afar the eastern sea
Commemorate the rite with this acclaim:
"Arise, O sun, and forth in white appear,
For hast thou not been born again in Me?"

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Resurrexit

EASTER MORNING

WHEN HE AROSE

THE WATCHERS SAW THE SCARS THAT TOLD THEM HOW
HE SUFFERED ON THE CROSS. UPON HIS BROW
THERE STILL REMAINED THE WOUNDS THAT BRUISED HIM SO,
AND TOLD OF ALL HIS AGONY AND WOE.
O RESURRECTION MIRACLE! THE NIGHT
OF THAT LOW GRAVE WAS CONQUERED WHEN THE LIGHT
OF EASTER MORNING BROKE.

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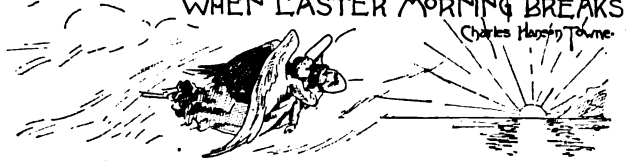
Sursum Corda

AS HE AROSE

SO I MAY RISE IN VICTORY TODAY,
BREAKING THE BARS OF SORROW ALL AWAY
LEAVING THE SACKCLOTH OF MY TEARFUL TOMB,
TO LIVE INDEED AND LIKE A LILY BLOOM.
O TRIUMPHING OF GLADNESS OVER STRIFE!
MY SOUL MUST KNOW THE RESURRECTION LIFE
WHEN EASTER MORNING BREAKS

Charles Hayden Towne.



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THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF ENGLAND.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

"THOSE Catholics are worthy of all praise," says our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., in his Labor Encyclical, "who, understanding what the times require, have, by various enterprises and experiments, endeavored to better the condition of the working people." Further on, in the same connection, he enunciates a truth which experience impresses more and more forcibly on all students of the problem of poverty. "Organization," he writes, "must depend on national character." Americans should be the first to realize and act on this principle, for our conditions are different in many respects from those of European countries, and have to be differently dealt with. We have not yet learned to despair of the future of our poor. We sorrow "because of the poverty in our land," but "not as those that are without hope"; and this hopefulness is justified by the possibilities of our race, by our faith in the greatness of our own institutions.

We are more eager to undertake needed reforms, but we lack the English thoroughness of execution, the English forgetfulness of self and absorption in the work which it undertakes—qualities due largely to steadfastness of purpose, and, in a small degree, to an absence of humor; but we do not have to contend with the rigid lines of class distinctions, of vested interests, of inherited conservatism, which make reform in England so arduous.

We have not the difficulties produced by the Poor Laws, the pauper population, the work-houses; but we have our own problems, in illiterate immigrants and in shifting commercial conditions; while our great cities share with Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and London the evils of density of population, of the tenement-house, and of the "sweating system."

STATE SOCIALISM NEEDED.

At first sight, the most painful aspect of London poverty is its hopelessness—the deadening influence of dirt and drunkenness, of absolute misery, of probable vice. It is not surprising

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that many who are struggling to help the London poor assert that it is useless to attempt to elevate the condition of this generation. Even Mr. Charles Booth, who is more sanguine than most philanthropists, advocates the segregation of a certain percentage of the present population in government institutions where their labor, inadequate for self-support, will at least help to pay for their maintenance by the state; the purpose of such segregation being to save the remainder—principally the young—for whom something can be done. "In taking charge of the lives of the incapable," Mr. Booth says, "State Socialism finds its proper work, and by doing it completely would relieve us of a serious danger." This idea will probably account for the relatively large number of institutions for children which we find among the Charities of England.

A volume relating to these charities, by the Honorable Mrs. Fraser, has recently been published by the Catholic Truth Society, and includes all Catholic institutions in England, and a few which are non-sectarian, in which Catholics have wisely made their influence felt. The writer of the present article has had the privilege of personal study and investigation with regard to some of these charities, under the auspices of Mrs. Fraser.

Among the many charities for Catholic children are the "Society of the Holy Childhood," designed to secure baptism and maintenance for children in pagan lands; the "Catholic Children's Rescue and Protection Societies," to effect the release of children from surroundings dangerous to their faith; "Societies to Educate the Children of Poor Catholics," and a large number of orphanages and homes. The latter are established outside of London when practicable. This is the aim alike of the philanthropist and of the social economist, both striving to combat the centripetal force which draws the poor towards this great centre of civilization and alas! of misery also.

BENEFITS OF ISOLATION.

One object of the institutions for children is to isolate them from vicious surroundings, and to teach them to be self-supporting. The boys are given an elementary education, and, when it is possible, they are taught trades, such as printing, wire-mattress making, shoemaking, tailoring, book-binding, carpentering, and gardening. It is to be hoped that more of our own poor will be trained to the last occupation, for there is always a fair demand for good gardeners. The work is easily learned

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and it necessarily involves a life in the country or suburbs. Gymnasiums are attached to some of the institutions, and, at the West Grinstead Home, a drill-sergeant is connected with the establishment.

The girls in the orphanages and homes are trained principally for domestic service, plain sewing, and dressmaking; though in some cases they are educated as teachers in elementary schools or as nursery governesses. Many of these homes take charge of Catholic children from the work-houses and other public institutions. The writer visited the Household Training School, certified for Poor-Law Girls, in Aynhoe Road, London, and can testify to the admirable instruction which the children receive. They are admitted at the age of thirteen, and are taught all branches of household work (including such simple housekeeping as they are likely to practise if they have homes of their own), and various branches of needle-work. It would be well if all children were as happy in their own homes as these are under the wise guidance of the founder of the institution and the tender care of the matron. The house is admirably furnished and daintily clean, and the little girls show in their appearance and bearing that they really have a home. When fully qualified they are provided with situations. They are encouraged to keep up a regular correspondence with the matron, and, when it is practicable, to visit the home. Only those who have seen the sodden, hopeless wretchedness of the average "work-house child" can understand the transformation wrought by wise training and Catholic teaching in this institution.

The "Association for Befriending Young Servants" is not distinctively a Catholic charity, although it numbers so many Catholics among its patrons that it deserves to be mentioned here. Its objects are, "to befriend young girls who are in or entering domestic service, and who are exposed to peculiar dangers and difficulties from the want of home protection, and to endeavor to improve their general condition." The society has free registry offices and lodging-houses for girls out of place, and every effort is made to encourage self-help. They are given, when necessary, training for service; and each girl is placed under the charge of a lady who visits her from time to time in her situation and undertakes to befriend her.

The "National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" is somewhat like our own, though its sphere is larger. It keeps a special watch over baby-farmers.

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The "Invalid Children's Aid Association" provides medical advice and careful nursing, also surgical appliances, dressings, and other comforts; spinal carriages are lent; patients who cannot improve at home are sent to convalescent hospitals, and some who have made a good recovery but remained crippled or deformed are trained to earn their living.

Emigration homes and agencies are numerous, and one of them provides also a training preparatory school for the future colonist.

The homes for servants receive them when out of place, allow them to pay, in work, a portion of their board, and aid them to obtain situations. The refuges for penitent women are generally under the charge of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and they provide needle-work, laundry-work, and other occupations which help to make the institutions self-supporting. Connected with these are night-refuges for the destitute.

For the aged poor are homes, almshouses, and pensions; the former managed, as a rule, by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, as with us, collect day by day food, clothes, and money for their helpless charges. The Poor Sisters of Nazareth also shelter the aged poor, as well as orphans and destitute girls; such of these as are incurably ill or deformed remain with the sisters for life.

The Aged Poor Society grants pensions to aged poor Catholics unable to maintain themselves. There are many Catholic almshouses supported by private charity. There are also Catholic institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind.

The hospitals and convalescent homes are, of course, numerous, and there are several orders of nursing sisters. The Little Sisters of the Assumption nurse the poor gratuitously in their own homes. There is a hospital society to visit sick Catholics in hospitals and to give them assistance in their temporal and spiritual wants during the period of their convalescence after they leave the institution.

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and St. Joseph's College, support foreign missions. The Catholic Young Men's Society, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and other associations work for the relief of the poor and the spiritual benefit of their living and deceased members. The Society of St. Elizabeth of Hungary consists of Catholic ladies, serving God in the persons of the poor. The duties of the society are:

1. To visit at the homes of the poor, maternity cases, young widows, young single women and other persons, sick or in

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want, who are not visited by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; 2. To befriend servants in need of assistance, particularly when out of place; 3. To collect cast-off clothing and linen for the use of the poor; 4. To make and repair clothing to be given, lent, and sold to the poor. Besides these specific duties, the society undertakes the establishment and management, or supervision, of homes for women out of work, women's penny savings-banks, school savings-banks, coal and clothing clubs, lending libraries, and, in emergencies, provides cheap food for the poor. The society has the distinction, which we regret to say is rare among Catholic charities, of supplying detailed statistics in the various branches of its work.

WOMEN'S HELP NEEDED.

In his manual on "The Love and Service of Christ in his Poor" the Bishop of Salford, speaking of the want of an active body of working ladies in the church, says:

"Quite as important as a society for men would be the establishment of a society for women, to visit the poor in their homes and public institutions. No words can say how valuable is the influence of devout women; how noiselessly, quietly, and deeply it penetrates where the voice of no man will reach and persuade. We do not hesitate to declare our formed judgment that thousands of souls, among the young and old, would have been saved to the church had we carefully followed up and developed the traditions of the Apostolic Church, which made so wide a use of the religious activity and influence of devout Christian women living in the world."

The object of the Catholic Union is to promote, by every lawful means, the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope; and to advance Catholic interests in general. The first Catholic charitable society was founded in 1731 for the relief of "our poor Catholic brethren under sickness or persecution, and to have prayer said for faithful souls departed." The League of the Holy Cross was instituted to "unite the Catholic clergy and laity in a holy warfare against intemperance." There are societies to provide for aged and infirm priests, and to work for poor churches; and there is the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, whose objects are the conversion of England and of individuals, the salvation of apostates and those in danger of apostasy and "the forgotten dead."

The objects of the Catholic Letter and Literature Guild are somewhat like those of our "Shut In" Society. We have not

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the statistics for the past year, but in 1894 there were 250 corresponding members in regular correspondence with 600 girls, and books, papers, etc., were contributed to the inmates of work-houses in almost every city in England. This association aims to bring working-girls and cultivated women into friendly intercourse by means of correspondence, to carry variety and brightness into the lives of invalids, and to supply hospitals and work-houses with wholesome literature. No money is given, but occasional gifts of books, flowers, papers, stamped envelopes for reply, etc., are welcome. The Guild receives, as correspondents, "all girls and invalids in need of loving sympathy and interest, and all the lonely to whom an occasional friendly letter would be a pleasure and a help."

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL UNION.

So far, the charities considered have been more or less like our own, modified, of course, by the conditions peculiar to England; but we come now to others which do not exist with us, and which, it is hoped, we may be induced to imitate.

The *first* of these is the Catholic School Committee, of which the Duke of Norfolk is chairman. This association acts for, and represents, in matters which concern elementary education, the Catholic dioceses of Great Britain, having one clerical and two lay members for each diocese. The government, since the year 1847, has admitted the claim of this association to speak in behalf of all Catholic schools, and has arranged with it the terms on which assistance is given to them. The association also increases the efficiency of these schools by educating and supplying teachers; and in order to accomplish this it has founded three training colleges, and assists the pupils to pay the expense of ecclesiastic inspection in addition to the government examination.

Second. The Catholic Social Union, of which Cardinal Vaughan is the president, and Mr. Oates (so well known in London through his many good works) is the honorary secretary. The object of this association is "to bridge over social chasms and to unite Catholics, rich and poor, on a basis of friendly interest and mutual good will, and thus to save a great multitude of Catholics from becoming lost to their religion and to Christianity." Its efforts are directed towards young people, who meet in the evening, several times a week, for recreation, social improvement, and instruction under the auspices of the union, in large rooms or halls provided for the purpose.

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Third. St. Anselm's Society, for the dissemination of the best literature. This provides the best books and reviews of books on all subjects for Catholic readers, gives information to different classes of readers, furnishes guaranteed lists of various kinds of literature, assists in forming parish and other libraries, institutes home reading circles, supplies applicants with references and works on controverted points in church history and church teaching, and undertakes the publication of such books as are within its province.

Fourth. The Catholic Truth Society. Its objects are:

1. To disseminate among Catholics small and cheap devotional works.

2. To assist the uneducated poor to a better knowledge of their religion.

3. To spread among Protestants information about Catholic truth.

4. To promote the circulation of good, cheap, and popular Catholic books.

Its publications are classified under the following heads: Scriptural, Doctrinal, and Controversial, Devotional, Biographical, Fiction, and Poetry. There is also a series of devotional and controversial leaflets for distribution at meetings, anti-Catholic lectures, etc.; among these are answers, in popular form and language, to various calumnies against the church.

The society "from time to time extends its scope to works which no other organization has hitherto undertaken," including annual Catholic conferences, which have grown to be events of great interest, as they discuss all matters of importance relating to the Catholic faith. They are attended by almost all of the distinguished Catholics, lay and clerical, in England, and serve to bring together those who are best qualified to promote the welfare of the church. The society works also through its branches, which vary considerably in size and importance, by which "local interest is aroused, lectures of an instructive or controversial character are arranged; publications are distributed, and other works are undertaken in accordance with local requirements."

SPIRITUAL HELP FOR THE SAILORS.

A branch for the benefit of seamen, in union with the Apostleship of Prayer, has been undertaken, with the Honorable Mrs. Fraser as its honorary secretary. It provides literature for Catholic sailors, and has brought out a prayer-book,

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the *Guide to Heaven*, which has been adopted by the Admiralty. It supplies ships, in the Royal Navy and merchant service, with Catholic literature, and lends books to coast-guards in different parts of the country. It has also established a Seamen's Club and Home for the poor of London.

The society has prepared a series of lectures with magic-lantern slides, dealing principally with historical subjects; and it places at the doors of churches boxes with its publications, so that they may be obtained without difficulty and at small cost, as they range in price from sixpence to three shillings and sixpence.

The details are given respecting this institution with the earnest hope that a similar organization may be extended throughout the Catholic Church in the United States. The objects and work of the association were explained to the present writer by its president, and by its honorary secretary, Mr. James Britten, whose admirable articles in the *Dublin Review*, the *Month*, etc., are, no doubt, well known to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

A CATHOLIC TOYNBEE HALL.

Six years ago the idea of founding a small university settlement for Catholics on a plan somewhat similar to Toynbee Hall and Oxford House was proposed at a conference of the Catholic Truth Society. In the following year, through the instrumentality of Mr. Britten and of the Newman Society of Oxford, Newman House in Southwark was started, in order to provide a place for those who wish to live among the poor, and to cast their lot, even temporarily, with them. The number of Catholic members of Oxford and Cambridge has hitherto been too limited to extend this undertaking, but it is believed that the work of Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe in obtaining for Catholics permission to enter, without restrictions, the great universities, will stimulate the establishment of Catholic university settlements in London and other large cities in England.

This idea of living with the poor is of comparatively modern growth among the laity. It has found its expression, among women, in two most interesting foundations—St. Philip's House, Tredegar Square, and Gertrude House, Tower Hill.

Far in the north-east of London, beyond the Regent's Canal, beyond the Jews' Burying-ground, in the old village of Stepney, where Mile-End Road loses itself in Bow Road, with factories and rope-walks and railway coaling depots all around

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it, lies Tredegar Square; and here, in an old dwelling, which once had a "gentility" of its own, St. Philip's House was founded by Lady Margaret Howard, Lady Clare Feilding, Miss Lowe, and Miss Annesley. It was opened early in 1894, as a residence "for ladies who wish to devote themselves to work among the poor in the east of London without being obliged to leave their homes and ordinary occupations for any length of time." Two members of the committee live in the house permanently, and the other three available rooms are occupied by ladies who stay for a month or more at a time. They visit the poor and sick in their homes, instruct the ignorant, and supply the needs of the destitute, though great care is taken to prevent ill-considered alms-giving. The main object of the settlement, however, is to serve as a centre to which all who need such influences as Christian ladies exert will be able to find their way. There are mothers' meetings, and a girls' club which assembles three times a week, and which is the special hope of the ladies, who "attend every meeting, hold or assist at the classes, superintend the recreations, play the piano, etc. Classes have been held for dress-making, needle-work, French, book-keeping, wood-carving, and musical drill; and a savings-bank has been started in connection with the Post-Office Savings-Bank."

It is regretted that lack of space prevents fuller quotations from the Report of St. Philip's House, in order to show how practical and how untiring the good works of these ladies have been. Within the year Lady Clare Feilding has entered into "the rest which remaineth for the people of God"; but "her works do follow her," and she has left behind her, as a heritage to St. Philip's House, the memory of her noble and beautiful life.

SPLENDID HELP FROM THE NOBILITY.

To Americans Tower Hill is associated with great historical traditions, and the writer, lingering in Trinity Square, where so many martyrs gave their lives for their faith, forgot for the moment the misery and squalor of the present in memories of the past; nor did she fully realize her surroundings when she found herself in quiet St. Mark Street, apart from the noisy traffic of Houndsditch and the Minories. Here is situated Gertrude House, the home which the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle has founded for ladies who wish for a certain time to devote themselves to work among the poor. Two are permanent resi-

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dents and three others come and go, receiving perhaps even more than they give in their efforts to relieve the temporal and spiritual needs of the poor, and to gain a practical knowledge of the wants of each. In this parish of three thousand Catholic souls about one thousand families have been visited regularly by the ladies of Gertrude House. Here, also, there is no indiscriminate alms-giving, but the spirit of Christian charity and sympathy is infused into all the work done. This includes mothers' meetings, with average attendance of sixty, guilds for the boys who have made their First Communion, and—in connection with the Catholic Social Union—girls' clubs, which meet every night with an average attendance of eighty-five. Classes are held in plain needle-work, French and dancing, and once a week special music is provided for dancing. Occasionally, both here and at St. Philip's House, the girls themselves give entertainments, to their own great delight. As the report for last year states, "the girls have gained a marked improvement of tone and deportment, and their religious duties have been more carefully attended to." It is to be regretted that space is inadequate for the many interesting details which might be given concerning this work. "What a satisfaction there is in giving these girls pleasure after they have been working hard all day," said the founder of Gertrude House; "in hearing their troubles, difficulties, and temptations, and trying to comfort, help, and advise them. They seem so grateful for a few kind words. Many of them are very poor, but it only comes out accidentally in conversation. They never complain or ask for anything, but will tell you stories that make your heart ache with a perfectly cheerful face—which would be a good lesson for those who groan over every petty grievance."

We leave here the subject of the Catholic Charities of England, confident that the reader will share the writer's admiration for the noble men and women by whom these benefactions have been initiated and maintained.

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THE HAPPY VALLEY: A REMINISCENCE OF A TRAMP IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

IN these days of enthusiastic belief in the divine mission of the bicycle it requires courage to suggest the superiority of any other means of locomotion, even if it be simpler, more healthful, and less expensive. The good old habit of walking has so far fallen into abeyance—if indeed it were ever vitalized out of that state in the minds of Americans—that its excellence must be proven like some later problem in geometry to the perception of the new generation. And yet it remains, as it has ever been, capable of wider experiences for the traveller, subject to fewer reverses, immeasurably freer from care and solicitude, better adapted to those vagrancies of fancy which are the delight of the rover, and fitter for all the true purposes of the wanderer who desires to make the most of his wanderings. To be sure it does not take time by the forelock, and drag him behind the wheels of its victorious chariot, compelling him to make so many miles an hour under pain of disgrace. But is this end-of-the-century haste the best companion for a lover of Nature who desires to woo his mistress with loyalty and reverence, and who has some other measure of success than the leagues skimmed in the course of a summer day? Can one imagine Stevenson pedaling over the by-paths of those delicious "Travels with a Donkey," or flashing like a meteor over the trail of "A Silverado Squatter," or "scorching" along the pleasant lanes of "An Inland Voyage"?—Stevenson, who is master of us all in reverence for God's wide world, the prophet who sings

"Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me,
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me."

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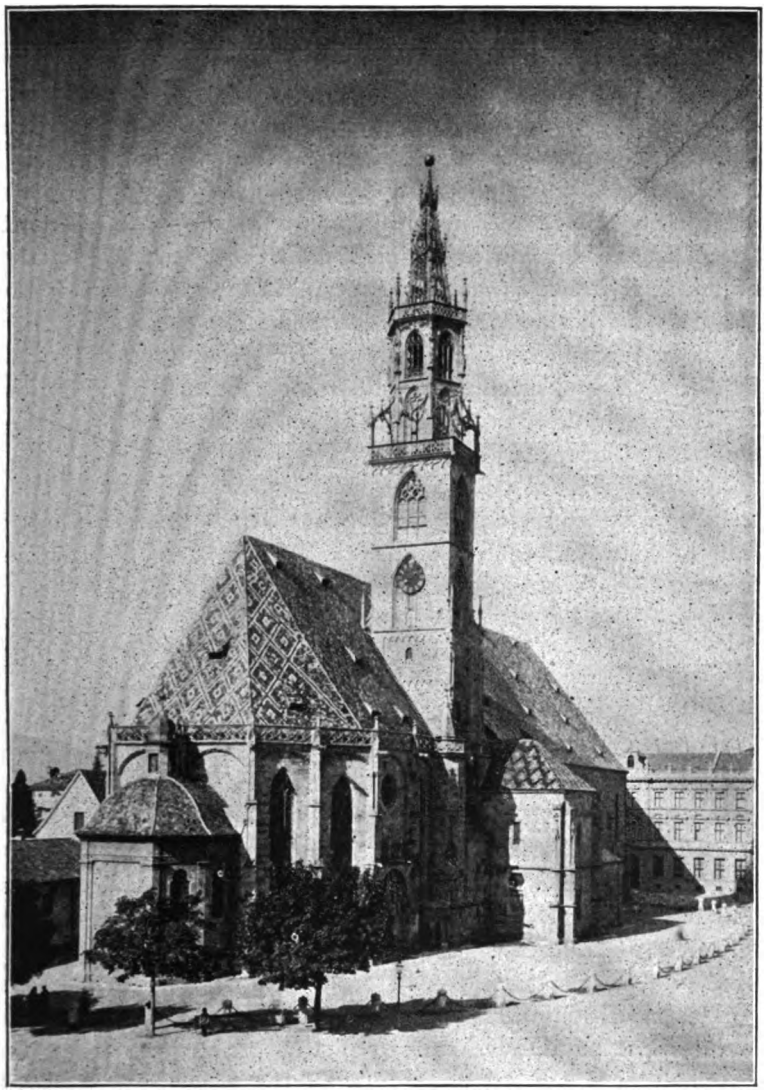

BOTZEN PARISH CHURCH (GOTHIC OF THE 14TH AND 15TH CENTURIES).

No! philosopher and poet still go afoot. I am aware that this is high treason to the fad of the period, and that treason is the one capital crime for which punishment is never remitted. The wheelman will allow no exceptions to be taken in regard to his supremacy. It is not enough that his are unquestionably the best means for hurry; they must be also the wisest attendant on leisure. Yet after all has been said and done in praise

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and glory of the wheel, it remains a fact that this is not the ideal way of seeing strange fields and seeking new emotions. The pleasure of untrammelled senses, alive to every passing phase of earth and sky; the liberty of choosing at will mountain-trail, or woodland path, or green lane sweet-breathed with rose hedges; the unhurried intercourse with man and his world, which makes chiefest joy of the happy vagabond, is still the better part. Height and hollow are for him; cool meadow and deep forest shadow; peaceful nook and stormy grandeur; bounding foot that carries by assault the mountain fortress, and halting step that lingers with reverent tread before the Holy of Holies. What to this is the inelegant hurry that jostles one strange loveliness against another, while attention is divided between their embarrassment of charm and the chances of a punctured tire?

It is true that the pedestrian cannot, like the wheelman, be made in twelve easy lessons. He must first serve his apprenticeship of long and loving labor before he takes his degree as master. He must have retained his friendship with Nature, and made her his familiar, until her dark moods speak to him as her bright, and they respond to each other as artist and instrument. But this is no harsh task, and then—the broad earth belongs to him, as to no other human creature. Accidents which discompose others are no longer let or hindrance. Shower as well as shine unrolls the panorama of beauty before him; cold has its magic, and heat its glamour; even weariness is but a happy preparation for rest, and hunger a sauce for appetite. Like Antæus, his strength is ever renewed by the soil he touches, and there comes no strange medium between them.

To such an one, coming down from the long solitudes of the Bernina Pass on the way from the lovely valley of the Engadine, and climbing the white silence of the Stilfserjoch under the luminous shadow of the majestic Ortlers, there comes a sense of exultation that no fatigue can quench, as the magical beauty of the Lower Tyrol opens before him. If he be wise—and being a pedestrian we may give him the benefit of the doubt—he will stop at least one night at the little inn of Frau Emma at Neu Spondining, to taste the fare of the only woman decorated by an emperor for the toothsomeness of her dishes. He will allow her to choose his repast: a trout just snared from the brook before the door, a Backhühn that revives the blessed memory of the fried chicken of Maryland, a dish of Pfannenküchen that melt in the mouth like a sweet

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odor; a feast such as Lucullus never knew. He will sleep in a chamber of peace, and swing with the dawn down the long, sunny valley and the narrow, unutterably twisted, beautiful gorge of the Etsch, to Meran, sitting amid her palaces in the fair fields below. If he cares for fashion, here in the Tuxedo of Austria he will see what rank and fashion can do for their favored resort. This richest watering place in the Southern Tyrol has a wonderfully picturesque setting and is quite unusu-

ALWAYS THERE IS A GENTLE LISPING OF WATERS IN THE AIR.

ally beautiful and splendid. He will go by rail through the flat highlands between this and Botzen, partly for some view-points that can best be focussed from a car-window, partly to learn how many sharp corners a train can turn in thirty miles, and partly to see how long an Austrian railroad can take to make them. There will be plenty of time for observation. He will feel the charm of Botzen, in the lap of the hills, the great gray heads of the Schlern and Rosengarten lifted above their shoulders, and the swift-flowing Talfer laving their feet. Rippling streams of shining water run over the pavements of the narrow streets; the fine old parish church, which has braved the onslaught of six hundred years, lifts its spire like a film of lace blown upward into the clear sky; dark arcades under the gray houses hide fascinating small shops like those of Berne; the open market-places glow with color; and the public squares, set about with lime-trees, are fragrant with blossoming olean-

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ders, under which the fashionable cafés set lunch-tables to beguile the unwary. Even the torrid heat which July and August pour into the valley is tempered by deep awnings stretched far out from the houses, and a system of sprinkling by small hand-hose fed from the fountains, which keeps the broad flags constantly moist and cool. Here and there the fine cloister of some old convent gives an effect of remoteness that makes the modest bustle of the town noisy by comparison; and at eventide the entire population pours into street and garden, wanders up the cool slope of the Ritten, or climbs the rough path of the Calverienberg, with its pathetic story of the Passion told by the shrines along the way, and the tragedy of the crucifixion lifted against the twilight sky on the summit. It is possible that familiarity lessens the effect of these representations; but they are deeply touching to the stranger who sees for the first time the lonely shadows flung down the long mountain side by the three crosses, or lighted by the silent stars in the night-watches.

So far the traveller has but followed the usual path of travel which joins Switzerland and Italy by the high passes of the north-east. Now he can begin to trace delectable routes, comparatively unknown, full of freshness and charm, which Austrians and Germans regard among themselves as crowns of loveliness: long, fair valleys and wild heights, with that bouquet of delicate lonesomeness which is intangible as it is real. The railway from Botzen to Innsbrück is lined with openings which lead by apparently inaccessible mountain paths to remote and exquisite spots, rich in all the most exacting soul can ask of nature. Now to the right, now to the left, between peaks that bar the way; winding steeply through vineyard and wheat-field; passing solitary farms and lonely hamlets that have remained unchanged for centuries; full of surprises as sudden turns open glorious views of distant horizons, they wind on and on through unending beauty. And one such narrow portal at Waidbruck opens the entrance to the Happy Valley.

The ascent of the Grödnerthal is by a narrow post-road, that runs, now below, now above the close-pressing heights between which it is cut, as the mountain precipices rise up or fall away from it. The nearest village of St. Ulrich is not more than nine miles away; the farthest, St. Maria, scarce eight miles beyond. But into this distance is compressed such loveliness as is not excelled in the whole lovely Tyrol. The road clings to one side of a narrow gorge between two parallel lines of Alps,

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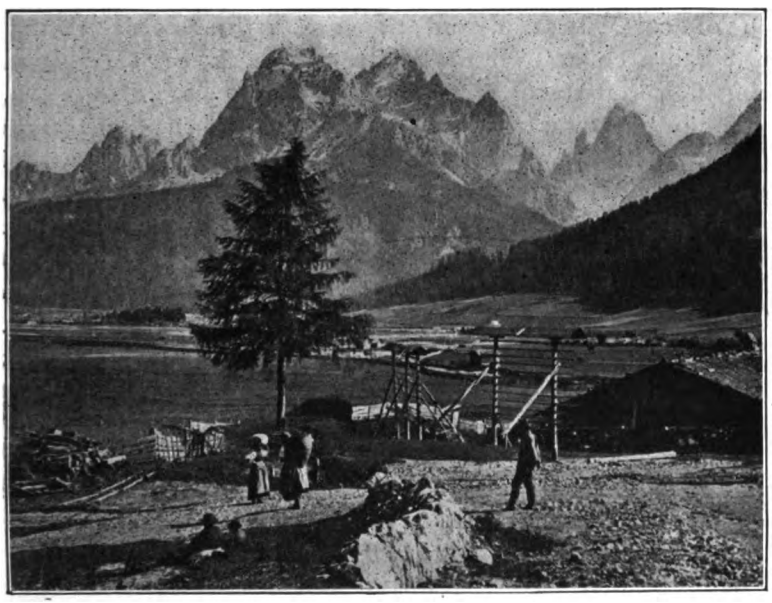
with now and again groups of small brown huts set in almost perpendicular fields, clinging to their sides like the châlets of Lauterbrunnen and Wengern. Vivid hill flowers, crimson Alpen roses, deep bluebells a-swing in the wind, golden-hearted pansies, and wild coreopsis, line the path, which climbs at last some four or five thousand feet into the pretty village in the heart of the hills. And always there is a gentle lisping of waters in the air, like the sea tossing on the beach on a bright



THE GRÖDNERTHAL LIES AT THE GATE OF ALL THIS SPLENDOR.

morning; and a scent of new-mown hay, thridden with faint pine odors; and that ineffable peace that belongs only to the solitude of lofty places. Nothing disturbs this—not clinking hammers of the lonely road-maker, nor tinkle of far-away cow-bells from distant herds, nor shrill greeting of village gleaners on neighboring Alps, nor clatter of wooden sabots on steep, slaty path, nor rattle of the diligence with its brave horses storming three abreast down the flying curves. These sounds only,

"Like ring-doves, make not quiet less."

Peace is the dower of the scene, which can never be parted from it.

If it be Sunday, there will be joyous troops of young country people—Echte Tyrolers—in the fanciful costume of the

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country, tramping after Mass to some trysting-place among the high, sunny meadows, to sing and dance away the few hours of weekly recreation. They are a bright-eyed, well-built, clear-skinned race; the men gorgeous in brilliant red or green suspenders over a white shirt, open braided jacket, stout stockings rolled away from very short breeches to show the bare brown knees, and peaked green hat set around with wild flowers and cock's feathers. The women are quieter, after the fashion of the pea-hen. Still, the short, dark wool skirt is relieved by an apron of colored satin, and the small, three-cornered shawl, pinned like a collar over the white cotton blouse, is gaudy with flaming flower patterns. The hat, in shape and decoration, is like that of their escorts; the posy perhaps a little larger, and a nosegay at the breast. Some one carries the inevitable zither, which is to the Tyrol what the bagpipe is to Scotland or the fiddle to Ireland. Few groups of merry-makers leave a stronger impression of innocent and conscious jollity than these sturdy peasants, strong, alert, and happy, in these lack-lustre days of conventional indifference. It is pity the fitness and effectiveness of their dress does not commend itself more to the sad-colored, long-trousered rest of humanity.

I have called the Grödnerthal the Happy Valley; for if Rasselas' dream were ever to be fulfilled on earth, it might be here at St. Ulrich. Hedged within its mountain walls from the passions of the outer world, it lies amid waving fields of grain, and rich gardens set on the sunny slopes of two ranges of lofty hills, like a newer paradise. The post-road runs between these beautiful green pastures; and from Waidbruck to St. Maria there is scarce a house in the country side so rich or so poor as to be remarked among its neighbors. Flowers are bright in every door-plot; snowy curtains flutter above scarlet geraniums in the small, bright-paned windows; vines clamber about the little wooden balconies; and an unusual cleanliness and propriety mark the fields and highways. Flocks of sheep and goats mingle with the herds in the meadows, or up the steep hill pastures; and some happy sense of inner refinement causes the people to remove from immediate neighborhood of the house those immense manure-heaps which make such obstinate contrast to the pure air of Switzerland and Germany. The houses themselves are uncompromisingly square, three, four, or even five stories high, with something of the homely self-respect that marks their dwellers. One remembers Ruskin's arraignment of the modern spirit which moves the selfish rich

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man to hide his treasures within his great mansion, refusing his poorer brethren sight or knowledge of the glory inside his gates. These people give of their best to friend or stranger passing by. There will be a carven lintel, a band of scroll-work, a gracious figure of saint or Saviour, a quaintly cut motto above door or window, or some holy text burned in age-stained wood, like a consecration of the house to virtue. There

IF RASSELAS' DREAM WERE TO BE FULFILLED, IT MIGHT BE HERE AT ST. ULRICH.

is something very touching in the simplicity which thus allows the wayfarer to share somewhat the sentiment of the people among whom he moves; and it creates an unconscious bond of sympathy. It is this, and small experiences like it, that cause foreigners to claim among all nations the Austrian as most 'gemüthlich."

We copied a few inscriptions from the wayside houses: "To the friendly care of the dear Lord Jesus this house is commended by his servant, Nicolas Verzi"; "With praise and gratitude to God, Johan Sennoner and Barbara his wife first crossed this threshold on the nineteenth of August, 1748"; "Thou little house in Alpen land, God preserve thee in His hand"; "Klein, aber Mein—A little thing, but mine own." Charming little glimpses of modest and upright souls, blending some thought of higher motive with the ordinary routine of life.

To the very summits of the rounded heights which rise one

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or two thousand feet above the main street of the village slope the cultivated farms; long furrows of corn, acres planted red with beets or crisply green with salads, mathematical squares of broad-leafed turnip and cauliflower, or gray-white potato blossoms. Slender streams drop in bright threads from the rocks above, to be divided into hundreds of thread-like sluiceways irrigating the country side, like arteries of life. Behind the irregular ranges of near hills lift the bold peaks and splintered crags of the real Dolomites, in naked grandeur of bare rock or snow-powdered crest. Farther and higher yet, towering ghost-like in the pale distance, rises the splendid peak of the Langkofel, like the tower of some giant cathedral, strange, illusive, shadowy, more vision of a mountain than a tangible material presence. Indeed, throughout the entire Tyrol the Dolomites partake of this strange unearthly quality of beauty. Splintered, jagged, broken into spire and buttress, rampart and battlement, or in one stern majesty of uplifted precipice filling the horizon with a mighty wall, there is ever something vague, unreal, to which the changefulness of color under differing atmospheric conditions adds. Times they are wraiths of dead mountains, pallid and gray, stricken to dust and ashes, the slender pinnacles surmounting their lofty crests rising like spectral things into the gray sky; times again they absolutely blaze with color—orange and purple and deep chrome yellow, strange splashes of crimson and scarlet, like blood-stains of some prehistoric tragedy dashed against the tawny sides, which seem to palpitate with light and life under the blazing sun. Never were such moods and temperaments known before to inanimate nature; it is easy to discern why, the spell of the Dolomites once known, it can never be forgotten.

The Grödnerthal lies at the gate of all this splendor. From its quiet paths these awful summits can be reached; and its sweetness of homely content adds to the savage grandeur of its mighty sentinels. Those of the inhabitants not occupied in farming, or in the few trades necessary to the welfare of the villages, are busied almost exclusively with the carving of wooden figures for church decoration. As the faces of the villagers of Oberammergau are said to reflect something of the serenity and rugged virtue of the *rôles* they assume, so this quiet and holy work appears to have left its imprint on the characters of the people. The young man enters upon his apprenticeship as soon as the simple requirements of the school are fulfilled; the old man, "Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast," finishes his quiet days

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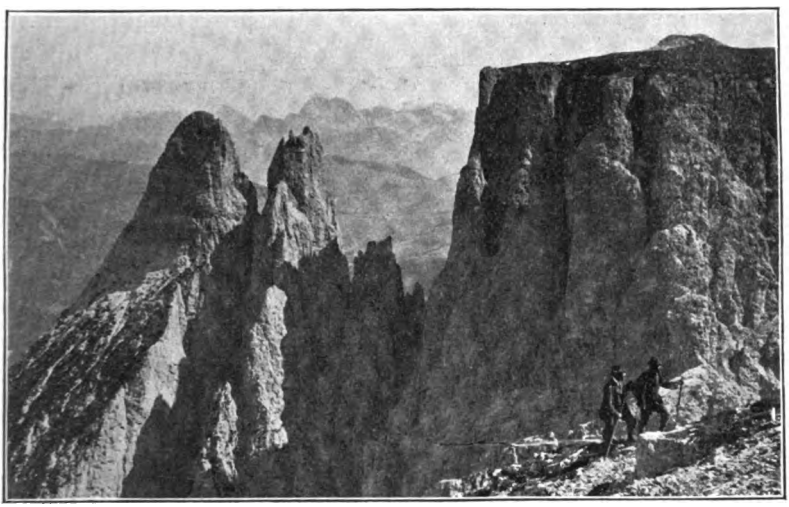
in the same employment, either in a workshop of his own or as one of a society of master workmen who unite to form a school. The endless, loving care with which the successive steps are followed which change the shapeless block into the living or dead figure of the Saviour, or the tender Mother, or the familiar faces of the saints, is novel to one accustomed to the cut-and-dried methods of ordinary labor, where the day's



SPLINTERED, JAGGED, BROKEN INTO SPIRE AND BUTTRESS.

wage is the only end in view. The artisan of the Grödnerthal works too for money, and no doubt is anxious over rate and tariff; but he goes farther—unless looks belie him—and the sturdiness of Paul or of Peter, the lovingness of John, the infinite patience of the Great Master, or the benign helpfulness of the Blessed Mother, make their impress on his heart, as their resemblance grows beneath his skilful fingers. He uses no machine to dull the sense of personal responsibility; and something of the delight of the artist dwells constantly with him. It is wonderful to see the skill these simple men attain in the anatomical and artistic perfection of their carving. They are less happy in coloring; primitive taste, and the universal love for bright tints, leading to an excessive use of blue, red, and gold, which detracts somewhat from the value of their work. Still the result is often remarkable. There is, among others, a Virgin of Sorrows just within the entrance to the nave of the small Pfarrerkirche at St. Ulrich that, for utter self-forgetfulness in grief, matches anything we saw in the length and breadth of Austria.

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The entire church is rich in decoration which we understood to be the work of the parishioners.

Up and down the valley, along high-road and by-way, on public building and private house, in view-point or out-of-the-way corner, the wayside shrine, from life-size crucifix to tiny figure of the Virgin with its ever-fresh handful of wild flowers, makes the eyes glad. The pathetic crudeness of some was but more touching evidence of sincerity of motive. Only purest faith and love could be conscious of the spirit dwelling behind them. It is hard to understand how the most protesting Protestant can help feeling the beauty of such evidence of devotion, such mindfulness of spiritual truths, thus betokened along the ordinary paths, so that they may inspire memory. If it be well to renew patriotism and self-respect by commemorative arch or public monument blazoning a great deed or a great name before the eyes of mankind, why not quicken the well-springs of heroic virtues by keeping their material semblance close to the common walks of life? Is it to be imagined that there is not strength and comfort in those moments of recollection when, like the poor peasant we saw to-day climbing the rough mountain path under the weight of her heavy burden, and pausing for a moment with closed eyes and folded hands, they receive a benediction before the image of the dying Saviour.

The answer to the question is ready in the earthly content that fills those clean, bright homes, and the higher joy that overflows the churches on Sunday and holyday. From far mountain side and distant valley, over long, hot trails and devious windings of solitary ways, the people press to the Masses with feet that have forgotten their week-day tire. I well remember the delight and novelty of entering by the heavy oaken door of one of these small chapels in the gray, late afternoon of a stormy Saturday and finding more than fifty men about the confessionals, among less than half as many women. It was a bonnie sight, and so far as we could learn not an unusual one. Perhaps it somewhat explains the hearty, sympathetic, winning qualities of a race whose consciences are thus kept at peace with themselves and the world.

The stalwart independence of the Tyrolese is in grateful contrast to the subservience one notes among the peasant classes of the rest of Europe. In whatever station he may be placed, there is about him a fine self-respect that bespeaks honest manhood, and a finer flower of courtesy, which shows itself in the remotest mountain châlet as in more conventional towns. To

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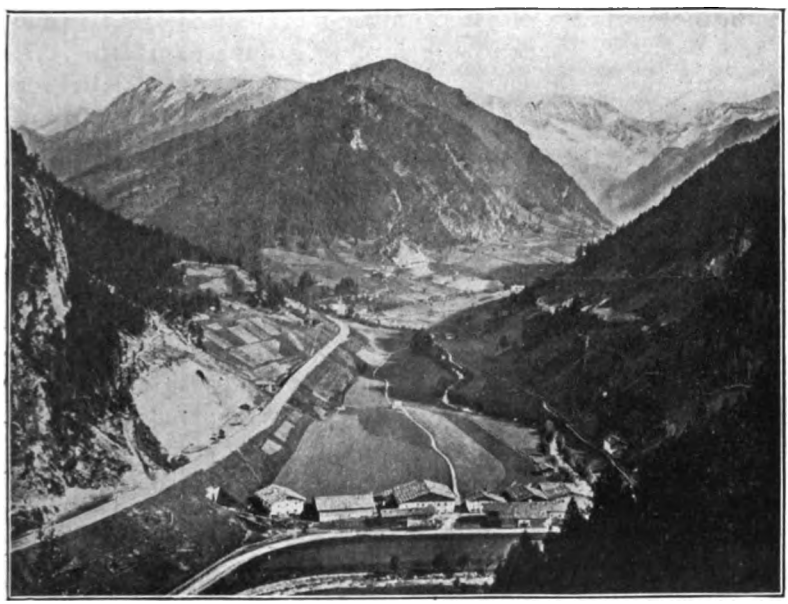
the American, accustomed either to the insolence or indifference of the lower classes in his own country, asserting their inalienable rights as freemen to ungraciousness, there is more than usual charm in this dignified politeness. It cheers the loneliest road with friendliness, and brightens the darkest day.



THE POST-ROAD RUNS BETWEEN THESE BEAUTIFUL GREEN PASTURES.

Young men and old doff the hat with the ease of gentlefolk; and the pleasant "Gruss Gott!" or "Guten Tag!" of the women comes always with the hearty smile that is more welcome than words. Climbing up the long, lonely trail of the Falzarago Pass, on the steep, high paths between Gerlos and Krimml, in the lovely valleys of the Zillerthal or the Achensee, or the sunny streets of Innsbrück, it is everywhere the same, and sends the traveller on his way with unconscious lightness of heart. Nor should one forget among causes for gratitude the pretty custom of lighting tiny lamps at night before the wayside shrines, to shine like guiding stars on the path of the belated wanderer.

It was this delightful combination of thrift and content, prosperity and kindliness, that warmed Catholic hearts in the Grödnerthal. To be sure something like it had been noted before in the Catholic cantons of the Swiss Oberland. But in the Tyrol there was not even the possible advantage of a re-

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public to explain the unusual comfort and happiness. Here was a peasantry well clothed, well fed, with sufficient interest in life to make toil of the working day welcome, and rest of evening glad. Every night the village band made music in the little square; sound of the zither came from flower-decked windows; old men sat smoking on the long wooden settles before the house-door; women, knitting even in the dark, chatted and laughed over garden palings or in groups along the narrow lanes; and the children bubbled over with quiet laughter as they pranked together. It was the homely comfort of a wise people whose cares were kept as simple as their pleasures. The mild eyes would open in quiet wonder over Herrschaften, who could venture from America for love or longing of that older world. Ach Gott! Yes; they too knew America! The brother's Hans was there, or the cousin's Gretl. Perhaps the Herrschaften knew them? No? Well, no doubt, it was a large place. But they too had travelled: once to the great fair at Botzen, and Fritzl here had even gone to Franzensfest to see the manœuvres. That was far! But truly the Thal was so altogether lovely—what good was there in going out of it?

One hot day, as we swung, Rucksack on back, down the clean, white road, we came upon the preparation for a rustic merry-making. There was something infectious in their mirth, and splendid in the free, large, easy-waisted figures of the brown young girls, stepping vigorously over the five or six miles of steep ascent on their way to the holiday tryst. They were ready to sing and dance, and return again over the long way in the lingering summer twilight. To see them leap a brook, or jump a wall, or climb the breathless short-cuts across mountain pastures, rosy with health and laughter, and free in their strong shoes and short skirts as the lads around them, was to sigh for the physical degeneration of the civilized woman. Refinement has much to answer for, in the nerve-ridden, weak-shouldered, slight-hipped, narrow-breasted race it has evolved, where it has had fullest scope, for the mothers of the future. But the Happy Valley is safe; one could recruit the brawny heroes of old from the mothers of the Grödnerthal.

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A FORGOTTEN LITERATURE.*

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

THE literature of which we are about to treat is, in fact, almost unknown. It is unknown even to investigators and scholars; we may say even to the sons of the people from whom it sprang, and to whom it belongs. And yet it is not only the most ancient of literatures, but it is eminently calculated, in itself as well as by its remarkable fortunes, to create general interest. *We speak of Hebrew literature.*

Heinrich Heine bestows very unflattering epithets upon the women of his race for being unacquainted with the golden age of their national poetry. But he was hardly just, for the sources from whence Heine himself drew his original information were purely scientific—consequently beyond the reach of Jewish women. And a really popular presentation of that literature as a whole was so far from existing then, or for a long time after, that the most precious treasures it contains—a Hebrew Pompeii—have only in this century been disinterred from the dust and mould of libraries, and therefore it is only during the last fifty years that a thorough research into Hebrew literature has become possible.

It is remarkable that an oppressed people, without home and without a country of its own, should boast of an extensive national literature; but it is yet more remarkable that this literature should have been preserved and disseminated, that it should then sink into oblivion and disrepute, till recent times awakened it out of its torpor and quickened it into new life. Twenty-seven thousand works are known at this moment, whereas fifty years ago not half the number came within the ken of bibliographers, and even still a considerable number are awaiting resurrection in the great libraries of Italy, England, and Germany. These circumstances taken into consideration, it is not astonishing that till quite lately no one has ventured to undertake a connected history of this literature, with the exception of Moritz Steinschneider, in a valuable essay in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia of the Arts and Sciences*, and a *Manual*

* *Geschichte der jüdischen Literatur.* Von Dr. Gustav Karpeles. Berlin: Oppenheim. 2 vols.

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of Hebrew History and Literature, by David Cassel, who also began a history of the literature, which he never finished.

Although the connecting link was missing for those to whom the original sources were inaccessible, and therefore the literature, as a whole, was out of their reach, the case was otherwise with the initiated; for them the innumerable detached monographs and fragments, which were to be found outside the more comprehensive labors of Steinschneider and Cassel, were so many building-stones which only awaited the firm and sure hand which was to consolidate them into a compact edifice. Among these contributions the masterly *English Study of the Talmud*, by Emanuel Deutsch, which created a remarkable sensation when it first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, stands out conspicuously.

No doubt the work of consolidation was exceedingly difficult, only to be accomplished by a man who, with a thorough knowledge of the sources of Hebrew literature, united a wide acquaintance with European and Oriental literature, and who possessed as well the industry, perseverance, and energy that led him to plunge with devotion and self-renunciation into the spirit of long-past times, and who at the same time was so freed from prejudice, and so imbued with the critical sense, as to find the parts which fitted into each other, until he had built the whole into a beautiful, harmonious structure.

The result of many years of patient and unwearied labor is presented to us by Gustav Karpeles in his work entitled *The History of Hebrew Literature.*

In these volumes he throws to the winds traditional opinions and prejudices, he refuses to be swayed by the strife of parties; calmly and deliberately, without bias, he takes up his material, favorable or unfavorable, and he treats it in a purely critical spirit from the highest point of view, utterly regardless of the offence which this mode of treatment may give to one party or another. "For the sake of no one, to the injury of no one, without dogmatic or confessional stand-point . . ."—such is his device; as will be acknowledged, a very difficult problem in a history of Hebrew literature, the happy solution of which cannot be sufficiently estimated.

Yet this work would not possess the high literary merit which we claim for it were its nature merely critical. It is the object of the author to convince the reader that there was such a thing as an organically developed Hebrew national literature, worthy to hold its own among the great literatures of the world. For this purpose it was necessary to combine historical presen-

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tation with severe criticism: *i. e.*, not only to review the books in question, but to discover the intellectual currents by which they could be traced to their original source, and lay them graphically before the reader. And it is this combination of criticism with the history of events and ideas, this intimate fusion which the author has so skilfully achieved, together with a smooth-flowing yet forcible diction, often rising to the height of eloquence, which lifts this work far above the level of most historico-literary attempts, and places it amongst the finest treatises of the kind which we possess.

Hebrew literature is closely interwoven with the civilization and culture of the ancients, the origin and progress of Christianity, the scientific activity of mediæval times; and while it is involved in the intellectual tendencies of Past and Present, and takes part in the struggles and sufferings of both, it becomes at the same time, and this is its principal value, a complement to universal literature.

In the two first sections of Dr. Karpeles' book "Biblical" and "Hebræo-Hellenistic literature" are treated with great power and glowing enthusiasm. The elementary book of Hebrew literature is the Bible, and the literature of the Old Testament, otherwise called "Biblical," is the earliest, and at the same time the most important, of the national writings. All nations and all centuries have occupied themselves with this Biblical literature. Up to the seventeenth century learning was of a purely dogmatic character, and Herder was the first to set the example of treating the æsthetic element side by side with the dogmatic, and even in defiance of it. Ernst Meier and Theodor Nöldeke alone have regarded the Bible of the Old Testament purely from the point of view of the literary historian, and criticised it accordingly.

Notwithstanding the dogmatic character of Biblical "Introductory Science," the Sacred Book of two religions has been unscrupulously treated in a childishly arbitrary manner. Biblical criticism has ever been the arena of the most fanciful exegesis, the most daring hypotheses, the most senseless assumptions. No Latin or Greek classic has ever been so recklessly torn to pieces and split up into fragments, no mediæval poet has ever been subjected to such capricious interpretation as the Bible. And with all this the æsthetic element was naturally thrust more and more into the background. It is only in quite recent times that we have begun to ridicule this passion for hypotheses and to pave the way back to more reasonable investigation. Biblical criticism had reduced itself *ad absurdum*, and a reaction was inevitable.

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The shipwreck of the theory of the dualism of the Pentateuch, which from the date of Dr. Astruc's celebrated discovery in 1753 up to a few years ago was the formulated Credo of all Biblical criticism, marks the beginning of this reaction. Astruc had discovered that the Pentateuch was composed of two continuous traditions—a Jahve and an Elohim tradition—and upon this theory criticism proceeded to build up quite an edifice. No period was too late to be assigned to the Pentateuch. Had the historian Josephus Flavius not existed, and had Jesus Christ not spoken of "the Law and the Prophets," as well as of "what is written in the Law of Moses, in the Prophets and in the Psalms," there was every chance of the Pentateuch's being relegated to a post-Christian era. And this system was carried so far that two such sober critics as Ewald and Hitzig differed not less than a thousand years in fixing the date of one of the books.

"When the peasant in wild Alpine solitudes," says Karpeles, "inscribes in the book which tells of Abraham's shepherd-life the records of his own life, the dates of birth of his family; when the child counts 'the brown folio' among the first impressions of his early years; when a whole nation for centuries has lived with this one book and only through this book, this is in itself witness strong enough for the imperishable value of the great work, in which, side by side with the simplest pastoral stories and most artless legends, lie the deepest moral teachings and the grandest poetic pictures; side by side with the ideal construction of a socialistic state of the future, the purest and most human views of the world; side by side with the sublimest strains of nature's poetry, the loveliest erotic lyrics, in which the most glowing and most pathetic hymns of national joy and sorrow, the minor tones of a despairing pessimism and the triumphant odes of a glorious Theodicea combine into a lofty whole—the great work which has been rightly named 'The Book of Books,' and as such has been revered by mankind.

"This book was quite worthy of being the foundation-stone of a great literature. Everything in the future was subordinated to its higher insight; it became the rule of life and the type of all creative energy for the nation whose fortunes were specially linked to the fortunes of this book."

It is not known how or when the Biblical writings were formed into a "Canon," but it seems probable that this occurred about 200 to 150 years B. C. and was done by the Scribes (*Soferim*). The first Greek translation, the Septuagint,

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contained the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and all that we include under the name of the Old Testament.

With this begins the second period of Hebrew literature, which may be called the Hebræo-Hellenistic period. The Hebrew tongue ceases to be the popular language; it is henceforth only used for the purposes of religion and learning. The Hebrew spirit has for the first time touched the Greek. Shem and Japheth have embraced as brothers. "Yet while the philosophy of Hellas penetrated into subject Palestine, threatened to dethrone the Semitic element and even to bring in a violent irruption of heathenism, the spirit of the Hebrew prophets unfolded itself to the amazed philosophers. Judaism entered the lists with fire and sword; the popular language, the Aramaic, upon which the Greek had impressed its seal in the form of various substantives, steadily resisted the encroachment of Greek verbs, and at length the truth of Israel, as represented by the teaching of Jesus, undermined the proud edifice of heathenism." This is the most striking description of that period of literature which extends to about three centuries, up to 100 or 150 after Christ, but which exerted no permanent influence upon the development of Jewish literature. The apocryphal books belong to this period; being written in Greek, they were not admitted into the Canon of the Old Testament. The central point of intellectual life was no longer Palestine, but Alexandria in Egypt, where some 300,000 Jews lived at that time. For this reason this literature is also called the "Jewish Alexandrian." It includes the works of the Neo-Platonists, conspicuously Philo, with whom begins the allegorical interpretation of Scripture and a Jewish philosophy of religion; Aristeas, the pseudo-Phokylides; also literati such as the dramatist, Ezeklios, Jason, Philo the Elder; Aristobulus, the propagator of the Aristotelian philosophy; Eupolemos, the historian, and finally the Jewish Sibyl, who, in order to diffuse the truths of her religion, borrows the form of the heathen oracles and clothes her Apocalyptic visions in Greek imagery. With Biblical phrases and prophetic fire this Sibyl foretold the future of Israel and of the nations which came into contact with the chosen people.

But side by side with all this movement the word of the Bible made its way quietly and steadily in Palestine, and its investigation and interpretation remained the inheritance of the family of Jacob, which held itself apart from the influence of Hellenism. This investigation—called *Midrasch*—gradually separates into two branches—*Halacha*, which sets in order and

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confirms the legal enactments of the Bible, and *Hagada*, which manipulates its text on edifying, historical, and ethical principles. Both these streams of tendency carry on the work of the Law and the Prophets. The Halacha embraces the traditions handed down by word of mouth, which, as oral law, run parallel with the written letter, as also the discussions to which the acceptance of these statutes has given rise in academies and seminaries. The Hagada, on the other hand, contains myths, legends, fables, apophthegms, parables—it is the poetical branch, while the other is the legislative, of Talmudic literature, into whose roomy halls we now enter and which, for almost a thousand years, fills up the important third period of Hebrew literature. It is needless to say that these periods cannot be really so accurately measured off as to meet the demands of a schematic review. At the very fountain-head of this division of time stands the celebrated Jewish historian, Josephus Flavius, a passionate Jew and a friend of the Romans at the same time, who writes the history of his nation in the language of Greece—a figure as remarkable as the age itself which witnessed the crumbling to dust of the old mythology of Olympus under the scornful laughter of a Lucian, saw the Temple of Jerusalem burst into flames, and the new doctrine of the carpenter's Son of Nazareth arise!

In contrast to this hybrid figure stand the great leaders of Talmudic literature in all their glory: Hillel and Schammai, Jochanan ben Sakkai, Gamaliel, Joshua ben Chanauja, the famous Akiba; later on Jehuda the Prince, friend of the philosophic emperor Marcus Aurelius, and editor of the Mishna; Meïr, the fabulist; Simon ben Jochai, to whom later on the founding of mysticism—Kabbala—was erroneously attributed; Chija, Rab; Samuel, eminent equally as physician and legist; Jochanan, supposed editor of the Jerusalem Talmud; Asche and Abina, the former of whom was probably the editor of the Babylonian Talmud, which alone was authoritatively accepted by the Jews.

The Talmud! The word is so easy to write, it has become so familiar, and yet it is so difficult to explain. It has been compared to a journal, to the protocols of the sessions of a great academy of sciences, and to many other works; but all these comparisons fall short. The Talmud, in its remarkable and singular individuality, can scarcely be made fully clear to a modern mind. Externally, it is the result of a process of thought eagerly pursued through more than six hundred years; a running commentary on the Mischna, by no means methodi-

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cal and systematic, rather free and unconstrained, as the discussions on the law then were in the schools. A surprising acumen, a hair-splitting subtlety characterizes the discussions. Side by side with the noblest and sublimest thoughts come the most fantastic formulæ and the most peculiar dogmas, the largest views of the universe and the most petty narrowness; all this interspersed with poetic narrations, graceful legends, piquant stories, and an infinitude of racy apophthegms. The fortunes of this monument of literature have been as remarkable as its essential character; for never was a book so hated and persecuted, so misunderstood and despised, then again so lauded and honored, and above all so little comprehended, as this unfortunate Talmud.

For the Jews and their literature it has certainly been of incalculable importance. We may even assert, without fear of well-grounded contradiction, that the Talmud has kept up Judaism. It is true that too great an expenditure of intellect has been absorbed over the Talmud, and that it has given the Jewish mind a one-sided direction; but it is no less true that when the Jew, fallen upon evil times, was shut out from general scientific activity, when especially he was excluded from all share in political life, the study of the Talmud kept his spirit fresh and energetic; it saved him from the danger of sinking into fruitless subtilizations or intellectual apathy. "If the Jew succeeded in living through the bitterest times, in maintaining his faith in face of the fiercest hostilities, and, when the first ray of light made its way into the remote Ghetto (Jewry), in taking his share with marvellous elasticity in the intellectual movements of his age, he owes all this chiefly to the study of the Talmud." If the stern Halacha may be likened to an iron bulwark guarding the Jewish law, the genial Hagada appeared like a labyrinth of luxuriant and sweet-scented rose-gardens within the ring-fence of the Talmud. The freedom which breathes through the Hagada lends it its greatest charm. It was not tied to forms and words like the Halacha. It was free, as all poetry must be, if it is to give out a clear and full sound. The whole Bible, with all its tones and colors, was its possession, and the whole Bible supplied it with an inexhaustible series of themes for the most wonderful and capricious variations. For more than a thousand years this anonymous poetry of the people was weaving its web.

It was about the year 700—therefore soon after the close of the Talmud—that the compilation of many works and collections

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out of the rich treasures of the Hagada was begun; and this department of Hebrew literature carries us imperceptibly into its fourth period, its great golden age, lasting from about the ninth to the fifteenth century, and bearing within it, according to the law of all human existence and effort, bud, blossom, and decay. The scene of this period is Hither Asia, Africa, in part Italy and France, but chiefly Spain, where the Arabs developed a fertility of culture which is well known to have been invaluable in furthering our modern civilization. For the second time the Jews are swept along in a great national current, and two hundred years after Mohammed the Jews at Kairwan and at Bagdad spoke one and the same language, namely, Arabic; language again became the intermediator between the Hebrew literature and a universal one, and the loftier spirits of both nations influenced each other through its medium. Jews wrote in Arabic for their brethren, as formerly in Greek; and as before, so now the culture of the predominating people developed a similar growth among the Hebrews, in its imitations as well as in its contrasts. At the threshold of this period stands, as before, a remarkable figure, the philosopher Saadia, a writer and theologian of the first order, as well as a grammarian and a poet. He is followed by Scherira, to whom we owe the elements of a Talmudic literary history, and his son, Hai Gaon, a strictly orthodox doctor of law, who again is succeeded by eminent physicians, jurists, lexicographers, students of the Talmud and grammarians in abundance. The circle described by the national literature becomes wider and larger; it embraces theology and philosophy, poetry and law, even astronomy and chronology, mathematics and medicine.

Even though we may deny the Semitic race any share in the work of purely philosophical thought, yet there is no questioning the fact that the Jews were the first to introduce the Greek philosophy into Europe, where they diffused it and elaborated it, before that discipline had been taken up by the Arabians. As their first object was to bring philosophy into harmony with their religion, and to defend it against the newly arisen sect of the "Caracans," they lent quite a special character to the Aristotelian doctrine, by which it became to them a kind of national philosophy. It is indisputable that they share with the Arabians the honor of having maintained and spread philosophical knowledge during the centuries of barbarism, and that for a long period they exercised a civilizing influence upon the European world.

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If the Jews have not been very zealous workers in the field of the history of the world and have contributed little to the history of literature, we must not hastily conclude that they are deficient in historic sense. Rather must this be attributed to the sufferings and persecutions to which they have been subjected. Before they had time to record their sorrows, a fresh wave of trouble swept over them. The history of their literature is in the middle ages their own personal history, marked by traces of blood and floods of tears. But the genius of Hebrew poetry sits weeping at the fountain-head of this stream of tears. "The East exiled in the midst of the West: from the tears of its nostalgia gushes forth Hebrew poetry," says Franz Delitsch, who was the first to bestow loving attention on this long-neglected muse.

Needless to say that Hebrew poetry was marked pre-eminently by its religious character. Pre-eminently, but not exclusively. Great thinkers, men endowed with stores of philosophical learning, gifted poets, have built up this poetry of Judaism consecrated to the Divine service. Its burden was the praise of the Lord and the lamentations of Zion. Never has sorrow for a lost fatherland assumed more burning colors or deeper tones than in this poetry. Songs of hope and despair, hymns of vengeance and national rejoicing, cries of mourning over each individual persecution and over the desolated city of Zion—all these in ever-varying series, arising out of their national history and called into existence by it, were pressed into the service of rulers and priests in the middle ages. Thus fate lent to this poetry a directly classical and eminently national character.

But together with this religious poetry there flourished also a secular lyric strain, which called to its aid rhyme and prosody, cultivated all forms of poetic diction, and drew into its charmed circle all materials of poetry. Its first representative was Salomo Gabirol, who was also the first poet of the "Weltschmerz," and a distinguished philosopher. His *Source of Life* was translated into Latin in the year 1150 by Archdeacon Dominicus Gundisalvi with the aid of a baptized Jew, John Avendaeth, whose name was converted into Avencebrol. This was later on transformed into Avicebron, and the book was used as a manual of scholastic philosophy, while not one of the Scotists or Thomists who upheld or condemned it had the smallest suspicion that a Jew was hidden under the name of Avicebron. It was reserved for the investigation of modern times to solve the mystery and release Gabirol from his foreign disguise. And lo! as little as the scholastic philosophers of

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mediæval times, can the great pessimist oracle of recent date shake off the abhorred Jew from his pessimistic skirts. For—let Schopenhauer strive and resist as he may—Gabirol is his predecessor in the theory of will more than eight hundred years ago!

Next to Gabirol stands Jehuda Halevi, probably the only Jewish poet who is also acquainted with the history of general literature. In his poems are reflected, not only the southern sky but also the green meadows, blue rivers, the stormy sea. His descriptions of nature are sublime and lovely, his love-songs chaste and tender. He sings the praises of wine and youth, happiness and his lady-love, but most of all his people and Sion.

The third of the three greatest poets of the Spanish epoch, Mose ben Ezra, is more secular. In his flowing verses, here and there deficient in melody, he glorifies his high patrons, wine, his faithless love, "luxurious life under canopies of verdure and amidst the singing of birds"; he laments his separation from his loved one and his brethren, mourns over the shortness of human life and the advance of old age. But his muse is pitched in a lower tone than that of his fellow-singers, even when he strikes his lyre to the glory and praise of his own nation.

With these three men Hebrew poetry reached its culminating point after centuries of uphill work. Then comes the long period of the Epigones, during which so many poets did good and beautiful work, but seldom reaching, and never surpassing, their great prototypes. With the advance of the ages poetry widens in its tendency. The influences of European literatures are too strong to allow Hebrew writers to cling exclusively to lyric poetry. In the fourteenth century the epic takes its first start—fables, legends, and shorter narrations already existed in the Hagada, and the Hebrew translation of the romance "Barlaam and Josaphat" suggested the first romantic poetry. But only a slight fragment of these writings has value enough to resist time; it was reserved for a few poets of the last one hundred and fifty years to create more precious and abiding things.

When we survey this after-blossom of Hebrew poetry, with its erotic romances, satirical poems, bombastic hymns, and humoristic epics, it is difficult to understand why Hebrew literature has been characterized as theological. Salomo ben Sakbel composes a satirical romance in the narrative form, whose hero—another Don Quixote—passes through the most remarkable adventures to his goal; Berachja Hanakdan hebraizes the fables of Æsop and Lokman—Lafontaine borrowed largely from him; Ibrahim Ibn Sahal writes love-songs, for each of which the

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niggardly Arabians gave him ten pieces of gold; Santob da Carrion is a highly esteemed Spanish troubadour, who dares to speak the truth even to the king; Joseph Ibn Sabara writes a comic romance; Jehuda Sabbatai, a satirical epic on the "Strife between Riches and Wisdom," and a "Gift of the Misogynist." Another poetizes the "War of Truth," and a third the "Praise of Women." The Provençal Kalonymos is a satirist of no common merit, and his entertaining "Touchstone" has been rendered into German. Equally amusing is the Makame-book, "Prince and Dervish," by Abraham Ibn Chis-dai—a Hebrew reproduction of the romance "Barlaam and Josaphat." Perhaps the most characteristic representative of this period of decadence was Imanuel ben Salomo (called Manoello by the Italians), a forerunner of Boccaccio and a friend of Dante's, a frivolous but talented poet, who travesties the *Divina Commedia* in the Hebrew language. He is the author of the first Hebrew sonnets and novels. But it is doing him far too much honor to call him "the mediæval Heine," or yet a "Jewish Voltaire." Frivolity and infidelity alone make neither a Heine nor a Voltaire; something different and something more is needed for that, and this was just what the frivolous Manoello lacked.

Now that we have conducted Hebrew poetry to the limits of its great period, it only remains for us to mention that this epoch also in its further course boasts its philosophers, jurists, ethical writers, and exponents of the Bible. At their head stands Moses Maimonides, the great systematizer of Jewish dogma, and the most influential mediator between the Arabic-Greek philosophy of Aristotle and the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages. He is quite the most important figure in Hebrew mediæval literature, and his works have exerted a powerful influence over the life and the dogmatic faith of Judaism. His *Guide of the Wanderer* is an interesting system of the philosophy of religion founded on Aristotelian principles. Before his time Bechai Ibn Pakuda and Joseph Ibn Zaddik had set up theosophical researches, in which a fusion of Arabic and Greek philosophy was foreshadowed. Abraham Ibn Daud, predecessor of Maimonides, went surprising lengths in free thought, seeking in his *Highest Faith* to bring religion and philosophy into harmony, while Abraham Ibn Ezra, an acute but reckless polemic, inaugurates rationalistic Biblical exegesis. But long before this orthodox Biblical research had found distinguished representatives in Raschi (Salomo Izchaki) and Samuel Ben Meïr, who lived in France. And the same may be said of some German

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scholars with regard to the study of Rabbinical Law. These scholars were also moralists—an important fact to remember when treating of a persecuted race. When some two hundred years ago a German professor cast a glance into some of these writings he bore this honorable testimony to their ethical character: "Hardly could such high moral teaching have been expected from Christians in those times, as this Jew has here prescribed and bequeathed to his fellow-religionists!"

As a matter of course, the greater part of Hebrew literature in that and the following period was filled up with theological questions and commentaries on the Talmud, which may be counted by hundreds. But it would answer no purpose to enumerate here even the most distinguished of these authors, as their action belongs almost exclusively to the history of scholarship, and seldom exercised any decisive influence on the genetic development of literature.

We have yet to mention the literature of travel, generally limited to the interests of the race. Here the pioneer is Eldad, the author of a kind of Hebrew Odyssey, which may be regarded as fabulous. More reliance may be placed on Benjamin of Tudela and Petachja of Ratisbon. Charisi has also enriched this branch of literature. Indeed, we may count the great majority of Hebrew authors among writers of travels, for, as Steinschneider graphically observes, "the hard fate of necessity was in all times like a stormy wind to Hebrew scholars, carrying the seed of knowledge into all lands, while on the other hand learning protected and enwrapped the wandering literary beggar as with a cloak of honor." Thus everything favored the diffusion of Hebrew literature: the trade and traffic carried on by the Jews, the maintenance of academies, the love of travelling, compulsory migrations. All these circumstances help to account for the otherwise almost incredibly rapid and wide dissemination of Hebrew literature.

The fourth period—the most brilliant epoch of the literature we are considering—closes with a fearful crash: the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, which had become a second fatherland to the nation, where ministers and princes, professors and poets had risen from their ranks.

"On the day," says Karpeles, "when 300,000 Jews were driven out of Spain Christopher Columbus set out on his first voyage of discovery. This is an act in the great drama of universal history which speaks much more plainly in such events than in great moral lessons to which peoples give very little heed."

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And now the stage of this literature is changed. France and Italy, but more especially the servile East, come to the front—not to the advantage of literary development, which for about three centuries is given up to decay and stagnation. The learning of this period is sufficiently designated by the title which has been bestowed on it, "Rabbinical literature," for its main achievement was the evolution and solidification of the Rabbinical system.

Among the most prominent authors who mark the close of the preceding phase, or the opening of the new period, the first deserving mention is Nachmanides, a pious and learned investigator of the Bible, who with acute intelligence and ethical candor entered into the great struggle between philosophy and creed, which now split the Hebrew community into two opposite camps, and whose shibboleth was the system of Maimonides. The Aristotelian philosophy no longer satisfied; spirits thirsted for new revelations, and therefore plunged eagerly into mysticism, which begins to have an abundant literature of its own. The "Sohar," the Bible of mysticism, was put forth under the veil of an ancient rabbi, while its real author appears to have lived at the time and to have been called Moses de Leon. We find on the free-thinking side the two literary families of the Tibbonides and Kimchides, who exhibit a praiseworthy activity as translators and grammarians—conspicuously David Kimchi and Juda Ibn Tibbon, in whose testament—as we may remark in passing—the memorable thesis, "Property is theft," is to be found pretty clearly expressed—which Proudhon might have claimed as an additional confirmation of his teaching on this point. The liberal current was strengthened by many other adherents.

This new period is ushered in by Isaac Abarbanel, one of the most able and popular exponents of the Bible, formerly a minister of the Most Catholic King, afterwards a wandering scholar who goes into banishment with his sons, one of whom, Jehuda, is known as the author of the *Dialoghi di amore*. Abraham Zacuto, some time professor of astronomy at Salamanca, may also be named here as an eminent historian of Hebrew literature who, after the expulsion of the Jews from Portugal, joined the Eastern migration, which was also swelled by Israel Nagara, the most gifted poet of the century, whose hymns enjoy general favor, and later on by Joseph Karo, the most influential figure of the sixteenth century, who by his *Schulchan Aruch* lent considerable service to the codification of

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Jewish dogma, and many others. A large Hebrew community was already flourishing at Salonichi, where Jacob Ibn Chabib, the first compiler of the Talmudic Hagada, and afterwards David Conforte, an esteemed historian, lived and taught. In Jerusalem Obadja from Bertinoro, a famous commentator of the Mischna, was at work, with many teachers of the Kabbala. The stream of migration naturally tended towards Jerusalem at that period of flourishing Kabbala and false Messiahs; but literature did not gain much thereby, unless indeed we regard Isaiah Hurwitz's *Two Tables of the Covenant*, which to this day is held as an authority, and which is a sort of encyclopædia of Hebrew science, founded on mystic views, as a valuable contribution to the national literature, which would be too great a stretch of complaisance.

The position of the Jews in Italy was more favorable with regard to literature. The Renaissance came to their aid, and the revival of classical studies did not fail to stimulate their intellectual activity. For the third time the Jewish mind comes into contact with the Greek. Letters burst into new life, and, so far as their national misery permitted, the Jews did not linger in the rear. This misery continued undiminished even in the days when Erasmus of Rotterdam deemed it a "joy to live"; indeed, it assumed more and more frightful dimensions. Still, it may be held to be a point of light that attention was turned to Hebrew studies; that Pico da Mirandola studied the Kabbala; that popes and sultans consulted Jewish physicians by preference, while medical literature also came to the front; that the Jews translated philosophical treatises from Hebrew and Arabic into Latin; lastly, that Elia del Medigo was called in as learned umpire in the strife of the University of Padua; but all this was unavailing to save the nation from ruin. The Italian Jews of that period stand far above their compatriots in other countries in the direction of intellect and knowledge, but in character and morals they take a very low place. The Polish Jews come henceforth to the front as representatives of literary activity. Among them rabbinical literature finds its most zealous and learned disciples, and numerous academies propagate the study of the Talmud in a new form, the sophistical treatment of the materials found in the Talmud.

But it is in Holland that the Jews present the most attractive picture. There general culture unites with religious tradition into a certain harmony and the sun of toleration shines upon the persecuted race. Its light even falls into the semina-

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ries of Amsterdam, and into the heart of a youth who casts aside the folios of the Talmud and goes forth to proclaim the gospel of a new philosophy to wondering mankind. His name is Baruch Spinoza.

There also lived Manasseh ben Israel, who strove for the emancipation of his people and its literary significance in the Hebrew and Latin tongues; and others who stood up for the defence of their nation in the language of the country.

In Germany we find, to our surprise and edification, Christian scholars devoting their attention to Hebrew literature, so long neglected and despised; among them the two Buxtorfs, Bartolocci, Wolff, Surrenhuys, De Rossi, and others. But with them begins and disappears again all interest in this literature on the part of students outside the Jewish race, and it is much to be lamented that even the most eminent theologians of our own time rest satisfied with referring to untrustworthy subsidiary authorities instead of seeking the original sources of Hebrew literature. This superficial proceeding is, of course, very detrimental to the value of their studies on the subject.

In the sixth and last period of this literature, which reaches down to the present time and therefore is not yet closed, Judaism and its literary expression enter upon a new phase which may perhaps be the turning-point of the development of both. Is this literature at an end or will this poetry live through another resurrection? Who can venture to answer this query in advance, when treating of a race whose whole history is one long problem and whose literature furnishes an eternal question —a race which for more than a thousand years has, like its original ancestor, "striven with gods and men" and has come off victorious?

In the limited space of this article we have only touched upon a few salient features of a large subject, without attempting to offer a comprehensive view of the literature under review, or of the copious details and glowing delineations to be found in the pages of this work by Dr. Karpeles. Any one who only runs his eye through the index, or turns over the book here and there to glance at the great number of extracts, or takes a survey, however hurried, of the brilliant and yet profound historical and critical disquisitions which abound in the book, the researches into the ideas which flow from land to land, from people to people—will be pleased with the admirable way in which the author has accomplished his task.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S LEX TALIONIS.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

THE skies were starless; on the dreary shore
The waves, wind driven, broke with sullen roar,
That echoing upward in resounding thrills
Waked clamorous responses from the hills
Whose forests flung defiance to the main.
Tempestuous midnight and fast-falling rain,
Sad comrades in my lonely watch of woe
Beside my husband's bed. Now swift, now slow
The beating of his heart, his labored breath,
His faltering words that told his dread of death,
Swayed by the forces of despair and fear
When the last awful hour of life drew near,
And stern remorse in that dread moment threw
Aside the veil that hid his past from view.

"Hark, hark!" he cried. "He calls; 'tis he, 'tis he!"
I only heard the thunders of the sea,
The wildly wailing winds; and then once more,
"He comes for thee, Loreto; all is o'er;
We are discovered! Lo! they come this way":
Then, terror-stricken, moaned, "Loreto, pray."

I held his head upon my breast and strove
To soothe the anguish of my dying love;
Whispered of hope and bright days yet to be
In our lone dwelling by the glorious sea,

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Safe hidden from his foes' revengeful hate.
"Nay, nay!" he moaned. "It is too late, too late!
Earth holds no future, dear, for thee with me;
Death comes apace, death comes to set thee free.
But oh! in pity pray; my lips have known
Few aspirations to the Mercy Throne
Where I must face my Judge, where I must tell
'Twas by my hand thy only brother fell.
Forget my crime, Loreto, and forgive
The wretch who fain would bid thy brother live;
Plead, plead for me unto the Heart Divine,
For bitterest woe and agony is mine."

"Forgive," love cried; "forgive!" But how forget
That fair young face in ghastly anguish set:
The face that haunted me with pleading eyes,
E'en as my husband's wildly anguished cries
Smote with keen agony my breaking heart,
As the dread hour drew near when we must part?

Forget! Nay, cruel Memory showed alway
The tragic closing of my bridal day,
When he I loved became my kindred's foe;
And 'mid the feasting struck an angry blow,
The smouldering fire in his haughty breast
Fanned to fierce fury by an idle jest:
The hush, the sudden tumult, and our flight
Through the clear beauty of the starry night.
And evermore I heard the ringing sound
Of flying hoof-beats on the echoing ground,
As my loved brother followed on our track
With pleading call, "Loreto, child, come back!"

How swiftly down the shadowy glen he came,
The echoes answering as he called my name,
And nearer hasting sought to bear me home:
Then from their cloudless throne in heaven's high dome
The stars looked down upon a mad affray,
And marked my brother's fall.

Sad bridal day!
Ye reft from me the peace and joy of life,
And bade me live a hunted murderer's wife,
A prey to grief and fear.

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The Winter's breath
Swept round our mountain eyrie fraught with death;
Love, youth, and strength of manhood's daring pride
In vain the subtle conqueror defied;
And now he lay by fever fires consumed,
Worn by remorse, a victim early doomed.
I felt his life was ebbing fast away,
I checked my tears and strove to humbly pray.
Sobs choked my voice; I turned in abject grief
To Mary, Queen of Sorrows, for relief.
The cry of the poor prodigal was mine,
Craving in anguish of the Maid Divine
Strength for the soul beloved, while life and death
Struggled for mastery.

With bated breath
I listened for his voice, fast sinking lower,
As, with strained glances fixed upon the door,
He murmured hoarsely: "It is he; my ear
Cannot deceive me; 'tis his voice I hear,
Calling for thee, Loreto. Open wide
The door, that he may see thee, hapless bride,
Whose sunny youth my crime has overcast;
Haste, haste! life's sands are ebbing, oh! so fast."

There came a sound of footsteps swift and light;
Surely no mortal wanderer such a night
Would seek the rocky ledges where our home,
Hid 'mid the pines, o'erlooked the ocean's foam.
A voice asked shelter in our Lady's name;
I drew the bolt aside—the fire's red flame
Shone on my brother's face. Shrieking, I sank
Palsied with dread. Had not the red earth drank
His heart's warm blood, and his young face so fair
Been mangled by the vultures of the air?
But piercing through awe's veiling gloom there came
My brother's accents as he called my name,
Tenderly, pityingly: each loving word
Of fond endearment all my being stirred:
"My poor Loreto! why this shuddering fear?
No thought of vengeful hate has brought me here
In search of him whose hand my life-blood shed;
Nay e'en as one new risen from the dead

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I come to seek thee, but come not alone.
The friend who found me when I lay o'erthrown,
My life's kind savior, led my footsteps here,
Through all this bitter night of storm and fear,
Warned by a sharer of thy alms that he,
Thy husband, lay sore stricken."

"Pray for me,
Loreto; do not leave me!" Shrill and high
Rang out his agonized, imploring cry.
I turned to soothe him; but one bent above
The pain-racked figure with such face of love
And meek devotion as the artists paint
When picturing Assisi's gentle Saint.
The sufferer's agony of pain intense,
The awful couching of the soul's keen sense,
Found in the Friar's words a healing balm
Of peace and pardon fraught with holy calm,
As, love supported in that final hour,
Cheered by religion's all-consoling power,
Pleading forgiveness for the wrong he wrought,
Pardoned by him whose life he madly sought,
My husband died.

His lonely mountain grave
O'erlooks the sea. The pines around it wave,
And softly breathe in every murmured tone
A solemn requiem for the spirit flown.
There spring's first flowers in rare and radiant bloom
Light with their smiles the wind-stirred, sun-flecked gloom.
And fearlessly the wild bird builds its nest
On the rude cross that marks his place of rest,
In that fair solitude where gentle Peace
Breathes of the land where sorrow finds surcease.

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THE SHADE OF JOEL BARTON.

BY HENRY T. BYRD.

THEY had dabbled more or less in Buddhism, Spiritism, and kindred fads, and now that Joel was dying a conversation they had once had, half in jest, half in earnest, returned to Ellen with morbid force.

"You would come to me again from where you are going —if you could? You remember what you once said, Joel?" she asked, her voice eager and anxious.

"I will come," he began, and emphasized his promise as well as his feebleness would permit, and would have continued to speak, only at this juncture the minister was ushered into the room.

Mrs. Ridgely, Ellen's aunt with whom she lived, was much gratified at the composure exhibited by her niece on the occasion of Joel's departure; but had she seen into the girl's heart she would have found cause for alarm, so scarred and bruised was it. Ellen's acquaintance with Joel Barton, followed quickly by their engagement, dated less than a year back. He was a man in whom she had a perfect confidence, albeit she knew little or nothing of his antecedents. "I have no relatives with whom I correspond, except an aunt from whom I have reason to expect much, and I would like to send her your photograph. But I have broached on a painful subject; suppose we drop it for the present," he said to her on the day she consented to become his wife. From this and from other utterances he made, but always without explanation, Ellen gathered that he had a grievance, and being very fond of him, pitied him accordingly. In the brief course of the fever contracted in the marsh-lands Joel Barton came to the southwestern country to survey, he was asked if he had no friends with whom he wished to communicate. He was then at Mrs. Ridgely's house, whither he had been taken to be nursed, at her request. "There is no one who would care except my aunt, Mrs. Amherst; Mrs. Ridgely has her address, and will write her," he replied. He spoke without animation, but those who heard him received the impression that at some period in his life he had been grievously wronged. And so it came to pass, when Joel Barton was buried in the little Presbyterian

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cemetery at Wauhassee, the chief mourners at his funeral were Ellen Ridgely and her aunt.

After the funeral, the one change that Ellen made in her life was, that she no longer visited or willingly received visits. This was very hard on her aunt, a widow much given to society. Ellen did not complain, she never spoke of Joel, and such times as she was not "mooning"—so Mrs. Ridgely styled her niece's thoughtful moods—she occupied herself with her drawings, grasping at her pencil more for the saving of her mind than for the devotion she had to art. The remembrance of the promise Joel made, that he would return to her if he could, was never absent from her thoughts for a long time. She expected him to come, and watching for him in the shade of the trees in the garden, or in the cool of the little drawing-room of an evening, she began to hear his voice. Her nervous system shattered, she wept and the shedding of tears relieved her, her reason asserted itself, and she acknowledged that she had been betrayed by an hallucination.

Her aunt noticed that the girl was failing in health, and, with a strong belief in the all-healingness of a change of scene, she insisted that they, she and Ellen, take a long-spoken-of trip to New York, where Ellen could best make use of her talent for art.

"You have had two years study in Europe, you are wasting yourself here, and really, Ellen, you should not go so often to the cemetery," said Mrs. Ridgely.

"I have not been there for three days, and I shall not go there again," replied Ellen; and as she offered no resistance to her aunt's New York plan, it was carried out before another month had elapsed. It was not Ellen's first visit to New York, for she had already spent a year there in study with Amy Bellew, a young woman who was making quite a name for herself in a certain way as a painter; and it was in an apartment in the house where this friend dwelt that Ellen and her aunt took up their abode. The change of scene did at first work wonders for Ellen. The noise and bustle of the town, the diversions executed for her by her aunt and Amy Bellew, gave her no time to brood, and the consequence was her mind and body were put in a healthful frame.

Above all other things she found that early morning walks benefited her. At break of day she would slip from the apartment without disturbing her aunt, and stroll out the avenue to the park. Necessarily her walks on the avenue took her by the cathedral, and though her eye delighted in the

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beauty of the great marble pile, she did not pass its threshold. She visited and had been impressed by many churches abroad, but remembering Joel Barton's fanatic hatred of Catholicism, she would not enter this one. But the barrier his shade erected was to be overthrown by prosaic means. One morning she was overtaken by a sudden storm of rain, and the open doors of the cathedral offered a convenient shelter which she made haste to avail herself of without a thought of Barton's displeasure.

It was All Souls day, a large congregation was present, and a young man, perceiving from the bewildered looks Ellen cast about her that she was a stranger, stepped up to her and offered to show her to a seat. She bent a grateful look on the self-appointed usher, and followed him up the aisle to a pew almost the first before the sanctuary. Mass had just begun, and throughout the course of the Sacrifice something of its tremendous mystery and beauty of mercy impressed itself on her uncomprehending but quiescent soul. The ministrant in sable vestments, the altar and the great candlesticks veiled in black, told her she was present at an invocation for the dead, and what little she knew of the church's teaching on the subject roused itself in her mind; the large consolation of it struck her for the first time, and scarcely knowing what she did, she was on her knees, her face hid in her hands and praying for the soul of Joel Barton. A bell rung three times, there was a whispering of feet over the pavement, and looking up she saw a press of people approach the sanctuary rail and the priest pass from the altar to meet them. She pondered the feeling of awe that controlled her, when her eyes became fastened on a man returning from the rail of communicants. His eyes, serious with hallowed thoughts, met hers without seeing her. He was tall, handsome, and manly; and his hair and beard were of a fine texture and of a chestnut color. It was his counterpart, or it was Joel Barton! At that moment she had not a doubt. It was Joel come back as he had promised her he would. A mist gathered before her eyes, and the man was lost to her view in the crowd advancing to and receding from the sanctuary.

"I've been in such a pother about you, Ellen; what has kept you so late?" asked her aunt when she reached home, confused in her mind and fatigued with an access of grief she had not felt since the day Barton was buried.

"I stopped on my way home for shelter from the rain. Hasn't it cleared off beautifully!" Ellen exclaimed to change the subject, and glanced out the window.

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"Yes, beautifully; but where did you stop?" interrogated Mrs. Ridgely, scenting an adventure.

"Oh, in the cathedral!" returned Ellen with nervous impatience, and flung herself into an arm-chair out of reach of the table on which a maid was laying a steaming breakfast.

Mrs. Ridgely gazed at her and said: "Something appears to have upset you; do get off your things and come to breakfast; it is an hour or more after the usual time."

It became after this a daily custom with Ellen to visit the cathedral to pray for the soul of Joel Barton, and the more time forced her to confess that she was not as unhappy as she had been, the more incessant became her prayers for the happiness of the man whose body rested out in Wauhassee. Had she desired to, it would not have been possible to conceal from her aunt what took her abroad even on the most untoward mornings. But all the remark Mrs. Ridgely made concerning what she called Ellen's gaddings was to say that all girls nowadays had fads. "I do hope she wont turn Papist, though," she said to Miss Bellew; "that would be awful!"

"Not at all; I know any number of nice people who are Catholics," responded Miss Bellew, and stood back the better to view the inflamed horizon she depicted.

Mrs. Ridgely was right in her conjectures. The piety and devotion she witnessed in her daily visits to the cathedral impressed Ellen, and being of a logical turn of mind, the perfect logicalness of the Catholic belief, which she studied at first through curiosity, then with an eager desire to know the truth, impelled her to seek a priest for instruction, and, not without opposition from her aunt, she was baptized in the early spring.

There now came to Ellen a peace and quietude of spirit to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and which did not leave her in the material reverses she and her aunt were called on to suffer. They were away on a jaunt to the country when news reached them of the destruction of their home in Wauhassee by fire. The house was uninsured, the rent of it was an item to Mrs. Ridgely, and to rebuild it she would have to sell some of the shares in the A. I. R. from which the greater portion of the remainder of her income was derived. Scarcely had she become reconciled to the loss of her house when a letter came to her which stated that, owing to the embarrassed state of the financial affairs of the country, the A. I. R. would declare no dividend that year.

"We are beggars! It is a punishment! If you had not

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become a Papist!" were the ejaculations of Mrs. Ridgely in an access of despair and fervor.

"Granting that I have erred, why should you be punished, dear aunt?" Ellen expostulated.

Mrs. Ridgely could not say; there was the trouble; that was evident enough.

Things were not so bad, however, as Mrs. Ridgely represented them to be. She still had the remnant of an income, and Ellen had a small and safe one in United States securities. It was a cross to Mrs. Ridgely to have to leave the "Reni," the apartment-house in which she lived, but Miss Bellew arranged this matter to the satisfaction of every one concerned. "I have an apartment larger than my uses," said this practical young woman. "I can let you have two rooms, we can eat together, and Ellen can share my studio. If she keeps on as she has begun, it won't be long before she can have as swell a studio as she pleases."

This last was said apropos of an ambitious head of Joan of Arc Ellen had painted and succeeded in having exhibited. The picture received favorable comment, and shortly after her installation in Miss Bellew's studio it was the means of her receiving an order for the portrait of the daughter of a woman of considerable importance. Mrs. Vail-Euston, such was the lady's name, dwelt in magnificent exclusiveness in a house on Washington Square, where the portrait was to be painted, the setting of the picture to be the Vail-Euston library, a long room with an alcove at one end looking out on the square. It would be no end of trouble to Miss Ridgely, Mrs. Vail-Euston acknowledged, but there was no knowing how many orders the doing of the portrait at that particular place might bring. "There will be a constant stream of suitable people to see your art," she declared, and when Ellen demurred to this, she was assured that the stream would flow silently and not be allowed to overwhelm her.

Cordelia Vail-Euston was an exceedingly well-bred girl, an admirable sitter, and the possessor of a pretty face of so severely an Anglican type that Ellen was not at all surprised when one day she confided to her that she wanted to be an "Anglo-Catholic" nun. "You must pray for me; I always pray for your Branch," she said. Surely she would pray for her, and how constantly for a year and more now she had prayed for one who knew nothing of branch theories, for one whose invincible ignorance was her best reason to hope for

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his everlasting welfare! She never forgot him, but the thought of him no longer opened wounds in her heart. Neither had she forgotten the vision or the similar identity she had clearly seen in the cathedral that was now her dearest home and place of visit. She no longer wished him back on earth, but at the same time she felt herself a widow, and to her widowhood she would remain true. No, she would never marry; she was sure of that.

One afternoon, some days after the beginning of the portrait, she was on her way home, a little upset and, if the truth be told, a little ruffled in temper. The stream had been steady that day, and had borne on its current many young men who swung censers of high-smelling incense, for, as has been said, Ellen was a very attractive girl. It was something she could not very well help. "Mrs. Vail-Euston is too bad," she complained to herself; "how can I do justice to her daughter's portrait if I am to be constantly interrupted?—But what a perfect afternoon!" she exclaimed to herself, and paused to look about her where the avenue meets the square.

"I suppose a Londoner would think the colors crude," was the thought that came into her mind as she gazed on the square and great marble arch. The thought died as quickly as it was born, and, uttering a little gasp, she caught for support at an old-fashioned railing that squirmed its way down a curling flight of steps.

Proceeding from out the opening in the arch she saw the shade of Joel Barton, or his similar identity. The sun caught the ends of his chestnut beard and the wave of his hair under the Alpine hat he wore. He looked straight before him, his head thrown back. But to-day there was a laughing candor in his eyes, whereas on the morning in the cathedral they had a grave and hallowed look. He passed her, and she turned to let her eyes follow him. Her name was spoken, her hand was taken in a firm clasp, and Miss Bellew, who had been out for a walk and had overtaken her, exclaimed, "Why, Ellen, what has come over you? You look like some one hypnotized!" She ejaculated, with a feeble attempt at a laugh, that she was not feeling very well, and again turned her eyes up the avenue. But he, whoever he was, had disappeared.

"You've been working too hard," said Miss Bellew; "I've had it myself. Here's a stage waiting, and when you get home I'll give you some phosphate, and you'll go to bed; and after you've had a cup of tea you'll feel better."

Ellen consented to a cup of tea when she reached home, but

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she would not go to bed or take Miss Bellew's phosphates. It was ridiculous to say she was ill, she insisted. Nevertheless, to please her aunt, she permitted herself to be treated as an invalid for the remainder of the evening.

She was in the Vail-Euston library on the day following, an hour before the time appointed for the sitting, in order that she might have a free moment with the portrait. Her hands were raised to the back of her head, and she was unpinning the tissue veil she wore about her hat and face, when she became conscious that she was not alone. Looking towards the alcove she saw a form proceeding from out the shadows of the portière that shrouded it, and she let her hands, grasping her veil, fall to her side.

It was the similar identity or it was the shade of Joel Barton that stood before her. Never was there such a likeness, and the shade or the similar identity seemed as much surprised and confused as was Ellen herself. Each recognized in the other some one seen before, and each pair of eyes questioned, "Who are you?"

It was the similar identity that broke the silence. "I beg your pardon; I hope I am not intruding; the fact is I have come by request to see Miss Vail-Euston's portrait," it stammered, and paused confused and abashed beyond measure, and Ellen could not prevent the little sigh of content she uttered at the ariose tone of its voice. It was as if Joel spoke to her, though she had never seen Joel abashed, not even when he asked her to be his wife.

She was about to give vent to some inanity about being the portrait-painter herself, when, to her great repose, she heard the voice of Mrs. Vail-Euston, immediately followed by her entrance. She sailed up to the similar identity without any appearance of being ruffled and made the following, to Ellen, startling address:

"Joel Barton!" There was an arm-chair behind Ellen and she felt herself glide down into its depths. "You are very naughty," pursued Mrs. Vail-Euston; "why have you not been to see it before? But here is the painter of the portrait," and she turned to face Ellen, who strove to rise, but only sank further back in the capacious *poufs* of her chair.

Startled at the rudeness of her *protégée*, Mrs. Vail-Euston fixed her eye-glasses, and said in an insistent tone of voice, "Miss Ridgely, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Joel Barton."

"Oh!" ejaculated Ellen, and looked up sadly, a mist in her

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eyes, at Joel Barton looking down on her with amazement. "I beg pardon," he said in haste; "I fear the young lady is not well."

He had thrown her a plank and Ellen seized it eagerly. There now ensued a confusion of apologies; Mrs. Vail-Euston apologizing for having forgotten that dear Miss Ridgely had been so ill, Ellen apologizing that she had made apologies necessary, and could she have a glass of water?

She drank the water like one famished, and, making a great exertion, entered into the discussion over the merits of the portrait. The sitting was a most successful one that morning, and listening to Barton in conversation with Mrs. Vail-Euston, Ellen felt an access of power and a confidence that some day she would be worthy of the incense offered her, and she was glad for Joel Barton's sake. But for which Joel Barton?

Barton looked in again for a few minutes the next day, and when he was gone the subject of the portrait not being present, Mrs. Vail-Euston confided to Ellen in how high esteem she held him. "If Cordelia would give him the least encouragement she could bring him to her feet, and nothing would please me better," she said. Ellen blushed to find her heart hardening, and then by way of penance began to idealize the Cordelia on the canvas, in which proceeding she did not lower her powers as an artist in the eyes of her protectress. After this she would catch herself watching if Joel Barton, whose visits to the library were now made daily, was being impressed by the charms of her subject. She berated herself for this, and for every reproach thus made the canvas gained in beauty.

At last the day arrived when the portrait was finished, and Ellen stood in the library alone gazing at it with dissatisfied eyes. She could not but feel that as a picture it was an immense success, but as a portrait it was a deplorable failure. Cordelia Vail-Euston had a complacent, pretty face, without much character, and utterly unlike the magnificent creature in the portrait. Unconsciously Ellen had given it her own soul.

Now and again a door would open down-stairs, and Ellen would hear the strident notes of women's voices, the clink of glass and china. Mrs. Vail-Euston was giving a great luncheon, from which Ellen had been excused, and presently the guests would be in the room to be favored with a private view, for heaven and earth had been moved and the portrait was to be shown at the Academy. Wishing it well over, Ellen turned from the portrait as a portière was pushed aside, and Joel Barton entered the room.

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His face flushed with pleasure; he began to say, "I am so glad to find you here alone," when Ellen interrupted: "You have come to see the portrait?"

It was a false note she struck; she cared nothing just then for his opinion of her work, and with perfect candor he replied that he had not. "Do you know," he went on, "that although we have been friends for some weeks, I have not had an opportunity to speak to you of what has been on my mind ever since we first met."

Though her eyes inquired what that might be, she persisted in saying, "You don't like the portrait?"

He was truthful to an extent some of his friends said was stupid, and he had not much tact. "It is a beautiful picture, but it will be discussed *ad nauseam* presently; and before they come in," he said in haste, "pray let me speak of what has become a burden to me. I think I have a photograph of you."

"Thank you," she said promptly, with a little bow.

"Not in that way, please understand me," he cried, and drew a little packet from an inner pocket of his coat and handed it to her. "I am sure it is you."

She was about to undo the packet, when the sound of approaching voices warned them that the guests would be in the room in a minute.

"I thought they would not be up for half an hour!" he exclaimed. "Miss Ridgely, may I not call on you?"

She hesitated a brief moment, and said, "My aunt will be pleased to see you on any Thursday," that being the day on which Mrs. Ridgely made a pretence of holding a reception.

"But I want to see you, not your aunt," he pleaded. He was audacious, but she read him very honest.

"You may call at my studio to-morrow morning," she said, knowing that Miss Bellew would be abroad.

He had scarcely thanked her when they were impelled towards the portrait and surrounded by a little mob that exalted, altisonant and crescendo.

When in the seclusion of her room, Ellen opened the packet confided to her; she remembered the photograph very well. It was the one that Joel had asked for his aunt, Mrs. Judith Amherst. Speaking of his aunt on another occasion he had said, with a dark frown on his face: "I will inherit a large property from her if I am not cheated out of it by a man who has already done all he could to hurt me." She remembered this speech as she held the photograph before her. Could this other

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Joel Barton be the enemy he dreaded? On the back of the photograph was a writing in a feminine hand; placed there evidently for some one's enlightenment. "This is the picture of the girl Joel Barton is going to marry. A headstrong piece by all appearances," was what it said. And that was the opinion Joel's aunt had formed of her! Was it a correct one? She hardly knew or cared. But could this other man be the one who injured poor Joel? A serious injury it must have been, for even she had not been able to cure him of the gloomy periods he sometimes indulged in. Could that apparently honest and truthful man be a villain? For this she cared.

Joel Barton was at her studio at as early an hour as conventional propriety permitted. "Is it your photograph?" he asked after their greetings.

"It is," she answered coldly.

He gazed at her, his face blank; then said with a sudden warmth of apology: "But it was not my fault that it fell into my hands. When my poor Aunt Judith died and I got her house, it was in it."

"I find no fault with you for having had my photograph in your possession. You inherited all your aunt's property?" she asked with a strange emphasis on the substantive of quantity.

"Yes," he replied with a troubled look. What did she want to know that for? "To my great surprise—I haven't got over it yet—she left me all she died possessed of."

"Poor Joel!" thought Ellen, and turned her face from that other Joel in fear that his candid eyes would soften her heart.

"But, Miss Ridgely, pardon me if I appear to be inquisitive," he continued; "I have reason for my question. I want to learn the whereabouts of my brother. If the photo is yours, you must be the one he was to have married. Can you tell me anything about him?"

She felt the blood leave her face, and she replied, with a gentleness not all for herself, "Your brother is dead, Mr. Barton."

"Dead!" he gasped; "dead without having forgiven me!"

It was as if he had struck her, and she shrank back in her chair. This was the man! "He had something to forgive?" she questioned.

"He thought he had. But when did he die?" he asked with a calmness she mistook for coldness.

"I wrote your aunt; it is strange she did not inform you," said Ellen.

"Poor Aunt Judith had quarrelled with me. I told you how it surprised me to find myself her heir; but I understand now why

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Joel was not mentioned in her will. Joel! Joel!" he cried, and there was no mistaking the anguish of his cry.

But Ellen continued to harden her heart. "Your relatives appear not to have appreciated you," she said.

It was beginning to penetrate his brain that for some reason she was averse to him, and he said: "Perhaps you may be more lenient when I tell you that my aunt did not wish me to become a Catholic, and I disobeyed her wishes. She forgave me, though, in the words of her will."

A new hope enlivened her to exclaim: "Is that what offended your brother? I know that he was much opposed to the church."

He shook his head and said: "I have no reason to suppose that he ever learned of it. But you have not told me how and when he died."

She could not but grant him to know, and when she came to an end of her telling he said very simply: "Joel must have been very dear to you."

"He is," she replied, and her voice quavered.

"You must forgive me for opening an old wound; but remember, I did not know," he petitioned.

She made no reply and he rose to leave her. He attributed her coldness to an idea he had that she was fighting down her emotions, as he battled with his. As he was going he turned, a timid smile on his lips, and said, "You have forgotten something."

"Yes?"

"To return me my photograph."

"Your photograph!" There was a world of repellence in her tone.

"Certainly not, if you do not wish me to have it," he said; and again he moved to the door, and again turned to her.

"I may call again?" he asked.

She hesitated, and the shade of Joel Barton rose between her and his brother.

"My time is so much occupied," she said; and the shade ceased to trouble her vision, and she hastened to add, "My aunt would be pleased to see you on Thursdays."

He thanked her, and she listened to his footstep descend the stair with a perverse hope that he would remember something to make him return. But this did not happen, neither did he appear on any one of Mrs. Ridgely's Thursdays.

The portrait was exhibited, and it was said that to it Cordelia Vail-Euston owed her marriage to young Artisant, which took place with great *éclat* in the newspapers and in a church on the avenue, late in the spring. It brought profitable orders

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to Ellen, who, because of this and because the A. I. R. again declared dividends, fulfilled Miss Bellew's prophecy by taking, when the following winter opened, if not a swell studio, a highly respectable flat. "Do not fret about me," said Miss Bellew, when Ellen expressed a hope for the young woman's future. "As long as a certain class want their skies red hot, and their vegetation tropical, I'll not want for bread and butter." That this class still exists is evidenced by the fact that Miss Bellew goes about in cabs, and could have one of her own if so minded.

During the year Ellen heard occasionally of Joel Barton. He was in Europe, and through Mrs. Vail-Euston she learned of a rumor of his being about to marry an English girl. Then summer came and Mrs. Vail-Euston departed to Bar Harbor, and she heard nothing more. About this time Miss Bellew came to see her, and after listening in silence for some moments to Ellen's feeble attempts at sprightliness, she rose with a brusque movement, and drew her from her chair to the light. "Ellen," she said, and Miss Bellew could be severe when she chose, "you must give up work, and get out into the country. You are thin, pale, and peaked—very peaked."

Ellen said, as she had said once before, that she was not ill or overworked. "Then what is it?" demanded Miss Bellew; and added in a softened tone of voice, "You are still fretting about Joel Barton?"

Ellen burst into tears, and little by little Miss Bellew learned a truth Ellen by no means admitted to herself, and had no idea that she admitted to her listener.

"If ever there was a special providence," ejaculated Miss Bellew when she had learned all she wished to know, "it was the one brought me here this afternoon! Now, Ellen, you think that Joel Barton—the one that's alive—did an injury to his brother. Now listen; I know all about it. You remember the time you were in Europe? Well, one summer at that time I was at Sharon Springs. There was a Miss Etting at the hotel where I stopped—as lovely a girl as ever I met. Her first name was Alice, and she was a Catholic. Both Joel Bartons were at the Springs, and never was there a more united pair than those two brothers till the one that has died"—her voice softened—"fell in love with Alice."

Ellen flashed a look at the narrator. "I'm telling you for your own good; wait till I've finished," pursued Miss Bellew. "At the same time the other Joel took it into his head to look into the affairs of the Catholic Church, and Alice, she instructed him. I may as well tell you right now, she had no

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idea of marrying any one; she wanted to be a Sister of Mercy, and that's what she is now. Joel, the one who is dead," again her voice softened, "took it into *his* head that his brother wanted to cut him out, and proposed to Alice offhand, and, as I hinted, she refused him. Then he quarrelled with his brother, laid all the blame on him, and left for where I did not know then. He acted like a madman; the Joel who's living was a sort of an artist, and he was doing a picture of Alice, and the other Joel slit it all to pieces with a penknife."

Ellen's eyes were opened in huge wonder. "And they quarrelled about that girl!" she exclaimed; "how much women have to answer for!"

"There was no they about it," retorted Miss Bellew; "Joel Barton, the one that's dead"—her voice did not soften—"was the only one who did any quarrelling. And as for women being at the bottom of every trouble, that's nonsense! It was all a man's wicked passion that was in fault there. Alice Etting was not to blame, neither was the Joel who's alive, though it's a pity he was of so inquiring a disposition at that time. And, Ellen, don't take to berating women; it'll only react on yourself."

Miss Bellew was aggrieved. She was too shrewd a reader of human nature to expect immediate gratitude for the shattering of an idol, even though it were an idol already fallen; but she could not welcome ingratitude, and she made the mistake of thinking Ellen ungrateful.

"Do not think I regret having listened to you," Ellen said. "I am glad you have spoken, for I should not, to save the memory of the dead, be unjust to the living. Still," she went on, and there was a wistful look in her eyes, "he was very dear to me, and one wishes to think well of the dead."

Miss Bellew took her hand and whispered, "You are right, Ellen; but," she tightened her grasp, "you made an ideal and you loved the shadow of it. If you had seen him as I saw him at the Springs you would say that ideal is living; the Joel Barton you loved never died."

Miss Bellew never again touched on the subject of the two Joel Bartons; but when she next saw Ellen she remarked that she looked less peaked, and again urged on her the wisdom of less work and more play. "But what if work be play and play be work?" queried Ellen. Miss Bellew laughed, and responded: "Have your own way, my dear; it's something you're fond of, I guess." Ellen smiled; that had been Aunt Judith's opinion of her.

On her return to the city, in the fall, Mrs. Vail-Euston

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looked in on Ellen while she was giving a sitting to a Miss Nash, who was proving to be an unbiddable and wooden subject.

"Fancy!" said Mrs. Vail-Euston to Ellen; "I have it from a reliable source that Joel Barton is on his way home on the *Europa*, to arrange his affairs preparatory to his marriage with that English girl—you remember my telling you about her?"

When Mrs. Vail-Euston had taken her departure Miss Nash exclaimed: "Fancy!—it is all fancy! Ever since Cordelia became Mrs. Artisant, Mrs. Vail-Euston has been pairing off her friends right and left. Now, I have it from an old crony of his, Joel Barton is bringing home a monument to put over a brother of his who was killed out West by the Indians."

To which Ellen cried in haste, "Keep that position, please; don't stir!" and thus gained the touch of vitality she wanted for Miss Nash's portrait.

Two weeks after the *Europa* came in Ellen was pondering over some rough sketches of a picture she intended to paint, when the Buttons of the Etruscan—the name of the flats in which she resided—brought her a card on which was engraved the name of Joel Barton, and immediately after Joel Barton walked into the room. Taken unawares, she could not help the sunny face she showed him.

"Thank you for making me welcome," he said when they had shaken hands; "I'd have come long ago had I dared. I went down to your old studio—I knew nothing of your change of residence—and instead of you found an old friend, Miss Bellew. She is charming; I had no end of talk with her, and," he pursued, candor and truth pushing him on to continue the train of thought started by his interview with Miss Bellew, "I've come back for my photograph. It is mine legally, but I want it to be given me by you. You won't refuse me, will you?"

It would have been wiser in him not to have mentioned his interview with Miss Bellew. Ellen's face became quite stern in comparison with what it had been on his entrance. "Certainly," she said; and thinking of what Amy Bellew might have said to him, her coldness was not all assumed. "The photograph is yours"; and she touched a bell and said to a maid who entered, "Nettie, you will find a photograph of mine on my dressing-table; please make a parcel of it and fetch it to me."

She was business-like, but it was dreary work for Joel Barton. She expressed a hope that he had had a pleasant passage across the water, and he replied: "We had a most disagreeable voyage; every one seemed to have taken cold. I

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thought people never took colds at sea; and," he laughed, "there was one poor fellow completely done up. His wife came aboard to meet him. 'Ann,' he said, 'I've got a fearful cold. I can only shake hands; I can't kiss you.'"

"Poor fellow indeed!" laughed Ellen; then with much polite concern, "I hope you haven't a cold, Mr. Barton." His eyes, uplifted to hers, fell, and the toe of his boot took to ruffling the rug under his feet. "But it is two weeks since you arrived; it would have gotten quite well by this," Ellen hurried on with the good intention of bettering her speech.

There was a soft knock on the door, and the maid entered with the photograph neatly done up in white paper. "Thank you, Nettie," said Ellen, receiving the parcel, and with a little courtesy the maid withdrew.

Turning the parcel over in her hands, Ellen said, and looked downwards with an odd steadfastness: "I heard that you went abroad for a monument to be erected over J— your brother."

"That was attended to before I went abroad," he replied. "But he has had a better memorial in the prayers you have said for him."

She bit her lip to keep back the tears that mounted to her eyes.

"No," he went on, "I did not go abroad for that." Then arose and stood over her where she sat, her head persistently bent down

"Don't you know why I went abroad?" he asked.

She could not speak, and only shook her head.

"I went abroad because you sent me," he said.

She darted a look upward; "I sent you!" she exclaimed.

"Not formally by words, no; but the day in the studio, you cannot have forgotten that. I tried to forget you—I couldn't."

She could no longer bear the strain of having him stand over her in that manner. "Please be seated," she said; "I can listen to you better if you sit down."

"I am inconsiderate," he exclaimed, and returned to the chair with the rug all kicked up about it.

"I want to tell you something about my brother and myself," he went on when he was seated, and she thought that after all he was a smaller man than she had believed him to be since Miss Bellew had spoken to her. Still she would hear him out, for he had a right to defend himself even at the expense of the dead.

"From what I can gather you did not as much as know that Joel had a brother till I mentioned the fact. Is not that so?" he asked.

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Yes, it was so, she said; and he continued: "There was trouble at the very beginning: our father died before we were born, and our mother died at our birth. We were left destitute, and had it not been for our aunt the baby-farm at the poor-house would have been our destination. Our aunt was a widow, her husband's name had been Joel, and she had us both christened Joel, so that if either of us died, she said, there would still be a Joel in the land of the living. My brother and I—you know how alike we are in person—were alike in nothing else. Aunt Judith was a wealthy woman; but, very wisely, she taught us to depend on our own exertions for a livelihood, and Joel, who was thoroughly unselfish, studied to please her, and she was delighted when he became a surveyor. But I displeased her by giving up the study of medicine for art. Then something happened which caused my brother to renounce me. I cannot speak of this. I do not say he was in fault, but it quite upset me."

He paused, and Ellen said: "You have given up painting?"

He bowed his head, and replied: "The fact is, it was a nuisance all round; it gave Aunt Judith a deal of comfort to know that I had thrown it aside, and had she lived I would have gone back to medicine."

He paused again, this time for her to speak. But Ellen was too busily thinking to open her lips. He had spoken no ill of any one, unless of himself. He was a bigger man than she had thought him to be.

He waited patiently for a moment and then went on, his voice softened almost to a whisper: "It would be too much to say that I cared for you from the moment I saw your photograph. I was interested in you, I suppose, because of the relation I thought you still bore Joel. But I cared for you from the time I first saw you at Mrs. Vail-Euston's, and"—he spoke rapidly and rose from his chair; "and, Ellen, I have come to ask if there will ever be a time when you can give me some of that love you had for my brother?"

She did not mind his standing over her now, and the words Miss Bellew had spoken came to her mind and she said, almost as one speaks who thinks aloud, "The Joel Barton I loved never died."

His eyes looked blankly inquiring into hers; then they brightened, and he asked, "Am I he?"

Her hand outstretched to take his was her answer.

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THE TEMPTATION.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

HEN was Jesus led
Into the wilderness, to undergo
The dread assaults of his relentless foe,
To whom, when hunger-faint, the Tempter said:
"If thou be,
In very truth, the Son of God Most High,
Then shall these barren stones that round Thee lie
Be bread for Thee."
And Jesus said:
"Not by bread only shall man's fast be broken,
But by each living word that God hath spoken
Shall he be fed."

Satan taketh Him
Into the Holy City; set Him, there,
Upon a temple-turret, high in air,
And said—in scorn of sinless Cherubim:
"If Thou be
The Son of God, cast Thyself down from hence;
'Tis writ, 'His angels shall be Thy defence—
Shall succor Thee.'"
And Jesus said:
"Thou shalt not tempt thy God"; and so hath smitten—
With the calm answer, "It is also written"—
The foe we dread.

Satan bore him then
Unto a mountain top that scaled the skies;
Kingdoms and thrones unveiled before His eyes,
The pomp and majesty that dazzle men:
"Lo! to Thee,"
He said, "I give all that Thou seest now,
The power, splendor, dignity, if Thou
Wilt worship me."
And Jesus said:
"The Lord thy God shalt thou adore";—completed
Thus the mysterious conflict; and, defeated,
The Tempter fled.

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"It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."—*St. Matthew iv. 7.*

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HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY.

IT may be said of Purgatory that if it did not exist it would have to be created, so eminently is it in accord with the dictates of reason and common sense. The natural instinct of travellers at their journey's end is to seek for rest and change of attire. Some are begrimed with mud, others have caught the dust of a scorching summer day; the heat or cold or damp of the journey has told upon them and their attire. Perhaps, even, the way has made them weary unto sickness, and they crave for an interval of absolute repose.

Travellers from earth, covered with the mud and dust of its long road, could never wish to enter the banquet-room of eternity in their travel-stained garments. "Take me away!" cried Gerontius to his angel. It was a cry of anguish as well as desire, for Gerontius, blessed soul though he is, could not face heaven just as earth had left him. He has the true instinct of the traveller at his journey's end. Dust, rust, and the moth have marked their presence, and even the oddities and eccentricities of earthly pilgrimage must be obliterated before the home of eternity can be entered. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is interpreted, nothing short of heaven for those who have crossed the bourne. But, if the heavenly gates are thrown open to the travellers all weary and footsore, "not having on a nuptial garment," no heterogeneous meeting here on earth could compete with the gathering of disembodied spirits from its four quarters. It is human ignorance alone which canonizes all the departed, and insists on a direct passage from time to heaven. The canonization is not ratified in heaven, because heaven would not exist if it took place. The Beatific Vision is incompatible with the shadow of imperfection. To act as if it were belongs to the same order of things as rending the garment of Christian unity.

Purgatory makes heaven, in the sense that heaven would not be possible for men without it. As well might we try to reach a far-off planet, which is absolutely removed from our sphere, an unknown quantity, though a fact science does not dispute. Heaven without Purgatory is a far-off planet which must ever

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remain beyond our touch and ken, for it would be easier that we in our present condition should traverse space than that the sinner should see God face to face.

The vestibule of heaven, in which souls tarry in order to make their preparations, and to be prepared for the feast of eternity, can scarcely be an abode of pure suffering. Heart and mind, as they exist in the *anima separata*—that is, understanding and love—are at rest. On earth mind and heart are the source of the greatest pain as well as the greatest joy. The severest pain of body may be accompanied by happiness and a mind at rest, whereas remorse makes life unbearable. Hidden criminals at large have not unfrequently given themselves up to justice in order to arrive at peace by a public execution, that being the penalty demanded by their tortured conscience. Death, however ignominious, rather than remorse—the backbite of inwit, in the quaint language of our forefathers. Remorse is not in the organs of sense, but a purely intellectual operation, proper to man. It cannot be softened by worldly prosperity or riches, fame or success. On the other hand, a good conscience is a well-spring of happiness, be the outward circumstances of a man's life what they may. Bodily pain would add to the torture of remorse, just as it might deaden the joy of a good conscience, *per accidens*, as theologians say. Conjointly with the mind, the heart causes the keenest sufferings and the deepest joys of human life, joys and sufferings which are acted upon in the same way indirectly by pain of body. A severe toothache, for instance, quickens the pangs of remorse, whilst it deadens joy proceeding either from the intellect or the heart. It would madden a bride on her wedding morning, without in reality affecting her happiness. The root of both joy and grief is in the soul, not in the body. Conscience is the "worm which never dieth"—that is, hell, the torment created by man himself for his own punishment. The same applies to Purgatory, as far as conscience has been sinned against. The soul has created its own torment, but in Purgatory the fires die out because they deal with the *anima separata*, never with the senses. In each case the nature of the fire, which may not be material and is exercised on spirits, must remain mysterious to us. At least we can understand it by analogy. Remorse in the tortured soul of a murderer is sufficient to destroy the prosperous and pampered life of the body. Intensify it by the measure of eternity, and it may alone constitute hell. That is probably what theologians mean when they say that the fire of hell and

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that of Purgatory are identical. What fire is to the body, that burning sorrow is to the spirit, who sees things in their true light, and weighs lost opportunities in the balance of the next world.

By sorrow and love earth shows us the material, to speak in human language, out of which Purgatory is made. The pangs of remorse deaden the most intense bodily pain, and the power of love does more than render hard things sweet. *Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it,* says the voice of love in the Canticles. Whether human or divine, it is as a burning fire, which consumes all minor cares. I will not deal with passion, but with love in its noblest form and expression; the love, for instance, of a mother, or of a wife, or of an affianced bride. Earth has nothing better in the natural order than disinterested affection, a foreshadowing of Purgatory as much as the torture of remorse. Sin will not be there, neither will money-making; love will be the coin of the realm. *Non subtrahuntur deliciæ sed mutantur.* As the action of purification is perfected, each human intelligence in Purgatory will be more and more fixed on God. The soul disengaged from the senses will learn all the more promptly the lesson of Purgatory, if it has not been learnt here, the perfect love of God. There is joy in suffering under these conditions, a joy which makes pain acceptable. A *promessa sposa* will be patient with sudden illness, and racking pain, if they promise to be temporary. She can afford to be so as long as her heart is fixed on the wedding day. The *sposo,* indeed, may weary of a sick affianced bride, and court another. This can happen in human things, but never in Purgatory. The souls there are fixed on the Unchangeable One, who can never prove them false; so be the suffering what it may, they can afford to bide his time, secure that the reward of their heart's long watching will never pass away. Their wedding day is far removed from the vicissitudes of earth, and the fever-tossed brides may suffer in perfect peace.

On earth it is more difficult to unlearn than to learn afresh, and it must be feared that to the great majority Purgatory is an unlearning. The idols, the false standards of the world must be swept away. In the first instant of eternity the soul has an intuitive perception of her errors. It may be likened to arrival in a foreign land, of which the language has been badly learnt at home. English-French will serve as a comparison. It is very soon proved to be no French at all. The foreigner immediately says: "I am all wrong. I must begin again." He had much better have learnt no French—at least his professor

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will think so—for he has to unlearn more than he learns, his expressions, his quantities, his pronunciation. Fully aware as he now is of his shortcomings, the work of imparting real knowledge will take time.

We say that knowledge is power. In Purgatory it is love; and who can call the process of arriving at it all painful, even if accompanied by torments? It is the burst of eternal day, coming gradually to those who ascend the steep mountain-side of Purgatory.

In it, as in the Father's house, there are many mansions. Whilst the saint may be punished with the pain of loss only, the sinner may be racked with fiery torments, "saved yet so as by fire." Whatever the "mansion," the suffering proceeds from the same cause, varying in degree: remorse for the past, love of God in the present. That which on earth causes our torture and our joy is prolonged in Purgatory, with this difference: *Here* our minds and hearts are unquiet because they are not fixed on God: *there* knowledge and love will be first established on their true centre, and then perfected.

There is one single and unique instance of purgatory on earth—not purgatory in the loose sense in which the expression is often used. Suffering by itself is not synonymous with Purgatory. There must be the absolute certainty of heaven, which has been given only once. *Amen, Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with me in paradise.* The word was spoken by our Lord himself to one in fearful torture and ignominy. Was the good thief conscious of pain with that divine promise ringing in his dying ears? It may well be doubted.

He has spoken the same word to each of the holy souls: "Thou shalt be with me in paradise"; and they are so moulded to his will that his hour is theirs. They long to hear *this day*, but the security of Our Lord's promise tempers their suffering and puts it far above all pains and sorrows of earth. Who would not submit to be crucified, if *To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise* were the reward? Yet a state of crucifixion and perfect security is that of the souls whose blessedness exceeds their torments.

These thoughts may possibly suggest comfort to some who confuse suffering with unhappiness. They are not synonymous. Let us rather think of the holy souls as in the condition of the good thief. If they are suffering the torments of crucifixion they have heard the word which is to be their joy through eternity: *Thou shalt be with me in paradise!*

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A GARDEN OF THE LORD.

A PASTEL.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IN the warm, lustrous glow of the Southlands a garden shines, and then sleeps. There white magnolia petals gleam as they bask in the sunshine, absorbing its magic potencies, and the evening primrose unfolds her quivering life to the moon. Odors of penetrative sweetness commingle with its glorious color, in a complicate dream of delight. Scarlet flashes of bloom and golden glow of jasmine stars, the grace of swinging vines and the crimson breadth of great cacti, with the soft phosphorescent glow of nasturtiums in hours of darkness, make a daylight paradise for the humming-birds, while, at evening, the bats flit over on drowsy wing and pallid night-moths keep carnival.

Yet here, in this garden of delights, a woman sits and weeps —a Rachel bereft of comfort. The blessed Lord of the garden sees her grief—he is all compassion—and sends his angel to strengthen her. The divine touch upraises her bowed frame; a moment of silence, a moment of spirit-calm, then she hearkens. His voice has a supreme sweetness, as of choirs invisible.

"There was once a garden in Palestine wherein walked the Risen Lord. Its lilies knew the Crucified One—they rang their white bells and shed odors like incense—but the holy woman knew him not. Like thee, she mourned the dead. Grief wrung her soul. Then the Master turned and said unto her: 'Mary!' Whereupon she turned herself, and cried 'Rabboni, Master!'

"Even thus he now speaketh to thee. He is not a God of the dead, but of the living!

"Thy two children live unto Him.

"The violets on their Northern graves are alive, and shine, dark-blue, in their old sweetness. The snows buried them, but harmed them not. How much more shall the souls of thine innocent babes shine in His Presence?

"Lift up thy head, lift up thy stricken heart! Obey my word and go forth. The children of other mothers await thy comforting. He is risen, the Divine One! Arise thou, to new-

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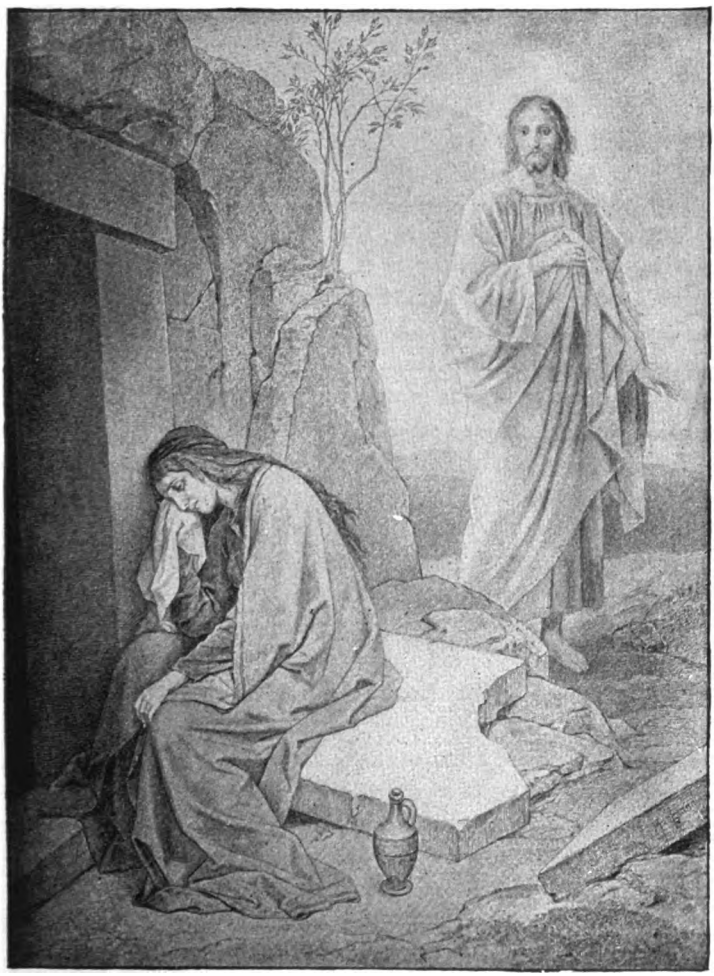

"Jesus saith to her: Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? . . . She turning, saith to Him: Rabboni!"—*St. John xx.* 15, 16.

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ness of life! I sing his praise, where the earth-discords cease." And the angel departed from her.

So she went forth to succor the meek upon earth, and the poor, and babes that suffer from hunger and cold and pain.

II.

Three circling years go by, a trinity of loving thoughts and words and deeds; it has been unto the mourner according to the word of the Lord.

Again she is in the garden. The imperial sunset flaming down over it deepens its splendors. Her face reveals a certain mild happiness, a moon-white radiance, as of one sorrowful yet always rejoicing. With her is a young child—her own—its soft hair like a mist of gold in the ruddy sunlight. For the blessing of each poor mother she has comforted has brought its reflex blessing back upon her, and the empty heart is full.

This last child she has named Gabriel, from her Gethsemani vision in this long unvisited but unforgotten garden. Now, she can but thank the dear Lord for his great compassion and the mercies that fail not.

None the less, in the deep of her soul she still dreams—in an undertone, like minor music—of her twin graves in the North-land. The snows that fall on them fall also upon her; the thin grass that grows through the short summer and yellows in autumn, waves and fades and yellows in her heart.

Wherefore, again, in the tenderness of twilight comes the angel.

Then is she aware also of two that are with him—two sweet cherub-children, once her own. Fleecy white garments wrap them round; in their dewy eyes dwells a far-away glimmer. She knows them as if she knew them not. Around them is the atmosphere of another country!

She dares not embrace them; some sense of sin, some shadow of earth has enwrapped her. She fears the intense purity they bring, sees that their conversation is in heaven, their proper comradeship with the angels. They have absorbed the peace of another home. They smile upon her; yet it is a strange smile, like the white scattering of rose-leaves.

Still they *have been* hers; she rejoices in that, unspeakably. "The day will come," thus the voice of hope sings within her, "when they will be mine again. I shall be of like whiteness then! I shall go to them in the fulness of time."

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Likewise the angel teaches her—his voice has a silvery tenderness, as of pity for humanity:

"All life cometh from God, flowing down like a stream of light. All life to him returns, a cycle of sweet existence, both here below and there above. Thence we proceed; thither we tend, eternally. O Thou, divine Source and Centre, whence all whiteness of spiritual radiance streams out o'er the universe, purify this soul and draw it to thee!"

And the earth-mother cried "Amen."

Meantime, however, the heaven-children had slowly drawn near the earth-child, as if they knew him of kin, and he stretched out his little hands to them. The sin-barrier had slipped from between them, for the baptismal drops yet bedewed the boy Gabriel.

Then the angel again spake to the mother: "Thou hast seen thy heaven-children; be henceforth content! Nevertheless, more blessed they who have not seen and yet have believed. The prayers of the poor have ascended for thee, and have availed before the throne; wherefore I am sent. Thy charity has been the joy of thy heaven-children; thy goodness, the starmist of their crowns."

Then the cherub-children, the earth-child, and the angel linked hands and surrounded the mother, a living ring, in the presence of God.

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LIGHT ON LA SALLE'S CONNECTION WITH THE JESUITS.

BY JOSEPH WALTER WILSTACH.

THE present is an appropriate time for recalling the memory of Robert Cavelier La Salle. Justice is being done the memory of the great band of French gentlemen who laid bare the secrets of the veiled North-west. In the Capitol the illustrious Marquette is perpetuated in grateful marble; and the priceless Relations of the Jesuit explorers and martyrs who opened up the wilderness are rescuing from oblivion the memory of transactions without parallel in the pages of sober truth. Though La Salle has no claim from a spiritual standpoint, he stands in the foremost rank of scientific explorers. He was immeasurably beyond such worldly adventurers as Cortez and Pizarro, whose learning was that of the rough soldier, accustomed to write with the sword rather than with the pen, and whose science was no greater than that of being able properly to set a squadron in the field and forecast the fortunes of a battle. La Salle was a man of immense attainments, in the physical sciences especially, and he was no mere college theorist. The principles he had learned in the class-room and the laboratory he was called upon to apply in practice on the vast theatre of nature in an unknown continent. The enthusiasm which animated him in the pursuit of his tremendously daring schemes elevated him truly to the heroic plane.

La Salle was a Man of great intellectual attainments.

Modern invention has made the work of the traveller and scientific explorer comparatively easy; but in La Salle's age the wrestler with nature had no such aids

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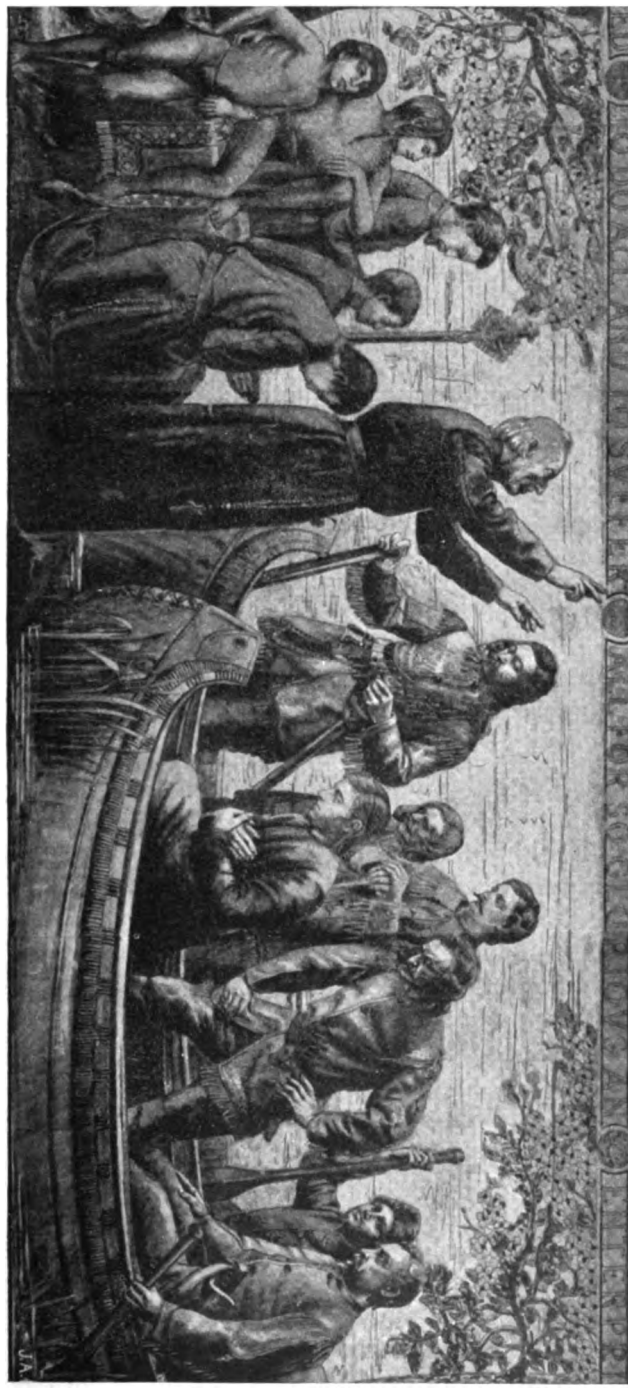

EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY WERE MADE UNDER THE BLESSING OF RELIGION.

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as our day knows. Travel was slow and hazardous; scientific instruments were rude and few and costly; means of communication with one's base were non-existent; newspapers were almost unknown; the forests and prairies were trackless, the rivers bridgeless; maps were unreliable; savage foes lurked wherever the explorer turned; famine dogged his footsteps; jealousy and mutiny in his own camp made his progress a journey over hot ploughshares. In La Salle's case these terrors of travel were intensified by the man's own unfortunate disposition. He was utterly destitute of those qualities of camaraderie which are indispensable to the leader of an exploring party; his pride was insufferable, his ambition boundless. With a taciturn and cynical habit he combined a domineering, abrupt, and rugged manner. In a word, he was filled with all the overweening egotism of the Voltairean type of Frenchman, without a particle of the *bonhomie* or gaiety which often softens the repulsive ill-breeding of that inflated sort of character. This was the rock on which the bark of his fortunes split; and his melancholy failure has in it an impressive lesson for all who can read it aright.

LA SALLE A JESUIT NOVICE.

Up to the present nothing definite was to be ascertained concerning the relations of La Salle with the Jesuit order. In Charlevoix's *Letters* he is spoken of as having been brought up among the Jesuits, and other writers vaguely hazard the suggestion that he taught for some time in their schools. It was remarkable that when La Salle came to Canada he avoided the Jesuits entirely, and cultivated the friendship of the Sulpicians and Recollets. At last we have the key to the mystery. The story is now given to the world in an authentic and categorical shape for the first time; and we learn that it was the same inability to control a violent temper which drove his followers to hate and murder that caused his severance from the Jesuit order.

Father Camille de Rochemontiex, of the same order, has published a book devoted to the investigation of La Salle's connection with it. He has devoted years of research to the task among the archives of the society. La Salle's baptismal record, preserved in Rouen, the place of his birth, bears date November 22, 1643. The boy was admitted to the Jesuit novitiate October 5, 1658; and his collegiate career from that period down to his break with the order is thus traced by Father Rochemontiex:

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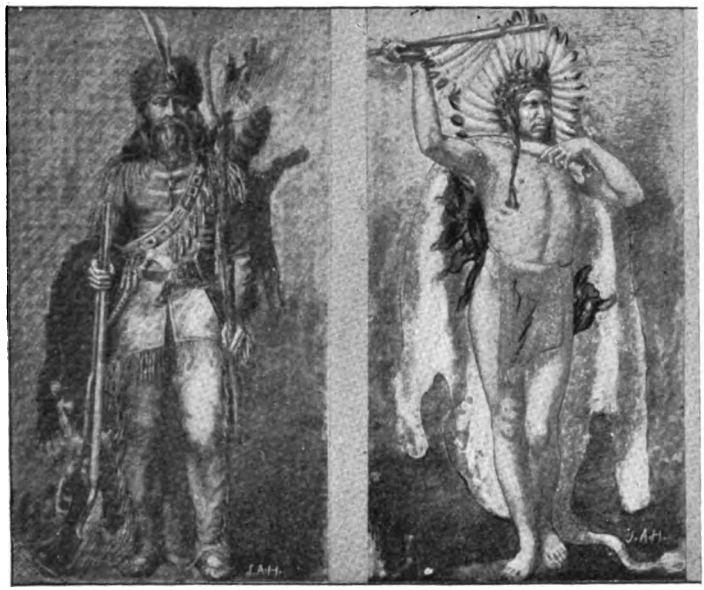

THEY PENETRATED THE TRACKLESS FOREST.

"During two years he was engaged in cultivating the virtues of the religious life under Father Mouret, a skilled director, who occupied important posts in the province of France. The disciple was neither easy to manage nor to fashion. Of exuberant health, large, vigorous, proud, impressionable, strong-willed, dominating, hot-headed, it was very difficult for him to submit, to bend, to master himself; and in spite of his long experience with souls, his profound knowledge of character, the *Père Maitre* (the master of novices) asked himself more than once if he would ever succeed in disciplining the boiling imagination of his novice, in restraining the overflowing activity of his temperament, in correcting the impetuous sallies of his youth, his extraordinary desire of independence. He succeeded, however, or nearly so, by force of patience and devotion, thanks also to the daily battle of the novice against a nature, rich no

PÈRE MARQUETTE.

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doubt in God's gifts, but tormented by ardent passions. If the reform was not complete, it was sufficient to allow Cavelier de la Salle to unite himself with the Society of Jesus by the three religious vows, October 10, 1660, the feast of St. Francis Borgia, third general of the society. The novice had a particular devotion to St. Ignatius Loyola; he therefore wished, the day when he took his vows, to add to his baptismal name that of Ignatius, and afterwards he never called himself, while in the society, but Robert *Ignatius* Cavelier.*

AS A SCHOLASTIC.

"At the end of the novitiate, the vows taken, the time for studies was at hand, and the young religious proceeded to the royal college of la Flèche to pursue during two years a course of logic and physics, taught by Father James Le Brun. The physical sciences and mathematics were then in high place in this college, thanks to the two distinguished mathematicians, James Grandamy, rector of the establishment, and John de Riennes, professor of mathematics for forty years, who knew how to give to these two branches of education an efficacious impulse. The *Frère Cavelier*—he was so designated—was not a model for work and application in this house of study, although he gave proof of talent and displayed remarkable aptitude for the physical sciences.†

"He was to spend three years at la Flèche and devote the last year to the study of mathematics; but such was not the case, for reasons which we shall presently see.

"In the month of October, 1662, he taught at Alençon the fifth class, and the following year he returned to la Flèche to complete his philosophic course by a year of mathematics. From October, 1664, to October, 1665, we find him teaching the fourth course at Tours, and afterwards (1665–1666) professor of the third course at Blois. Finally, in the month of September, 1666, he is again sent to la Flèche to commence his theology.‡

"As we have seen, he experienced considerable difficulty, once out of the novitiate, in remaining long in the same place; and although the constitutions of the order prescribed three years in uninterrupted study of philosophy, his superiors considered it advisable after two years passed at la Flèche to assign him to the fifth grade at Alençon. He could not remain

* *Catalogi Soc. Jesu* (Arch. Gen. S.J.)

† *Ib.* We read also in the *Catal. 2dus*: "Ingenium optimum, talentum habet ad mathematica" (Arch. Gen. S.J.)

‡ *Cat. Prov. Franciæ* (Arch. Gen.)

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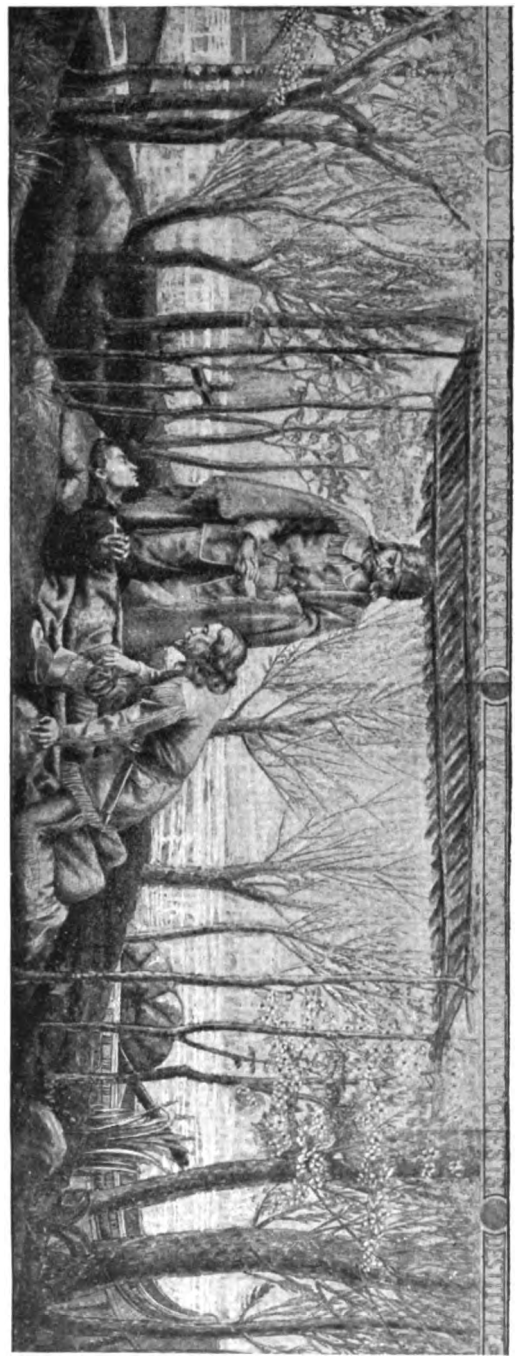
longer than one year at the same employment, surrounded by the same faces. The lapse of a few months where he is finds him discontented, and desirous of being where he is not. One of his superiors, Father de la Faluère, admirably defines this state of soul by the single Latin word *inquietus*,* which is understood but has no equivalent in French. Soon the faults of the novice, which grace from above and personal effort had partly corrected, reappeared and became more and more pronounced, especially at college. The regent works very little, he is full of *ennui*, he lacks restraint and prudence with his scholars, modesty towards his equals, submission towards his superiors.

"Change in mode of life, a supreme effort of good will,



The Death of the Missionary by the Waters of the Great River.

* *Catal. 2dus.*, an. 1665 (Arch. Gen.) Father Francis de la Faluère was Rector of the College of Tours.

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the grace of God had produced the first transformation; soon unconquered nature assumed the ascendant, bringing with it a love of independence, pride, insubmission, outbreaks of violence, all the strong passions of the energetic temperament. *Ennui* returns, then discouragement. Hoping to find in another house, outside of his province, the peace he no more possessed, and probably the perseverance in a vocation violently disturbed by frequent shocks, he twice asked of the Rev. Father General authority to go to Portugal to pursue his theological course.

HE LEAVES THE SOCIETY.

"To the second letter, dated from la Flèche December 1, 1666, the Rev. Father Oliva replied January 18: 'I have seen the letter in which you manifest for the second time a desire to study in Portugal, to enable you to go sooner on the mission you wish for. Without taking counsel of any one, I still hold to my first opinion and judge it inexpedient to yield to your desire. Remain peacefully in your province, and, your studies completed, your third year of probation accomplished, I will be forced to accede to your desire, so full of zeal.'*

"Evidently this solution was not pleasing to the young student, who was unwilling to remain at la Flèche, who wished to travel and see other lands. The letter of Rev. Father Oliva brought matters to a crisis.

"Not having obtained the solicited favor, and failing to comprehend the wisdom and prudence of his superior's decision, he was thrown into a state of great irritation, and henceforth thought only of casting off the yoke; he asked to be released from his religious vows.† Motives of a moral nature supported the demand.

"The request, having been examined and approved by the

* Epistola R. P. Oliva, die 18a Januarii: *Vidi epistolam quam ad me 1mo Decembris de tuo in Lusitaniam profiscendi consilio, studiorum causâ, pro faciliori dein ad missionem quam expetis migratione rursum dedisti. Ego absque cujusquam alterius suasu, in sententiâ persto meâ, nec judico expedire ut ita fiat. Quare quieto tibi in provinciâ licebit esse, quoad absolutes studiis et tertiâ probatione peracta, desiderium bono zelo plenissimum explere conabimur.*" (Arch. Gen. S.J.)

† In this request Cavelier exposes at length the motives determining him to quit the order where he had lived so many years; he opens his whole soul to his superior general, he hides none of his *moral infirmities*. Rev. Father Oliva replies February 26, 1667, with a truly paternal affection, which is very touching: "Commiserationem plurimam peperunt quæ de variis infirmitatibus quibus es obnoxius exposuisti mihi 10 Januarii. Quid poro perpensis rite omnibus, statuendum sentiam, ediscere poteris ex tuo Provinciali, *cui potestatem feci ut te a votis absolvat et emancipet*. Tu vero, carissime frater, ubi cumque et quocumque statu fueris, memor esto undè excideris, et attendito ad petram unde excisus es, et quamis sejunctus loco, corde tamen conare semper nobiscum et cum Jesu vivere. Gratia illius sit semper tecum." (Arch. Gen. S.J.)

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counsel of the rector of la Flèche and the provincial at Paris, was transmitted to Rome January 28, 1667. The 1st of March the Rev. Father General wrote to Father Bordier, provincial of France, as follows: 'After serious consideration of the information you have transmitted, we authorize you to dismiss from the society Robert Ignatius Cavelier, approved scholastic.'* On March 28 Cavelier left la Flèche and entered the world.†

THE MARQUETTE STATUE.

SIDE LIGHTS ON HIS CHARACTER.

"We have descended to so many details upon this epoch wholly ignored by our historians in the life of Cavelier, an epoch embracing a period of nine years from his entrance of the novitiate to his leaving the order, where he had taken perpetual vows. However, if this study has appeared somewhat long, it will not be the less advantageous in throwing light upon a fact of history wrapt in obscurity for more than two centuries; it will enable us to better understand the character and temperament of the celebrated discoverer; it explains why, in the New World, he kept aloof from the Jesuits and was in close relations first with the Sulpicians, then with the Recollets; it will explain his whole life in Canada, his enterprises and his misfortunes, his excessive need of activity, his passion for travel, his faults,

* Cum litteris Ræ Væ 28 Januarii redditæ sunt informationes ad dimittendum Robertum Ignatium Cavelier, scholasticum approbatum, quibus diligenter examinatis Ræ Væ mandamus, ut dimittat Robertum." (Epist. R. P. Oliva ad P. Jacobum Bordier, provincialem. Romæ, 1er Martii. Arch. Gen. S.J.)

† Dicitur in Catal. 2do: "Exivit Mag. Robertus Ignatius Cavelier é collegio Flexiensi die 28 Martii 1667." (Arch. Gen. S.J.)

Hennepin (*Nouvelle découverte*, p. 107) says, *naivement sans sourciller*, that the superiors of Cavelier gave him, on his leaving the order, a certificate stating *that he had never given suspicion of a venial sin*. It is evident he never read the letter of Cavelier in which he exposes his *moral infirmities*.

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imprudence, his lack of moderation, and also the active ardor of his faith. His robust health and great stature were powerful succors in his adventurous enterprises, and more still the Norman blood which flowed generous and abundant in his veins; like his countrymen, he was intelligent, active, industrious, full of resources, careful of his interests, and, as some have said, dissembling."

"'Thus ended, unfortunately,' says La Salle's companion, Jontel, 'the life of M. de la Salle, at a time when he had everything to hope for from his labors. He had the spirit and talent to insure the success of his enterprise; firmness, courage, great knowledge of the arts and sciences, making him capable in everything; and an indefatigable industry, which made him superior to all obstacles, would have finally brought a glorious ending to his great enterprise, if all these admirable traits had not been balanced by too haughty manners, making him at times insupportable, and by the severity he used towards those who were under him, which finally created an implacable hatred against him and was the cause of his death.'" *

Commenting on this summing up, Father Rochemontiex says:

"This judgment of a friend, who followed La Salle in his expeditions and possibly knew him better than any one, is assuredly of great weight; it explains the words of Charlevoix to which certain historians have not accorded full justice, because, in their enthusiasm for the discover, they have tried to hide from themselves the weakness and faults of human nature: 'Such is the lot of those men whom a mixture of great faults and great virtues lift out of the common sphere. Their passions lead them into faults; and if they do what others could not, their enterprises are not approved by all; their success excites the jealousy of those who are obscure; they affect some favorably, some unfavorably; one kind takes revenge by immoderate depreciation, the other by exaggerating their merit. Hence the different portraits which are drawn and which bear no resemblance to each other. But as hatred and the desire to depreciate always go to greater extremes than gratitude and friendship, and as calumny always finds readier belief with the public than eulogy and praise, the enemies of the Sieur de la

* *Journal of the last Voyage of the late M. de la Salle in the Gulph of Mexico*, . . . by M. Jontel. Paris, 1713. This work was written from notes made from 1684 to 1687. "Jontel," says Charlevoix, "who saw him at Rouen in 1713, was an honest man, and the only member of the band of La Salle on whom the celebrated voyager could count."

Ferland, *Cours d'histoire*, t. ii. p. 172, delivers the same opinion as Jontel concerning La Salle.

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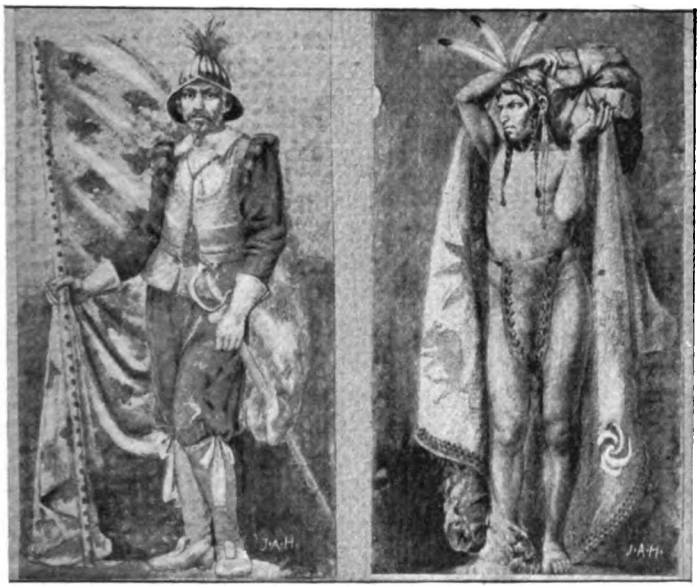

Heroes of Discovery.

Salle have done more to disfigure than his friends to embellish his portrait.'" *

HIS INNER LIFE.

"These reflections are just; with them we end what we have to say concerning the great explorer, in this short *résumé* of his life of forty-three years. An original character, far from common, extremely harsh, he was equally mobile, shifting, lacking in frankness and uncommunicative. During the past fifty years, in which French and American historians have attempted to reach his character, they have not succeeded, because possibly they have been unwilling to study it from its most salient side, in our opinion. There are hidden instincts, powerful, tyrannical, which drive forward in a violent manner strong and energetic natures in the arduous pursuit of the unknown, the vague, even more

Louis Joliet.

* *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France*, t. i. p. 471.

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than the allurements of glory and the ambition to be great. One would say that such natures feel the necessity of fleeing from themselves, of getting outside of themselves, of forgetting self in movement and activity; repose is displeasing, fatigues them, exasperates them; the perpetual tempests which agitate them break forth in impetuosity, at times in anger and brutality, against those nearest them, friends, enemies, or those who are neither one nor the other. Let psychological historians, solicitous of truth, study more this side of Robert Cavelier, and they will write his life as he lived it; they will no longer amuse the public with portraits of the imagination, where there is nothing true but fantasy. To summarize: the two great glories of this discoverer are his finding of the Ohio and the mouths of the Mississippi; he completed the discovery of that river commenced by Joliet and Marquette in 1673."

IN OLD TRINITY CHURCH-YARD,

(*Head of Wall Street, New York.*)

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

ALONE, unheeding, unheeded, they lie in their narrow bed,
With only an iron lattice between the quick and the dead;
For more than a century's passing they have slept 'neath crumbling stone,
While life flows on without them, untended, unloved, unknown.

For the living, the din of battle, the clash of war and creed;
For the dead, a grave forgotten, "where the paths of glory lead."
Without, men toil in blindness, and their work's with sorrow rife;
Within, men sleep in quiet, lulled by the waves of life.

'Tis good to have God's acre in the midst of our busy day;
'Tis good to stem the tide of life on its fierce, triumphant way;
For that's the last sweet resting place for the lives that come and go,
That narrow isle of perfect peace where the streams of silence flow.

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DOLORES' EASTER.

BY EASTON SMITH.

POOR, sad-eyed Angela must have had some premonition of the thorny path that stretched before her baby's tender feet when she bade the godmother bestow upon the tiny brown atom that lay placidly sucking its wrinkled fists and staring with great, black, knowing eyes at the frescoed walls of the church the name of Dolores.

Sad indeed were the circumstances of her birth, and sorrowful her life promised to be, as her mother's had been before her; for Angela, in defiance of her family's commands, had married a worthless young fellow, whose handsome face was his only recommendation, and had been cast off and disinherited. The loss of her heritage mattered little, for few of the humble classes of Mexicans have it in their power to give anything beyond the parental blessing for their daughter's wedding portion; but it was this very benediction that poor Angela's soul most desired, and when her husband took her to a new city among strange people, and then proceeded to maltreat and neglect her, like the brute he was, her strength failed rapidly and she died of a broken heart soon after Dolores was baptized.

The helpless infant was left to the kind-hearted but poverty-stricken woman who had acted as her sponsor. Fortunately, there is as much charity given and received among the multitudinous poor as is found among the rich—more, I think, else what would become of all the unfortunate waifs and orphans who thrive and flourish without ever seeing the inside of an asylum?

Dolores lived, but she certainly did not flourish; delicate from her birth, it would have required the tenderest care to have made a healthy child of her, and this her foster-mother was not able to give. She was a pitiful-looking little object, with only her great, beautiful eyes to redeem her face from absolute ugliness, but so appealing was the expression of those eyes that their owner often became the recipient of unsolicited alms as she stood shyly watching the sturdy, rosy *muchachos*

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and *muchachas* of the neighbors playing their noisy, happy games. Somehow happiness never came near Dolores even in her childhood!

Not, however, until she was a girl of fourteen did she understand what trouble really was, for one may be a stranger to joy and yet never know the true meaning of sorrow. Then old Anita, her foster-mother and protectress, died, leaving her utterly alone and without a *réal* to call her own. Of her dissipated, unnatural father Dolores knew nothing. He had deserted her mother before the child was born, and had never been seen again by any one in the city who had the doubtful pleasure of his acquaintance. She was conscious of a most unfilial, but at the same time a very natural, loathing for the man, which she regularly confessed to the good padre and vainly sought to overcome; but, like Banquo's ghost, it was a feeling that would not be downed, and I must say that the wise old priest found the sin always deserving of absolution.

For a time the neighbors feared that in her wild grief over the death of the only mother she had ever known Dolores would put an end to her own life, but the girl was too much of a Christian and too good a Catholic for that. After weeks of lonely anguish and semi-starvation, of which no one ever knew, she left the miserable adobe that had always seemed to her a comfortable home, and went among her acquaintances seeking employment. She was too frail-looking and too retiring in disposition to readily find work; but at last her efforts were rewarded, and she obtained a situation as assistant janitress in the old jail at Juarez.

Not a very enviable position you will say, and you are right. The gloomy, forbidding building made poor Dolores shudder whenever she entered its musty walls; but beggars, alas! cannot be choosers, and the pay was sufficient for her modest needs.

Her duties consisted in doing the lighter work appointed her by the wife of the janitor, a grim old woman with a face and manner as repellent as the jail itself. Dolores engaged a room near by. Her strength did not permit of long walks, else she would have liked to be far away where the shadows of the gloomy edifice could not "slur the sunshine half a mile," and be a constant reminder to her of the misery that lay hidden within, and of the anxious hearts—some innocent enough—that were beating behind its bars.

It was when she had been serving there three years that the

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romance of Dolores' life occurred, and a pathetic little one it was; sad, as is almost every romance that comes into the lives of the very poor. Heretofore she had seen nothing of the prisoners, most of whom were confined for trivial offences against the law: petty larceny, assault, and the like. There were, it is true, some few awaiting trial for murder; but Dolores tried to forget their existence, so horrible was the thought of it, and she made the sign of the cross many times in Mexican fashion whenever their names were mentioned. She was deeply religious by nature, and her foster-mother had instilled so carefully lessons of faith and piety into her pure young mind that anything evil seemed to recoil from it instinctively.

But I am digressing.

Shortly before the commencement of Lent, in the February of 1893, an entirely novel element, in the shape of four American prisoners, came to break the monotony of jail-life at Juarez, and to open a new world to Dolores, who had never experienced a pleasurable or interesting sensation in all her colorless existence.

The party, and a lively one it was in spite of its gloomy environment, consisted of a prominent cattle-man, an American by the name of Ralph, with three of his cowboys. Mr. Ralph had a ranch on the border-line of New and old Mexico, and some hundred or more head of his cattle, failing to observe the proper degrees of latitude, had strayed down into the green fields and pastures of the other Republic. When at last, some months after the usual season of round-ups was over, Mr. Ralph, accompanied by several of his men, went across the line to gather and reclaim his recreant kine and brand the new-born calves, he fell into the hands of the Philistines.

A wealthy Mexican, who owned vast herds of cattle and whose *hacienda* was noted for its magnificence, had long borne a grudge against Mr. Ralph for some injustice, real or fancied, which the latter had done him when he first moved into the country. Here was an opportunity for revenge. On Mexican soil it would be easy to prove any trumped-up charge against an American, so while Ralph and his party were settling their bill at the queer little hotel where they had stopped in preference to going over to El Paso, because its *patron* had been a college-mate of Mr. Ralph's in New York City years before, they were arrested on a warrant sworn out by the Señor Garcia for cattle-stealing! Two of the cowboys, by a liberal use of their revolvers, made their escape into El Paso; the others, in-

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cluding Mr. Ralph, regarding the matter as a mere joke, quietly accompanied the officers of the law.

However, after a preliminary trial before the magistrate, the affair took on a more serious aspect. Ralph was formally accused of gathering and branding as his own whatever calves and yearlings came in his way, and was thrown into prison to await the time when his case could be tried; the other men were also imprisoned as accomplices, and all were refused bail. It was a grave charge.

Realizing the tardy justice of a Mexican court, and knowing that the Señor Garcia would spend his last *peso* in order to gratify his revenge, Mr. Ralph had little hope of immediate release. His jailers were not unkind—indeed, the rollicking, jovial cowboys soon won the hearts of the laughter-loving Mexican in charge, as well as of the guards, and they were allowed all possible liberty, the while every means of escape was carefully shut off; for, although he sympathized with his prisoners, the wary alcaid had no idea of losing a good, fat office by any negligence in the discharge of his duties.

For a fortnight all went well, and then incarceration in the cold, damp cells, together with the lack of nourishing food, began to have its effect upon Mr. Ralph. He was stricken down with pneumonia, and in spite of his vigorous constitution he succumbed to its fatal power and died in a few days. This was a vengeance which his enemy had not foreseen, and, it must be acknowledged, did not for a moment contemplate. He immediately put forth every effort to secure the release of the other Americans; two of the men were given their freedom without any difficulty, but the third, Tom Bates, as he was familiarly called, had got into trouble with one of the guards, in which the man was decidedly worsted, and for this fresh offence he was condemned to wait his trial.

Tom was a happy-go-lucky, dare-devil sort of a chap, always getting into some scrape, but by far the most popular cowboy in southern New Mexico. He had already gained the good graces of all the jail officials, and was permitted to do pretty much as he pleased. Thus it was he met Dolores.

The sight of the poor little thing, who seemed like a pure, pale lily in the midst of her uncongenial surroundings, moved his heart to pity, and before he knew it he was making love, in vigorous, American fashion, to this shy Mexican maiden, who had never before had a tender word addressed her except by old Angela's withered lips. What wonder that she responded,

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and speedily grew to love him as only the impetuous children of southern climes can love?

Together they planned a method of escape. With Dolores to take and bring his letters it was easy of accomplishment. She was regarded as such an unimportant member of the community that her comings in and goings out were never even questioned. Once her lover was safely across the river in El Paso she would join him, and then they would be married and begin life together. And how bright and beautiful life seemed now to Dolores! Yet only a month ago she was wondering how any one could find it worth living—a problem that has puzzled many a wiser head than hers. That her lover would escape she did not doubt; had she not prayed for it every evening at the Lenten devotion, and did not the dear Lord say "Whatever you shall ask for in my name"?

She was not quite sure—scrupulous little soul!—that it was right to help a prisoner get out of jail; it might be cheating the government; but heart is stronger than conscience in some cases, and Dolores knew she was aiding an innocent man.

La Semana Santa had come at last, and the entire population of Juarez was engaged in the celebration of its solemn festivals; the guards relaxed their vigilance, and the alcaid spent in church the time he should have passed in going his customary rounds of inspection. The night before *la Pascua de Resurreccion*, as Easter Sunday is beautifully called in the Spanish tongue, was the time selected by Bates as most propitious for his attempt. Dolores could easily smuggle in whatever he needed to help him, and the wall once scaled, his cowboy friends and erstwhile fellow-prisoners would be waiting on the other side with swift horses to carry him across the Rio Grande to the American side.

Although it appeared easy enough to Tom Bates, it was in reality a desperate undertaking; but then, the average cowboy is used to desperate adventures. The chief danger, from Tom's point of view, lay in the brilliancy of the nights; and how he longed for a drizzling, eastern rain to blot the brightness of the stars!

At length Easter eve came, and with it Dolores. For several days she had not been to attend to her customary work. Holy Week is something of a holiday even among the poor, and she was required, like the other girls of the congregation, to take part in the beautiful processions that are such a pic-

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turesque feature of all religious observances in Mexico. Under her ragged mantilla she had concealed a revolver, which her lover's sharp eye quickly noticed.

"What is that for, Dolores?"

"For me," she replied simply in her musical broken English. "I shall follow you to the foot of the wall and remain there until you are safely over, and I may need this for protection if they find me."

The cowboy laughed, as well he might; it seemed like the mouse offering to help the lion.

"You are mad, *carita*, to think of such a thing. Can you imagine for an instant that I would let you run any risk? Go home, *chiquita*, and pray for me as you always do, little white soul! To-morrow as you come from your Mass you will learn how I have succeeded; and now, *addios!*"

"Come," called out one of the jailers, who was approaching, keys in hand, to lock up the prisoners for the night. "No more talk, Dolores, or you too will be locked in. *Vamos!*" And Dolores *vamosed.* But she had no idea of quitting the jail and leaving her lover to escape unaided; so she hid herself in one of the dark corners of the great arched hallway where she knew she would not be seen, and, crouching on the floor, patiently waited for the hours to go by. The stones were very cold and she was hungry, for she had not taken time to eat supper. She would say her beads, the good padre's Christmas gift, and ask the Blessed Mother to intercede in behalf of her lover, and then she would go to sleep; it still wanted four hours of midnight.

As the great bell in the jail-tower tolled its twelve heavy strokes the sound of stealthy footfalls fell upon Dolores' listening ears, and, peeping from her hiding-place, she saw the cowboy's huge frame disappearing into a narrow passage-way that led into the yard.

The girl was nearly paralyzed from her long wait in the cold, but she managed to grope her way after him like a little black shadow, keeping all the time at a safe distance; for she knew if he saw her there would be a scene, and both would be discovered.

Now they are out in the prison grounds, and, *gracias á Dios*, the night is cloudy! Dolores' prayers have been heard! In a few seconds Tom is at the appointed place, his low whistle is answered by a louder one from the other side, and then the work of scaling the wall begins. Hard and slow work it is, but

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with the assistance of the rope thrown to him he is at last on the top.

Dolores breathes a prayer of thanksgiving and, forgetting all caution, she steps out from the shadow of the wall. Just then there is a cry of "halt" from the sentinel; his gun is raised, but the bullet whistles off into space and Tom is safe on the other side. In less time than it takes to tell it, three horses, urged on by spur and quirt, are galloping madly towards the northern shore of the Rio Grande. But Dolores in her exultation forgets that she is the target for the sentry's gun; and when she remembers, it is too late. The angry guard fires twice, thrice, in quick succession, and she falls heavily forward upon the hard stones of the prison walk!

La Pascua de Resureccion dawned beautifully fair, but there was no dark-eyed, sad-faced señorita waiting at the church door to meet the messenger whom Tom Bates had sent to escort his betrothed across to the American side, where they would be made man and wife.

Instead Dolores lay in the sunny ward of the sisters' hospital, fighting with all her feeble might against the approaches of that grim bridegroom, Death! The doctors had pronounced her case a hopeless one when called to the jail the night before, and so she was allowed to be removed to more pleasant quarters.

But doctors are not infallible. Before a month had elapsed she was rapidly regaining strength; happiness is the best elixir yet discovered, and Dolores, under the tender care of the good sisters, and rejoicing in the knowledge of her lover's freedom, found life a thing to be desired and clung to it accordingly.

The excitement at the jail over, Tom Bates's escape had gradually subsided; I think, indeed, there was a feeling of secret joy among the officers that their gay-hearted favorite had achieved the freedom it was not in their power to grant him. Dolores' share in the affair had been soon forgotten; for a long time she was unconscious and unable to give any explanation of her presence in the prison yard, and in the meantime the guardians of the public peace evidently came to the conclusion that neither her testimony nor her arrest was worth while, for she was left undisturbed.

Somehow people never considered Dolores.

Although it was not safe for Mr. Bates to appear in person on the streets of Juarez he made his presence at the hospital duly felt, and every day brought Dolores a letter and an offer-

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ing of fruit and flowers. Such letters as they were! Tom's knowledge of Spanish was limited in the extreme, and his *fiancée* could not read English. This, however, should have been a source of consolation to Mr. Bates, for one is not expected to be fluent in their handling of an unknown tongue, whereas his English would certainly have been open to criticism. You see, a life spent in chasing unruly cattle over the plains, and breaking the spirited broncho to the saddle, is not conducive to the acquirement of a Chesterfieldian style of composition; but after all it is the sentiment and not the style of a letter that the true lover considers.

But Tom's gifts were not the only ones that found their way to Dolores; for his friends, carried away by their admiration of the little Mexican girl's heroism and devotion, "backed him up," in Western parlance, with the usual cowboy prodigality, and the hospital patients enjoyed a period of such luxury as they had never before imagined, much less experienced.

Two months later a greatly changed Dolores emerged from the hospital door, and, accompanied by one of the sisters, was driven over to El Paso, where she became the wife of the man for whose sake she had so nearly lost her life. And few would have recognized the poor, sickly prison drudge in the dainty, smiling girl who bowed her graceful acknowledgments to the cheers that went up from the crowd around the church as Tom Bates and his bride waved their last adieux to the country "down by the Rio Grande."

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A PROTESTANT DEFENCE OF MANNING.*

BY REV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

A FRENCH Protestant enters the lists as the latest champion of the great English Cardinal. Cardinal Vaughan wrote of Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning:* "The publication of this life is almost a crime." M. de Pressensé goes a step further and says: "The publication of this life *is* a crime"—*C'est une mauvaise action.* After wading through the fifteen hundred-odd pages in which the Catholic biographer "discredits and shames" the cardinal "by his narratives, by his judgments, and even by his praises," it is refreshing to read this glowing and enthusiastic tribute from one of alien faith. After viewing the fancy portrait of an "egoistic, ambitious, jealous, double-faced, intriguing churchman," it is pleasant to turn to a faithful likeness "of one of the greatest and noblest figures the century affords."

This volume is important because it is the first work of any length written in answer to Mr. Purcell; because it comes from a prominent French Protestant divine; because in a remarkable preface it shows the utter insufficiency of Protestantism to satisfy man's spiritual needs.

We know of nothing more severe in the way of invective, since Newman wrote his famous reply to the Rev. Charles Kingsley. It will be as decisive to Mr. Purcell's claims as a biographer.

Some Protestant critics, in discussing M. de Pressensé's book, wondered how he could write so strongly in defence of a Catholic prelate. He thus answers them: "Are we to be accused of treason to the Reformation if we point out the glaring errors, the monstrous contradictions, the inexact citations, the mutilated documents, the confusion of thought, the vulgarity of style, and, worse than all, the spirit of disparagement and calumny which makes this work a sad monument of all that a biography worthy of the name ought not to be?"

* *Purcell's "Manning" Refuted.* Life of Cardinal Manning, with a critical examination of E. S. Purcell's mistakes. By Francis de Pressensé, a French Protestant. Translated by Francis T. Furey, A.M. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

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HE LAYS BARE PURCELL'S INCONSISTENCIES.

He loses all patience with a man who, "while ever protesting his love and respect for the cardinal, betrays at every step an instinctive malevolence"; "whose assertions show not so much a deliberate intention to deceive, as a constitutional incapacity to tell the truth." This is strong language. No mere rhetoric either, for M. de Pressensé substantiates his statements. Let us take a few instances.

Fifty years after Manning had taken orders in the Church of England he wrote in regard to his choice of a state of life: "It was purely a call from God as all that he has given me since. It was a call *ad veritatem et ad seipsum.* As such I tested it, and followed it." And again: "My own thought was to obey God's will, to save my soul and the souls of others." One would have thought that this was sufficient. But Mr. Purcell "insinuates that the vocation of Manning was very probably the fruit of an illusion; that the young clergyman deceived himself if he thought he was influenced by any but purely worldly motives. In point of fact, he felt none of those religious emotions he speaks of later on. This is plain speaking. One is anxious to know on what this scaffolding of hypothesis is built. Where are the documents which permit him to contradict so flatly the express words of the cardinal?"

No documents are forthcoming; nothing but the negative argument that "there is no contemporary evidence given by Manning in his letters to John Anderdon," etc. (p. 95). Negative arguments, however, are often inconclusive, as the history of modern criticism would prove. A thousand such arguments are destroyed by one positive fact. M. de Pressensé refutes this statement by simply pointing to Manning's letter* of September 26, 1831, "to his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderdon—a long letter which shows how deeply he was stirred by the thought of this vocation." *Ab uno disce omnes.*

HE ANSWERS ACCUSATIONS.

Another more serious accusation is that of "speaking concurrently for years with a double voice" (vol. i. p. 463). True, Mr. Purcell attempts an explanation; but his explanation does not explain, if all that he insinuates of "moral difficulties," "human motives," and "shrinkings of flesh and blood" be true. M. de Pressensé shows that Mr. Purcell was utterly incapable

* *Cardinal Manning*, by Dr. J. R. Gasquet, p. 11.

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of appreciating Manning's position; totally blind to the fact that a man cannot put more coherency in his utterances than there really is in his thoughts. He mentions, as Dr. Gasquet also has done, the dictum of the *Spectator*. It reads as follows: "In the private diaries and letters purporting to give what Mr. Purcell calls 'the inner man,' who doubted the validity of the Anglican position from the year 1846 to the year 1850, we find likewise expressed that the doubt may be due to illusion. This being so, he declares it to be his duty to speak hopefully of the English Church, and not to unsettle others in their allegiance to it. And in the letters cited in the same chapter as giving "the outer man," or "the public voice," we do *not* find assertions inconsistent with private doubts of the Anglican position, but rather a line of argument which urges the duty of remaining in the Anglican communion in spite of personal doubts.

THE ERRINGTON CASE.

Again, M. de Pressensé protests against the treatment of "the Errington Case." Mr. Purcell, it is true, says (p. 81): "The removal of Dr. Errington was, therefore, not merely the removal of a man, but the overthrow of a false or vicious principle"; and again, p. 89: (Manning was) "persuaded in his own mind that the whole movement, or as he called it 'conspiracy,' against Cardinal Wiseman was anti-Roman and anti-Papal; that the main hope and aim of the malcontent bishops was to undo all Wiseman's work, and to throw back the church in England for a generation," etc. But with this there is the insinuation that Manning, by "somewhat unscrupulous methods of attack," urged Dr. Errington's removal for his own personal ends.

The general disorder of the letters and documents is insisted on; their juxtaposition in violation of chronology and logical sequence; their repetition with different context. Errors of fact are noted, such as calling Manning the second English cardinal since the Reformation, speaking of the Catholic emancipation as the order of the day as late as 1830, declaring the cardinal averse to a losing cause his life long. Errors of judgment are pointed out: the indiscreet publishing of letters which will be misunderstood by the general reader; the undue importance given to the Errington affair and petty diocesan squabbles; while so comparatively little is said of the cardinal's charitable work, his preaching, his writings, his spiritual direction of souls, and the like.

This by way of showing that "such a writer puts himself

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out of court"; that the long-looked-for life of the great cardinal has proved a *fiasco*, because written by one who evidently was not in sympathy with his subject. And, strange enough, Mr. Purcell has written: "To a biographer his hero should be of supreme and special interest"!

Will Mr. Purcell again utter his protest against idealized history or biography?* Will he quote us Manning, Newman, and Pope Leo to the effect that "truth is the only thing that matters"? The knights of the story could with equal truth maintain to the end their conviction that the shield was silver or gold. We have heard of an old Arabian proverb quite to the point: "He that tells ALL that he knows, often tells *more* than he knows."

Until the executors of the late cardinal give to the world a new life and a truer, M. de Pressensé's book will act as an antidote to the poison contained in Mr. Purcell's two bulky volumes. For his is the portrait of a *man*, loyal to principle and conscience; of a *Christian*, obedient to the promptings of the Holy Spirit; of a *priest*, the servant of his fellow-men, "*the hero of charity.*"

Not that M. de Pressensé's work is faultless. We object strongly to Luther being placed on a level with St. Augustine and St. Vincent de Paul; we refuse to believe that before his conversion Manning "found little fault with *pure Protestantism* as distinguished from his Anglican form."

But, above all, we declare that M. de Pressensé's admiration for Manning has led him to be unfair to Newman. He has told Mr. Purcell that he exalts Newman to lower Manning. M. de Pressensé, however, unintentionally goes to the other extreme.

PEN-PICTURE OF NEWMAN.

Here is his pen-portrait of the illustrious Oratorian. The very type of the *intellectualiste*, doubting, questioning, sceptical, and "audacious idealist," who never could believe in the existence of the material world; lacking some of the finish of the gentleman; before his conversion more Catholic, after his conversion more Protestant than Manning; intoxicated with the praise that came to him on all sides, especially from the Protestants and the liberals.

This is not Newman; none of his old friends would recognize this portrait. Was he a dweller in an ideal world? A

* "On the Ethics of Suppression in Biography," *The Nineteenth Century*, October, 1896.

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sceptic ever doubting his own conclusions? He himself has written: "Given the alternative in a university, of social life without study, or study without social life, I should unhesitatingly declare for the former, not the latter." If Manning was "a man of action," so also was Newman in a no less true sense. Not that he could ever interest himself in active works as his brother cardinal, but that in his sermons, his lectures, his philosophy, his theology, he always had in view the practical difficulties of his age and country.

It has been insinuated before—nay, openly asserted—that Newman was a sceptic. If a clear perception of the difficulties which beset men in an age of unfaith, if the exposition of these difficulties in their fulness be scepticism, then Newman was a sceptic. But if, with a vivid appreciation of the obscure night which ever follows closely the bright day of truth, there was an unshakable certainty of the facts of Christian philosophy and dogma, then Newman was not a sceptic. He has answered this objection in the *Apologia:* *

"Many persons are sensitive of the difficulties of religion; I am as sensitive as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt is incommensurate."

The very thought that some might deem it sceptical led him to write the following *apropos* of his intended epitaph: "If a tablet is put up in the cloister, such as the three there already, I should like the following, if good Latinity, and if there is no other objection; *i. e., it must not be, if persons to whom I defer thought it sceptical:*" †

JOANNES HENRICUS NEWMAN.
EX UMBRIS ET IMAGINIBUS
IN VERITATEM.
DIE —— A. S. 18——
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

NEWMAN CONTRASTED WITH MANNING.

It is not fair, therefore, to paint Manning as the great upholder of Catholic doctrine, and to describe Newman as a compromiser with Protestants and liberals. No, he was as firm as Manning in his stand against religious liberalism. Dogma

* P. 374, ed. 1864; Longmans, Green & Co. † *Meditations and Devotions*, p. 439.

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had ever been the fundamental principle of religion with him; "my battle was with liberalism," he tell us himself.* What he held in 1864 he held unto the end.

True, his character, his temperament, his bent of mind was the direct pole to Manning's. One insisted on the principle of authority, the other on liberty; one feared "the anti-Roman and the anti-Papal spirit," the other feared the results of an over-rigid dogmatism; one was "the diligent laborer in the field of ecclesiastical politics," the other was the recluse who ventured forth but seldom save in the printed word. No wonder, then, their views should differ on so many vital issues. Their differences, however, are a proof of that great liberty the church allows where there is no question of the deposit of faith.

No one who had studied at all carefully the writings of Newman could maintain that he denied the existence of the world around us. Many passages could be adduced in support of this thesis. Let one suffice: "That things exist external to ourselves, this I do consider a first principle and one of universal perception." †

THE DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM.

We now turn to that part of M. de Pressensé's work which declares the present decadence of Protestantism, and the vigor and strength of the Catholic Church. This portion of his preface gives a value to his work over and above his just appreciation of Cardinal Manning, and his spirited protest against the insinuations and errors of Mr. Purcell.

We know that every heresy, being a denial of a part of God's truth, contains in it the germs of decay. Catholic truth (*v.g.*, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception) may progress and develop, even as the youth grows into the man, changing yet ever the same. Heresy can never progress or develop; its tendency is always downward. It may live for awhile on the truth it has preserved, even as the consumptive may live and breathe with the one lung that remains to him. But the error is there like a hidden parasite, destroying by degrees the truth it feeds on. The end is corruption and death. Thus Arianism, denying the Divinity of Jesus Christ, thrived for a time, grew corrupt and died. So Protestantism will die.

We know that the Reformation was a great step backwards in the history of civilization; that Luther condemned it when

* *Apologia*, p. 120. † *Grammar of Assent*, p. 59 (ed. 1870; Cath. Pub. Soc.)

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he said: "Though nowadays everything is in a wretched state, it is no ground for separating from the church"; that Protestantism must fail because it does not satisfy all the moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual needs of men's hearts.

We know, too, that the unspotted Spouse of Christ—the Catholic Church—stands for the Oneness of the good, the beautiful, and the true, though the human element may at times separate that essential Beauty into the appearance of the seven deadly sins, even as the prism separates the pure white light of the sunbeam into seven primary colors.

We know that Catholicity satisfies the longings of the human race. For, taking her stand on the dignity of man, fallen, indeed, but raised again by the Incarnation, she maintains the *equality* of all men in God's sight, the *brotherhood* of all men in Christ Jesus, the *liberty* of all men to tend to God through the Holy Spirit reigning within their hearts.

All this we know: men like Manning and Newman in England, men like Lacordaire and Ozanam in France, men like Isaac Hecker, Gibbons, Ireland, and Keane in America, have been witness to it.

But in M. de Pressensé we have a Protestant of the Protestants—one who by birth, by antecedents, by profession is a disciple of the Reformation—declaring that he must in conscience testify to the same truth. "Protestantism is a failure; the future of religion is with the Catholic Church." Testimony from such a source is valuable, for no one can accuse him of special pleading. Testimony from such a source is important, for it is the sign of a great religious movement to dawn with the coming century. It is an earnest that the prayer of Jesus Christ, "that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, and I are one," is ever being fulfilled.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PROTESTANTISM.

Last spring, when M. de Pressensé's two articles on Cardinal Manning appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,* many Protestants on the Continent wrote him letters full of "pious insults," demanding what he meant by writing so enthusiastically of a Catholic prelate. Had he proved untrue to the teachings of his father, Edmond de Pressensé, the Protestant Montalembert?

The answer came quickly. In words, too, that show a readiness to follow the light; a loyalty to truth and the dictates of conscience. There is a subtle delicacy in this rebuke to the

* May 1, May 15, 1896.

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so-called disciples of liberty of thought: "May it not sometimes happen," he asks, "that in the very effort to be *faithful* to the spirit, the lessons, and the principles of those to whom we owe the knowledge of salvation, we may feel ourselves obliged to be *unfaithful* to their doctrine?"

Hearken now to his arraignment of Protestantism.

Protestantism, says M. de Pressensé, especially in France, has been for some time on the verge of a terrible crisis. Protestants are at a loss in their vain endeavor to be true to the teachings of the Reformation. Protestantism was born and has thrived on a two-fold principle: 1. The *formal* principle of the authority of Scripture, *i.e.*, "that every soul receives directly the light necessary to perceive the message of God in the Gospels"; and 2, the *material* principle of justification by faith, *i.e.*, "that every soul comes into direct and immediate contact with Jesus Christ as the source of salvation." But when we consider the progress of modern Biblical criticism, what becomes of this fundamental principle of Protestantism?

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE DESTROYED.

In the old days, when men could turn over the pages of their Bible and regard every word as divine, it was a simple matter enough. But to-day this is not the case. Now men open the sacred volume and begin to ask themselves: "Is this portion authentic? Is this word authentic? Is this really Christ speaking, or is it perchance St. John?" etc., etc.

Some of the old school will answer that *le sens intime*—the Christian consciousness will readily recognize the truth of the Scripture; the true Christian will be quick to hear the sound of the Master's voice. But this is *absolute subjectivism.* On the other hand, the younger Protestant clergy are full of the anti-dogmatic spirit of the current philosophies; Hume, Hegel, Kant, and Darwin are their guides in Biblical hermeneutics. Fain would they have Christianity and the anti-Christian rationalism join hands in an unnatural union. But this leads to the utter rejection of dogma; this reduces religion to the definition of Matthew Arnold's "*Morality touched with emotion.*"

Grant for the moment that a few *élite* souls may escape the wreck. What is to become of the multitudes—and Christianity is for all men—without some *authority* whereon to lean? Overthrow the authority of Scripture, and it does not take long to destroy the divine personality of Christ therein recorded. "You cannot shatter the vase, and still preserve the perfume."

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Thus, Protestantism stands to-day between the Scylla of "absolute subjectivism" and the Charybdis of "anti-dogmatism." Again, in the great social changes which are going on around us, M. de Pressensé declares that the Christianity of the Reformation is not the proper leaven; the individualism for which Protestantism stands is *hors de combat.*

ANGLICANISM A HYBRID CHURCH.

No language is adequate to paint his contempt for the Anglican form of Protestantism. He describes it as "a hybrid church," on the fence between Geneva and Rome; a church which repudiates the Reformation, without accepting logically what that repudiation should mean. It is a "pseudo-Catholicism" which fain would have all the advantages of the Catholic Church (apostolic succession, valid orders, the Real Presence, the Mass, confession, etc.) "without paying the price" of submission. It is a religion whose authority is "factitious and illusory"—"the most insular, the most local, the most dependent of churches."

He cannot stomach those compromising reunionists who would dictate the terms of peace to the Pope (this before the decision on Anglican orders), but says, "*il n'y a guère de transaction possible; il faut, semble t-il, se soumettre ou se combattre.*" No half-measures, he tells them; either combat Rome or make your submission.

Protestantism having been proved and found wanting, it is natural that men look around them; natural that men should draw comparisons. The very essence of Christianity is endangered. Therefore, "the question is asked in many quarters, whether the supernatural Christian is not secure in a church which claims the plenitude of the means of grace; in a religious society over which the ages have passed; which offers men in the apostolic succession, in the primacy of Peter, in all its hierarchical organization, in all the objective realities of its worship, the triple guarantee of *unity*, *authority*, and *perpetuity?*"

THE CHURCH ALONE COMPLETELY SATISFIES.

An age enervated by the passion for pleasure and dilettantism has need of "self-denial, asceticism, discipline, obedience, holiness of life, regulated activity, cloistered contemplation." Men wearied with "the subtilities of analysis, the dry shells of reason, the sophisms of doubt," turn with eager gaze to a "religion

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which gives them the daily repetition of the grand drama of expiation, with its majestic liturgy, whose roots are deeply set in primitive Christianity, to a church which is constant in its affirmation of the communion of saints and the indefectibility of the Church of Christ."

M. de Pressensé is right in saying that the Catholic Church, by her fourfold solidarity of *unity*, *sanctity*, *catholicity*, and *apostolicity*, is the greatest social force in an age of great social reforms; he is right when he declares the need of an authority to act as the witness, the guardian, and the interpreter of Divine Revelation, both Scripture and Tradition; he is right when he shows that the tendency of Protestantism is towards the *denial* of a supernatural revelation. He has sounded the death-knell of Protestantism when he declares that "*it is not the religion for the people*," for, according to St. Paul, "God our Saviour will have *all* men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (I. Tim. ii. 4).

M. de Pressensé has not withal put his finger on the essence of Catholicity—the union of the individual soul with God through the Holy Spirit working in the church and in the individual soul. He perceives, indeed, that the Catholic Church is the corrective of that false individualism under whose yoke Protestantism is slowly dying. He does not perceive that she is the crowning of the true individualism which Jesus Christ foretold would make all men free (John viii. 32). He seems to feel that Protestantism still offers "a mystic communion of the soul with the Saviour"; he does not know that the Catholic Church realizes that mystic communion in the fact that her true children are members of Christ's mystical body (I. Cor. vi. 15), partakers in very deed of His Flesh and Blood (John vi. 56), and temples of the Holy Spirit (I. Cor. vi. 19).

We have noted the principal points in M. de Pressensé's volume. We do not think it rash to affirm that he is but a step from the door of the church. True, it took Newman ten years of deep thought and study to make that step; it took Manning five years of earnest seeking. Does it seem strange that conversion is often so long delayed? "Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (Is. lv. 8). Faith is a supernatural gift. Over the threshold, however, this Israelite without guile must one day pass like the *sacerdos magnus* he so eloquently describes, unless he close his ears to the voice now speaking to his soul.

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THE PURITAN CATHOLICIZED.

BY REV. P. J. O'CALLAGHAN.

LAST spring I was assisting in the giving of a mission in a city not far from the old town of Salem. I visited one of the parochial schools and chanced to ask three or four boys to tell me their names. I found among these few a Rogers, a Pinkham, and a Robinson, and I said to myself, What is coming over the face of New England? There are signs of a new epoch in her life.

CATHOLIC NEW ENGLAND.

Far more important than the change of blood is the change of religion which immigration has already effected. Foreign blood has brought to New England a religion which has seemed foreign to the Puritan, and which he has always hated. In spite of hate and all that hate suggested, the Catholic Church has grown so that, from being almost unknown a hundred years ago, she embraces to-day one-third of all the population of the New England States. It is not using a misnomer to speak even now of Catholic New England.

Wonderful and most rapid has been the growth of that struggling church which John Louis de Cheverus found to consist of a mere handful of faithful souls when he arrived in Boston just one hundred years ago. It has been only in the last half-century, however, that the church has risen like an apparition before the eyes of the Puritan. It seems almost incredible that even as late as 1853 the present seven Catholic dioceses of New England were within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Boston. This wonderful growth has not been confined to New England. It has been estimated that there are more converts from Protestantism within the bosom of the Catholic Church in the United States than there are members of the Episcopalian denomination in the same territory. Although it is asserted that every New England family of note has among its representatives at least one convert, the marvellous growth of the church has been most striking in the land of the Puritan; not because of the number of converts, but because in New Eng-

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land the church has captured a stronghold which had been for two centuries in the possession of those who hated her very name, whereas in newer sections of the country Catholics and Protestants have gone on, shoulder to shoulder, in the building up of our nation.

THE CHURCH'S EARLY INFLUENCE.

The church began to exert an influence upon the Puritans as early as the time of Bishop Cheverus. Although the influence of Boston's first bishop was largely personal, it broke down many obstacles which bigotry had erected in the way of the church's progress. The learning and simple eloquence, and most of all the sanctity of life, which characterized that holy man, did wonders in obtaining for Catholics something more than a grudging and formal toleration. So great was his influence that the legislature submitted for his revision the formula of the oath proposed to be taken before voting, in order that it might not offend Catholic consciences. When he asked for a subscription to get money for his new church, John Adams, while President of the United States, headed the list, which included also the names of the most influential Protestants of Boston. Since those times many a Catholic congregation has been helped in building its church by generous benefactions from the sons of the Puritan. The same spirit which prompted such generosity has also obtained for Catholics rights which they were not strong enough to demand. It is my honest conviction that far more has been granted to Catholics in New England out of a sense of justice than has been obtained by the power of the ballot. I know full well how deeply rooted has been the Puritan's hatred for the church. But it would be a superficial view of that hatred to think that it was inspired by anything less than a love of truth, though a mistaken one. Would not any honest man, if he did not know what the church really was, have hated the ugly and wicked thing—that anti-Christ, that Scarlet Woman—which the ignorant Puritan thought to be the Catholic Church? The Puritan would not have been the God-fearing man that he was if he did not hate this nightmare of wickedness, as he thought her to be. He could not have loved justice without hating such iniquity. His hatred has continued, and only because he has not yet learned to understand the church. And why should we condemn him unreservedly for the slowness of his perception when we remember how often unworthy sons of Holy Church have seemed to give the lie to her just claim of holiness? I

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would not appear to admit that Catholics have been worse than their neighbors; all I know is, that those scandals which must needs come have been at least an excuse for much of the Puritan's unreasonable hatred of Catholics and Irish.

Testimony is not wanting from many sources that many a noble, gentle priest is loved by all his Puritan neighbors. They see him solicitous for his flock; they admire his warfare upon sin and the haunts of sin; they love him for his devotion to the poor, which knows no distinction of race or creed. They gladly reverence such a man, and by their reverence they prove the honesty and nobility of their hearts. Let a Catholic be all his church teaches him to be, and let him be all that his country and society require of him, and the Puritan will not be slow in discovering the man and the Christian. He will delight to honor such a man while living, and after his death will place his memorial among the monuments of his heroes. The triumph of the church in New England will be at hand when she brings forth, as she must, more of that race of perfect Catholic manhood which has already found its exemplar in that noble Irish-Yankee, John Boyle O'Reilly.

That race will be the race of the Puritan transformed, and lifted on the higher plane of purest Catholicism. Already Catholic and Puritan blood have mingled in the veins of thousands. The church has already done much to change the Puritan by bringing him to a fuller knowledge of her divine mission, and thereby has won his admiration and very often has drawn him to her bosom. Will the church complete her triumph? If she does, will Catholic New England hold the place which Puritan New England has maintained in the intellectual, social, and political life of our country? That she will do so is our hope and our expectation.

As the church transforms the Puritan the type of Catholic itself will be transformed, not in essentials to be sure, but in those characteristics which are his changing garb. A false devotion to relics, the innumerable cords and medals and scapulars —all good in their proper place, but by some ignorantly made to compensate for the keeping of the Commandments and pure living; all such things, when perverted from their proper and devotional meaning, do rather repel than attract.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Puritan's love of liberty, it has become with him now a consuming passion. The voice of authority will seem to him the voice of God, when it can show its right to speak in the name of the Most High, and only

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while it speaks in accordance with justice and equity. He can never be persuaded that arbitrary conduct and tyranny of an exacting nature are any the holier because they emanate from some vested authority. He will always think that personal manliness calls upon him to rebel against vested wrongs as well as less powerfully established sources of injustice. He may sometimes submit where rebellion would work a greater wrong than submission, but he would have no man to believe that his submission to wrong of any sort can be obedience to the voice of God. It is only choosing the smaller of two evils.

And yet there is no man more obedient than the Puritan to all legitimate authority. Let him be convinced that any authority is divinely established, and he will obey the letter and the spirit of its commands. The Puritan loves liberty passionately, but he hates license more passionately. Every just authority will find him its most loyal defender.

I know the mind of the Puritan, and I feel that it is most important that his ruling sentiment should be clearly understood, and .therefore honestly described. And it is my firm conviction that the spirit of liberty which actuates the vast majority of the priests in America, and which makes their service of Holy Church one of personal loyalty to her, will be the only spirit which can hope to captivate the heart and win the support of the Puritan. If we persuade him that Holy Church asks no submission from him except the submission of his mind to truth, and his will to a divinely established authority; if we can show him that mortification does not aim at torturing the individual, but simply at exercising him in the control of his inordinate passions, and that as human nature is not totally depraved we do not believe it ought to be entirely crushed; if we can prove ourselves to be honest in our love for virtue; if we become ourselves all that Holy Church would have us to be, and not try to make him accept more than she asks him to believe, we may rest assured that the Puritan has but to know the Catholic religion to embrace it most gladly.

Great have been the achievements of the past, but more splendid yet will be the triumphs of the future when the Church in America, after recovering from its pioneer efforts, will gradually draw to herself the intelligence of this nation. In those days Catholic New England will not forget the example of leadership which has been set for her by Puritan New England.

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JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

BY REV. FRANCIS W. HOWARD.

CRIMINOLOGY as a science has grown in the past few decades and great interest has been aroused in the inquiries suggested by it. Cæsar Lombroso is reputed to be its founder. The value of results obtained, however, does not seem to be proportionate to the degree of interest taken in these studies. The bibliography of criminology published in one of the late reports of the United States Commissioner of Education will give one an idea of the wide range of inquiries included in this science, and also of the amount of attention that has been devoted to them. The principal work in criminology has been done by writers of the Italian school, and indeed this school claims this science as peculiarly its own.

It is not to be supposed that the subject of crime was not studied in the past. The criminal code is the result of the problem of crime. But the new science studies, not so much the act of the criminal—that is, the crime—but it studies the criminal himself. Scientific criminologists, and particularly those of the Italian school, study the mental, moral, and more especially the physical characteristics of the criminal, and their industry in gathering facts is equalled only by their precipitancy in drawing conclusions. An undiscerning reader of the works of writers of this school is not unlikely to form the opinion that some day we may hope to measure the degree of criminality by a micrometer, or that at least the cephalic index may be some approximation to a standard of measurement.

HASTY CONCLUSIONS OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

The works of these writers serve to show that mere fact-gatherers do not make good scientists, and that a disposition to base wide generalizations on unimportant coincidences does not lead to trustworthy results. It is possible to gather an enormous mass of facts in relation to crime, but there are so many variables that must enter into the study of such problems that it is extremely hazardous to lay down impressions as sci-

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entific laws. Criminologists observe the association of facts in criminals, but do not compare such individuals with equal numbers of non-criminal individuals. Perhaps physical defects may be found in seventy per cent. of criminal individuals; therefore, the conclusion runs, there is a causal connection between the two facts. But the criminals are not compared with an equal number of persons who are not criminals. One is tempted to think that many criminologists believe a causal connection exists whenever they find two facts associated in bad company.

The statistics of crime, again, do not afford a satisfactory basis for broad generalization. Official statistics of crime are no indication of the morality, nor even in many cases of the real amount of criminality, existing in a population. Laws vary in different parts of the same country, and the statistics may show a great amount of crime in a particular locality, and this fact may be only an evidence that the law is more rigorously enforced in this place than in others.

Again, there are three classes of law-breakers, namely, those who are convicted, those who are tried but escape conviction, and those who do not in way come under the cognizance of the courts. The criminals so carefully studied by the criminologists are only those offenders who had not wit enough to escape the law officers, and thus the amount of criminality is in some degree dependent on the sagacity and faithfulness of those who are charged with the enforcement of the law. It may be questioned whether society suffers more injury at the hands of the first class than it does at the hands of the third class.

Students, therefore, who deal only with law-breakers of one class need to be especially careful in drawing conclusions that may apply to all classes of criminals, and the writings of the Italian school are untrustworthy in the conclusions which they suggest as well as in those which they expressly deduce.

Another singular fact in these works is that the moral responsibility of the criminal is ignored. The only purpose for which many statistics are arrayed seems to be to prove that crime is a matter of weather, physical health, or insanitary and unfavorable economic conditions; but the degree of control which an individual exercises over his own actions is left almost entirely out of account. It is quite as rational to treat human history without taking account of the human will as it is to study the criminal without taking account of his power of resolution. So far, therefore, as the scientific study of the pro-

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blem of crime goes, the subject appears to be great in its possibilities rather than in its achievements.

THE WORK OF W. DOUGLAS MORRISON.

An interesting work, temperate in its statements and conservative in its conclusions, on *Juvenile Offenders*, by W. Douglas Morrison, has lately been issued in the Criminology Series; earlier volumes of this same series treating of *The Female Offender*, by Lombroso and Ferrero. The work of Mr. Morrison is free from many of the defects above noted, but he almost entirely ignores the control which the individual exercises over his own actions. Moral responsibility is the one thing which gives crime its character, and no one will more accurately discriminate between responsible and non-responsible acts than the criminal himself. If external conditions are invoked to account for all the acts of the criminal, they may as well be invoked to explain all the conscious acts of normal individuals.

The problem of the juvenile offender is perhaps the most important phase of the whole problem of crime. It has been found on inquiry that the largest part of those who become habitual criminals showed signs of criminal disposition in early years. Our actions by repetition tend to become less amenable to the control of the will and become habits or parts of our constitution, and habits of crime may be acquired just as habits of any kind may. It is of the highest importance, therefore, to study the conditions which prevail in the life of the individual when he is at the parting of the ways, when he is choosing between an honorable and useful career and a life of crime. For it is perhaps within the experience of every one to look back on the circumstances of his life and find a period in which the presence or absence of some slight circumstance would have resulted in great subsequent change. A small amount of effort expended on juvenile criminals will accomplish more than great effort expended on adults. All well-directed efforts looking toward the prevention of crime must begin in the time of youth. Mr. Morrison points out that statistics show an undoubted increase in the number of habitual criminals, and though it may appear from official figures in some countries that juvenile crime is not increasing, he shows that there is good reason to believe that it is. It is his opinion also that, in proportion to numbers, there is more crime in cities than in sparsely populated districts. But this conclusion is disputed

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and it needs to be confirmed by more careful inquiries than those whose results are at present available. He points out how the growth of humane feeling on the part of the community, and especially of those charged with the administration of justice, makes it difficult to estimate the tendencies of juvenile crime. After showing the extent and distribution of juvenile crime, he discusses it in its relations to the sex and age of the offenders. Then follows in separate chapters an account of the physical, mental, parental, and economic conditions of juvenile delinquents. This part naturally contains an inquiry into the causes of the evil.

NOT PHYSICAL DEFECT SO MUCH AS ECONOMIC CONDITION A PREDISPOSING CAUSE OF CRIME.

There hardly seems to be reason to believe, from results thus far obtained, that there is any correlation between physical defect and disposition to criminality, and there certainly has been no ground shown for asserting that physical defect constitutes any presumption of criminality. It might be true that physical defects would be found associated in criminal children in larger proportion than in normal children—though comparisons are not made often enough to give these results any value—but even this fact would not prove any causal connection. The attempt to prove that moral delinquency is always accompanied by some form of physical degeneration is an interesting theme, but it does not help us in our knowledge of the criminal or how to deal with him.

Economic conditions enter more largely as a factor among the predisposing causes to crime. This is true more especially in regard to offences against property. But the important cause of juvenile crime is the lack of moral training. This may come from loss of one or both parents, or from neglect of parents in the discharge of their duties towards their children. Juvenile delinquents show a large percentage of orphan children. There are more who have lost fathers than there are who have lost mothers. The moral faculties stand in need of training as well as the physical or mental faculties, and if a child is left in conditions where in the days of his early youth he is subjected to evil influences, it cannot be expected that he will develop the moral sense he possesses. We find that children can receive a good moral training in the poorest economic surroundings. And children born in the most favorable economic conditions are quite likely to be law-breakers if

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their moral sense is not developed. Lack of moral training will be found to be a predisposing cause of more importance than any other in most forms of juvenile crime.

It follows, then, that among all the ways of treating juvenile delinquency there is none of more importance than appealing to the sense of right and the power of will possessed by the child. The strengthening of the moral resolve should be the aim of the treatment of the offender, so far as the prevention of future crime and the offender's own welfare are aimed at. Mr. Morrison, in the second part of his book, discusses the various methods of treating juvenile delinquency, namely, by admonition, fining, corporal punishment, and imprisonment, with a concluding chapter on corrective institutions. The utilitarian view of punishment is adopted. But do we not find that the prisoner's own sense of equity demands his punishment? And do we not often find that children who fail to receive punishment for their offences soon lose their fine sense of justice? The more philosophical view to take of punishment is, that the prisoner's own welfare, and not merely social utility, demands it.* The severity of punishments in other days also was not altogether the result of lack of humane spirit, but it was in some degree the expression of the detestation which society had for the act of which the criminal was guilty. It is unfortunate that many persons seem disposed to estimate the injury done by crime by the amount it costs. The real evil, so far as crime is an indication of it, is the deterioration of the moral fibre of the people.

THE APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

Mr. Morrison, as we have noted, fails to insist on the strengthening of the child's will-power and the appeal to conscience, and seems to think that the abolition of crime is a matter of improving the conditions in which the child is found. "To build hospitals will relieve sufferings, but cannot cure disease." The implication is that "improved conditions" will make hospitals superfluous, and "improved conditions" will cause crime to cease. But it seems likely that so long as death is inevitable hospitals are likely to be useful, and so it is likely that crime will exist so long as beings possessed of moral freedom fail to act in conformity with the expressions of social will.

In dealing with youthful criminals the best measure is re-

* See article in *International Journal of Ethics* for October, 1896, on "Hegel's Theory of Punishment."

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moval from vicious surroundings whenever practicable. If a suitable home-life can be provided, it is by all means the best thing for the child, for nothing takes the place of the influence of a good home. But the great practical difficulties in the way are best known to those who deal with the problem of juvenile crime. Those who criticise the institution method of treating dependent and delinquent children often overlook two things. The first is the great difficulty in the way of realizing an ideal, and oftentimes the impossibility of such realization. Denunciation comes easy, and, as the philosopher Hobbes said, it hath a great appearance of justice; and often those who clamor for what they think ought to be, fail to ask themselves, are matters as well as they can be? The second thing overlooked is the vast improvement that a child's condition undergoes when it is taken from vicious surroundings and placed under other care. The evils of the "absolute dependence upon and conformity to rule," supposed to be required of children in corrective institutions, are much exaggerated. In no institution in the country, perhaps, is this dependence and conformity so rigorously required as at the military academy at West Point, but we never hear that it has any evil effects on the lives of the young men.

This work of Mr. Morrison's is not only instructive, but, unlike much of the literature appearing as criminal anthropology, it is respectable as well. There is a branch of criminology which might not inappropriately be styled the science of obscenity. It is not a healthy sign that some species of abnormal phenomena should be made the subject-matter of scientific investigation and minute analysis. Writers on degeneration have failed to note that interest in certain kinds of scientific pursuits may be itself the most convincing evidence of degeneration. Elaborate monographs on such subjects do not serve any purposes of practical utility, nor do they contribute to our knowledge, and interest in such topics does not seem to be compatible with sound, healthy instincts.

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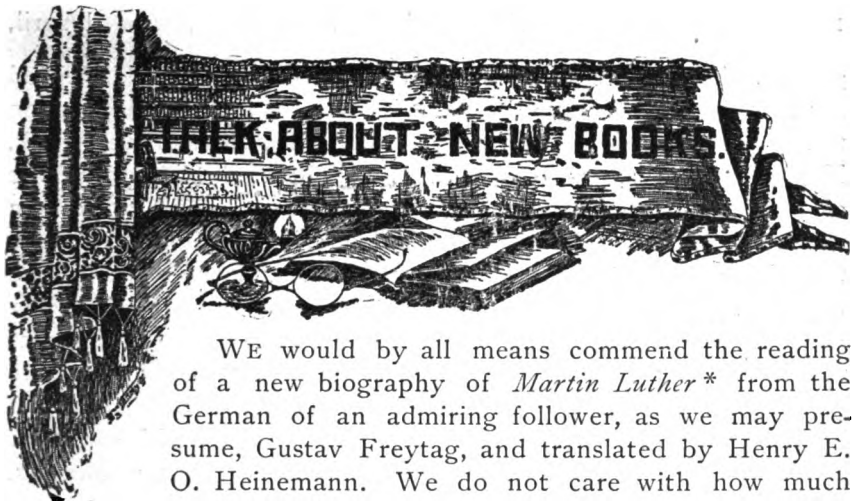

WE would by all means commend the reading of a new biography of *Martin Luther* * from the German of an admiring follower, as we may presume, Gustav Freytag, and translated by Henry E. O. Heinemann. We do not care with how much eulogy of the ungovernable apostate monk the author seeks to load his subject; the testimony he bears to his violent, wayward character and Thersites tongue, no less than to the manifold shifts and tergiversations, makes the picture so grotesque and repulsive as to destroy every claim to respect. We have not the slightest fear that such presentation as it makes of the so-called reformer's claims can have any effect but that of strengthening the faith of even the most wavering, provided they have still left the grace of sound judgment and the most elementary conception of good taste. As a study in some phases of German intellect the book is curious. Coarseness of the swineherd level, puerility of the most childish sort, fantastic buffoonery, horse-play logic, spitfire scurrility—these were the weapons with which this sublimated figure of the Reformation sought to win his cause, when he appealed to the hearts of the vulgar. Some parts of the narrative give one a feeling of nausea, and leave no room for wonder why the term "hogs" is sometimes used to designate certain elements in our fleeting show. On the same principle as the spectacle of a drunken slave was made to serve a useful purpose in Sparta, we would desire a wide circulation of this laudation of Martin Luther by his friendly biographer, and the immediate issue of a popular edition at a low figure.

It is now *place aux dames* in the field of American Catholic literature. From the press of McBride & Co. we have now to hand an admirable compendium † of both biography and specimens of work, showing how prolific is the American soil in the production of women of more than average literary ability. The array presented will doubtless astonish many; it is, in fact, a

* *Martin Luther.* By Gustav Freytag. Translated by Henry E. O. Heinemann. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

† *Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature.* By M. Serafine, O.S.U.

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galaxy. To the Ursulines of New York the public are indebted for this admirable collation, and they will be felicitated upon the acumen and judgment they have displayed in all the work. No fewer than sixty-three authors are here recalled to public attention, but the names of a fair proportion of these are tolerably familiar to present-day readers. Portraits accompany the biographical sketches in many cases; and the sketches are usually short and business-like. The idea of collecting the women writers originated in the Columbian Reading Union, but the credit of giving it practical embodiment belongs to the Ursuline Sisterhood. They have thereby conferred a distinct boon upon the reading public. In a green-and-gold cover of handsome design, the book is finely presented by the publishers, and the numerous portraits embraced in it are elegantly reproduced in many cases, but not all.

A new treatise on *Logic and Metaphysics** by the eminent teacher, Rev. Louis Jouin, of Fordham College, has just been published. The salient features are its admirable conciseness of statement and its orderly arrangement of parts. The chief difficulty which confronts all students is the too frequent looseness of definition of terms. Here there is no vagueness; all materials for the intellectual edifice to be reared are delivered as they are wanted, each piece ticketed and identified so that the builder can hardly fall into a mistake. Truth, as expounded in the philosophy of St. Thomas, is the basis of the reasoning presented, and the simplicity of the forms, the condensation of the thought, and the perfect fit of the terms in which the lessons are conveyed are the great recommendations of this excellent manual. Father Jouin's standing as a teacher, and the favor which previous treatises from his pen have won, justify the anticipation that this work must also be eagerly sought after by philosophical and theological students.

The activity of the distinguished Vaughan family in religion is again marked by the appearance of a notable book by one of its numerous members, the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. It is a volume of essays on profound spiritual subjects, the nature and attributes of the Deity, the mysteries of the Trinity and the Eucharist, the means of grace, the moral virtues, and affiliated subjects, grouped under the title *Thoughts for all Times.*† A preface from the pen of the accomplished

* *Logic and Metaphysics.* By the Rev. Louis Jouin, S.J., Professor of Philosophy, St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. (St. John's College Press.)

† *Thoughts for all Times.* By the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. London: Roxburghe Press; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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littérateur, Bishop Hedley, commends the work to the reader's attention in terms of warm appreciation, but a perusal of any one of the themes treated will easily convince the reader that this introduction is one drawn forth from the genuine merit of the writing solely, and not by mere friendship for the writer. The style of the work is eminently calculated to arrest the attention, the strength and solidity of its reasoning being clothed in a classic grace of language such as always helps the tasteful mind to an appreciation of the matter discussed. For, indeed, we cannot help thinking that many a noble thought fails to strike root from the fact of its being presented in an uncouth and slovenly garb of diction. The book is from the Roxburghe Press, London, and is a good specimen of its output.

As "society" in Ireland speaks of its "only duke," so society in America may boast of its "only countess." Mrs. James D. Mackin is the lady who rejoices in this unique distinction; and her title comes to her in a way which is not repellent to American tastes. It was not derived through ancestors—the reward in their case, mayhap, of questionable services in politics or obsequious tuft-hunting in times past—but was conferred on herself by the Holy Father, in the same spirit as he bestows the Golden Rose on distinguished ladies of high rank, in recognition of exceptional claims to pre-eminence in virtue and noble example in well-doing. We are prone to associate the idea of "society" with a line of life at variance with Christian ideals; but we have many illustrious paradigms to the contrary. When the heart is sound and pure, the follies and frivolities of society can have little influence for evil upon it; and here is a notable case in point. Mrs. Mackin is an American lady of the type which has made American ladies famous. Frank, joyous, unaffected, unsuspecting, full of spirits, courage, and the implicit self-reliance which makes the American woman respected the world over, we find her going forth into the world at an early age, desirous of seeing it for herself, and judging of it by her own eyes and sense; and we find her so little impressed with its false glitter and fashionable hollow-heartedness that she can still keep her place in society while winning a world-wide reputation for charitable deeds, and undergoing that profound mental change which has led her into the bosom of the Catholic Church. This was the singularity which, no doubt, inspired the Holy Father with the idea of decorating her with the distinction which he has lately conferred upon her. It is in furtherance of her charitable work that Mrs. Mackin now gives to the

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world a book of her reminiscences; and, we have no doubt, its pages will be eagerly perused by her fair country-women, for in many aspects they present attractions to them such as are not visible to the mind's eye of the sterner sex.

One of the most amusing foibles of "society" is the weakness of letting the outside vulgar know all about its great little doings, in the way of balls and hunts and cotillons, by means of the newspaper, while scrupulously careful to exclude any representative of the class it desires to read these accounts from its own charmed circle. There is no small snobbery of this kind about Mrs. Mackin's book.* She probably never would have published it were it not that she has been pressed to do so, and she does so now only in the hope of realizing something from its sale wherewith to help on her charitable work. She is no aspirant for literary fame, nor is her book anything more profound than a dashing sort of review of a varied and dazzling life, in whose panoramic survey move many men and women who have figured in great historical transactions of the past quarter of a century. Some of these are put off in a way which loses nothing by its terseness. There is also a considerable spice of *esprit* occasionally in the anecdotes which reveals the fact that "society" is not always the stupid atmosphere which its occasionally inane doings would lead one to infer. There is a suspicious *soupçon* of satire, too, in some of her remarks about some prominent society folks. Of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew she says, for instance:

"He is so amiable that it is not possible for him to say 'no,' not even when solicited for railway passes. Instead he impresses upon his private secretary, whose province it is to dispense them, the importance and necessity of learning when to say 'no' with decision and beyond the question of appeal."

We can imagine how thoroughly an observer of this arch kind enjoyed the scene she thus describes in a chapter on New York "society":

"My first introduction to Mr. Ward McAllister, the autocrat of drawing-rooms, was at a ball of the Patriarchs in New York. He was standing at the entrance of Delmonico's ball-room in expectation of the arrival of an English lord. My husband, being rather English in appearance, Mr. McAllister made the mistake of thinking that he was the person expected, and it was not until the arrival of the real lord that the error was discovered. In the meantime I had made the tour of the ball-room upon his arm, and he had paid to my Doucet gown of yellow satin and tulle and bouquet of orchids one of his

* *A Society Woman on Two Continents.* By Sally Britton Spottiswood Mackin (Mrs. James Mackin), a Daughter of the American Revolution. New York and London: Continental Publishing Co.

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courtly compliments. I do not think that Mr. McAllister ever quite forgave us this mistake of his, for although it was his theory that 'society should always be fooled,' he evidently did not like to experience in practice what he preached."

There are passages in the book which make us feel regretfully that even for a woman of Mrs. Mackin's strength of mind the spells of "society," especially in England, are sufficient to overmaster the purer spirit of Americanism, and that the smile of royalty is a talisman to overcome even hearts which are capable of heroism and self-sacrifice. Who can be hard upon a lady, however, when we find even the strongest-minded men yielding to this dangerous influence, and, like Mr. Bayard, risking the good opinion of their own people and their own reputation for self-respect for the sake of favor at St. James's. When, therefore, she describes the privilege of an American lady being able to courtesy at the same time before Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales, at a Buckingham Palace function, as a fact to fill one's cup of bliss "to the brim and running over," we can understand the exclamation of Hamlet, "O frailty, thy name is woman!" The appearance of the passage in the book reveals one consoling fact, however: Mrs. Mackin has the courage of her vanity. She makes no mawkish excuses for her attachment to those glittering pomps, but gives her feelings as frankly with regard to them as to any other experiences in her brilliant pursuit of pleasure all over the world.

Mrs. Mackin spent much time in Rome (where she was received into the church) and had the honor of an audience with the Holy Father. It was a decisive event for her, and her own account of it gives us a flash-light glimpse of the wonderful power and irresistible magnetism of the august occupant of the Chair of Peter. Her description of the interview is worth giving almost in full. She writes:

"Through the vista of the open doorway is seen His Holiness approaching. He is clad in the traditional white vesture worn by the popes, cassock, cincture, rochet, hood, white beretta (skull-cap), sometimes called soli Deo—to God alone—which means that it is never removed except in genuflecting to the Blessed Sacrament. His stockings are white; the embroidered shoes alone are red, with a golden cross. He wears the bishop's pectoral cross, and upon his finger is the Ring of the Fisherman. He seats himself in the throne chair, over which is thrown a crimson mantle, which makes a most effective background to the white-robed figure. On his shoulders rest a scarlet cape edged with ermine. The splendid portrait at the Annual Loan Exhibition of the Academy of National Design

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is a most faithful portrayal of Pope Leo XIII. at his receptions of state.

"The master of ceremonies stands at his side and presents all, and whispers who they are, and whence and why they come. A husband and wife are presented together, sometimes an entire family group are introduced. All reverently kiss the hand extended, upon which is the Ring of the Fisherman, and many the cross upon his slippered foot. To every one he says kindly, loving words that betoken special interest; to Americans he is particularly gracious and cordial.

"He is very pale, almost ethereal; his face is spiritual, Christ-like in its gentleness and benignity, his smile is divine. The sparkle of his eyes is inextinguishable in its fire and courage. To me he spoke in French, and his voice was slightly tremulous, which made him even more impressive.

"He asked me 'if it was my first visit and if I enjoyed Rome'? When I told him that I resided in the vicinity of New York when in America, he said: 'Then you must know Archbishop Corrigan'? and when I answered 'no,' he said: 'Upon your return to New York you must make his acquaintance, by taking to him my greeting.' The Holy Father then asked me 'if I were a Catholic'? I replied 'no.' Turning to his chamberlain on one side of him he said, 'What a pity she is not a Catholic,' and again turning to a chamberlain on the other side he said, in tones that were tremulous to pathos: 'What a pity she is not a Catholic. We must pray for her.' Then placing his hands upon my head he bestowed upon me the Pontifical Benediction.

"Since childhood, from conviction I had been a Catholic. Many times I had been on the verge of asking to be received into the church, but the opposition of my family, particularly of my mother, had deterred me. Cardinals, archbishops, prelates, and priests, the Count de Paris and Catholic friends, had argued the subject with me unavailingly. I was ever remote from decision; but the words of the Holy Father appealed to me, and resolved me to action.

"From the Vatican I went to his Eminence Cardinal Macchi, to whom I had presented a letter from the Nonce Apostolique of Paris. I told him of my resolution, but that in order to do nothing upon the impulse of the moment I would again return to America and consult with my family; but that in any case I would come to Rome at Easter to be received into the Church.

"The Holy Father had opened for me my eyes, and made me realize that in the question of one's soul's salvation no human influence should interpose. 'For he that loveth his father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me,' are the inspired words of the Gospel, as are also 'And whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be my disciple.' If opposition was to be my cross I must not shrink from bearing it, but like a miracle, certainly by the special grace of God, my family accepted the situation, and it will ever be my regret

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that at sixteen, when first I openly expressed the desire to become a Roman Catholic, I did not act with decision and promptitude; and I cannot but feel that in my thanksgiving of this year I should mingle the deepest gratitude to His Holiness for his words, that seemed almost an inspiration and that led to such a joyful consummation."

Mrs. Mackin had the advantage in her youth of being educated in a Kentucky convent, and she never lost the impression which the demeanor and system of the nuns who conducted the establishment left upon her mind. She refers to this very vividly in the beginning of her work; also to the lasting influences of contact with Bishop Spalding, Archbishop Corrigan, Monsignor O'Reilly, and other prominent prelates and priests of America in early days, at the examination exercises and *fêtes.* Her conversion is a remarkable piece of testimony to the benefit of the free mingling of people of different denominations in social life, as contrasted with the old tradition of maintaining an eternal wall of reserve and distrust between Catholics and non-Catholics; and its moral ought not to be lost sight of.

The book is handsomely turned out by the publishers. It contains many fine plates, including a portrait of the author. It is dedicated to Cardinal Macchi, and it is ushered in with a brief word of commendation from Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly.

We cannot recall any book that so fully enters into the sublimity of the thoughts that the supreme sacrifice of the Mass inspires as the English version of Father Chaignon's *La Prêtre à l'Autel.* This work is now given us by the Right Rev. Dr. Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., under the title of *The Sacrifice of the Mass worthily Celebrated.** In the words of his own preface to the work, we can devoutly say to all priests who read it "Tolle, lege." The sentiments put forth are expressed in a strain of purest appropriateness, and the appeals made to one's judgment, heart, and conscience are such as not even the most sluggish can withstand. To layman no less than priest we can indeed most heartily commend this volume, as the sacred character of our great Catholic mystery is so lofty that one can never have too great an illumination of its meaning and grace, nor lose any opportunity of increasing the reverence of all hearts for its touching symbolism and intense reality of love.

* *The Sacrifice of the Mass worthily Celebrated.* From the French of the Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. By Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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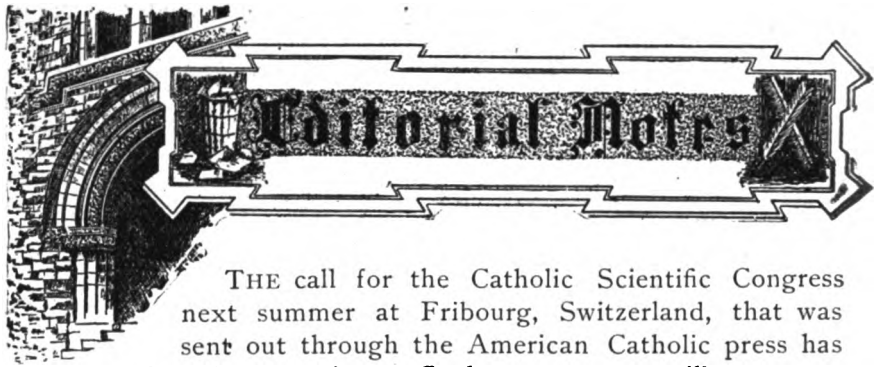

THE call for the Catholic Scientific Congress next summer at Fribourg, Switzerland, that was sent out through the American Catholic press has commanded wide attention. Such a congress will serve to cement the bonds of union between American and European scholars. While we have not a little to learn from the intellectual men of Catholic Europe, with their deep scholarship and thorough-going methods of research, it will not be without its good results if they can come closer to the energy and breadth of the intellectual life of the western world.

At a great mass meeting in New York City, under the auspices of Archbishop Corrigan, to revoice the social attitude of the Holy Father on the Labor Question and the betterment of the masses, a striking point was made in the resolution which said: "Hence we Catholics again and again remind our fellow-citizens that our contribution to better citizenship in the City of New York is the education of 34,000 of the children according to the highest ideals of Christian citizenship without one penny of expense to the city's purse."

We cannot reiterate this fact too often, nor keep it too much in evidence. It is undoubtedly true that, were it not for the vigorous Christianity infused into the seven hundred thousand children who are being educated in the Christian schools of the country, the admixture of supernatural religion would become so diluted that it would not be felt in the blood of the body politic. Where there is no supernatural religion morality means convenience, politeness, "don't get found out," or anything else that will thrive without the stern dictate of an admonishing conscience or the all-seeing eye of the Master.

A relief from the constant spectacle of the sordid rush and scramble of a commercial age is to be found in the wonderful Celtic revival now in progress. It is like stepping into a strange and beautiful realm of the unearthly to be taken back in fancy into the world of the forgotten Celt, and behold the re-enacting of the great epics of the past. An afflatus of Celticism is now

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sweeping over Ireland, and the literature, the music, the romance of the bardic days is being diligently sought after and brought forth into the light of day by gifted enthusiasts from all parts of erudite Europe. An additional impetus will be furnished this year by a celebration bearing the Gaelic name of an *Oireuchtas*, which it is proposed to hold in Dublin on the 17th of May next. It will be a feast of literature and song, and in order to stimulate effort toward its success the Gaelic League, who have promoted it, have offered many valuable prizes for excellence in original composition in both departments of art. It is intended that this movement shall mark the beginning of a great Irish revival, so as to lead to the organization of a great annual celebration like the Welsh Eistedfodd. The committee of the Gaelic League, of which Dr. Douglas Hyde is president, make an earnest appeal for the support of their countrymen everywhere in this most commendable undertaking, and there could hardly be a more patriotic object, for as the decay of Irish language and literature corresponded with the decay of the country's freedom, so its revival may mark the beginning of a new and hopeful era in her political fortunes.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

ONE of the most prolific of Catholic American writers is Mr. L. W. Reilly, who for twenty years has been a regular contributor to newspapers and magazines.

He was born in New York City in December, 1853, and was baptized in St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street. He was educated partly in the academy of the Christian brothers, in West Thirty-second Street, and partly in the college of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth Street.

L. W. REILLY.

A hardness of hearing that had crept upon him in the wake of a cold shortly after he had entered his teens kept him out of the ambition of his youth—an ecclesiastical career.

He early showed literary aptitudes, which were fostered by wide reading in belles-lettres and by persistent practice in composition. His first contribution to any paper was a poem in the Danbury *News*.

He became editor of the *Catholic Mirror* in May, 1876, and held that position until January, 1883, when ill-health drove him to Florida. While he was in charge of that paper it published a series of leaders in favor of the establishment of a Catholic American University, which were widely noticed; an editorial protest against the bewildering multiplication of catechisms, which led to the preparation of the Plenary Council Catechism; and other articles which had their due effect, and extended the influence of the paper far beyond the province of Baltimore.

Early in 1885 he was offered the editorship of the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, O., and to the service of that paper he devoted about five years, made up of three engagements

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broken by sickness. During his connection with it it printed a number of leaders against Judge Atherton, who was a candidate for the Supreme Court of Ohio and who had once declared that the Irish and the Catholics were an incubus on the Democratic party; a series of papers on civil and religious liberty exposing and refuting the forged "encyclical" issued by the A. P. A.; a succession of chats with young men; a set of editorials against the compulsory attendance of the Catholic prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary at the Protestant religious services conducted therein by the Methodist chaplain, etc.

In 1887 he became associate editor of the *Catholic Review*, and while the late P. V. Hickey was in Rome for the Pope's Jubilee he conducted both that paper and the *Catholic American*. Ill-health again forced him to resign, to his own and to his employer's regret. When the latter was about to die he offered Mr. Reilly the editorship of his publications, with the assurance of a life position. This offer was, by advice of the late Dr. Murphy of Washington, reluctantly declined.

He does regular work for six Catholic papers and contributes occasionally to several others, and has been a prolific contributor to the various magazines as well as secular papers.

He has done more work anonymously for which others have gotten the credit, and produced more "copy," probably, than any other writer now connected with the Catholic press in the United States. His short stories alone would, if collected, fill half a dozen volumes.

He translated from the French two books, *The Catechism of the Vows* and *The Principles of the Religious Life* (John B. Piet, Baltimore); he contributed to the American edition of *The Catholic Dictionary;* he wrote the introduction to *The Life of Mother Seton* and the preface to Father Ryan's poems; and he has had articles in every prominent Catholic periodical in the United States with one exception, and to that one he has never submitted a manuscript.

At the celebration of its golden jubilee, Notre Dame University conferred on him its degree of A.M. *honoris causa.*

He married in 1884 Miss Rose Clare Mapes, a daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Mapes, of the United States Coast Survey. The wedding took place in St. Peter's Church, Washington, D. C., at a nuptial Mass celebrated by Father J. O'Sullivan, afterwards Bishop of Mobile. He has had six children, of whom four daughters and one son are living.

On a hillside with a wide prospect, surrounded with woods,

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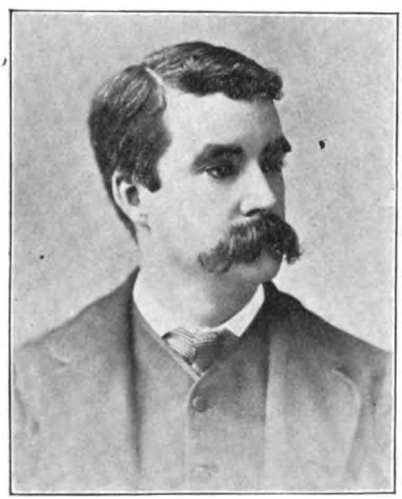
far from the noise and smoke of town, he passes his days like the envied shepherd of Virgil or the first co-laborers of the *Edinburgh Review*, who chose this for their motto: "We cultivate the muses on a little oat-meal."

THOMAS F. GALWEY was born in England in 1846 of an Irish family, one of the oldest branches of the "Burkes of Galway." He was brought up by his parents in Ohio, where he received the elements of his education. While still a boy the Civil War broke out and he at once enlisted, taking part during nearly four years in very hard active service, participating in many of the bloodiest conflicts of that struggle, and being many times more or less seriously wounded. His general military record was such as to obtain for him a ready election to the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.



THOMAS F. GALWEY.

His name is associated with but one book, a translation from the French of Paul Féval's *Jésuites!* published nearly twenty years ago. He contributed a number of articles to the *Catholic Dictionary*, published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, of which he was the editor of the American edition, and he translated years ago for the Catholic Publication Society Co. Deharbe's Catechisms from the German. For the *Catholic Annual*, also, of the same publishers he wrote many articles in the course of years during which it appeared.

In 1879 he became the editor of the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, in 1880 he was made associate editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE with the late Father Hecker, but in 1884 an old wound bringing on a complication of troubles and a Southern climate having been advised for him, he accepted the offer of the editorship of a new weekly paper in Galveston, the *Texas Monitor*. At the end of a year he returned to the North, and for some time was a contributor to New York dailies. He was professor of logic and of French

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literature and Latin in Manhattan College for about six years, when another outbreak of his wounds necessitated a period of idleness, after which he accepted a place in the civil service of the City of New York. He is now the attorney of the Street Cleaning Department of New York.

To THE CATHOLIC WORLD and to other publications he has contributed a number of stories illustrating incidents of the march, the camp, and the battle-field in the Civil War. In the recent years he has been an editorial writer for the *Catholic Review* of New York and the *Catholic Standard*, and the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, and has also contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of Philadelphia.

ANNA ELIZABETH BUCHANAN is known as a writer of magazine articles and short stories of very considerable merit. She was born in British North America of pious Episcopalian parents, and her life was passed in England and Scotland under Protestant supervision. Her marriage in Scotland to a Buchanan of Glenny was but short-lived; she early became a widow with one son. In 1878, then a staunch member of the English Church Union and of the "Order of Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament" in that church, she surprised and angered her relatives and friends by renouncing that faith. The shock of the death of her beloved brother, the Rev. Edwin Roper Martin (that indefatigable priest of Newnham Paddox and Lutterworth), caused the conversion for which he had so ardently longed. The Faith was "her brother's legacy," as Lady Georgiana Fullerton beautifully expressed it. He who had been cut off his earthly inheritance when he became a Catholic left his sister an inheritance which she says she has found to be of such amazing worth that no amount of earthly wealth can approach it. With Lady Denbigh as her godmother, she was received at the Oratory of

ANNA ELIZABETH BUCHANAN.

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St. Philip Neri in 1879, and after a visit to Rome she returned with the Holy Father's blessing and was confirmed in Cardinal Manning's chapel.

Anna E. Buchanan's greatest grief now was her son's separation from her. He wandered about as a sheep without a shepherd for eighteen long months (a time never to be forgotten, she says, by either of them), and when he was about to return to Oxford, to graduate, to the great joy of his mother he embraced the faith and knelt by her side on his nineteenth birthday in St. Augustine's Church, Tunbridge Wells, at Mass for the first time.

On the south side of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, is the Episcopal church, St. Ninian's. This mission was started in Buchanan Court through the instrumentality of Anna E. Buchanan, and it has been an invaluable aid to that side of the city. The same zeal was not wanting as a convert; but now loss of means pressed heavily upon a delicate frame, and also interfered with her plans for her son's future welfare. Still, in Kent there stands a monument of the grace that brought her into the fold, for no sooner had she adopted the faith than she was called to found a mission where in vain two previous bishops of Southwark had attempted it, and to whoever should succeed in founding it each one left his dying blessing.

A voyage to this country being the only alternative when dispossessed of their means, Anna Elizabeth Buchanan and her son came to the new world in 1887; hence the opportunity we have had of placing her name upon the roll of Catholic women writers of America.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON EDUCATION.

IN acknowledging an address presented to him by the Catholics of Derby Cardinal Vaughan (as reported by the *Birmingham Daily Post*) said the motives of their action in the struggle for just treatment of their schools, and also of their opponents, lay below the horizon. It was well that at times they should enunciate them without circumlocution, without fear, and without hesitation. It was because they believed in the great Founder of Christianity, and were determined, as Catholics, to obey his precepts, and to train their children as true children of the Father, that they acted as they did. It was whilst the child was young that they must have it thoroughly instructed in Christian doctrine. This was a question affecting not only the home and the individnal, but the welfare of the nation as a whole. They lived not in a state of barbarism, but of Christian civilization, and all that was good and great and noble in that civilization they owed to Christianity alone.

They were determined, therefore, that there should be no divorce between religion and education. It was interesting to see who were their opponents. He was willing to admit that they were thoroughly earnest men, and that, although they were opposing this poor dole, they were not actuated by mercenary or sordid motives. First of all there were the Agnostics, then there were the Deists, and, finally, the Unitarians or Socinians. He should no doubt be told that there were vast numbers of Nonconformists who belonged to none of these categories, but who were honest and sincere in their Christian professions. These men, however, utterly failed to grasp the Catholic position. He was constantly asked how it was that Catholics could not be satisfied with the school board system. It was because school boards, as at present formulated, were incompetent to hand down Christianity to the coming generation that they dare not expose their children to the loss of that which was their greatest treasure by sending them to the board schools. The church to which they belonged stood by her ancient traditions and her own definitions. She asked for nothing that she was not willing to grant to others; but as to the justice and righteousness of her own demands, she had no doubt whatever. But even if she stood alone, she was determined that there should be no giving way in this matter. After all, what was there that a fair-minded man could object to in their demands? They were based on justice and equality, and in the present day, when all were declared equal before the law, they would not plead in vain. The situation at present was most unequal. The Catholics were educating their own children, and were contributing at the same time to the maintenance of the board schools, to which they would not send their children, even if they had the chance, because they did not really trust them or their system to do that for the children which they as Catholics had a right to expect. They allowed all others the same rights that they were asking for themselves. They said to the Wesleyans, the Baptists, and the other Nonconformist bodies, "We are quite willing that you should build your own schools, and give your children the same educational privileges that we have, and we shall be happy to contribute towards their maintenance if you take the matter in hand as we have done." But they demanded, with all the force that they could command, that they should have the rights which justice and honesty proclaimed to be theirs.

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THE PAPACY AND THE POWERS.

(From the Literary Digest.)

THE great age of Pope Leo XIII. renders his sudden death very probable, and the world was not surprised at the report (since contradicted at the Vatican) that he had been found in an unconscious condition by his physicians and attendants. The certainty that his successor will have to be elected in the near future has raised the question, to what extent the Catholic nations have a voice in such elections. The answer comes promptly and firmly—None! The Catholic Church asserts that it will brook no interference since it no longer receives protection. The *Irish Catholic*, Dublin, in a lengthy article expresses itself to the following effect: "A member of the Sacred College spoke as follows:

"'The veto subsisted by virtue of a pact according to which certain Catholic states bound themselves to the defence of the Church and Papacy, and received in return certain privileges and indulgences. Among these was the privilege of veto, which may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of the concessions that could be granted to friendly and protecting potentates. Now, however, the states no longer defend the Church or the Papacy; thus the veto would have to be considered informally done away with. But it has been even formally abolished. At the last conclave the representatives of the Catholic powers were given to understand, in the most unmistakable manner, that no interference on the part of the state would be tolerated.'

"The filling of the papal chair is not, therefore, a matter which the intrigues or influences of any continental powers can affect, although it was not so long ago that the ancient right of veto was sought to be exercised. When Pius IX. was elected Pope the Emperor of Austria sought to exercise the veto long conceded to his predecessors. When, however, the imperial messenger reached Rome the conclave was over and the great and saintly pontiff chosen. To-day the right of veto, if the *right* can ever be said to have existed, has perished through the recreancy of those who once possessed it. The cardinal whose views we have already quoted said:

"'Before Europe was filled with constitutionally governed states the Papacy had to deal with the all-potent political personality of monarchs who represented stability both of tenure and of policy. To-day the support which the church might receive is less valuable, while the interest of states in a papal election has much diminished. . . . So determined are the cardinals to suffer no pressure, that if they cannot hold the conclave at Rome without some attempt to influence them, they will retire from Rome to some more favorable place, which will give them the absolute immunity and independence they desire.'"

THE STORY OF JONAH.

(From the Literary Digest.)

ON the question of the authenticity of Matt. xii. 40 ("For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth") ex-President Bartlett writes a short note to the *Independent*, which had affirmed in its editorial reply to Mr. Moody that the historical accuracy of the passage "is a matter of very serious doubt," this doubt, however, resting on "internal evidence purely." He says:

"The great critical editions of Tischendorf and Tregelles, which cite authorities, both give the verse without a hint that it is wanting in any one of the hun-

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dreds of Greek manuscripts. They refer to it as also contained in the old versions of weight, the two Syriac, the Latin, and the Ethiopic. They also allude to it as found in the Christian Fathers Irenæus, Origen, Cyril, and Eusebius. The careful text of Wescott and Hort contains it without a hint of a doubt. The English and American revisers do the same. The recently discovered Diatessaron contains it, and so do the recently found Syriac gospels. So far as appears, it is not even accidentally omitted from any known authority. Thus on the grounds of text criticism there is not a better authenticated text in the New Testament; and if this may be disputed on the ground of internal evidence purely, any and every other verse may be rejected on the same ground.

"Moreover, so far from being apparently a gloss, its credit was so well established that it was actually introduced as a gloss into Luke ii. 29–32 (the parallel passage to which you refer) in one of the five great manuscripts (codex D), and in three Latin manuscripts.

"I have thus briefly stated the *facts* as to the evidence for the genuineness of the verse. It would be asking too much to request permission to show why I do not deem the objections made from supposed internal evidence to carry weight in themselves, and much less as against the acknowledged rules of text criticism."

ETHICAL CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

(J. M. Lawson in Great Thoughts.)

So far from there being a close resemblance, there is a wide gulf of variance, which widens the more minutely we examine the two. They are creations of different spheres. The one is earth-born, the other heaven-born. One is of the flesh, the other of the spirit. One is self-made—of human manufacture—the other is imparted from above. One is self-reliance on self-righteousness and self-merit, the other looks away from self and is dependent on Christ for existence; in fact, it is the life hid in Christ. The two natures are distinctly and essentially different. Take an illustration. Two ships lie at anchor in the harbor, the one a sailing ship, the other a steamer. The sailor leaves the harbor for the ocean, and with sails spread to catch the breeze glides beautifully along through the water without apparent effort. Presently the wind slackens, ceases, there is a dead calm, and the ship lies at rest, helpless, unable to proceed, drifted hither and thither at the mercy of the waves. She is dependent on the wind, on her external surroundings, for her impetus through the water. The steamer leaves the harbor. She too glides through the water, cutting the waves with her bows. The wind drops, changes, veers right round, but still she drives on right in the very teeth of the wind. She is not dependent on the wind, on external surroundings, for her motion. Down in the engine-room throbs the engine of propulsion.

So with the Christian. The moralist drifts along the ocean of life tossed hither and thither by every wind that blows, helpless to buffet with the surging billows of inbred sin, with no chart or compass to guide him, no stronger power than self to protect or help him, making no progress towards spiritual goodness, and finally wrecked on the hidden rocks of his own self-righteousness. The Christian, strong in the new-born life within his soul, and the new joy and new hope within his bosom, breasts manfully the angry waves of sin, laughs at the tempests of opposition and the mountainous billows of adversity, and in his new-found, inborn power cries, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

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NEW BOOKS.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Answers to Difficulties of the Bible. By Rev. John Thein, author of *Christian Anthropology.*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects. By Frederic H. Wines and John Koren. An investigation made under the direction of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, Sub-Committee of the Committee of Fifty to investigate the Liquor Problem. *The Chief End of Man.* By George S. Merriam.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Sacrifice of the Mass worthily Celebrated. From the French of the Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. By Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. *How to Make the Mission.* By a Dominican Father. New, revised edition. *Popular Instructions to Parents on the bringing up of their Children.* By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R., Provincial of the St. Louis Province. *Short Instruction for Every Sunday of the Year and for the Principal Feasts.* From the French by Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Historical Sketch of the Church of St. Antony of Padua, Brooklyn, N. Y.* With an account of the Rectorship of Rev. P. F. O'Hare. Published on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, March 19, 1897.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING CO., New York:

The Church of the Living God. An Appeal to our Thinking and Reasonable Fellow-Christians outside of the Catholic Church. By R. M. R.

THE WERNER COMPANY, Chicago:

New American Supplement to the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. A standard work of Reference in Art, Literature, Science, History, Geography, Commerce, Biography, Discovery, and Invention. Edited under the personal supervision of Day Otis Kellogg, D.D. Enriched by many hundred special articles contributed by men and women of international reputation. Vols. II. and III.

What Christ Revealed. By Rev. Louis Jouin, S.J., Professor of Ethics, St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

About Catherine de' Medici. By H. de Balzac. Translated by Clara Bell, with a preface by George Saintsbury.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The New Obedience. A Plea for the Social Submission to Christ. By William Bayard Hale. *Contributions to the Science of Mythology.* By the Right Honorable Professor F. Max Müller, K.M., Member of the French Institute. Vols. I. and II.

THE BURROWS BROTHERS CO., Cleveland, O.:

The Jesuit Relations, and Allied Documents. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. iv.: Acadia and Quebec, 1616–1629.

J. H. YEWDALE & SONS CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:

The Harp of Milan. Shipperson.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., New York:

Inebriety: Its Source, Prevention, and Cure. By Charles Follen Palmer, *Brother Lawrence.* The Practice of the Presence of God the best Rule of a Holy Life. Being conversations and letters of Nicholas Herman (Brother Lawrence). Translated from the French.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

SOCIÉTÉ BELGE DE LIBRAIRE, BRUXELLES:

Formules Utiles d'Arpentage et de Mesurage des Corps. Par le R. P. Laurent McCarthy, des Frères Mineur Capucins de Belgique.

RANCH-ŒMPONTE:

Argumenta contra Orientalem Ecclesiam ejusque Synodicam Encyclicam. Anni MDCCCXCV.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SOME young men at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, have discovered that much valuable time is wasted sitting on counters in the village store, loafing around town, and exchanging local gossip on matters of little importance. They have also decided that the reading of trashy newspapers is neither edifying nor instructive, and is therefore of no value for mental training and culture. Under the guidance of the accomplished editor of the *Casket*, they have been encouraged to write to the Columbian Reading Union, and to form a club for the discussion of an author, a social question, some leading event or personage in history. Such a society affords the advantage of intellectual companionship; it becomes a centre for the interchange of useful knowledge, and an incentive to reading and study. Good books are now within reach of every one who desires them. For the attentive consideration of young men, especially in the rural districts of Canada and the United States, we commend the advice given by the *Casket* in these words:

The priceless benefits of well-directed reading should be pondered over by every one who has the making of his own future. And it is common experience that this taste for reading and study can be diffused by association. To obtain the best results, however, reading should be systematic. This is the object aimed at by the Reading Circles of the United States. Each of these circles, while free, as we understand it, to follow its own bent, obtains valuable assistance through affiliation, in most cases, with a central association. Our young friends could share those advantages by communicating with the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York, or with the Catholic Reading Circle Union, Youngstown, Ohio. They will find the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, the organ of the latter association, of much use to them. They can, too, get a list of the wonderfully cheap and excellent publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England by addressing the Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York. A small portion of their funds invested in a few of the best Catholic magazines and periodicals, which they see mentioned in these columns from time to time, will yield a good return in the way of keeping them in touch with Catholic thought. One word of advice: Begin low; lay the foundation and build the walls before attempting to put on the roof. Many a man fails to obtain the full benefit of his reading by neglecting to do this.

* * *

At rare intervals the keen observer of passing events can find evidence that a few of our young men devote a portion of their leisure time to combined efforts for mental advancement. The most significant proof lately given was the annual reunion of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church held at the Tuxedo, New York City. In the course of an able address the president, Mr. Ludwig Merklein, stated that the society was founded twenty-six years ago to satisfy the craving of a score of young men for literary pursuits, for more knowledge, instruction, and education. To satisfy such a desire, so noble in its nature, so laudable in its character, was our society established, and, looking back on the record of its twenty-six years, how truly can it be said that never was there a time when it faltered in its mission or proved faithless to its office as a literary society. True, our society is not the home of laureates and masters of English style; our orators and debaters, though great, do not challenge comparison with the efforts

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of men famous in history. Many of our members have been denied the advantages of a high education and owe much of their present proficiency to the training received in our meetings. Others have joined our ranks in possession of all these advantages, not to display their talents and accomplishments, but attracted by the spirit of unity, liberty, and charity pervading it, and by the desire to retain, utilize, and broaden what they had previously gained. Finally, we have among us members who have already achieved fame in their professional careers, who shine like brilliant guiding stars, leading and encouraging others and serving as excellent models to follow.

Our average work may not have been a perfect one, yea we know it was often defective, but who will say that our time at the meeting has not been well spent? Who will say that the studies and researches demanded in the preparation of essays will not cultivate and broaden our minds and help us to a better performance of those duties which we owe our God, our neighbor, and ourselves? And when we remember the discussions on topics of current interest, and how the most important questions that concern our country and ourselves, whether political, social, or religious, were so thoroughly and ably treated, decided, and settled for ever within the short space of one hour, I often wonder why they do things so slowly in Washington and Albany, and I am certain that some of our speakers could give points at the ratio of sixteen to one to our sedate law-makers.

Our society has never lost sight of the object for which it was founded, and the same spirit of earnestness, the same desire to elevate themselves intellectually and morally, which brought its first members together, animates its members of to-day. Yes, gentlemen, when we consider that our society has always been purely literary in its motives and aims, and that it has never held forth to its members any inducement other than the opportunity for mental improvement, the mere fact of our twenty-six years of active existence offers some excuse for self-glorification. Very few organizations similar to ours can boast of so venerable an age.

Mr. Edmund F. Hogan spoke on the House and Club, and drew a very fine picture of what the house ought to be, and the way to make it so. He also graphically described the advantages of a proper club. Mr. Joseph C. Rowan, in speaking of our International Policy, said it behooved every American to scrutinize closely the effort made to draw this country into foreign alliances, pointing out, in effect, that the government had quite enough to do at home without going farther afield, seeking after advantages that were very doubtful indeed. Mr. William N. Barry next spoke on Latter-day Philanthropists, and drew some pictures of certain millionaires, without mentioning names, and their ostentatious charity. The American Player was spoken to by Mr. Nicholas J. Tommins; he dwelt on the glories of the American actors of the past, and paid a high tribute to many of our artists of to-day. He afterwards was heard in an original comic song which was loudly applauded. Mr. William P. O'Flaherty read an original poem, which was conceived in his best style, humorous, clever, and all too short, and which was received very warmly indeed. The Romantic Novel was spoken to by Mr. Pierre C. Van Wyck, and Literary Freaks was handled by Mr. Joseph D. Creeden in a logical and most amusing speech. Not the least successful item was the manner in which Mr. William A. Boylan treated the Popular Ballads of To-Day. The Moderator, Rev. William J. Quigley, S.J., spoke next in terms of encouragement. Rev. Fathers Van Rensselaer, S.J., Hart, S.J., and William Temple, S.J., also addressed the company, and Mr. Luke Lindon was heard on behalf of the old members.

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Ex-President Cleveland deserves honorable mention for one of his latest official acts in denying a pardon to James B. Wilson, sentenced in December, 1895, in Indiana, to two years' imprisonment, $250 fine, and costs, for mailing obscene papers. The reasons for refusing the request were as follows:

"This convict was one of the editors and proprietors, and a distributer through the mails and otherwise, of a disgustingly vile and obscene newspaper. His conviction and sentence was an event distinctly tending to the promotion of public morals and the protection of the sons and daughters of the land from filth and corruption at a time when indecent newspaper publications are so dangerous and common. Everybody in favor of cleanliness should encourage the punishment of such offences and desire that it should be more frequently imposed."

* * *

It is reported that the Public Library at Cleveland has in its list of books fifteen of the most rabid works against the church. Non-Catholic librarians, like non-Catholics in general, take to anti-Catholic literature as readily as ducks to water. But there was a notable exception to the rule in the person of Librarian Poole, a free-thinker, who died in Chicago about two years ago. Receiving a controversial book antagonistic to Catholic teaching, he always procured, if procurable, the Catholic antidote, and placed both side by side on the book-shelves of the library. He followed this rule while librarian of the public libraries of Cincinnati and Chicago. It was an excellent rule; it was honest and fair. If generally observed, Catholics would have no reason for complaint. Its advantages are clear; its utility evident. Catholic books can stand the test of any reasonable mind, honest in the search for truth.

A fearless Catholic writer has lately declared that "no reviewer has the death-power in his hands," though he may be guided by religious prejudice in his estimate of a book. According to an old adage, there are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with butter. That there is still considerable antipathy shown to the very best Catholic books is abundantly proved by the data gathered through the Columbian Reading Union since the year 1889. A test case might be easily made by an inquiry as to the number of publishers and librarians in the United States who have admitted *Fabiola, Callista, Dion and the Sybils*—three classic Christian novels—on equal terms with *Ben-Hur*.

* * *

Miss M. E. Ford, in her recent lecture-talk at the Waldorf, considered Altruism as taught by George Meredith. She said in part that Meredith belongs to the class of æsthetic teachers whose function is to make man desire the social right. His method was compared in certain respects to that of Balzac, although inferior in dramatic realism and style, and to Thackeray in the use of satire to teach what is desirable by picturing the reverse in forbidding colors. By making egoism repulsive, Meredith has helped the cause of altruism. In his psychologic analysis he is a follower of George Eliot. Meredith considers his books an epitome of the Great Human Comedy, and even goes so far as to excuse his style by claiming that it is the part of the humorist "to puzzle our wits," which would indicate that he is designedly obscure.

Several selections were read from *The Egoist* to disclose the fact that it was not only the selfishness of the hero but his admiring self-revelation that wrecked his life and made others sad or bitter according to their characters. Many questions as to why the egoist of extreme type seems peculiarly indigenous to British soil were considered. One answer to this was that the law of entail makes the eldest son of supreme interest in the family, while the superlative importance at-

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tached to competitive examinations in the schools and the popularity of certain sports all tend to the cultivation of egoism.

Mr. Richard Hovey added a realistic interest to the occasion by relating some personal reminiscences of Meredith. He declared that in reading Meredith's works he had not thought of his philosophy and deep thoughts as set forth by Miss Ford, but chiefly of his rococo style or entanglement. He confessed that Meredith's women exasperated him, as they always failed at the last moment, but in talking with the novelist he discovered that he is not lacking in high ideals of woman, but depicts her as the result of education and environment.

The fact that he is a Welshman may explain why Mr. Meredith detested everything English. He is appreciative of the best French writers and is fond of Americans: he has three hobbies—cooking, of which he is most fond, socialism and the new woman.

Mr. Keeley felt indebted to Miss Ford for the lucid manner in which she had brought out the thoughts wrapped up in mazes.

Professor F. Edge Kavanagh believed Meredith, in his psychological studies of the inner workings of the human heart, superior to any one since Shakspere.

Miss Annie Vernon Dorsey, the novelist, asked for an expression of opinion as to the motive of "Diana at the Cross Roads" in betraying her lover. Miss Ford said it is inexplicable, unless the author desires to emphasize the intuitive impulse upon which women so often act. Mr. Hovey did not think it a reflection on the loyalty of woman; only the lack of responsibility in her training.

* * *

It is good news to announce that the series of Catholic novels by American authors has proved an instantaneous success, greater than was expected. Within three months after publication a second edition has been printed of every one of the following five books: Mr. Billy Buttons, by Walter Lecky, $1.25; Passing Shadows, by Anthony Yorke, $1.25; A Woman of Fortune, by Christian Reid, $1.25; The Vocation of Edward Conway, by M. F. Egan, $1.25; A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists, Short Stories, $1.50.

Catholic novels never before had such success that of five new volumes a second edition was called for within three months after publication. They were new books by our foremost American Catholic novelists; they were brought out in attractive, up-to-date style, equal to any issued by non-Catholic publishers; they were cheap in price, considering that they are original novels on which copyright is paid to their authors, just as cheap as similar books issued by non-Catholic houses, though the latter can publish theirs in much larger quantities.

A sneering criticism published in the *Evening Post*, edited by Mr. E. L. Godkin, had the effect of arousing a vigorous discussion on the unfair treatment shown to Catholic writers and their books in this land of religious equality. The Benziger Brothers feel very much indebted to the valiant support of their enterprise furnished by the Catholic press, and seem to have abundant proof for the statement that "Catholic books are totally ignored by the secular press, despite the fact that these secular papers have many Catholic readers."

* * *

No mere pen-picture would adequately describe the condition of the Library of Congress at Washington. It is not confused—far from it. No library in the world is so well arranged and so ready of access. But it is crowded to an extent almost inconceivable. Nothing short of the genius of Mr. Spofford could have made the collection in its present shape a practicable library. The removal of the masses of books must involve no disturbance of their relation as expressed in the

(Continued on page 144.)

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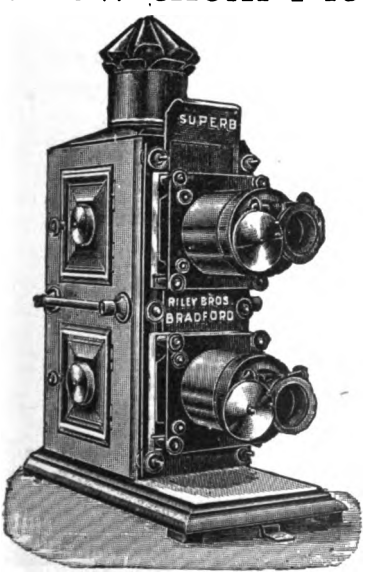

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catalogue—not even temporarily. Placed on the new shelves, the location of each one must be as well marked as if it had not been transferred.

Incidental to the transfer, a few changes will be made in the classification of the books, but they will not be important. Already the alphabetical system has been developed to such completeness that there is very little beyond. There are now 685,000 bound volumes in the library and 230,000 unbound, and any individual work in all that vast number is accessible at a minute's notice. In anticipation of the move, a system of marks and numbers is being prepared by Mr. Spofford, which will make it certain that no volume shall be misplaced in its new quarters. The shelves, constructed on a novel plan, are so contrived that they may be altered to fit books of any size.

The Library of Congress has now about 1,000,000 musical compositions—all of them filed for copyright. No appropriation has been made for binding them as yet. So at present they are merely arranged alphabetically by publishers. Awaiting proper action by Congress, they will be stored in the music-hall of the new building. Eventually, when bound in volumes, they will be arranged on shelves. It is expected that Congress will make provision for framing the works of graphic art which are to be displayed in a great hall, 217 feet long by 35 feet wide. This collection comprises a quarter of a million pictures, including line engravings, wood-cuts, chromo-lithographs, photogravures, etc. In charge of it will be a skilled custodian, who will arrange the work in classes, making selections of the finest specimens from each class. The best of such specimens will be displayed on the walls, while others will be shown in wing-frames, so that a vast number may be exhibited in a little room. The rest will be arranged in cases and drawers, so classified as to be of ready reference. One of the most interesting features of the new building will be a literary museum, arranged by Mr. Spofford, wherein will be displayed under glass all sorts of rare and queer books. There will be a Washington Room, occupied exclusively by works relating to the Father of his Country, and in the map-room will be shown a great collection of early American maps and other curiosities of this kind.

A writer in the *Washington Post* is convinced that a very large proportion of the volumes now in charge of Mr. Spofford are the merest rubbish and unworthy a place upon the shelves. To prove this it is only necessary to state that the government gets two copies of every book upon which the author takes out a copyright. Any reading man will know what percentage of the literature annually copyrighted is fit for intelligent perusal. Any mathematician can calculate the value of nine-tenths of the books received by the library in that way. The fact remains, though, that we now have a magnificent building in which to house a magnificent library; that we have a really fine collection of maps; that we have the nucleus of a suitable collection of books; that there is reason to hope that some day there may be a wiser and better-informed system of development and control. We have the beginnings of a national library of which the American people may eventually be proud. Why not lift the thing out of the mire of patronage-pettifogging and set it up on a fitting plane of usefulness and dignity? The national library should be under executive, not legislative control. It should not be a thing for congressional committees to quarrel over. Its employees should not be the creatures of political influence and favor. Great libraries are not managed in such fashion elsewhere. They are put under permanent authority, and those who have charge of them are chosen with reference to their professional acquirement and capacity.

M. C. M.

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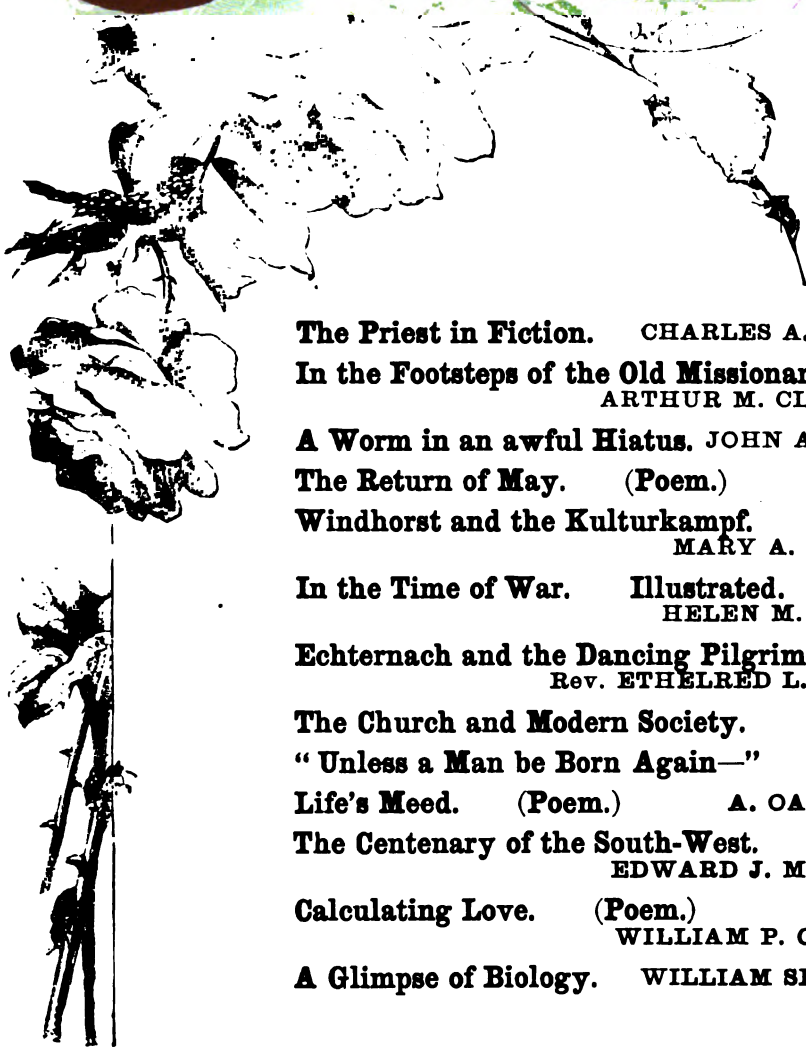

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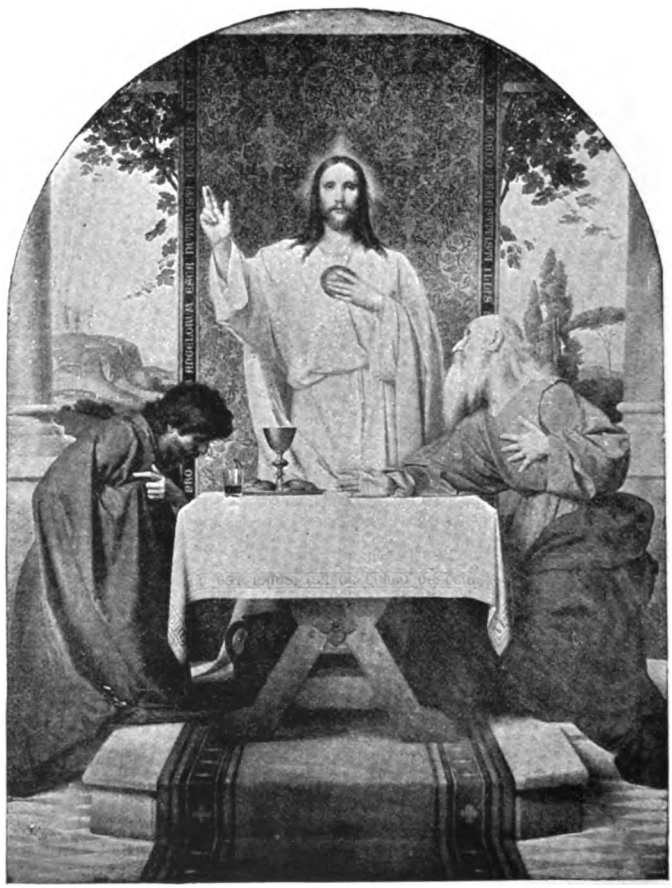

"THEY KNEW HIM IN THE BREAKING OF BREAD."—
St. Luke xxiv. 35.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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APR 23 1897

THE PRIEST IN FICTION.

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

TRUTH with the biggest possible T is the catch-word emblazoned upon the banners of our nineteenth century crusaders, the vociferous and —be it spoken softly—swaggering realists. M. Zola, Mr. George Moore, and our own American zealot, Mr. Hamlin Garland, grow quite breathless in their fierce denunciations of the untruthful romanticists, whose day of triumph they assure us is now but a fond memory. Truth, stern, uncompromising, and (according to the realistic cult) always unlovely truth, is come into its own at last, and picturesque falsehood in fiction is as dead as good Sir Walter himself. Mr. Garland, in *Crumbling Idols*, quite glows with the zeal of a soldier of the Commonwealth piously engaged in smashing cathedral windows, as he lays about him prodigiously with a club in defence of the real; and so loyal is he to the new school of writers that he looks with suspicious eye even upon a finished or artistic style. Probably the most conservative of novel readers, even those old-fashioned enough to harbor a regretful love for the "picturesque," would not care to deny that there has been an all too powerful element of the unreal in English and American fiction. False theories of life, false ethics, false history cry at one with unabashed glibness from the

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popular novel both old and new. And to one who realizes the disposition of the novel-reading public to take its fiction *au serieux*, and to form its ideas of history and ethics and to shape its ideals upon no safer basis than the say-so of the story-writers, the development of a truthful school would be a joyous thing. But when one descends from the platform of big talk and examines the work actually being done by the realists, no small element of doubt arises concerning their absolute devotion to truth with the big, bold T. Their detestation of the picturesque cannot be denied. No one can accuse M. Zola's *Rome* or *Lourdes* of possessing that quality. But, alas! for the new school, *Lourdes* and *Rome* are even less truthful than they are picturesque. So also Mr. Moore in *Esther Waters*, and Mr. Garland in *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, with infinite contempt for anything savoring of the noble or pure plunge us, the one into a world of sordid brutality, the other into a world of unblushing beastliness, as unreal to the American reader of decent antecedents and of anything savoring of moral instinct as was the world portrayed by the most extravagant of the old romanticists. And as though to prove that the new school can be as untruthful in its treatment of the type as it is in its treatment of humanity, Mr. Harold Frederic, a much milder and more reticent realist than the malodorous Frenchman and his immediate followers, comes blithely forward with a new caricature of that long-suffering victim of novelistic prejudice and ignorance, the Catholic priest.

ENGLISH FICTION MISREPRESENTS.

Nearly half a century ago Cardinal Newman in his famous lectures, delivered in the Birmingham Corn Exchange, accused the Protestant world of merging everything Catholic in a great fog, of refusing to think and talk and write of Catholics as human beings with like natural traits to themselves, but rather as strange non-human things, "griffins, wiverns, salamanders, plunging and floundering amid the gloom" of their uncanny religion. And as it was fifty years ago, and was for two hundred years before that date, so is it to-day. In spite of all the cant about "honest investigation," and the "growth of a more liberal spirit" and the "passing of prejudice," with which we are regaled in the secular press and in the non-Catholic religious press, those peculiarly accurate exponents of common sentiment—the popular novels—tell us in no faltering way that the great fog has not lifted, that Catholics, and the Catholic

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priests in particular, are still viewed through the mists of inherited prejudice. Even the most cursory glance at the priestly characters in English or American novels of the immediate past italicizes this fact.

THACKERAY'S FATHER HOLT.

When Thackeray gave the world *Henry Esmond* he gave his master-piece. It is probably the most consummately artistic piece of historical fiction in the English language. The great novelist fairly evoked from its long sleep the brilliant, tawdry, restless, fascinating world of Queen Anne. Jacobite and Whig, the Young Pretender, the great Marlborough, the world of fashion and the world of arms rise before us with a marvellous verisimilitude which has been at once the wonder and despair of more recent novel-writers. The one shadow of unreality in the picture is the Jesuit, Father Holt. Not primarily because Thackeray accepted the great Protestant tradition regarding the Jesuits—the tradition that they are political intriguers—is that figure unreal, but rather because the power of prejudice is so inimical to true art that the craftsman's delicate touch became clumsy under the influence of the poison, and he has given us, not a life-like portrait but a caricature. Prejudice said the Jesuits are mysterious, and so poor Father Holt is made to revel in a very debauch of mystery. We are led to suppose that he took a perverse delight in entering upon and leaving the scene by means of sliding panels and secret stairways. He becomes a veritable Jack-in-a-box, popping into sight and out again with a knowing smirk like the clown in a pantomime, flaunting his craftily gained knowledge of men and affairs after the manner of a court-fool with his bauble. Now, however fondly a man may choose to hug to his bosom the Protestant prejudice regarding the heroic sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, no intelligent man can deny that they have ever been men of extraordinary mental and moral strength, brave, clear-headed, heroically in earnest, and to represent one of them as a sort of priestly "lightning-change" actor, parading with childish glee a by no means mystifying sort of mystery, is unquestionably both bad art and bad history.

DISRAELI'S PRIESTS.

Does any one read Disraeli's novels in this day? Those queer, glittering, pinchbeck books, with their peculiar flavor of the upholsterer's shop and the diamond-seller's counter, so characteristic of their author's race. Howbeit now, not many years

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gone they had great vogue, and not to have read *Lothair* and the others was to declare one's self as unfashionable in literature as to-day to plead happy ignorance of *Robert Elsmere* or *The Heavenly Twins*. The Catholic priest would seem to have had a great fascination for the novel-writing premier of England, and in *Lothair* the clergy are well-nigh numerous enough to man a seminary. But what a fantastic lot they are! Written shortly after the reception into the Church of the young Marquis of Bute, the story is one long, snarling diatribe against the alleged proselyting methods of the clergy. A cardinal, two monsignori, and inferior clergy by the score are introduced into the story, all bent upon one mad, scheming scramble for the entrapping of the rich and noble and somewhat mawkish Lothair. Once more we see the Protestant tradition trotted out with due fanfare of trumpets and wagging of knowing heads. But now the scene of intrigue is changed from public to private life, and the English Jew, indulging to the limit his natural bent towards oriental extravagance, creates a type of priestly character even more absurd than Thackeray's Jesuit. The priests in *Lothair* are all men of wonderfully distinguished personal appearance. Cardinal Grandison has "a noble brow, and pallid face, and flashing eyes"; Mgr. Catesby is "beautiful of form and manner"; and the others are all peculiarly fortunate in an endowment of majestic, or ascetic, or winning countenances. And their mental acquirements are simply bewildering in their wealth and variety. The cardinal is a walking encyclopædia of useful as well as ornamental knowledge; but he is in this respect no whit the superior of Father Coleman, a domestic chaplain, who not only "knew everything" but was "mild and imperturbable in his manner," a happy combination of omniscience with humility which is quite attaching. Then there is Mgr. Berwick, "formed and favored by Antonelli," who was possessed of the pleasing faculty of "sparkling or blazing" to order, quite like a Roman candle. And these preternaturally "noble" and "majestic" and "ascetic" men, with their brilliant minds and stupendous accomplishments, are steeped to the lips in intrigue and deceit. Disraeli, by a peculiarly malicious touch, gives all his priests one marked peculiarity—they never walk, they *glide*. Cardinal Grandison "glides" from the room after his first interview with Lothair. Father Coleman "glides" from the scene after a crafty interview with that hapless hero. And so they all "glide" in and out, and to and fro, quite as though the Catholic clergyman's method of locomotion was intrinsically

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different from that of other men. Thackeray's Jesuit is a mystery-mad chatterer, while Disraeli's priests are cheaply glittering human snakes, and in neither case is there a hint of a regard for facts.

CARLETON AND LEVER.

In the case of Thackeray, but scarcely in that of Disraeli, it is possible to excuse much on the plea of a lack of personal knowledge of the actual character and general manner of life of the Catholic clergy as a class, particularly those who are members of the Society of Jesus. Thackeray, with his perforce limited knowledge of the Jesuits, cannot justly be accused of malice for accepting, without question, the popular Protestant legend regarding them. At the worst, he was guilty only of a more or less unconscious bigotry. But what can be said in excuse for such men as Carleton and Lever?—men who with full consciousness of their own malice went to work deliberately to pander to the lowest prejudices of their readers. So lacking in form and style, so puerile, and above all so shockingly vulgar, is the work of these two Irish novelists that one is tempted to pass it by unnoticed, with the vain hope that our end of the century reading public is at least too well instructed to accept such maudlin chatter as literature.

But the knowledge that during the past year a new edition of one of Carleton's most offensive books has been printed, while three years ago a complete edition of Lever's novels, in sumptuous dress, was brought out by a New York publisher, proves only too conclusively that even now no misrepresentation of the priest is too gross, too monstrous to suit the vitiated taste of a large class of readers. And, as if to accentuate this fact, the book of Carleton's chosen for republication was the one containing his most impiously shameless attack upon the church and clergy; a sketch, the genesis of which is satisfactorily explained when it is stated that it was written in the first instance for a venomous anti-Catholic sheet published in Dublin and called the *Christian Examiner*. Carleton's work was done largely for the delectation of a group of rabid bigots by whom he was patronized and exploited as that rare bird, a pervert, is always patronized and exploited, unless it happens he is too outrageously disreputable even for prejudice-blinded eyes. The fact that Carleton posed as a pervert, and wrote his books primarily to please a clique, has made him less well known perhaps to the world at large than is Lever.

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"CHARLES O'MALLEY."

The latter's pose was not ostensibly in favor of any particular school of religion; he played the part of a man of the world with an ostentatious pretence of good-natured indifference towards religious beliefs. But the fact that this attitude was in truth a mask which hid a vindictive hatred for the church and her priests, makes his books more pernicious in their effect upon the world at large than Carleton's have been. It requires the knowledge gained by personal experience to convince one that some of Lever's more grotesque burlesques of the Irish priest can possibly be taken seriously by people of reputedly sound minds. It would seem impossible that any reader of more than a child's mental development could fail to see that Mickey Free's preposterous tale, in *Charles O'Malley*, about the souls in purgatory and Father Roach with his "six Masses the day, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two at vespers," is only an ebullition of Lever's by no means choice and pleasant humor. But the writer of these lines has heard more than once glib reference made to this same Mickey Free and Father Roach as awful examples of Irish superstition and lightness and priestly trickery and avarice. When Lever is not, under the guise of "humor," pandering to the lowest dregs of anti-Catholic prejudice, as in the case of Mickey Free and his ilk, but pretends to draw what guileless souls may fancy a more serious portrait of the Irish priest, he is no less offensive and untrue to facts. Perhaps Father "Tom" Loftus, in *Jack Hinton*, is less outrageous in some respects than the other priestly characters which he produced. He had at least the decency to make of Father Loftus an educated man and not an illiterate boor, and he endowed his character with a certain rough manliness. As a picture of a whiskey-drinking, horse-racing, free-living country squire Father Loftus would not be a bad bit of portraiture. But to clap a clergyman's dress onto this roystering, not-too-honest, and generally drink-be-fuddled creature, calling it a picture of the typical Irish priest, could mean only that Lever was as callous to the claims of truth as his English readers were ready to swallow any brutal caricature of that hated class, the priests of a persecuted people and of a history-distorted religion.

THE PRIEST BY AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

In America, with its mixture of races and lack of a commanding historical tradition, the novelists have not as a rule been

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so guilty of wild *bizarrerie* in attempted portraits of the clergy as have English novelists. With us the poison of prejudice takes another form. The American's wide-open eyes discovering that the Catholic priest as a rule does not seem to have a penchant for mystery, that he is not characterized by the nauseous smoothness of manner of the *Lothair* type, and that he is not the gross creature of Lever's burlesques, the American novelists painstakingly enter a new pathway of misrepresentation. Their theory might seem to be something like this: the Catholic priest would really, in many instances, seem a simple-mannered, honorable man; of course it is not quite consistent of him to be so, but after all it's easily accounted for; he is a fine type of man because he isn't, strictly speaking, very much of a priest. This is the gently superior theory upon which Mr. A. S. Hardy's Father Le Blanc, in *But yet a Woman*, is based. Mr. Hardy gives us a pleasant portrait of a white-haired, clear-eyed French abbé, charitable, warm-hearted, outspoken. There is nothing mysterious, nothing affected about him. He is at once gentle and strong, priest and man. A genuine, honest man and a priest? Oh, yes! But how so? Because he reads Plato's *Phædo* instead of his office? And so is it with Miss Blanche Willis Howard's Thymert in *Guenn*. A brave, pure, noble Breton, "at once priest, doctor, comforter of the women, and friend and comrade of the men." One might humbly ask why not "priest of the men" as well as of the women? but then it is quite well understood by the novel-reading world that only women and fools need a priest. However, Thymert is "a simple, faithful soul, man to the core of his brave heart," and "his little world was better and happier that he lived in it"—as it well might be, and as are countless numbers of little worlds in all corners of this great earth because of the presence of the parish priest. But true to the claims of prejudice, Miss Howard is quick to explain how it comes that her priest is so brave, so big-hearted, so true—it is because "he did not keep the ropes of his theology quite taut." And we are given one amazing scene in which this devoted man dashes madly through a Low Mass in order to eat breakfast with some chance visitors, and entertains those visitors with gleeful account of his marvellous dexterity in disposing of that holy office in quick order. In spite of the evident intention of Mr. Hardy and Miss Howard not to be offensive and to deal honorably with their priestly creations, both of them fall victims to the old, ugly tradition. The true priest is not quite a human being—he

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still partakes of the fantastic shape of griffin or wivern, and if he seems human (in the best sense of that word) it is because he is not quite true priest.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

But it is left for that mild-mannered realist, Mr. Frederic, to discover to a waiting world the grim truth about this strangely fascinating class of beings "plunging and floundering amid the gloom." The specimen which he has decoyed from the fog-enslaved world of Catholicity is an American clergyman of Irish descent, called Father Forbes. He is a man of fine education, in appearance distinguished, with a "pale, firm-set, handsome face." He is devoted to his duties as a parish priest, active and zealous, and "head, adviser, monitor, overseer, elder brother, friend, patron," of his flock. He is introduced to the reader by means of a skilfully devised and extremely well-executed scene in a laborer's cottage where he is administering the last sacraments to a dying man. The description makes a vivid and forcible picture of the priest's "pale, chiselled, luminous, uplifted face" in the yellow glare from the flickering candles in the dingy cottage, while the sonorous, insistent roll of the Confiteor—beatum Michaelem Archangelum beatum Joannem Baptistam, . . . Petrum et Paulum—"like strokes on a great resonant alarm-bell, attuned for the hearing of heaven," resounds through the little room. The rite is not treated as a picturesque bit of skilfully devised mummery—a view of Catholic rites which non-Catholics never tire of exploiting—but rather as a real and faith-compelling act full of meaning to priest and people. At least that is the impression given the reader for a few pages, but before long we are made aware that Mr. Frederic has made an awful discovery. His zealous priest with a "luminous" face does not believe in his religion at all. In public a devout dispenser of the sacraments, in the privacy of the priest's house—which, by the way, Mr. Frederic insists upon calling the "pastorate"—he is a sort of Herbert Spencer in cassock and biretta, impiously prattling about the "Christ-myth." And this precious compound of agnosticism and devotion Mr. Frederic presents to the world not as an extraordinary and unusual type; on the contrary he treats Father Forbes as quite the usual thing in the way of an American priest, and to leave no doubt in our minds upon this point he introduces a conversation between two other characters in which one remarks that he "knows a Catholic priest who

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doesn't believe an atom in" his religion, to which the other replies glibly "Oh! most of us do."

Had Mr. Frederic been writing a description of a French court priest of the age of Louis XV. one would not be surprised if he had seen fit to represent his character as tainted more or less with scepticism, but even in that unhappy epoch to extend that scepticism to the French clergy as a body would be an outrage upon historic truth. That the absurdity—to use the mildest term—of charging the American clergy with being agnostics in disguise did not deter him from perpetrating such an offence against the truth would seem to prove that prejudice—blind, unreasoning prejudice—still lives and flourishes right lustily in this "liberal and enlightened" age. And that any sane person can seriously allege scepticism as a characteristic of the Catholic clergy in America—priests who labor as few men have to do, and that, too, for a mere pittance, in the cause of a religion which is not fashionable, which holds forth no bribes of great social prestige to its ministers, and in an environment where "the world" would applaud and reward apostasy—can hardly mean anything except that the realists, with all their noise about the truth, can be and are quite as oblivious to easily ascertained facts as ever their despised enemies, the romanticists, have been. As a product of a bold and unfettered imagination Mr. Frederic's priest can more than hold his own against his older rivals, Thackeray's Jesuit, Disraeli's fantastic hierarchy, and the rest.

It does not require a very tremendous effort of charity for a Catholic to think and write of individuals among the Protestant clergy as human beings, not to say honest men. To expect non-Catholic writers to exercise some degree of like justice towards the priests of the church would not seem to be unreasonable. Surely the reading world has had enough griffins and wiverns and salamanders to satisfy even its abnormal appetite.

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OLD MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE OLD MISSIONARIES.

BY ARTHUR M. CLARK, C.S.P.

AWAY back in the days of discovery, long before the "Pilgrim Fathers" landed at Plymouth Rock, and nearly half a century before that compilation known as the Book of Common Prayer had been thought of, Holy Mass was offered for, and the Gospel was preached to the red-skinned natives who roamed the plains from the City of Mexico to "Montezuma's well" in Arizona by the brown-habited friars of St. Francis.

The missionaries passed across the wild lands and roaring rivers, and came up to this portion of the United States known as the Territory of Arizona, teaching the tribes of Indians the truth of Jesus Christ. What they did, what they suffered, how they died for the Faith, it is not mine to relate here. It shall be done by worthier hands. But as it has been the will of God that two of us Paulist missionaries should follow in the footsteps of the Jesuits and Franciscans who once evangelized this country, I feel that I would be ungrateful were I not to acknowledge the favors which have been ours during the trip of three months in the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona. We have often spoken of the privilege which has been ours to go over the same

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ground and preach to modern "Indians" the same truths which the friars and the "black-robes" delighted to teach. We have held these saintly men in veneration, and have often invoked their aid during these months, and we feel conscious of their intercession in the republic of the saints above.

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The good bishop who invited us to come to Arizona expected no more than missions to our Catholic people; and his heart was delighted when we told him that we were ready and eager, on our part, to undertake to give missions in four principal cities of Arizona to those who were without any religion, as well as to those wandering in the tangled paths of error "Do not undertake too much," we were advised; but we thought it not too much, with St. Paul, to "turn to the Gentiles" and preach the word of God to the faithless, as well as to those "who are of the household of Faith."

Arizona!—how some of my readers will smile when they see this word. Visions of cowboys shooting at everything in sight, of fights, murders, and all sorts of crime, will perhaps arise in their imaginations. Let them dismiss such chimerical illusions; they exist only in the pages of that *ens rationis*, *The Arizona Kicker*. After a long tour through this territory I have found it to be quite the reverse of all that I had heard and read; in fact, quite as well governed and as orderly a portion of the United States as New York City, or the classic Boston itself.

THE PEOPLE.

There is one noteworthy quality which one finds among the people in the Territory, and that is their hospitality to strangers. We have been the guests of many people in many States, but never have we had experiences so delightful as Arizona hospitality afforded. I hesitate, from feelings of delicacy, to enter into details, but as I go on to describe our mission work it will be easy to gather the meaning I intend to convey. We have found the people uniformly fair-minded, and in one place only was there any display of bigotry or bad feeling, and this came from a little knot of so-called "Free Thinkers," who stuffed the question-box one evening. In every place we had crowded houses, both at the Catholic and non-Catholic missions. The people of Arizona are more eager to listen to the word of God from a Catholic priest than from a roaming, self-styled "Evangelist"; and nothing short of a healthy, well-developed blizzard was able to keep audiences away, and this occurred but once.

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THE MISSIONS.

We were confronted with a serious problem from the day we inaugurated the work. How shall we preach to a congrega tion composed of twenty-five Catholics and one hundred and

DWELLINGS OF THE PIMA INDIANS.

fifty without any religion? How shall we reach both classes of people in four or five days, and do good to all as we wish to do? I leave the real solution of this problem to older and more experienced heads than mine; but my own solution I will simply state, for I am not sure if it be the most judicious method of proceeding.

Royalton* was the first place where we two missionaries parted company, at two o'clock in the morning; and I kept on to Bill Williams, about a hundred miles east on the Santa Fe route. We found it necessary to combine as much as possible the Catholic and non-Catholic work in these two places. In the former place there is one church, nominally Methodist, but really nothing, presided over by an attorney, who gladly placed the church at our disposal for the mission. As the large number of Catholics go there for want of a better place to spend their evenings, I took the large court-house instead, in order to emphasize the difference between us, and let Catholics see that one is *not* the other. The result was the services of the church adjourned over one week, and the minister, choir, and congregation attended the mission.

At Sandville we concluded to try a new method. Having but four days to stay, every morning at 9 o'clock Mass was

* For obvious reasons throughout this article fictitious names are used.

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said and regular mission instruction given in the church. Then, at four in the afternoon we had the children with their parents, and the sermon was preached and Benediction given. In the evening I lectured to a crowded audience of non-Catholics in the hall.

The missionaries united their energies in Skytown, about sixty miles west of Sandville, and there they opened a mission in the church for Catholics. The fervor of the Catholic people, the spectacle of the entire congregation receiving Holy Communion at the midnight Mass on Christmas, the little sermon at that Mass on "The Man of Good Will"—all this, in presence of the best non-Catholic people of the town, helped us not a little during the week after Christmas when we held the non-Catholic mission in the opera house. The owners of the opera house gave us the use of it as long as we wanted it, and four nights of good, clear, cold weather gave us large audiences. The Mormons patronized the question-box, and one question on the "Higher Criticism" of the book of Genesis

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL"; AN EXTINCT CRATER.

was presented one evening—evidently from a local minister. The newspaper here was very obliging and kind; it printed an excellent and truly Arizonian account of both missions. Before we left we started an organization, called the "Skytown Catholic Union," composed of all the best young men of the

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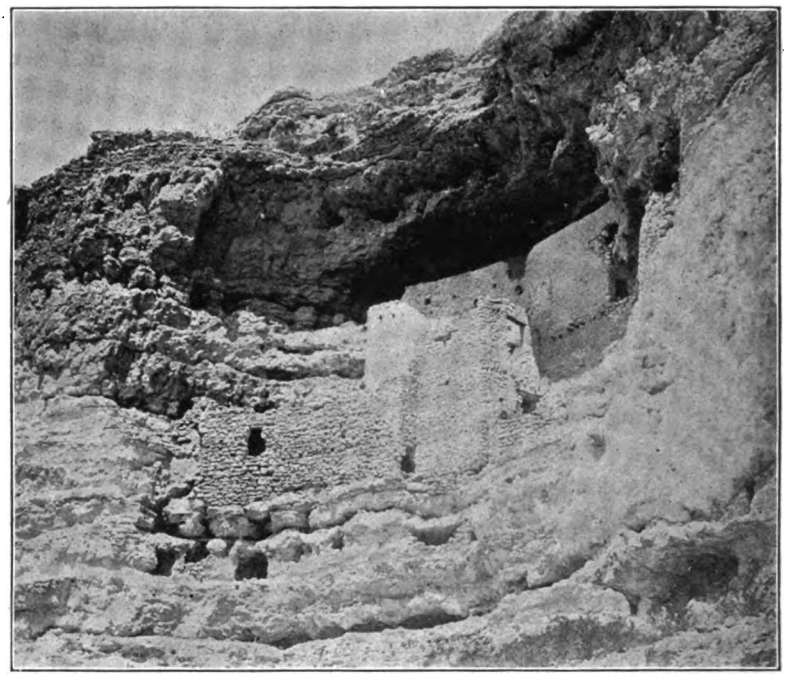

CLIFF-DWELLERS ON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA'S WELL.

place, who promise to do all they can to be good missionaries to non-Catholics, both by word and good example.

The snow began to fly the day after the gentlemen of Skytown banqueted us, and we left the town in a whirl of white for Whipple. Here an excellent Catholic mission prepared the way for a good six nights' work during the second week in the hall. But we were doomed to be disappointed; for on Sunday night when we opened there came rain, snow, and sleet simultaneously, and they spoiled our first attendance. Monday and Tuesday were a little better, but Wednesday evening there were only forty Catholics to hear the lecture on the Bible. Thursday it would have been folly to venture out, and Friday there were three feet of snow.

The journey from Whipple to Birdtown is about seven hours by train. In the midst of snow and rain, by darkness, in perils of washouts, in perils of caving banks, in perils of falling rocks, in perils of floods and damaged bridges, we came safely through all to the city of Birdtown. During the night a huge rock fell on the front platform of one of the cars and partly demolished it, carrying away all the steps.

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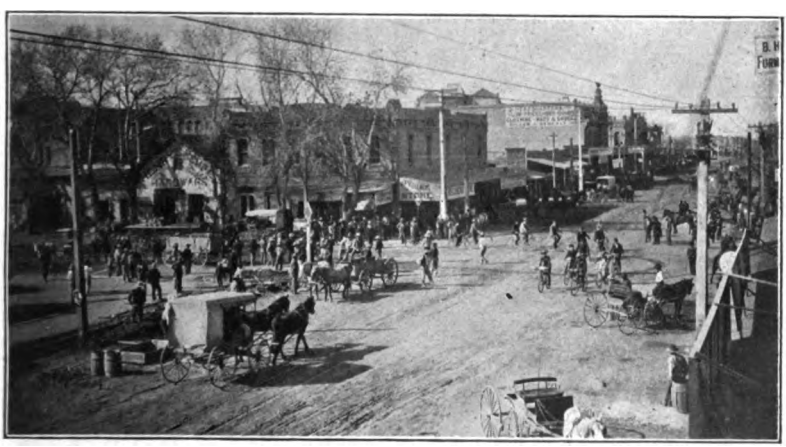
Naturally it should have derailed the car, but did nothing beyond shaking us up a little.

When we came to the opera house the opening Sunday we found preparations for the mission were carefully attended to by the local pastor. On the sidewalk a brass band played sweet music to draw the crowd. A thousand dodgers scattered broadcast and one hundred cards placed in the shop windows, and daily notices in the newspapers, brought us a crowd varying from eight hundred to twelve hundred during the six nights that the lectures were held. Monday night brought a shower of questions, among which was: "You said last night that there was no need for secrecy in this country: why then a secret confessional?" I had been speaking of secret societies the night before. This shows the curious working of an illogical mind, and gave us an excellent opportunity of emphasizing the necessity of the professional secret.

The Catholic mission followed in the little old adobe church during the next week, and we found it to be a good thing that the non-Catholics had their turn first. While this was going on I went over to Butte, an out-mission from Birdtown,



MAIN STREET OF PHŒNIX.

and lectured in Andre's Hall on "The Bible" and "Nightmares," with a boxful of questions each night, Thursday and Friday. The people of Butte were delighted to hear a Catholic priest speak in English, as many of them thought we never preached but in Latin.

The new cathedral in Tucson was ready for occupancy, but we used it first for our mission to non-Catholics; it was blessed the Sunday on which we opened our mission to the Catholics.

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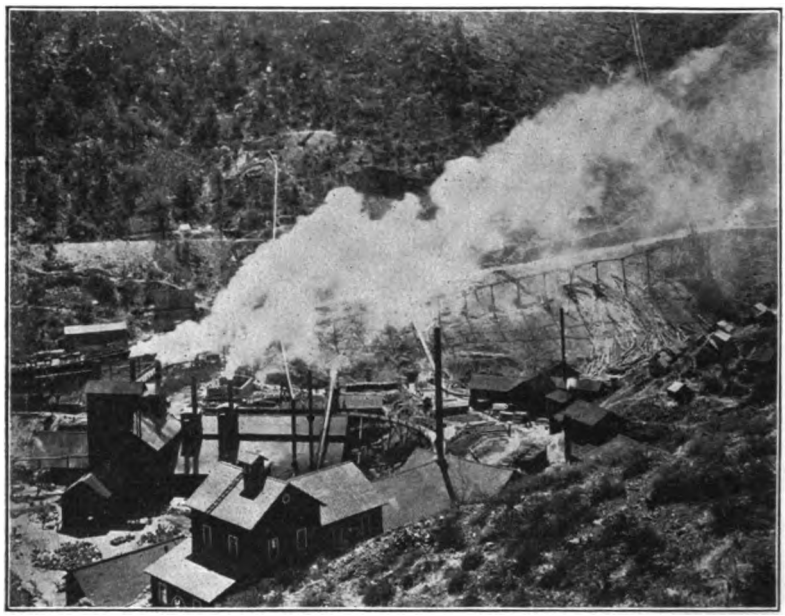
Near by is San Xavier del Bac, an old Jesuit mission some time served by the Franciscans when the Jesuits were expelled from the territory. It was here in Tucson where we finished our work in Arizona, a land sanctified by the blood of the old



SMELTING WORKS.

martyred missionaries. Their voices cry aloud from the reddened soil: "Come over into Arizona and help us!" Who will respond to the call? who will come to this fertile field for missionary work among the newer races? We have but skimmed the surface and gazed into the depths below; we therefore know what we have seen, and I speak with confidence when I say, that as our little work has been blessed by the prayers of the old friars and "black robes" of a hundred years and more gone by, so will they bless with their mighty intercession the labors of the zealous Catholic missionary who will dare to face the "terrors and dangers" of "wild Arizona."

The first night of our non-Catholic mission in Tucson we had a fair crowd, but not many who did not belong to the church. On the second night still fewer were in attendance, and there were but two questions in the box at the door. The two remaining nights were as the two first: a fair crowd only, but an interested one. This last of the missions in Arizona was a very ordinary mission, with nothing remarkable to chronicle.

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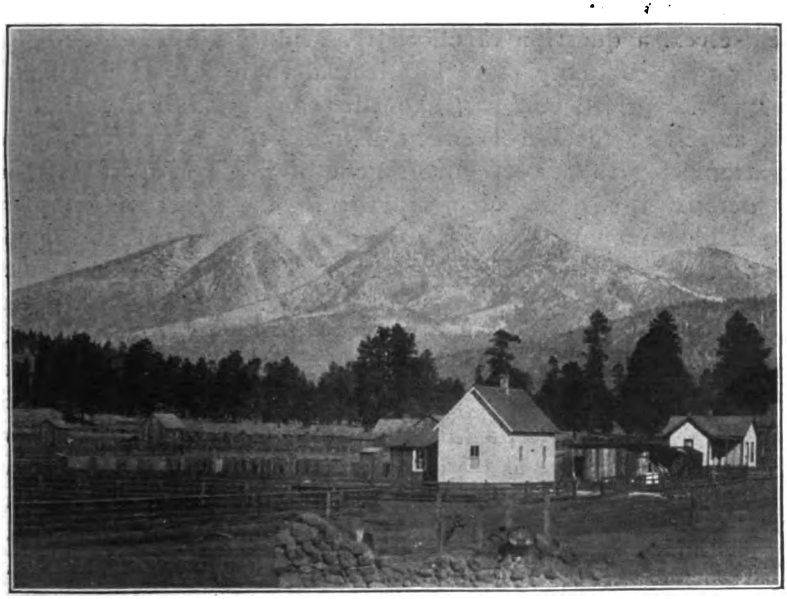
So here closes the record of the most interesting and consoling missionary experiences which it has ever been my happiness to encounter. It has been all too short, and gladly would each of us have lingered for twice the happy days allotted to each place. Gladly would we have spoken, night after night, to the people, whom we found so willing and delighted to listen to the Truth. But it has been the answering of call after call. "Do not neglect us. Give us one lecture or two, at least. We are only a few, but we wish to hear you as well as our neighbors." And so at the end of three months, all too short, we find ourselves leaving for other fields of work.

Our hearts are sad at the thought of leaving this fertile missionary field uncultivated, but at the same time are thankful to



SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS.

God for the blessing that he has showered upon the little work accomplished. We can say the same for the good people of Arizona: they will pray for the speedy return of some one to take up the work among them, thankful to God for what he has done, and ready to assist to their utmost him who shall in future days go over the same paths which we have pursued with so much pleasure. One thought has inspired the preparation of this paper: it is the hope that a better knowledge of the extensive work to be done may inspire willing hands to help in it.

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A WORM IN AN AWFUL HIATUS.

BY JOHN A. MOONEY.

"THERE is a worm at the heart of the Church," says Mr. J. Bleecker Miller in a ponderous little book, bearing the catchpenny title: *Leo XIII. and Modern Civilization.** As Mr. Miller has not even a speaking acquaintance with the Church, his pretension that he has been permitted to look into Her heart is vainglorious. However, Mr. Miller, and the other little worms at the heel of the Church, may settle, among themselves, a question of etiquette, while I am introducing Mr. Miller to a company more intellectual than any he has met.

"If the priest, *will but*, like the cobbler, 'stick to his last' and attend to the development of man's spiritual nature, instead of attempting the direct government of the world, in its minutest details, the germ of sympathy in the heart of every man would blossom out into such love of neighbor that organizations of employers and employees acting together in harmony (as set out in the author's *Trade Organizations in Religion*) would make us soon forget that there had ever been a social question."† At least one germ of sympathy has blossomed out into neighborly laughter, over this testimonial to Mr. "Will but like the cobbler" Bleecker's forgetfulness of all the authors who have developed English grammar. That germ is mine own. But Mr. "Will but like the cobbler" can do better, as the following extract witnesses: "These full-blown Roman Catholic doctrines are taught also in the text-books used in our American schools and colleges, *although* the Latin language is expected to keep *them* somewhat from profane eyes."‡ Neither Mr. Miller's grammar, nor his rhetoric, blows full in these passages. Let me pluck a bloomin' sentence: "*In short*, should not the priesthood, especially a celibate priesthood, keep its hands off the Family, as well as off the State, *and even* in matters of education should it not remember that its first duty is to educate the spirit or conscience, *and only* when that is accomplished, should it devote its surplus energy to the education of the intellect."§ How sweet! The bloom is on the rye, you say. Let me arrange a

* *Leo XIII. and Modern Civilization.* By J. Bleecker Miller, of the New York Bar. Author of "Trade Organizations in Politics, or Federalism in Cities"; "Trade Organizations in Religion"; "Das Englische Recht und Das Römische Recht als Erzeugnisse Indo-Germanischer Völker." New York: The Eskdale Press. † P. 110. ‡ Pp. 68, 69. § P. 123.

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boutonnière for you: "No greater contrast than that between our Germanic Federal Constitution, as outlined in the Federalist, with its respect for the individual and its limited organizations for the government of local, state, and national affairs, and the inorganic, absolute government of a Greek city can be imagined."* . . . "Was it not natural that when the forged bands of the False Decretals, which bound St. Thomas, and, as he thought, all human reason to the Chair of St. Peter, were proven by history to be but shams and illusions, that man should fall back to the position of Aristotle, with reason, deprived of all divine aid, as his only guide."† Surveying these inorganic bands of bosh, I can securely say that if Mr. Miller attempted to bind with them an old-fashioned teacher in a primary school, he would compel Mr. Miller to fall forward to a favorable position, and then would devote surplus energy to laying hands on a limited corporeal locality, about which Aristotle had no illusions. There are times when only reason should be the teacher's human guide.

MILLER'S ART OF SPELLING.

With Mr. Miller's ignorance of every rule of grammar, and with laughable illustrations of this ignorance, I shall not cumber these pages; but I cannot pass over Mr. Miller's art of spelling. He affects a familiarity with the French language; and yet a Savoyarde *bonne* would indignantly spank a seven-year-old brat for writing: *La monde*, *regime*, *etat*, *apres*, *eglise*, *generateur*, *economie*, *etre*, *etude*, or *soirees de St. Petersburg*. Mr. Miller may plead that he is a graduate of Stratford atte Bowe; for he dare not charge his proof-reader with being more ignorant than himself. Resenting Mr. Miller's crassitude, the proof-reader, surreptitiously, placed an accent on: *abbé*.

Feigning scholarship, an ordinary dunce will labor hard to learn how to spell the names of the authors he pretends to quote. Mr. Miller is not ordinary. Referring to a living philosopher, he calls him now: "Plassman," now "Plassmann," and, without humor, designates him here: "the theological lecturer in Rome"; and there: "the learned Professor in the college in Rome." Even Mr. Miller should smile, were I to attempt to render him famous by describing him as: the lawyer in the bar in New York. Shamming an intimacy with Mgr. Mermillod, Mr. "Will but like the cobbler" Miller calls the eminent prelate: *Mermillord;* and then, stupidly, informs his readers that "Mermillord" is "a French Monsignor." A tyro in the ecclesiastical

* Pp. 82, 83. † P. 154.

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history of the past forty years, would know that the eloquent Mermillod, Bishop of Hebron, Vicar Apostolic of Geneva, nominated Cardinal in 1890, was a Swiss, and that he died five years ago. Of another famous churchman, Mr. Miller writes, on p. 87: "The following lines from Doctor (now the author believes Cardinal) Hergenroether"; although Cardinal Hergenroether has been seven years in the grave. One would imagine "the" author sleeps with the voluminous works of Descartes and of Malebranche under his pillow; and yet he knows them only as "Des Cartes" and "Mallebranche." Avicenna, with whom he is quite chummy, figures as "Avicenne"; Suarez he names Suraez, and Claudio Jannet is to him: "Claude Janet." That a scholar so brilliant should talk of "Prœtorean" guards, of "anethemas," of an "anti-Semetic" candidate, of the Council of "Vienna," or of the "Oecumenical Council of the Lateran V," will astonish no one; nor will a quotation from the "Codex *The*dosianus," or from the "Discorsi del Sommo *Pontifici*," seem out of place in Mr. Miller's trumpery book.

Thus sumptuously equipped, the lawyer in the bar in New York, laying aside his worm-eaten "Codex Thedosianus," took up his goosequill, and, with its becoming aid, proceeded to confound Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Leo XIII., not to mention the *other* Jesuits. Mr. Miller could not distinguish a syllogism from a dray-horse. Of philosophical, and especially of "scholastic" methods, he is as ignorant as a man, who can neither spell nor write a language, must be. Incompetent to formulate an argument, he will be grateful to me for wasting good time in the attempt to make him understand the purport of his own words.

THE JESUIT CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Miller's argument should read thus: St. Thomas "forged the weapons by which the victory *for* infallibility was won, and by which the Papacy hopes in the future to gain universal empire"; but St. Thomas founded his philosophy on Aristotle, who was a pagan; therefore St. Thomas was a pagan, and the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope is pagan. The pagan philosophy of St. Thomas lay neglected for about three centuries, until Ignatius of Loyola lighted on it, "swiped" it, and forced the Jesuits not only to accept every jot and tittle of it, but also to teach it to others, word for word, whole and entire. Therefore the Jesuits are pagans. Why was St. Ignatius guilty of this unhistorical and side-splitting act? Mr. Miller gives away the whole dread scheme. St. Ignatius had foreordained that, about three hundred and fifty

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years later, Leo XIII. should, insidiously, try to "gain universal empire." Pope Leo came on time, and now he is busy with his predestinated work. A pupil of the Jesuits, he is bound to carry out the terrible plot of Ignatius, and of Aquinas, and of that other pagan, Aristotle, who, according to the unique historian, J. Bleecker Miller, made Alexander the Great: "the first universal ruler."

All the "Encyclicals" of the present Pontiff are inspired by the Aristotelian-Thomistic-Jesuitical-pagan idea, says Mr. Miller. The Papacy is aiming at the absolute control of the family, the school, Labor, the State. In order to make the work light, the present Pope has obligated all Catholics to accept every opinion of St. Thomas, thus putting us all on a dead level with the Jesuits. Why did Leo XIII. do this peculiar deed? Because, if we are to believe Mr. Miller: St. Thomas, besides forging the weapons *for* infallibility, was both pagan and intelligent enough to maintain that: "Our acts are to be called moral, so far as they proceed from reason and are free"; which proposition, as the acute Mr. Miller ventures to argufy, implies that: an infallible Pope can control, absolutely, every free, rational act, of every man, "including, of course, the casting of a ballot." The shocking power thus lodged in the Pope, according to the lawyer in the bar in New York, I shall bring home to my readers, by the following illustration. Some day, a cold day of course,—a very cold day,—Leo XIII. may compel the Catholics of the United States to ballot J. Bleecker Miller, "of the Bar of New York," into the Presidential chair. As I listen to the triumphant howlings of the democratic republicans of the universe, greeting him at his inauguration, I turn to President Miller, and I ask him: Is not a free, rational, though unreasonable, act of the Pope, highly moral? Is not a recent moral act of the Pope, a most positive proof of his infallibility? What's the matter with the pagans, and the other Jesuits? If Mr. Miller will answer these three questions, in a dainty volumette of his own English, or French, or German, I promise to translate it with a solicitudinous reverence.

"THE AWFUL HIATUS IN THEIR SYSTEM."

Obligating Catholics to stand by every word of St. Thomas, the learned Leo XIII., if we should believe Mr. Miller, compelled us to accept scientific views that are not only un-modern, but indeed pagan, awfully pagan; nay, must I write the word: "astrological." Why was St. Thomas paganly astrological? Mr. Miller answers: because Aquinas could not otherwise de-

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fend the doctrine of "transubstantion," or the "doctrine" that the Pope is a universal emperor. No astrology,—no Romanism. To save himself, the Pope must constrain us all to believe in astrology, like St. Thomas. Curiously enough, Mr. Miller has discovered that the Jesuits, though bound by Ignatius Loyola to hold and teach every word of St. Thomas, do not teach the "astrology" of St. Thomas, and indeed some of them do not even mention it. You would not guess why the Jesuits have violated the binding law of their "pagan" founder. Mr. Miller shall tell you: "They are in effect trying to conceal the awful hiatus in their system—this skeleton in the closet."

The skeleton of the fatuous Mr. Miller no closet can conceal; nor could the most calculating "astrologist" hide the "awful hiatuses" in Mr. Miller's brain. Among the many ignoramuses who have recently sought notoriety by attacking the Catholic Church, he is one of the most arrant. He could not tell an "Encyclical" from a log-book, as his text plainly shows. Of books he pretends to be acquainted with, he knows little or nothing. One instance will expose his quackery. On p. 23, he says that he "cannot forbear *in passing* to refer any one in doubt on this subject (of Papal infallibility) to the immense Ante-Nicene Literature, translated into English within the last few years for the first time." You noted the: "in passing"; "in passing" is good. Ridiculously assuming to be conversant with the "immense Ante-Nicene literature," Mr. Miller does not know that, fifty years ago, more volumes of Ante-Nicene literature were translated into English than, in a life-time, he will read intelligibly; and that, the Edinburgh edition of Ante-Nicene literature has been in the hands of students for more than a quarter of a century. Of Latin, "the" author knows as little as of French or of English. Translations from St. Thomas—and Mr. Miller is not always the translator—are interlarded with Latin sentences. Doubtless this little trick was devised so that timid souls would infer that the "Romish" doctor wrote things that the blushing Mr. Miller dare not turn into his modest English; but malicious wags will say that he dodged the hard places. In passing, let me instance his expertness in Latin. On p. 10, he refers to the: "official edition of the Encyclicals (of Leo XIII.) *by the Order of St. Augustine*, published at Bruges, in 1887." The title of this work is: *Allocutiones, Epistolæ, Constitutiones, aliaque acta præcipua;* all of which the lawyer in the bar in New York translates into: "Encyclicals." However this rendering is clever, when compared with the following. On the title-page

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of the "Allocutiones," Mr. Miller found the words: *Typis Societatis Sancti Augustini.* Small as these words are, they knocked "the" author into an awful hiatus. "By the Order of St. Augustine," he translates them. Their plain meaning is: Printed at the Press of the St. Augustine Association. Imagine this "scholar" groping in the labyrinth of Aristotle, the "immense" Ante-Nicene literature, the *Summa* of St. Thomas, or the *Allocutiones, Epistolæ, etc.*, of Leo XIII.

MILLER'S LACK OF HONESTY.

Among his friends, Mr. Miller's lack of education has been admired. Can it be possible that his lack of honesty has attracted friends to him? Thus I am tempted to ask, when I find him, on p. 63, mistranslating a quotation attributed to Cardinal Gousset, and rendering the words: "*jus sacrum*" by "divine law." Let us here give Mr. Miller the benefit of the doubt and charge his abuse of Cardinal Gousset to ignorance and not to malice; but what must we say when, tracing a quotation of eleven lines, imputed, on p. 6, to Donoso Cortes, we detect the lawyer in the bar in New York putting up a job on the distinguished Spaniard. The two opening sentences of the quotation form only one in the original, where they are printed on p. 24 of the edition of 1851. The third sentence is manufactured out of the text of Cortes, p. 27 of the same edition; which text Mr. Miller mutilates. The fourth sentence of the quotation is culled from p. 402 of the same edition, and is also mutilated. Was I not justified in questioning the honesty as well as the scholarship of Mr. Miller?

On p. 7, "the" author twists and tortures the text of Cardinal Manning's *Vatican Decrees*, presenting as a continuous quotation six sentences, two of which are taken from p. 20 of the original, and the remainder from p. 25. On pp. 8 and 9, Mr. Miller mutilates a Letter (which he calls an "Encyclical") of Leo XIII. to the Belgian Bishops. An extract from a speech of Cardinal Satolli, on p. 12, is also mutilated, as well as a passage from a book by Father James F. Talbot, on p. 18. A Latin quotation, on p. 73, is not only misprinted but shamefully mutilated. On p. 112, pretending to quote from the "Encyclical on Labor," Mr. Miller, beginning a sentence, skips thirteen lines of the original, and still finishes *his* sentence with equanimity, though not with decency. Not satisfied with mutilating texts, "the" author occasionally adds to them. Without increasing my list of his deceptions, I may here ask once more: Can it be possible that Mr. Miller's lack of honesty has attracted friends to him?

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"The" author practises trickery no less odious, when handling the text of St. Thomas. Details of his mutilations of this text, I shall relegate to a note;* confining myself here to some illustrations of Mr. Miller's incompetency. Though he feigns familiarity with the *Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin*, by (Archbishop) Roger Bede Vaughan, he attributes the work to Cardinal (Herbert) Vaughan. Of the method adopted by scholars, in quoting from Aquinas, he is utterly ignorant. The "Summa Theologica" is to him: the "Summa *Theologiæ*." Texts quoted by Aquinas, from Aristotle or St. Augustine, Mr. Miller is unable to distinguish from the text of St. Thomas. Rarely, if ever, does he state the question resolved by the saint when he used the words referred to him. Though St. Thomas, in the "Summa," primarily supports his teaching by arguments drawn from the Sacred Scriptures, and from the Fathers of the Church, nowhere does Mr. Miller disclose this fact; but he does, frequently, cut out of the text the Scriptural quotations of St. Thomas. For Mr. Miller's ignorance one could feel pity, were it not that his charlatanism, and his malice, invite contempt.

LEO XIII. AND ST. THOMAS.

To the idiotic argumentation of Mr. Miller, no educated or reasonable man will ask an answer. The pagan philosopher, Aristotle, had more sound philosophical principles than Mr. Miller has acquired. By the light of reason, natural truths can be known; and by that light Aristotle proved the spirituality of the human soul and many other truths. The truths of revelation cannot run counter to the true teachings of reason. Whatever of truth Aristotle taught, St. Thomas accepted. He could not do otherwise. Truth cannot be rejected by an honest mind. There is no *pagan* truth. Truth is truth. The Jesuits were never bound to teach everything laid down by St. Thomas; nor have they ever accepted all of his opinions. St. Thomas was a Dominican, and still is the glory of that order. Only a booby could talk about Thomistic philosophy as if it were the hobby of the Jesuits. Had Mr. Miller the slightest knowledge of the various schools of Catholic philosophy and theology, he might have been saved from appearing to be as nonsensical as he is. Leo XIII. has not imposed upon Catholics, either the philosophical, doctrinal, or scientific views of St. Thomas. The

* On p. 33, Summa II. II., quest. 60, art. 6, ad. 3, is mutilated, and so is Summa I. II., quest. 96, art. 10. On the following page, Summa II. II., quest 11, art. 3, is mutilated, and the same is true, on p. 35, of Summa II. II., quest. 10, art. 10, and art. 11. On p. 47, Summa I. II., quest. 58, art. 2, is mutilated. From his abuse of these fourteen pages, one may infer how many wrongs Mr. Miller has heaped upon St. Thomas.

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progress of the physical sciences may have rendered some of his arguments of little value, or of no value; but others, derived from the very nature of things, being based on extrinsical or intrinsical evidence, retain all their force. It is the method of Aquinas, and the luminous reasons by which his teaching is corroborated, that the Pope commends.

Arguing that the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope implies, or includes, a claim to universal sovereignty, Mr. Miller intends to be mischievous, though he is only silly; and he is as silly as he is ungrammatical when he states that "according to Roman Catholic *theory*, the Pope is not only the *source* of all law and has power to dispense with any law, but can direct every human or rational act." From the form of this sentence, as well as from its matter, I have well-founded doubts concerning Mr. Miller's knowledge, not only of law of any sort, but even of the meaning of the word: law. In several of the books to which he refers, and indeed in any elementary catechism, he could have ascertained what Catholics understand by Papal infallibility. According to Catholic faith, the Sovereign Pontiff is infallible, when, as universal teacher, he instructs the entire church on matters of faith or morals, and when, at the same time, he requires the Faithful to adhere to his teaching. The Pope can claim no infallibility in the matter of history, or of science, or of art, or even of philosophy, unless where a philosophical question is intimately connected with Catholic faith. Mr. Miller's rigmarole about St. Thomas's "astrology" should not have been written by the lawyer in the bar in New York, if he would have his brethren believe that he read the Encyclical: "Æterni Patris"; for there the Pope expressly states, that he desires the bishops to insist "on the wisdom of St. Thomas," and that "by no means does he wish to impose what scholastic doctors had either investigated with too great subtlety, or handed down without due consideration, or what does not agree with well-ascertained doctrines of more modern times, or what in any way is not probable."

POTTER AND DOANE HIS BACKERS.

Of square lies, Mr. Miller is a wholesale retailer. However, I shall note only two, at the present time. The first is the hackneyed, despicable lie, that the Jesuits hold that: the end justifies the means; and the second is the stupid lie, that the Jesuits took this "principle" from St. Thomas. With a charitable consideration for Mr. Miller's "hiatused" intellect, and for his stupendous ignorance, I hinted, some time ago, that he de-

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served contempt. Now I must ask pardon of all men and women who respect the truth; for, after these lies, they will not consider him worthy even of contempt.

A "catchpenny" book, I called Mr. Miller's "anti-Romanist" tract. Hoping to catch a penny, he pretends to believe that he has been at least as slanderous and malicious as any of the deceased members of the late Mr. Traynor's A. P. A.; and cunningly, and of course ungrammatically, advertises, that he is not a member of the American Protective Association, and that, "so far as he knows, he has never seen, nor received any communication from any member of that Association." With the help of the second page of his book, and of a circular issued by "the Order of St. Eskdale," we shall put Mr. Miller in his proper place.

On the second page, and in the circular, Mr. Miller prints extracts from letters commending his book. Bishop Potter, Bishop Doane, Bishop Perry, and a Professor Body, of the General Theological Seminary, are the signers of these letters. Bishop Potter is thankful to the lawyer in the bar in New York, because his book "traces the principles of a great ecclesiastical policy to its pagan source," and because "it reveals the hostility of that policy to American ideals, whether of the state, the family, or the freedom of the individual." Bishop Doane owns up, like a little man, that he was "startled" by "the" author's facts; Bishop Perry finds the work: "really beyond praise," and very prettily assures Mr. Miller that: "Nothing has appeared since Mr. Gladstone's *Vatican Decrees* of like masterful grasp and unanswerable logic." Professor Body was "struck," indeed he was "especially struck with the arguments on astrology as an original factor in Roman philosophy." "This," says the learned professor, "opens up a new line of historical investigation well worthy of attention."

To the Catholics of the United States, Bishops Potter, Doane, and Perry are not unknown; and by the Catholics of the United States, the three have been classed where they belong: among the most bitter and blind enemies of American ideals. As members of an A. P. A. association which covered itself under a more specious name, they belied their Catholic fellow-citizens for years, in the effort to suppress, utterly, Catholic institutions for destitute children. Remembering the pagan, though none the less wise, and appropriate, apothegm of Aristotle: *Asinus asinum fricat*, the lawyer in the bar in New York will infer how easily we placed him. He is no more, and no less, A. P. A. than his episcopal friends are.

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A word reflecting on the illustrious Professor Body, of the General Theological Seminary, no man, with a heart, could say. Having been "struck," and not only "struck," but also "especially struck"; and having been thus "especially struck" by Mr. Miller's "astrology," Professor Body now lies, on his back, helpless,—I imagine,—in some Historical infirmary, or, perhaps, in a General Theological Hospital. "In passing," we wish the professor a speedy recovery. He is "well worthy of attention."

The three bishops, it will be noted, do not commend Mr. Miller's religious "theories";—"theories," I say with care, for Mr. Miller has no creed. How could a man have a creed, while respecting conscience so little as to call it a "talent"? Concerning the Blessed Trinity, he entertains views not in harmony with the teaching of the Ante-Nicene Fathers. On one page, he seems to be a pantheist; on another, a theosophist. For these varying moods, or views, I am not inclined to hold Mr. Miller responsible. Where he startles a reader, by his "originality," Mr. Miller has, I surmise, been translating from some German book; manufacturing one sentence out of a half-dozen different pages. From intrinsic evidence, I feel quite certain about his method; and this method alone will account for some of the disconnected twaddle that the bishops have pronounced: "masterful."

However, putting aside Mr. Miller's religious, or irreligious, theories, what are we to say of the "scholarship" of the three bishops who have commended Mr. Miller's abounding ignorance? Tenderly flaying Bishop Potter, on October 2, 1896, the *Sun* hinted that the words: "large ignorance" were not inapplicable to his lordship. Can it be that these three bishops fairly represent the scholarship of the rich and cultured Protestant Episcopal communion? We are unwilling so to believe. Our opinion is that one, at least, of Mr. Miller's worms—"*Milleria Obfuscata*"—found a lodging in each of three mitres. The *Milleria* is a borer. Making his way into the episcopal brains, he excavated hiatuses more awful than Mr. Miller's. Perhaps if the whole edition of "the" author's "masterful" book were dumped into these hiatuses, the skeleton in the Protestant Episcopal system would consent to conceal itself, temporarily, in some spacious closet. And meantime, what is to become of the lawyer in the bar in New York? Is there no helminthologist in the General Theological Seminary? To him I appeal: Isolate Mr. Miller. Only by heroic treatment can those awful hiatuses be bridged over. All scientific men agree: "*In these cases, the prognosis is always unfavorable.*"

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THE RETURN OF MAY.

BY C. T. RUSH.

SWEET Virgin May! with nature's hidden charms
Beneath thy raiment of celestial white;
Thou blushing with the knowledge of thy right
To bear them smiling in thy tender arms.
Thine ear must hear the secrets of each flower
That trembles ere it blows upon thy breast:
Thine eyes must see that birdlings have their nest
In sheltering crannies from the early showers.
And thou must laugh with Laura as she saves
Her dandelions to wreathe her grandma's head;
And thou must walk with grief as she doth tread,
In sorrow bowed, amid the blossoming graves.
Sweet Virgin May! with countless beauties bound,
Queenly at day; at night all starry crowned.

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LOUIS JOSEPH FERDINAND WINDHORST.

WINDHORST AND THE KULTURKAMPF.

BY MARY A. MITCHELL.

ON the 14th of March, 1891, the German papers of all political creeds sorrowfully announced the death of the great leader, Windhorst. Even his bitterest antagonists could not refuse to lay the tribute of reverence on the grave of the octogenarian who had spent his long life in unselfish and brave contention for "truth, right, and freedom, for church, state, and people."

On the 17th of January, 1812, Louis Joseph Ferdinand Windhorst was born on the estate of Caldenhof, in the now Prussian province of Hanover, of which his father was agent. On the baptismal register of the neighboring, "Ostercappeln" we find, under the date January 20, the names of his father, Francis Joseph Benedict Windhorst, a doctor of both civil and canon law, and his mother, Clara Antoinette Josephina (*née* Niewedde), proving that he was not of peasant parentage, as has been erroneously stated.

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The little Louis was the second of a family of six children, and, as he often in after-life humorously recalled, he received his first instructions in a girls' school. When but fourteen he was held up at the close of the "Carolinium" Institute as "a model pupil of marked ability, untiring industry, and exemplary conduct."

In his eighteenth year he left the "Carolinium" with the following report: "1st. For good conduct, perfect; 2d. For German, Latin, history, natural science, very good; 3d. For French, pretty good."

He now selected law as his future profession, and, after studying at Göttingen and Heidelberg, passed a brilliant examination, and was admitted to practice at Osnabrück in the year 1836.

HIS COURTSHIP.

Windhorst's domestic life played such a pivotal part in his brilliant career that we shall begin this short sketch with the description of his wooing, as being eminently characteristic of the temerity of purpose and the power to overcome obstacles which crowned his eighty years with the respect of nations.

He became attached to Julie Engelen, the sister of a former school-mate. He obtained the permission of the father to pursue his suit, but found, to his chagrin, that the fair Julie did not reciprocate his feelings. Nothing daunted, the future leader of the "Centre," discovering that music was the favorite accomplishment of the young lady, set to work with a will, and after some time visited the handsome garden of Herr Ignaz Engelen one evening and, guitar in hand, serenaded Miss Julie. After some minutes a window was raised, and the young troubadour was so overcome that he stepped back and fell into a stream of water. A cry of alarm came from the window, and in a few seconds Miss Julie appeared in the garden to find her determined admirer issuing from his involuntary bath. An expressive look and a firm grasp of the hand revealed the depth of feeling which prompted such determination, and the young couple returned to the house engaged.

This romantic courtship was followed by one of the happiest of marriages, and the description of the golden wedding in 1888, which we find in the Hanover papers, is proof of the most blissful family relations, and the respect in which both husband and wife were held by all classes, while the words of Windhorst himself in Berlin on his eightieth birthday, when he

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responded to the toast of Freiherr von Heeremann, thanking him for having included the name of his wife, who "had ever influenced him in aught of good, and by her self-sacrificing thoughtfulness and care enabled him to devote so much of his time to his country," tell how worthy they were of each other.

NOT ADONIS-LIKE IN APPEARANCE.

Windhorst's personal appearance would almost shock one who had looked for the renowned minister of Ernest Augustus of Hanover, the devoted adherent of his blind son, George, the able parliamentarian, and, finally, the victorious leader of the "Central party" and brave adversary of the tyrannical "Kulturkampf." He was of almost dwarfed stature, with a disproportionately large head, broad, high, deeply furrowed forehead, irregular eye-brows, small eyes—always spectacled—and a mouth and chin which, with all their width and squareness, told of power, resolution, nervous energy, and indomitable will. This is surely not Adonis-like, and yet it would be hard to form an idea of the magnetic influence wielded by this *little giant*. We will borrow the description given of him by August Stein, a prominent Israelite of Berlin: "He who has never seen Windhorst laugh, nor followed the mirth growing from the smile on his broad mouth to the outburst of jovial appreciation in his hearty laugh, can form any idea of the power of expression in his mobile features. For this reason none of his pictures please me, either the photographs or the portrait painted by a celebrated Hungarian artist, from which the papers have given cuts. Of course there is a resemblance in them all, for that head could not be mistaken even in the gross representations of caricaturists, but they give no idea of the kind and humorous man whose expressive features cannot be copied in the staid pose of a portrait."

He often made his personal ugliness food for his humor; for instance, once he fell down the steps of the parliament house and wrote to his wife assuring her that he was not hurt, adding, "When I return home at Easter you will find that my beauty has not been marred." The writer of this sketch saw him at Easter, and can vouch that there was no beauty to "mar."

THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

Notwithstanding this downright ugliness, few men of our day won more deep respect and admiration from the public,

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more love and confidence from those who knew him, or wielded more influence among colleagues, party politicians, or positive antagonists, than Ludwig Windhorst.

The secret of this universal esteem and confidence was to be found in his deep-seated religious convictions, which made even the least of his actions subservient to a "higher law" and his natural love of justice for justice' sake. His proud independence and absolute disinterestedness disarmed the reproaches of those who sought for a *raison d'être* in his steadfast loyalty to "the powers that be" when properly constituted, instead of shaking off the responsibility of the statesman in order to idly nurse personal or traditional preferences. No bribe of gain or honor could touch the man whose favorite axiom was, "He who is self-respecting and prizes his independence cannot afford to receive favors."

His stern sense of justice and enlightened, self-forgetting devotion to his convictions bore the Christian fruit of generous toleration; his conception of which can be best understood by his own words at the German general conference of Catholics at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in September, 1882: "Toleration does not mean to wipe away, to revile, to stifle existing states of things. Tolerance means permission to all to seek their own means of salvation. We demand respect for our convictions and the right to declare them; we guarantee the same right to others. With regard to our Evangelical fellow-citizens especially, they can rest assured that we shall never make an attempt to trespass on their domain, and, so long as they are consistent with their convictions, we shall in all things allowable stand by them and oppose those who would deprive them of their rights. These are not mere words, gentlemen; I ask any one present who has followed the parliamentary proceedings if the Catholic party has not ever protected and fought for the rights of the Evangelicals with the same energy that they have for their own? On the day that we cease to carry out this principle we forfeit all the claims we make for ourselves. The same justice; the same measure for all—this, gentlemen, is what we give and what we ask."

HE DEFENDS HIS LOYALTY.

Windhorst has been accused of being unpatriotic and vacillating in his attitude to the former kingdom of Hanover and to the established German Empire. Again we will allow his own words, when the mighty Bismarck—"the Iron Chancellor"—threw

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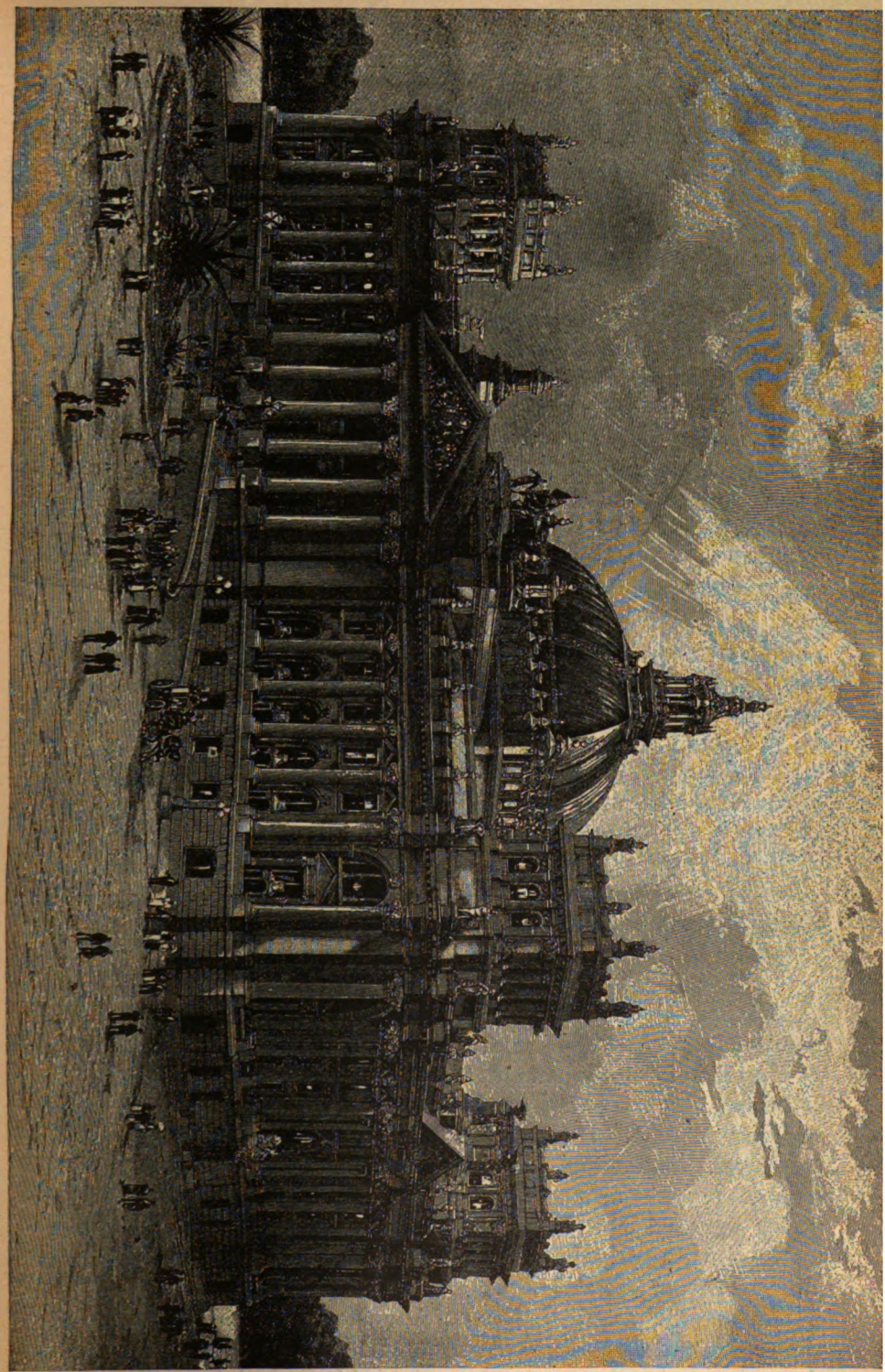

THE NEW REICHSTAG BUILDING.—FROM PLANS OF PAUL WALLOT.

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suspicion on his loyalty, to speak. In the House of Parliament he said: "His respected excellency (Prince Bismarck) asks me if I am still as true to the royal house of Hanover as when I had the honor of holding negotiations with him? I answer the princely minister-president that that loyalty continues unchanged and will go down unchanged to my grave, and no power on earth, even the powerful minister of the German Empire, can change it." To the representatives he said: "Now, gentlemen, an accusation has been flung by the minister-president at the 'Central party' which belongs to me personally. Is this a fault? Is this a confession? It is not for me to decide. The justice of the accusation, however, I deny. If I could forget the past as lightly as others I would openly confess it, but before all I acknowledge with me it is, *Once loved, never forgotten.* Now, I am a constitutional representative, and on this floor I stand by the constitution. So long as I do this with all the powers of mind and body, no man, no minister, has the right to throw suspicion on me. . . . Gentlemen, I have before my eyes the command of the Holy Scriptures, 'Submit to the powers that be,' and I have tried by obeying this commandment to the best of my ability to prove my loyalty."

We have tried, in a necessarily limited space, to give an insight into the character, surroundings, and principles of this great man, who was admired, loved, and feared by friend and antagonist, and shall now follow him through the varied and difficult positions to which he was called during his fifty years of strict adherence to duty, intelligent usefulness, trying disappointments, and final success.

HANOVERIAN POLICY.

Windhorst's political career may be said to have commenced in 1849, when he was elected to the second chamber of the House of Parliament at the general election in Hanover following the amending of the constitution after the European uprising of 1848. He attached himself to the "great German" party, as embracing his ideal for the securing the self-dependence of the states. This was the question *par excellence* which agitated the kingdom of Hanover for years, and was watched with eagle eyes by both Austria and Prussia with a view to future dictatorship.

During the reign of Ernest Augustus, Windhorst possessed the confidence of his sovereign, while preserving perfect independence in the maintenance of his principles. Together

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with his co-religionists and the "orthodox" or Evangelical Protestants, he strongly opposed the law excluding religious teaching from the schools, saying, "Society can be saved only by making religion the fundamental principle of education."

In 1851 the octogenarian king, Ernest Augustus, died and was succeeded by his son, George V., who had been entirely blind from the age of ten. Whether from the helplessness of his bodily condition or from error of education, George was of a suspicious nature, fancying himself surrounded by spies, and, as is often the result, he chose the most selfish and deceitful for his confidants.

AS MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

In the new ministry formed on King George's coronation Windhorst was appointed minister of justice, the first Catholic to reach so high a position in pre-eminently Protestant Hanover, and in Hartmann's memoirs of Hanover we find the following testimony to his ability: "Hanover's department of justice is a pattern to all other courts."

Each year brought Windhorst proof of the confidence of his countrymen by his repeated re-election to positions of trust, and in all the struggles, conspiracies, and restlessness through which the weakening and fated kingdom passed he was loyal to the "great German" party. This was no easy matter under a sovereign who rested secure in the belief of a fatalist in his *Guelphic* star, which he was confident was invincible, particularly with the strong hand of Austria directing the rudder of the ship of state.

As of old, the sword cut the Gordian knot of Hanoverian politics, and on the 20th of September, 1866, Hanover became a Prussian province. Windhorst's loyalty to the fallen royal house was only the complement of his love for his native land, and throughout his long parliamentary career, representing the Hanover (Meppen) district at Berlin, he was always watchful of the interests of his constituents, while foremost statesman on the broad questions of the nation and humanity.

This paternal care Hanover has acknowledged by gratifying the ardent wish of his heart to see a second Catholic church in his home. Donations and presents have poured in from the admirers of the great and good Ludwig Windhorst not alone in Germany, not alone from Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, but from all southern countries of Europe; and to-day the towers of the "Marienkirche" proudly lead the eye to the lofty ideals for which Germany's brave son fought, while they keep alive in

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ANTON VON WERNER'S PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR.

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the thoughts of his countrymen his soul-stirring appeals for justice for all and untrammelled freedom of conscience.

Immediately on his entrance into the Berlin Reichstag, as deputy from Meppen, an opportunity presented itself to give evidence of the stand he proposed to take. With Malinckrodt and Reichensperger he voted in favor of the constitution of the Northern German Confederation.

This at first sight seems inconsistent with all his former political working, but a deeper study of the clever statesman and his own words, "I am always governed by my honest sense of right," give the key to the apparent change. The stupidity of carrying on an obstinate opposition to an established state of things would have been unworthy of so skilled and far-seeing a politician as Windhorst, and the wisdom of the statesman was proved in his career, although it must be allowed that to his last breath his love of the old state of things was dearest to his heart.

He was loyal to his oath to support the German Empire, and always voted for measures which would strengthen its institutions; but he attached himself unflinchingly to the Catholic or "Central" party, and would tolerate no legislation tending to the oppression of that party, which was pledged to guard all religious and political liberty.

In March, 1871, the following programme of the "Central" party was published and signed by v. Savigny, Dr. Windhorst, v. Malinckrodt, Dr. Peter Reichensperger, Karl, Prince of Löwenstein, Freytag.

PROGRAMME OF THE "CENTRAL" PARTY: "JUSTITIA FUNDAMENTUM REGNORUM."

"The Central party has adopted the following axioms as the goal of their efforts:

"1st. That the fundamental character of the empire as a state confederacy shall be known by its efforts to change the federal character of the imperial constitution, and by not interfering with the decisions and activity of the individual states in all interior matters any more than is necessary for the interests of the whole.

"2d. That the moral and material good of the masses should be furthered, that the civil and religious freedom of the subjects, especially of religious bodies, be continuously protected from legislative greed.

"3d. The party, as a body, shall be guided by these principles in all future legislation; but individual members

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are not prevented from voting according to their own judgment."

Windhorst was immediately chosen as leader of the party, and in this character he found the most fruitful field for his best talents and most successful efforts.

The formation of the "Central" was the signal for an uprising of enemies, at their head the imperial chancellor, Bismarck, representing it as "a sectarian faction." Well knowing that the strength of the infant organization depended largely upon its elected leader, the wily manager of the future "Kulturkampf" set to work by impeaching Windhorst's loyalty and sincerity. On the 30th of January, 1872, the "Iron Chancellor" said in the Prussian House of Deputies:

BISMARCK ASSAILS HIM.

"In this house I contemplate the most extraordinary spectacle. . . . A sectarian faction setting itself up as a political party; a party which, should all other sects accept its principles, must be confronted as an evangelical body. This would lead us into a tortuous path, for theology would necessarily be introduced into our debates. It was a great mistake of policy, from the stand-point of the previous speaker (Windhorst), perpetrated by these gentlemen, to build a political party on sectarian foundations, for they draw their co-religionists from the various parties through the subtle influence at their command.

"On my return from France I could only look on this party as a factor decidedly opposed to the state, and I asked myself, Will this mutinous body be true to the government—will it aid it or oppose it? My fears increased when I saw at its head so argumentative and aggressive a member as the deputy from Meppen; a member who, according to my impression—and I am responsible for my impressions,—a member who from the commencement, actuated by feelings which I respect, subscribed unwillingly to the Prussian government; a member who has never, either in his conversation or in the spirit of his addresses, acknowledged a change in those views; a member who, I am fearful, to-day regrets the establishment of the German Empire—of this I have grave doubts.

"I believe, gentlemen of the 'Centre,' that you would be more in sympathy with the state had you chosen other than your *Guelphic* leader, and if you had not received into your ranks *Guelphic* Protestants who are not of your mind. Since the war ceased—so gloriously for us and so unfortunately for

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"THE IRON CHANCELLOR."

the hopes of the Hanoverians—the Catholics have been made use of to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Guelphs!"

Windhorst immediately replied to these remarks as follows: "The 'Centre' party, to which I have the honor to belong, is not a 'sectarian faction.' The programme of the party has

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been publicly announced, and all who agree with its provisions are invited to join it, no matter to what sect they belong. If it happens that the greater number of those who agree with us are Catholics, it merely shows that Catholics view political questions from the more humane premises. But it is not true that the principles of my party are mostly adopted by Catholics. There are a great number of Protestants, gentlemen, who sympathize with us, and the truth of my words come more into evidence day by day.

"Now, I beg to ask the minister-president (Bismarck) in what my party has been aggressive? In the Reichstag it has, on more than one eventful question, voted with the government. . . . Further, the 'Centre' is now willing, and will be ever willing, to unite with any party offering a programme acceptable to their convictions. Yes; in the cause of peace it would go even further; when the Catholic grievances are settled, when the unjust attacks on the church cease, the 'Centre' will willingly disband, for it seeks a rest which is each day becoming more desirable. . . . But so long as these attacks continue, so long will the 'Centre' hold its ground, not aggressively defensive—energetically defensive!"

A few days later he replied to personal attacks in the following words:

"Yesterday and to-day there have been so many personal attacks made on me, with a degree of asperity which I do not understand, that it tempts me to increase my opinion of myself. Gentlemen, I am very little and I have not much power, but you seem determined to make something out of me. To-day I shall pass by these attacks; there will be future occasion to revert to them. I rely implicitly on the discretionary powers of the president. This discretionary power, it must be confessed, is not very clear; therefore the weapons are not alike. In the meantime I do not quail before any one.

"The minister-president has cast suspicion on me in order, as he acknowledges, to make me withdraw from the leadership of my party. This manner of obstruction in diplomatic windings is new to me. Is my policy different from my colleagues? I would like to know what induced the minister-president to have recourse to such a course. He has abundant material at hand, through his secret police, to discover any crime of mine. Gentlemen, if such aspersions are allowed, then we are on the brink of a reign of terror which will stifle freedom of speech. For my part, I can assure you that I shall never bow to such a power. It is something new in the history of diplomacy to

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see a man of so dignified a position spend an hour making a personal attack."

HE CROSSES SWORDS.

In these speeches two great intellects cast down and took up the glove of defiance, and in the following pages we shall briefly review how unrelentlessly the fight was maintained.

Windhorst stoutly denied that his party was opposed to the government. It was in strong sympathy with the empire, but unflinchingly insisted that it should be the protector of all.

The labor question he looked on as the overwhelming danger of the age, and always favored the making and amending of laws suited or unsuitable to the changes brought about by the constant advance of invention or mechanical work. He maintained that both capital and labor had much to learn, and would both be gainers by peaceful negotiation and wise legislation.

At one time Windhorst's scrupulous sense of parental responsibility made him decide to abandon his public political career in order to devote himself to the education and interests of his sons.

Would it be wrong or blasphemous for us to dare to fathom the designs of an all-wise Providence when we see two promising sons sicken and cut down in early youth? It is said that after the first shock of the loss of his two boys had passed he determined anew to devote his remaining years to obtaining justice and freedom for all his fellow-citizens, particularly for "the brethren of the household of faith."

AS A PUBLICIST.

The "May laws" and the "Kulturkampf" opened a great field, and with disinterested unselfishness and the weapons of eloquence, knowledge of his subject, incisiveness, sarcasm, ridicule, and timely pleading, this brave general led his party.

A few quotations from his defence of the religious orders may now be of interest when we see his prophetic words coming true that "the danger to the state from the toleration of religious orders would disappear like so many exorcised spirits."

"We have a right to demand full freedom for the Catholic Church in Germany and the means to her proper development. According to the views of the church, the orders form an important factor in her system."

"There are laws—good laws—for the protection of the Protestant deaconesses, and we will uphold them with all our

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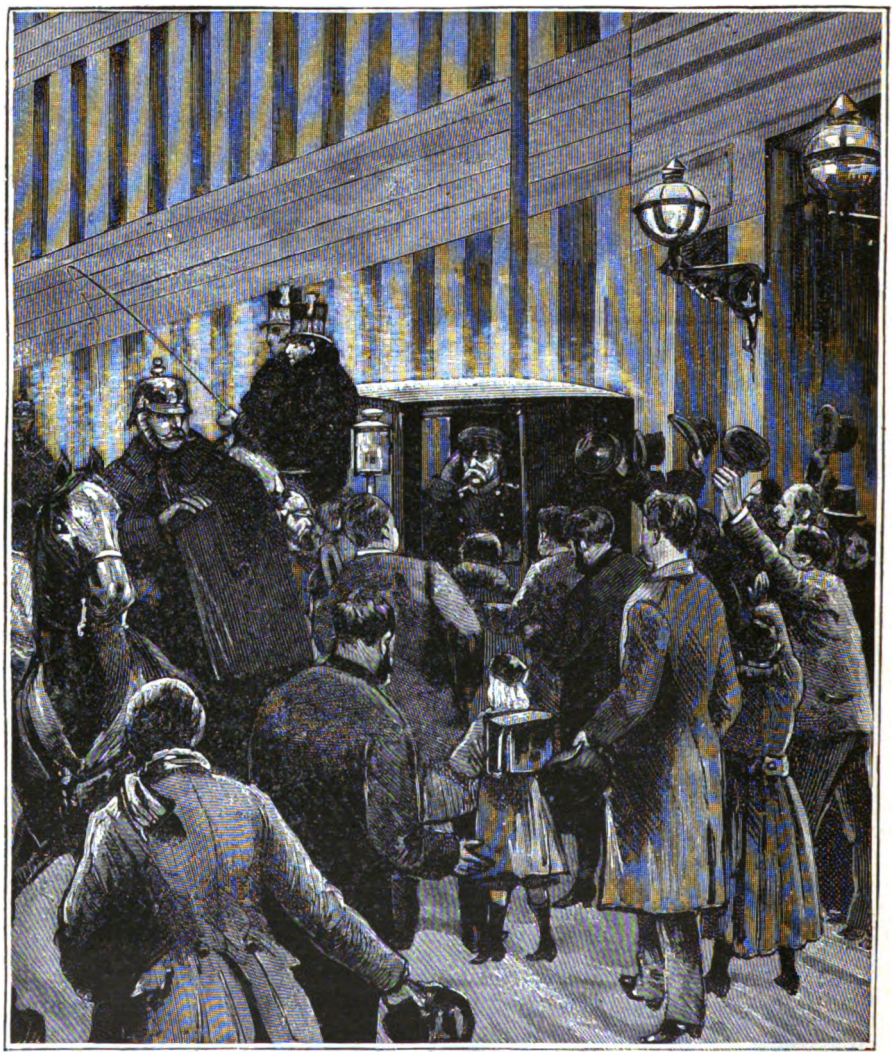
strength. But why should the Sisters of Charity be dangerous to the state?

"Who so fitted to teach and educate our young girls, par-



POPULAR GREETINGS AT THE DOOR OF THE REICHSTAG.

ticularly of the classes so debarred from opportunities, as these noble, modest, generous women? In the words of a colleague, 'there is no power like woman's influence to develop all that is sweetest and most lovable in woman.'"

"I cannot forbear from expressing the impression which the general approval of the nursing sisters has made upon me.

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This universal voice fills me with hope. But why are they hampered with these 'cloister laws'? They tend the sick in palace and in cottage. They bind the gaping wound on the battle-field and bring peace and comfort to the dying. It is no secret that our venerable emperor, in the height of the Kulturkampf persecution, interposed on behalf of these sisters; and yet to-day these noble daughters of Germany, who only asked to be allowed to devote themselves to humanity, are seeking refuges in America and England."

"It is urged that our missionaries must be suppressed. He who says that we can conquer savage lands without missionaries does not know the A B C of colonization. We can take a lesson from England and France. Although the France of to-day cannot be called the model guardian of religious institutions, you will find that grants for missionary purposes will be the last stricken from her budget. It is not good policy to shoot down or extirpate the natives of East Africa; we want to civilize them, and some of the Jesuits make a good body-guard among the cannibals."

HIS TRIUMPH.

In oft-repeated and never-tiring efforts such as these the great Windhorst combated the religious persecutions which darkened the foundation of the German nation.

On the 21st of May, 1885, the "Church peace laws" were passed and began to dig the graves of the infamous "May laws," and to close the "Kulturkampf," or, to make a very poor translation of one of Windhorst's witty plays on words, the *un-Kulturkampf.*"

Windhorst's constant attendance at all general conventions of Catholics was only on a par with his scrupulous watchfulness in his parliamentary duties, which were continued up to the very last week of his life.

On the 9th of March, 1891, he was seized with a fever which was accompanied by constant delirium. Even then his mind was busy with his life work, and in fancy he made eloquent appeals on the Christian school question, the return of the Jesuits to Germany. His daughter was sent for, and during the occasional moments of consciousness he took leave of her, sent messages of love and resignation to his wife, who was too ill to travel from Hanover, and received the last sacraments of the church whose valiant knight he had lived.

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IN THE TIME OF WAR.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

A FINE turnpike road of stiff red clay led in almost a straight line for twenty miles to Kershaw on the south, and stretched northward, beyond the river, twenty miles to Ashton. That hard, firm road was destined to echo in later years to the tramp, tramp, tramp of Sherman's men on their way to the sea; but to-night in the gathering dusk it lay calm and lonely, never-ending to Barry Windom's anxious eyes. Across the river the country of broad levels lay open to the slanting rays of the setting sun. Barry noted the ungainly, ragged bushes standing in long rows, looking as though their white wool had blown that way and had caught and clung at random. They resembled a parade of sturdy beggarmen unwillingly drawn up in line, with their stubborn, uneven branches and generally lop-sided appearance.

A moment later tired horse and rider turned sharply to the left and entered the bit of woods that lay between the turnpike and his own beautiful valley. In the dense shadow of these pine and fir-trees a soft, green twilight reigned. It was absolutely still. In the deep, brooding silence not a leaf stirred, not even a bird's sleepy note was heard—nothing but the soft thud of his horse's hoofs deadened by the thick, brown carpet of pine-needles. Just ahead of the lightsome arch where the woods opened out to the road again lay home—and home held Winona and Baby Win.

All day long his thoughts had been anxiously peering into the future, but now they reviewed the past. He remembered the first time he had come down into this lovely land to spend the Christmas holidays with his chum, Thornton Nelson, and the royal welcome he had received from the family with that generous, spontaneous, whole-souled hospitality which for generations had been one of the distinguishing features of Southern civilization. He had had pleasant times before and since, but never while life lasted would he forget that first visit; the long ride through the light snow in the big family carriage, filled outside and in with Nelsons, young and old, in every degree of relationship; and the creaking cart that followed piled up

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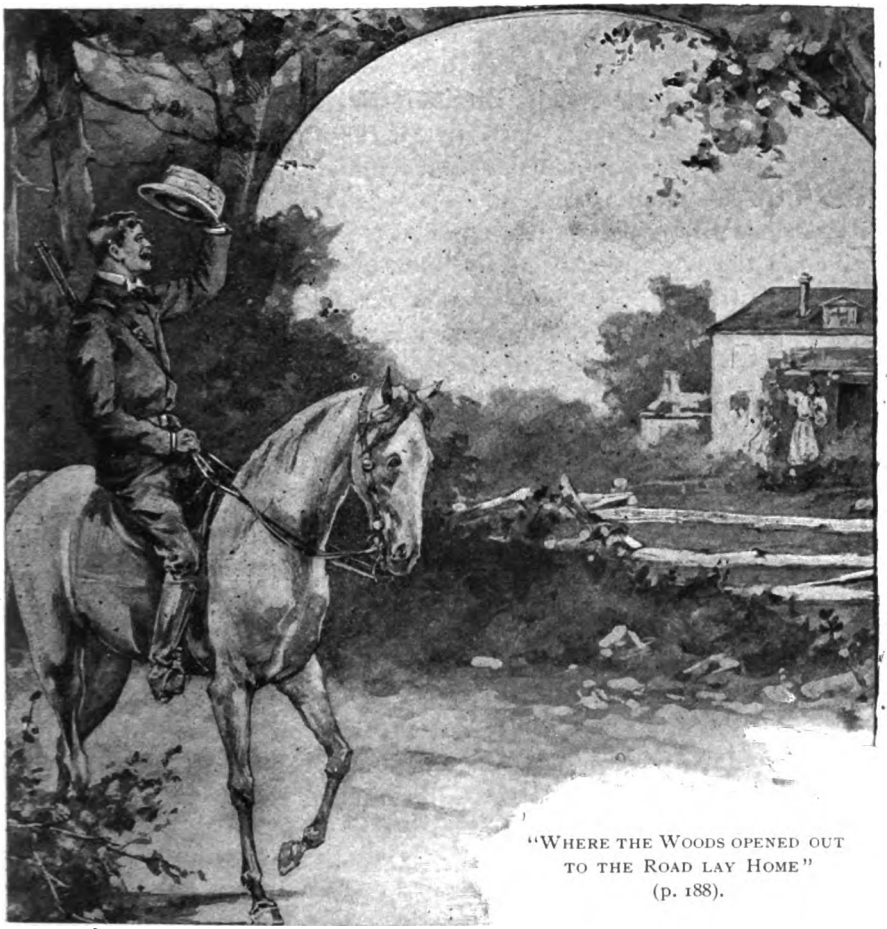

"WHERE THE WOODS OPENED OUT TO THE ROAD LAY HOME" (p. 188).

with trunks and boxes containing the innumerable Christmas gifts. As last they had reached the "big gate" and had dashed through with great noise and clatter. Suddenly a shout had gone up, "There she is; I see her!" and he had leaned far out the window to catch the gleam of a lamp in a window of the distant house, which for hours had been waiting, the light in the mother's window which was to carry afar the welcome that shone like a beacon, as pure, as glowing, as steady as the tender love in that mother's heart.

He remembered their swarming into the house, the glad cries of welcome, the hearty embraces between mother and sons. There were a number of girls there, sisters and cousins, all young, all charming in their sweet, gracious hospitality; but from the first moment there had been only one Winona. She

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was like her mother, so gently bred and so exquisitely fine. Then to think of his winning her the next year, of his taking her from the host of admirers, who had hotly resented a Northerner wearing their lovely Southern rose. She had been a coquette, but had toyed with hearts as innocently as the wind tosses flowers in the sunshine. She had played upon every chord of the human soul, for hers was a masterhand. Perhaps it was because of her untrammelled freedom that when she did give up the surrender was absolute. She made a perfect wife. She had urged his buying the old Frankton estate and becoming a Southerner by choice and adoption, since he had missed the inestimable blessing of being born below Mason and Dixon's line.

Their first child was two years old now, and Barry was going home to-night with his heart heavy and sad with forebodings. As he emerged from the shadows he could see the house and his wife standing waiting. A great lump rose in his throat as he looked on the fair, quiet scene and the tender, primrose April sky arching over all. The low, brick house seemed to warmly glow, even in this light, with deep russet tints that told of honest manufacture in the beginning and a century of sun-baked seasons since.

Barry lifted his hat in return to his wife's salute, and only then remembered the unused gun slung over his shoulder. He had gone out that morning to hunt. He had to pass through Pendleton, and he had found the little town in a ferment.

Three days before Sumter had surrendered.

To many in that secluded little corner of the world that meant little. Their peaceful lives had been only faintly stirred by the rumors of war that for months had been gathering force. The fierce wave of secession had risen in their own little State and had broken on the shores of Maryland. The momentous election that had put Lincoln into power had little significance for those quiet hamlets girt by the calm, eternal hills.

But to this thoughtful young rider, slowly picking his way in the dusk toward waiting home and wife, the news he had heard that morning meant a great deal. His youthful figure seemed to have lost its jaunty poise, and he was turning over grave questions in his troubled mind.

First Winona had to be told; and he wondered how she would take it. And then—and then—

He flung himself from Victor's back and clasped his wife in his arms with a wild, half-passionate fervor.

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"O Barry! you've been so long," she said.

She waited until Ephrem had come round from the back to take his horse, and watched him impatiently as he carefully placed his gun in the rack in the hall; then she could wait no longer.

"Barry, have you heard the good news? Sumter's been taken!"

"Who told you?" And he felt half ashamed of the intense feeling of relief that came over him that he did not have to tell her.

"Why, Eph just *streaked* home; he's been in an hour." She clasped her hands on his arm, looking up at him with brilliant eyes. "Now they'll see," she said excitedly; "they'll never call us blustering braggarts again! Now there's nothing left but war! O Barry! for the first time in my life I wish I were a man."

He wished so, too, for an instant; then he could blurt out the sentiments that were crowded in his heart; but he only dropped his eyes, and continued his monotonous walk up and down the gravelled path, mechanically caressing the white fingers on his arm. At last his silence struck her ominously. She stood still and faced him, her eyes blazing into his, her softly-arched brows meeting in a dark line.

He put his arm about the tense little figure. "Let us have tea," he said.

Tea, tea! and the echo of that shot not yet died out of the blue hills that shut them in!

She darted away from him.

"Winona!" That was all. Just her name in a sweet, sad tone; just a man calling to her, a woman. The hot little rebel heart sank within her. And she knew.

She led the way into the long, low-studded dining-room, with its oaken wainscoting, black with age, its one wide latticed window a softly luminous square in the dusky twilight of the room. In the open fireplace, between the brasses, stood a blue jug heaped high with jonquils, and the big punch-bowl on the sideboard was crowded with violets. The round table had been pushed near the window and Eph was lighting the candles with hands that shook a little. The pale light gleamed on snowy linen, silver and glass, and lit up Barry's white, concentrated face as he took his seat opposite Winona, who was glad to busy herself with the tea things behind the big urn. She could not eat; she could do nothing but watch that white, absorbed face

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across the table, with the firm-set jaw and straight mouth that told of a fixity of purpose that nothing would change.

How had it been with her? why had she not thought of these things before? She had known, dimly, of the gathering cloud of war; but then she had been on her honeymoon, and no war or rumors of war could reach her there. The halcyon days had slipped along, each more beautiful than the last, crowned by Baby Win's birth, when life seemed too full of joy to last, and now— She felt that Barry was going to enlist, and on the Northern side! The thought was like a chill wind blowing through her heart. She went out again into the garden. The great blue silence overhead had deepened and faded into a sombre background for the early stars. The fireflies danced about, the crickets droned, no other sound broke the scented stillness. She heard his step on the walk behind her, but she did not turn.

"I think we will find Winona here," she heard him say, and turned to welcome, in a cool little way, her cousin Winthrop. His plantation adjoined theirs, though his house, where he lived in bachelor freedom, was nearly seven miles beyond on the turnpike.

"Winona, what is this dreadful thing that Barry tells me? He is going to fight on the Northern side? Impossible!"

Winona drew herself up. To condemn Barry herself was one thing, to hear him condemned was another. She slipped her hand into her husband's arm.

"I have yet to see the day when Barry decided hastily or unwisely, Winthrop. Whatever is right to him is right," she said. "I said to-night I wished I were a man, but I take it back. If I were, we would be on opposite sides, and that would kill me, if the bullets spared me."

Winthrop, young, impetuous, bubbling over with admiration for his plucky little State and the momentous step she had taken, felt like applauding his cousin; but Barry spoke.

"Dear one, I know how you feel, and believe me I would not give you pain if I could help it. I know that both of you love your land, love the institutions that you were born to and brought up in. So do I. The very word 'Union' is sacred to me, and the first man to lay a desecrating finger on its hallowed entirety will find an enemy in me, were that man my brother."

"My dear Barry," said Winthrop emphatically, "to pretend that we have not the legal and constitutional right to secede from the Union is to stultify ourselves and falsify history."

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"I am afraid that is a question that only the sword can answer now, Winthrop. Winona, you can see if our land were less stable these convulsions would have wrecked it long ago."

But Winona could only lay her head on his broad shoulder and picture her own fair little world that was about to be wrecked by a convulsion as awful to her as those impersonal questions were to the commonwealth.

Barry turned and looked at her. Her white, intense little face peered into the darkness and smote his heart.

"I am a brute," he said; "you are cold and tired. We will talk no more to-night, my dear; but let me say just one word. Is my action as incomprehensible as it was?" And he held her soft cheeks between his palms. She looked up at him; her lovely eyes filled up with tears that slowly gathered and gathered and at length rolled over and wet his hands. She said no word, but Barry felt he was answered.

Barry, clear-headed, cool, loving, but determined in what he thought was right, made what preparations he could for Winona's comfort and safety while he was away. He advised her not to return to her father's plantation. "I am pretty sure that most if not all of the fighting will be done on the border line." From the first he was not one who thought "the trouble would blow over in sixty days"; nor did he think eleven dollars a month, and future unsubstantial glory, large pay for an able-bodied man; but nevertheless he enlisted, and as a private. Upon arriving at Washington he was made sergeant in Company A, 144th New York Volunteers; wrote two letters from head-quarters to his wife full of love and devotion, sad as death that anything, even patriotism, should have been as a shadow between them; then came an unaccountable silence. Weeks and months went by; but not a line, not a word of any description, came to cheer her bewildered, lonely heart.

Her old home was on the Sand Hills, twenty miles from the cotton-fields on the river-levels. Her mother had been dead just a year when the war broke out. Her father was an old man now, too old to enter the field himself, but he had given both his sons to the Confederacy. Thorn, his first born, was shot at Fredericksburg in the depths of the first winter. It had been bitterly cold, more than bitter for the Southern boys trying to throw up entrenchments on the heights with pointed sticks for spades. The cold winds played havoc with their health, but could not dim their courage. Thorn, it was told them afterwards, said no word after being shot but "How cold! How cold!"

Then John, the second son, went on his northern way to

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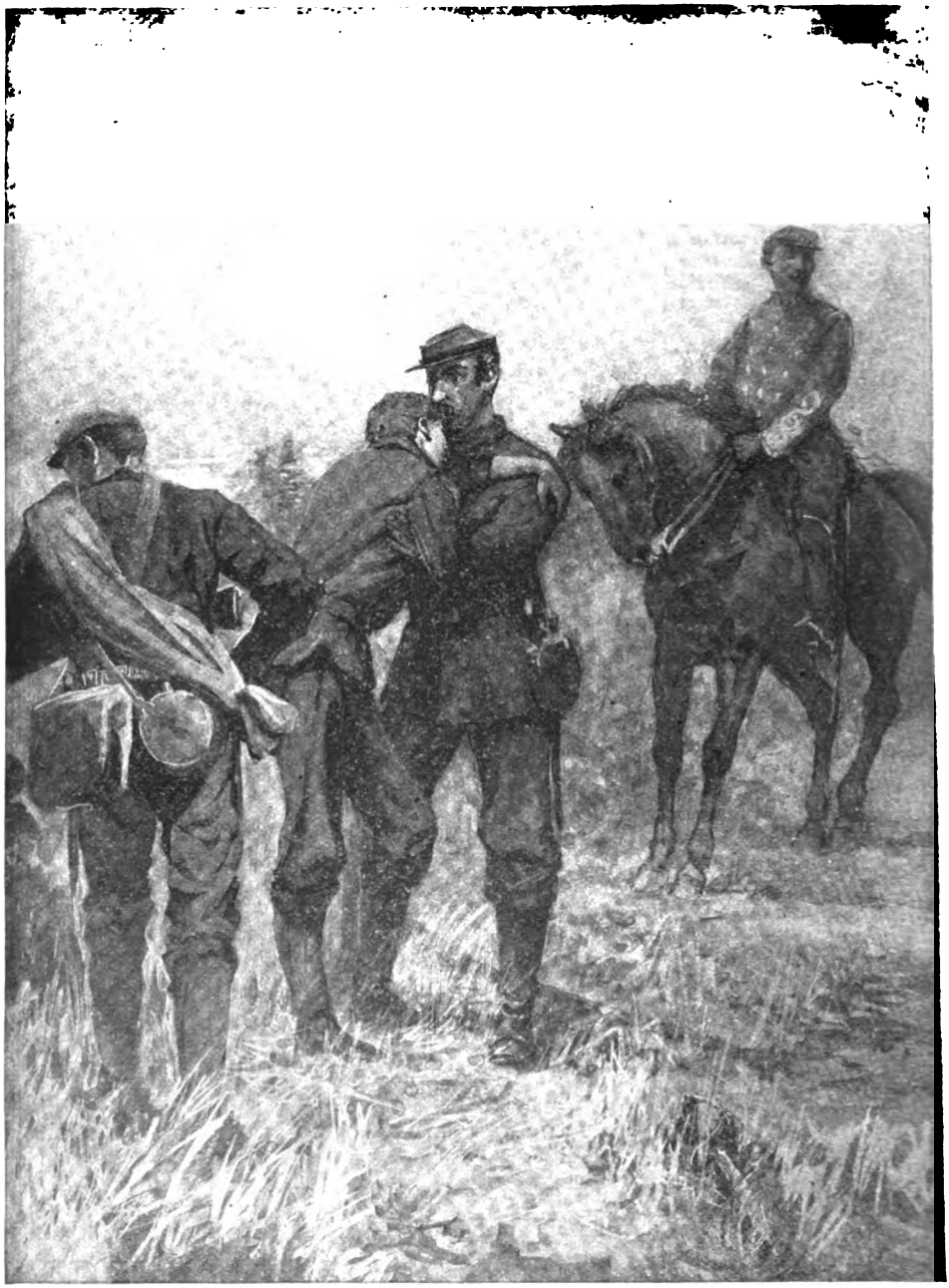

"I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS YOUNG MAN HERE FOR AWHILE" (p. 201).

corpse-strewn Virginia, who in her constant storm and stress of war could not take time to count the many thousand brave boys in gray who found a grave in her blood-stained breast.

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"War is cruelty," said our great general. It is, it must be so; but to the men who offer up their lives for the maintenance of a principle there is an exhilaration, a divine uplifting of the spirit that sustains them in their hours of struggle; but no words, however eloquently said or sung, could portray the suffering of these Southern women who, like Winona, became personally acquainted with the cruelties of war.

Two months after her return to her father's house, while, all unknown to her, Barry was lying in prison, her son was born. She wanted the little one called Barry, but shut her lips in proud silence when her father called him Nelson. Her father had lost his old vehemence in regard to her husband; age had not subdued him, but sorrow had. He never forgave Barry's desertion, as he insisted on calling it; but lately he never mentioned his name. Winona understood the proud old heart, and without remonstrance called the baby the good old family name. The child seemed to have inherited grief; he grew and thrived in a silent, joyless way that nearly broke his mother's heart to see. At two and a half, when other children are playing and laughing about the house like human sunbeams, little Nelson was silent, grave-eyed, and serious. He would lie in his mother's lap for hours, his big dark eyes, so like to Barry's eyes, looking up into her face with haunting questions in their depths that tried her very soul. Often she would hold him close in a passionate embrace and murmur "Barry, Barry!" in his ear to ease her aching heart of its load of silent grief.

In the third winter of the war her father died. Then she and Baby Win and the grave-eyed little boy lived on alone in the old house with Marm Hizzie, the one servant who had remained faithful to them. They suffered as only the tenderly reared can suffer when reduced to poverty; but Winona never complained, never rebelled. The greater griefs had swallowed up the less. As yet they had seen no real fighting in their quiet retreat; but there soon came sorrowful times for the little Palmetto State. The great army crossed the swelling yellow tide of the Savannah, and South Carolina expiated her sin.

"Chile, chile, dey is come!" cried Hizzie, bursting into Winona's room one afternoon, her withered black face gray with fear. Cavalrymen were sweeping through the village, but Winona never looked out. Nelson was sick. For hours he had been lying in a semi-stupor, each labored breath being like a blow on the mother's heart. What were war or the issues of war to her now?

The house was some distance back from the road, and broad grounds separated it from the neighboring residences. Hizzie

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piled up pillows and cushions against the windows and doors so that the noise in the road outside would not disturb the tiny sufferer. There was a *melée* going on a little way down the road, caused by an ill-advised attack by the fiery people of the village; but Winona still knelt by the low bed and prayed as she had never prayed before for help to the God of the fatherless. All night she knelt watching the flickering breath. She felt dimly grateful for being left unmolested by the crowd whose tramping feet she could hear going past the house until long after midnight; but as the small hours came on she felt horribly alone with sorrow and memory and overshadowing death. Every now and then she could hear on the gallery outside her window the tap, tap, tap of her faithful collie's tail as he switched it against her window, and the soft thud of his step as he moved about. How welcome in her sorrowful vigil was the brute's dumb constancy!

When morning broke there was a change. She made no outcry, she shed no tears, but rose from her knees stiff and cold, chilled to the very soul with speechless woe. She threw open the long window and found herself looking into a soldier's face. It was not Hector, then, that she had heard, but this man's sword tapping against the rail!

"You had better give up what you've hidden here," he said roughly; "there's a guard at every house of this accursed town."

She stepped aside. "Come in," she said quietly.

With his bayonet ready at defence, he crossed the sill. Instantly he uncovered and silently withdrew. Yet no armed man had met him, no resisting foe had compelled his retreat—only a still, baby form lying on the bed, clothed in the majesty of death.

All that day the sun shone down on the streets full of blue-coats, thousands upon thousands of them. One wing of the great army was marching through. There was still hot anger against the little town for its show of resistance, and the guards had orders to shoot any man or boy who showed himself outside his doorway.

Late in the evening, in the long, silvery twilight, Winona said to Hizzie:

"We must bury Nelson—you and I together, Hizzie." There was no one to help them; the neighbors, without an exception, had suffered some loss the previous day. The old woman followed her without a word. Had she been bidden to go alone even as far as the gate she would have cowered at her "chile's" feet in abject terror, but she would follow to the world's end. The family burial-place was on the grounds, as

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was the custom, and in silence the two women hollowed out a grave as best they could. The guard near by watched them for some moments, and terrified them by calling to another soldier.

Hizzie trembled as if in ague. "Do not fear," said Winona; "we are only two women and a dead child."

"What are you two doing there?" said the second soldier.

"Digging a grave for my son," said Winona, in slow, measured voice. No more was said and the women went on with their work. They lined the shallow hole with roses and a fine linen sheet, and, holding the corners of the blanket, lowered the little body into it. Then, opening her prayer-book, Winona read aloud the prayers for the dead. Hizzie wailed and cried aloud, rocking her body to and fro; but the mother did not weep. She worked with feverish haste, and saw with tearless eyes the last shrouded outline disappear under the stifling, heavy clods. When it was all over she turned to go, and for the first time raised her eyes. There at the fence-corner stood a row of Federal soldiers, silent, attentive, with bared heads, the utmost respect and sympathy in their faces. As the two lonely women moved slowly up the slope to the house a volley rang out over the tiny, freshly made grave, and the Federal soldier's son had received a soldier's last honors.

During all the next day, too, the blue-coats were marching by; there seemed to be no end to the glistening muskets. Winona watched them passively. She felt as though she could never suffer anything again, as though she had come to the limit of human endurance. Yet there were moments when she actually smiled at the grotesque things she saw in this strange procession.

Cock-fighting, a straggler had told Hizzie, had become one of the pastimes of the "flying column." Many fine birds were brought in by the foragers. "Those with no fight in 'em we put in the stewpan," but those of valor were now holding an honored name and place on the front seat of an artillery caisson, or were carried tenderly under a soldier's arm. After the army came the army followers, like horrid carrion birds who flew behind the conquerors and devoured what was left. The fine old Nelson place did not escape; every nook and corner, every chest and drawer, was ransacked; even the old family portraits on the wall were cut into ribbons. A soldier coming in from the smoke-house with his hands dripping with brine deliberately wiped them on Winona's wedding vail, which had been taken from its box by a former intruder. The boy was young, he meant no harm; but how it hurt!

The next night Winona, little Win, and old Hizzie went

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away, for their home was in ashes. It is one thing to say "the fortunes of war," and another thing to experience them.

They struggled on and on in a rude ox-cart, driven by Marm, Hizzie's nephew, who was following in the wake of the advancing army when he was caught and his conveyance pressed into her mistress's service by his old auntie, who was loyal to the very core of her honest heart. On, on they went, jolting over the rough corduroy roads, till they reached the mountains, those friendly hills that stood in silence, calm, majestic, and imperturbable, amid the wreckage of human hearts and homes.

Here they found a refuge with Lon Loomis and his wife, who lived on a strange level where the great mountain peaks are crowded close together near the end of their chain. There was but one entrance to his upland home, a narrow gorge opening to the west. Loomis had found this shelf, and seeing it grassy and good for grain, had built his house there. Even to this remote spot the echoes of war had found their way. Lon was a neutral. He was neither a Southerner nor a Northerner, he said, but a mountaineer; like the little Sunday-school boy who was neither a Gentile nor a Jew, but a Presbyterian.

It was to this haven of peace that Winona and her child came, after battling with the waves of fate. At first she was supine, crushed by the weight of her griefs and loneliness; but soon the magic influence of high regions effected a gradual cure of this tried soul, and she lifted her head again. She and little Win used to take long walks back into Hickory Gap, the wild loneliness of the place being their sole protection. One evening, when they had lingered late, they heard the unusual sound of hoofs coming up the Gap; they had never heard anything there before but the sound of birds and the rush of running water.

"Sit close," whispered Winona; "put your head in mother's lap. The trees will hide us." The frightened child obeyed. Winona's heart beat high with fear. There were no farms in that direction, and no one rode through wild, dark Hickory Gap for pleasure. Presently they saw a man ride by on horseback supporting another, wounded and bleeding. The horse galloped by, the pale face hung in their sight for a moment, then out again. The sound of the hoofs grew fainter and fainter, the blue-coats became but a blurred vision, and then the familiar sound of the rushing river filled up the silence again. In that brief glance Winona had recognized her husband. She wanted to rush out, to claim the wounded man as

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"'THERE'S THE NORTH ROAD,' HE CRIED, POINTING TO THE LEFT" (p. 202).

her own Barry, but something restrained her—fear, pride, she knew not what; but before she could act on impulse or reflection she was alone with the child, who was sobbing with fright.

That night the war reached even these upper levels; it had come even to neutral Lon Loomis on his shelving ledge. It was only the edge of the storm, but to Lon it was the judgment day.

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"Turn out, old man, and give us some horse-feed," called an imperative voice, while impatient hands knocked at doors and windows. "Ah! you are there, are you? Whom are you for?"

Lon raised his candle on high. Its sickly little gleam flashed uncertainly in the high wind. "Come out. We've got to levy on your live-stock here. Whom are you for?"

"I'm for neither; I'm neutral," said Lon doggedly.

"Oh! that's the story, is it? I've heard that tale before," said the officer. His worn gray uniform hung in folds on his gaunt frame. "Neutral! Why don't you tell the truth and come plank out with Union? You'd have a better chance with us, I reckon, old chap. Neutral, indeed! I'd be on one side or the other, and not on the fence, if I were you. Go ahead, boys; find the pitch-pine and light up; give you half an hour for your job."

They did go ahead. Winona and Hizzie, from an upper window, saw the lights flashing in the rain, while the men went to and fro, driving out the animals, collecting and loading them up with all the forage they could gather. Black Bess, the one saddle-horse Lon possessed, was a tricky little mare, and used often to lift the latch of the stable door and meander about at her own sweet will. This little way of hers saved her to-night, and she was the only thing on four legs left on the place; everything else was far down the Gap and away when daylight broke. Hizzie lifted up her voice and wailed, but Lon was furiously angry.

"I've paid dollar for dollar, and done no harm to any man, and now I've been robbed—openly robbed; and by men in uniform, too! I'll have the law on 'em, you'll see!"

He saddled Black Bess and rode off to the village, only to find it half in ashes, the people sullen, with but little sympathy to bestow on a trouble not as bad as their own.

"Were your two sons killed in battle?" demanded an old man sternly. "If not, hold your peace."

Lon rode angrily back up the mountain, nor would he speak a word for two days. Then he began to draw up a statement of grievances to be sent he did not know exactly where; but to bend doggedly over his unaccustomed work, following the shape of each letter with his tongue, relieved his overcharged feelings somewhat. His wife, however, wept openly whenever she looked at the empty pens and stalls, and the great door of the barn sagging on its broken hinges.

"The critters had no politics, anyway," she sobbed.

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Before the week was out they heard horses again coming up the Gap. "There's nothing left to take now but ourselves," said Lon grimly. But the visitors were bent on addition this time, not subtraction. With them was a wounded man, a youth, who sat his horse with difficulty, one empty sleeve pinned to his breast.

"I would like to leave this young man here for awhile," said the officer in charge; "he is badly but not dangerously hurt, and only needs care and attention. May I ask, sir, how this happened?" he added, glancing at the desolation around him.

"You may," said Lon.

"How, then?"

"Raskills!"

"Are you Federal or Confederate?"

"Neither," said Lon, now with a sort of fierce pride in his position; "I'm neutral."

"I believe he would maintain that at the stake," thought Winona anxiously.

"Bah!" said the stranger, "I have no use for neutrals. Here, ride on!" But the wounded soldier settled the question by swaying in the saddle, and would have fallen fainting to the ground had not the elder man jumped from his horse and supported him in his arms. He was carried into the house, and, as Colonel Halliday laid him down on the worn old lounge, he looked up into Winona's white face and said:

"You have no politics, thank God! This is what the war means for women. You will care for him awhile?"

"He is my cousin," she said, and stooped to kiss Winthrop's white forehead. The colonel went away satisfied that his charge was in good hands, and once more the Gap settled down to peace and silence.

As strength came slowly back to Winthrop he and Winona would sit for hours at the edge of the gorge while he made real to her all the horrors of battle. With little tact and less kindness he pointed every tale with a personal application. He could not revile the North enough, and with subtle cruelty made Barry the scapegoat of all his country's sins. But he overshot the mark. Notwithstanding all her own bitter experiences, heedless of her cousin's list of grievances, disregarding the recent sad scenes she had witnessed up here in the mountain fastness, she forgot that she was a Southerner; she remembered only that she was a wife and mother. Her heart yearned for the one who had given her the purest, sweetest happiness of her

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life, and who even now, perhaps, needed a woman's tender care. She told no one of the fleeting glimpse she had had of him, and to that memory she added these deep, holy thoughts and locked them in her heart; and was so still, so sad and unresponsive to Winthrop's vehemence, that he added another to the long list of ills the North was accountable for. He soon ceased to talk quite so freely to her. One can never quite trust another whose heart has strayed beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

One morning she saw he was putting his arms in order with great care. He was in great spirits, and sang and whistled as he worked. Twenty times that day did he go to the foot of Sentinel Rock, as if expecting some one. After each fruitless return he chafed and fumed, and finally, toward dusk, started to walk down the Gap toward the turnpike with a determined air, as if he could endure the suspense no longer.

That night, as Lon and the women sat at supper, a face appeared at the open door.

"Lieutenant Nelson is here, I believe? What! not in? How provoking! and I haven't a moment to wait. Just tell him, will you, that the Feds will be at Upton some time to-night or at dawn, and our boys, coming across from the west, are going to pounce upon them and bag them all. General Browne is with them, wounded, I believe. They are tired and fagged out and we shall have an easy catch. They are coming by way of the north road and will probably camp on Upton Hill. Nelson will understand; just tell him, please."

A flourish of his cap and he was off again; only a foolish, hot-headed boy like Winthrop himself. An older campaigner would not have called through an open door like that, and would infallibly have waited for supper. But hot-headed Southern boys did not wait for supper.

The party at the table sat silently gazing into each other's faces until the echoing hoof-beats had died away. Then Lon sprang to his feet and hurried out into the yard. Winona followed him. He caught her arm in his excitement.

"There's the north road," he cried, pointing to the left. "If I'd been the fool you women would have me, I'd be in that scrimmage to-night"; and Winona could not tell whether it was relief or regret that made his tone strident with feeling. As for her, a wave of complex emotion surged through her soul and shook her as if with a chill. Upton was only twelve miles away; tired Federal soldiers were marching toward it; and Black Bess was in the stable!

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As the long, dusky twilight was deepening into darkness she stole out, a dark dress on, a black straw hat tied down on her head with a cord. With trembling hands she saddled Bess. Jim, Winthrop's horse, a strong, vicious beast, eyed her knowingly while she labored with the straps, as if to say, "Oho, young woman! is *that* your game?"

She led Bess out, across the grassy slope, through the silent, starlit fields, and down the Gap. At the foot of Sentinel Rock she mounted and rode away. The valley lay bathed in silver mist before her, the rugged peaks around were softened into velvet in the still air. She knew the road, Bess was swift and sure, yet her cold hands trembled on the bridle. She saw a hundred dread forms behind the trees, and unfriendly faces seemed peeping from every fence-corner. She was terribly afraid; but with courage born of the highest fortitude, that conquers fear, she was flying on in spite of her fears. She wondered how long it would be before Winthrop's return; she reckoned he would cross the river first and join his company, who were to "pounce" on Upton. She thought of Winnie, and a sob caught in her throat; she thought of the little grave in the orchard, and her labored breath spurred Bess on to new effort.

Hark! the sound of hoofs on the road behind her. She gave one frightened backward glance. Jim, the vicious, the terrible, with his head stretched forward and his ears laid back, was dashing madly after her. Winthrop's voice was urging him on, coaxing, persuading him to outdo himself. Winona forgot her fears. She put the whip to Bess and thought with anguish of Jim's wonderful strength, which in the end would tell against all the fleetness of Bess.

"Never more friends nor cousins!" thought Winona fiercely, clinching her hands and shutting her teeth hard.

They were down the mountain at last. The two horses had fallen to a regular gallop—Bess still in front, but the black brute behind gaining by the inch. Winona hastily scanned her chances. Jim was strong, but Jim was also wicked. If he should show his temper now!

He did.

When they came to the little river which they must ford Jim decided to rest awhile with his legs in the water, and take a long, slow drink. There he stood, switching his tail from side to side, while Bess, thirsty too but docile, clambered up on the other side, got well in the lead again, and kept it.

"Now, Bess! now, Bess!" sobbed Winona.

The plucky little mare did her utmost. She flew down the

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valley like a bird. Winona's heart beat fast. She had won! Dear old Jim! Dear, obstinate, delightful, wicked old Jim!

Winona calculated. Had the Federals reached Upton?

"IT WAS WINONA'S ARMS THAT CLASPED HIM CLOSE" (p. 205).

Should she gallop straight to the hill, or out the north road to meet them? Winthrop would, of course, turn to the left. Winona hesitated a second. No sound of following hoofs, She turned and looked where a level space between two ridges gave her a view of the town. Camp-fires glowed on the hill beyond!

The tired Federals, resting on the hill till dawn, their wounded general under shelter, waiting for a taste of the coffee

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over the fire, suddenly saw a vision gallop into camp. A white-faced little woman on a jaded, foam-flecked mare, who cried:

"To arms! They are coming! They are coming!"

But they had already come. The Federals found themselves surrounded, and the bravest of them could only surrender.

Two days afterwards there was an exchange of prisoners, and Winona was sent back to Hickory Gap under the escort of a special guard, but without Black Bess. That fleet-footed mare had run her last race, and had been shot an hour after reaching the camp.

They saw no more fighting in the mountains. Grant's line, like a huge lariat, was drawing closer and closer around the doomed capital, and the poor, tried South laid down her arms.

Winona took advantage of Lon's moving away from his "neutral" ground, and she, with Winnie and Marm Hizzie, travelled with them toward Washington. What a scene of desolation they passed through! Wrecked engines, bent and twisted iron rails, blackened ruins, and lonesome chimneys bore silent, pathetic witness to the terrible ravages of war. As they came nearer and nearer to the river-levels, and at last entered the strip of pine woods that lay between her and her own once happy home, Winona thought her heart would burst. The straight trunks of the pines shot up to a great height, their branches spreading out into a green roof that made a perpetual shade. Here was peace; what lay beyond? Winona scarce dared to look, but by a happy miracle her house was not destroyed. The rooms were empty and deserted, bereft of everything that could be removed or burnt. With the child's hand in hers, Winona wandered for hours through the grounds, the orchard, the empty rooms.

Suddenly she heard a footstep overhead. It could not be! Who was this stranger looking at her with great longing eyes? Some holy instinct made the child pierce through the change four years had made—the beard, the stain and dust of travel, the benumbing touch of two years' imprisonment—and she cried:

"My father!"

But it was Winona's arms that clasped him close, Winona's soft brown head that lay on his shoulder, Winona's wet cheek that was pressed to his. Little Win could only look on in wistful surprise at her mother's unusual exhibition of emotion, while she clung to the big, brown hand that held hers so close.

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ECHTERNACH AND THE DANCING PILGRIMS.

BY REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

WHO has not heard of that curious remnant of mediæval pageantry, the stately and graceful dance of choir-boys in the cathedral of Seville? And thought runs back to the king of Israel, clad in a linen ephod, dancing before the ark in the sight of all his people. Dancing is only a form of gesture, and may, as in these two instances, be indicative of the highest reverence and worship. One may run up and down the whole gamut of human sentiment, and find in saltatory exercise the expression of its various moods. The war-dance of the American Indians, the seductive steps of the Nautch girl, and the boisterous, unrestrained license of the *cancan* are other examples of the various meanings attached to dancing. The mystic whirling of the dervishes, the leaps of the Jumpers, are all expressions of the religious aspect of the power of motion, rhythmical and poetic. Another point of view is afforded by the striking performances of the Dancing Pilgrims of Echternach in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which takes place every Whit-Tuesday, and which the present writer saw two years ago.

It was quite by accident I heard about it, so little is it known by outsiders. I was then living in Belgium; and proposed to a friend of mine, a good Jesuit missionary then at home on sick-leave, to go and see for ourselves what promised to be a very curious sight. We got together most of the literature we could on the subject, and found that the dancers are pilgrims to the shrine of the Saxon saint, Willibrord, who left England in 690 to preach the Gospel in Friesland. His relics lie under the high altar of the parish church of Echternach, and it is in a penitential spirit that the pilgrims dance their way to his shrine.

Passing over the details of an agreeable journey, we found ourselves at ten o'clock on the Whit-Monday of 1895 at the beautiful town of Luxemburg, which we left at five *en route* for the small town of Echternach. The little train crawled through most exquisite scenery, through deep valleys girt about with hills clad in all the glory of their early summer dress, or full

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of the promise of a purple autumn's wealth of grapes, for we are in the Moselle district and vineyards abound. While feasting our eyes on the landscape a disquieting thought flashed across my mind; I disclosed it to my companion: Where are we to lodge? "Oh! anywhere," gaily replied the missionary. But I gravely pointed out to him, if missionaries were accustomed to sleep in the open air, I was not used to find my lodging on the cold, cold ground. I told him, moreover, that I look upon bed as one of the most blessed of all institutions, and often invoked blessings on the man who first invented it. He bore with my remarks very patiently I must confess, but that didn't calm my agitated soul.

As the train drew up at Echternach about 8 P. M., while the beauty and novelty of the scene excited me, the crowds at the station chastened my spirit for fear that beds in Echternach would be like x in algebra—an unknown quantity. We alighted, and I was at once struck with the sound of church bells ringing, and noticed the streets were gaily decorated. "Did you send word we were coming?" said I anxiously to my companion. In his usual grave, matter-of-fact tone he said no, and suggested the bells were ringing, not for us but for the bishops who travelled by the same train as we did. And so it turned out; for the venerable dean of Echternach was there with a carriage and pair, not for us, but for the Bishop of Luxemburg and his brother of Trèves, who drove off to *their* beds. Lucky men! I only wished we were as well provided. However, we made our way through the crowd and began a weary search. The same tale at every place: "full up." Uselessly did I plead in my best German that I was only a little one, and accustomed to put up with anything; the best of everything is good enough for me. We tried every sort of place, and at last, reckless of expense, went off to the best hotel, where mine host, while mingling his tears with ours, told us it would be impossible to find accommodation in any hotel or inn that night. Still he would take compassion on the travellers. We might have our meals (with a bill, of course) at his house. We went off to the Redemptorists, who gave us supper and most kindly sent out to find us rooms. And we did well; for we got the finest rooms in the whole place! The old Benedictine abbey, a seventeenth century building, has passed into the hands of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus, and they received us in a wing of the house occupied by the brother of the prioress, a charming host and full of kindness. My room, all panelled in oak and decor-

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ated with landscapes, had been the private room of my lord abbot of Echternach, and in the great cupboards, which reached right up to the ceiling, he doubtlessly kept his mitres and abbatial boots. Tired out by a long journey, I went to bed; but not to sleep. For just outside my window was a peacock who was bent upon serenading me. But the lullaby effect of the peacock's notes has yet to be discovered. The discordant squawk kept me listening to his lay while I lay sleepless. However, I had my revenge next day; for at dinner we had a roast peacock, and, out of spite, I took two servings.

Next morning after Mass we sallied forth, about 7 A. M., to view the town. With hills all round, Echternach nestles in a valley. A quaint old town with much to interest the antiquarian and artist, it is still so far advanced with the times as to be lit with electricity. Its usual inhabitants are about four thousand, but to-day nearly ten times that number are within its walls. Some came yesterday, and others have come in streaming from the neighboring towns and the villages upon the surrounding hills.

Our first visit was to the basilica of St. Willibrord, adjoining the monastery. Founded by the saint, and chosen as his own resting place, his relics were kept here from 739 till the French Revolution. The present church was begun in 1017 and finished in 1030, but has been often changed to suit the taste of ages. At first in the pure Romanesque style, it gradually evolved the Gothic form of art. It has been restored to Catholic worship, and has been magnificently decorated by the famous Belgian artist, M. Helbig. The good folk of Echternach, now that the basilica has been repaired and restored, are looking forward to the day when the relics of St. Willibrord shall be restored to the place of his choice.

From the basilica we made our way to the parish church, passing by on the way the miraculous well. The church is small, too small, and is a very poor and tasteless affair inside. The exterior is picturesque, and its position is fine, standing as it does on a little hill. It is reached by a flight of more than sixty steps. When we got inside, the first thing we noticed was a far from pleasing statue of St. Willibrord, surrounded with lights, at the entrance to the choir. The old walls of the church are discolored with age and damp; and a paltry, poverty-stricken-looking panelling of wood, painted a chocolate color, runs round the building. All is in great contrast to the splendid basilica. Under the hideous *renaissance* altar, in a wooden

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reliquary, lie the sacred remains. There is a clear passage all round the altar. Near the entrance to the sanctuary, on the epistle side, is a wooden cupboard, also painted chocolate color. In this poor and common receptacle is kept St. Willibrord's hair-shirt. There is little else of interest in the church.

It is now getting near to 8 A. M., the hour the procession starts, and we see the clergy making their way through the crowd, singing the *Veni Creator*, as they go to a place just the other side of the river Sure, which runs by the town. As soon as the procession is in motion, the two bishops, in cope and mitre, carrying their pastoral staves, come out from the dean's house and follow on. They bless the kneeling crowd as they pass by. We follow immediately after the prelates, for we want to see everything. On we go till we come to the bridge, which we find in possession of the boys of Echternach, who have the immemorial privilege of being the first of the Dancing Pilgrims. The lads from seven to twenty years of age have taken off their coats, and their bright, eager faces make a bonnie sight as they make way and kneel for their bishop's blessing. There must be nearly eight hundred of them or more. When we get to the other side of the river there we find a temporary pulpit beneath the shade of a linden-tree. The Bishop of Luxemburg preaches a short sermon to remind the pilgrims that their exercise is one of mortification and penance, and has to be done in that spirit. While the bishop is preaching we take a look around. The glorious hills form a fitting background. The sunlight dances upon the wavelets of the river; the warm wind rustles gently the leaves of the trees; the crowds of listeners; the majestic form of the bishop clad in Gothic vestments, his noble face and grand gestures marking him out as a typical bishop of the olden days, a veritable prince-bishop; the stately figure of the other bishop sitting below the pulpit listening to the sermon. Hard by the old village cross of stone, with its quaint and worn carving. The whole looked like some picture out of an illuminated missal of the middle ages. The sermon was only ten minutes, and then the ecclesiastical part of the pilgrimage made its way along the traditional route to the parish church. There was no dancing here, of course; but there was a sight and a sound which did me good. Nearly ten thousand men, walking four abreast, followed the great silver crucifix. These good fellows, of all ages and classes, were singing out the litany of St. Willibrord. They had no fear of letting their

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voices be heard, no human respect. The roar—for I can only call it that—which goes up from their stentorian throats, as they thunder out *Heilige Willibrordus bitte für uns*, is soul-stirring in the extreme. This part of the procession is so long that every here and there are men who say the invocations, and those near them make answer. So there are great waves of sound surging on one after the other, rolling on in ever-increasing volume.

Directly after the sermon, when the ecclesiastical procession has got beyond the bridge, a band comes and takes up its position at the head of the expectant dancers. Music is necessary to mark the time for the dancers. Did I say a band? Well, I ought rather to have said bands, for along the great line of dancers, twenty-five thousand in number, are scattered here and there over forty bands of music. They are of all sorts. Some very fair and mustering, perhaps, twenty or thirty performers; others are very so-so. One little corps of musicians was really quite touching to see and hear. It had evidently come down from one of the villages up in the hills. An old grandfather, bent with years, played a wheezy clarionette of a very ancient type, which often gave way to those unaccountable squeaks affected by this instrument in untrained hands; his little grandson, a boy of seven or eight, scraped away manfully upon an old fiddle, while two stalwart men walked on either side, evidently his sons, one making fearful music out of a cornet, while the other breathed his soul into a flute. The squeak of the clarionette, the bray of the cornet, and the gentle tootings of the flute made odd music with the scrapings of the tiny fiddler. But all the bands played the same tune—an admirable one for the purpose and one with an ear-haunting melody. It is an old traditional tune bearing the name of "Adam had Seven Sons." One of the musicians gave me a copy of his cornet part for the dance, which I here transcribe and present upon the opposite page. It is a species of march-dance.

But now come the dancers. The boys come first, and jump up and down to the music. This perpetual jump they keep up all along the route, which, please to remember, is not far from two miles in length. After them come the other dancing pilgrims, who have a step of their own. How shall I describe it? We must confine our attention to one section of the pilgrims, who, headed by their own band, may serve as a sample of the rest. Well, fancy some eight hundred men and women of all

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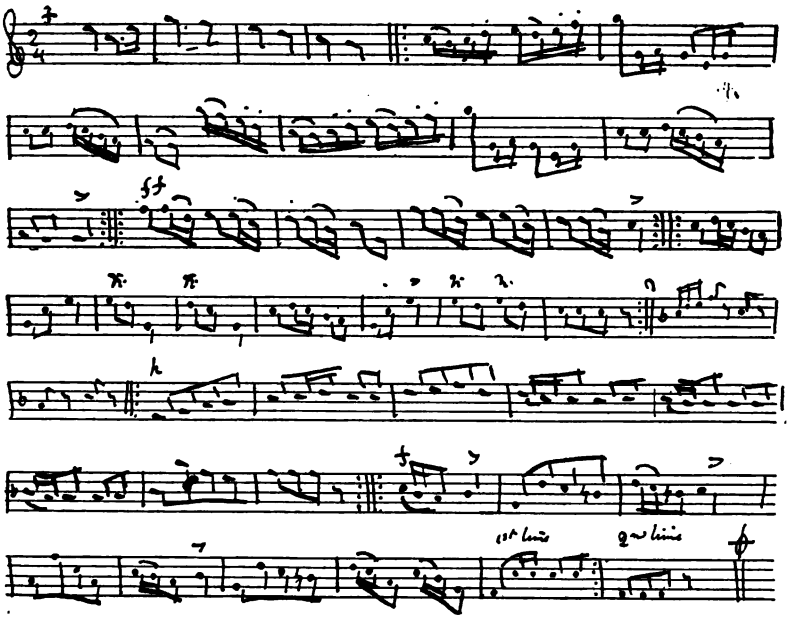
ages, the old bent with age and gray-haired; the young full of life and vigor; the sick supported by their friends—all dancing in time to the music, three steps forward and two steps backward; or sometimes *five* steps forward and *three* backward. They are all silent, and dance gravely with their hands by their sides, four or five in row. All is recollection, and seriousness is

marked upon every face. No roughness, no horse-play. There is nothing the most captious could lay hold of as savoring of disedification. The whole thing is evidently done in a deeply religious spirit. Forward and backward they go, like the flow and ebb of the sea. There is no appearance of superstition or fanaticism, but the whole scene is full of faith. There is a calmness about the whole proceeding very foreign to one's preconceived ideas; and far from there being anything to laugh at or to excite ridicule, the lookers-on can hardly refrain from tears, so touching and so edifying is the spectacle of the Dancing Pilgrims. On they go dancing under the broiling sun, with the perspiration streaming down their faces. The numbers are so great that, with the prescribed movement, it would be impossible to make any progress. Sometimes the musicians have to pause to take breath; the section walks on for a minute or two. Then the band takes fresh courage and wind, and strikes the merry tune once more, and the penitents begin their weary steps. I cannot conceive a more effectual cure for an excessive

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fondness for modern dances than to send young persons to Echternach to take part in the pilgrimage.

On they go through the streets, over the rough-cobbled roads, for nearly two miles, till they come to the flight of steps leading to the church. Up these steps, sixty-four in number, they dance forward and back, ever with the same motion. Right up to the church door do they dance. Into the church, up the gospel aisle, through the sanctuary the dancers go. Round the high altar, down the choir, down the epistle aisle, out through a door into a church-yard, still dancing do they go, and three times round the church-yard cross finishes their share of the pilgrimage.

The scene in the church when the pilgrimage is at its height, about noon, is something indescribable. The nave is packed with people kneeling and praying aloud. The bands are playing their loudest, perhaps two or three regardless of each other. The north aisle is one thick mass of bobbing humanity getting nearer and nearer to the high altar. In the sanctuary they go in single file, still dancing of course; and as they get nearer the altar they give their rosaries and other pious objects to some priests who are busily employed in laying them on the sacred relics. As they dance round at the back of the altar they can see the tomb of the saint they venerate. I was standing for some time in the sanctuary watching the curious sight, and was much struck with the pale, exhausted faces, which, though worn and streaming with perspiration, were lit up with a most peaceful, happy light. There is one stream of dancers passing through the church till after one o'clock, when the clergy return to sing the *Te Deum* and close the pilgrimage with benediction. Fancy, for over five hours this dancing goes on! About midday I asked the official counter how many had passed; he said already some 22,000 dancers and 240 musicians. This was more than an hour before the pilgrimage closed.

The origin of this dancing pilgrimage is disputed. Some attribute it to the penitential processions instituted when the Black Death was ravaging Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century; others connect it with the processions of the Flagellants, or to an outbreak of the St. Vitus's dance. But these are all surmises warranted by no facts and are really untrustworthy. For the dancing pilgrimage of Echternach dates from a much earlier period. It most likely dates from the very days of St. Willibrord himself. St. Aldhelm, abbot of Malmesbury and bishop of Shireburne, so history tells us, was so loved

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by his people that whenever he returned from his missionary expeditions he was met by the whole populace dancing a rhythmical measure for joy of seeing once more their pastor. St. Aldhelm died in 709. St. Willibrord and his first companions had been months at Ripon under St. Wilfrid, the friend of the abbot of Malmesbury. They never have, most probably, known of this custom, and as the saint was greatly beloved at Echternach, a similar tradition may have been introduced there on the occasions of his returns from missionary labors. Once introduced, the custom would naturally be continued after the saint's death as a cherished way of approaching his presence.

Whatever may have been its origin, it remains an edifying relic of the days of faith. It still survives in spite of the scoffs of unbelievers who have never seen it. I cannot imagine any one, no matter what he professes in the way of religion, witnessing the dancing pilgrimage of Echternach without being profoundly touched and moved to contrition. Many have come to scoff, and, like the centurion, have returned striking their breasts.

Two things struck me besides the general aspect of the pilgrimage. One was the entire absence of clerical organization. The pilgrims danced by themselves, and so earnest were they that no help was needed for preserving decorum. The other was the paucity of mere sight-seers. The British tourist made his absence delightfully felt. Every one in Echternach, with the exception of the clergy, came to dance, and dance they did for five mortal hours.

Should any of my readers feel inclined to visit Echternach for Whit-Tuesday, they can combine with it a delightful tour in the Belgian Ardennes and the beautiful country of Luxemburg. Living is cheap, and as far as Belgium is concerned, a first-class ticket, costing ten dollars, can be got at any railway station which enables one to travel all over Belgium, as many times as you like, for a whole fortnight. Some of the towns in Luxemburg, such as Diechirch, are well worth halting at, and the walks, fishing, and roads for cyclists are everything to be wished. If any are led to go through reading this, do not forget the writer before St. Willibrord's shrine.

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THE CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY.*

THE existing relation of the church to society is the most important problem which has yet confronted man as an individual and as a member of a political community. In a manner somewhat analogous to the operation of the Christian sentiment in forming the European commonwealth of Christian nations is the influence of the modern spirit of inquiry and attack in binding social forces in all civilized countries in a community of opinion at the least unfavorable to existing institutions. Though the peoples of France and Germany are antagonistic to each other in all that constitutes a nation's life, they are one in questioning the foundation of society and the source from which the laws derive their authority. What has been said of these peoples can, to a greater or less extent, be stated of most of the European nations. We only state a fact, we are not offering an explanation; but it would be of the greatest interest and value if some one were to rise and tell us why it is that the masses of the people everywhere, no matter under what form of government they live, are dissatisfied, and that this dissatisfaction is not merely a concern of ways and means, but is in addition a craving, a call, a demand for a higher and an ampler life.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

We are living in the midst of mutations more impetuous and rapid than the changes which startled Europe a century ago, though the forces working now are silent as the powers of nature that we hear not. Old gods of popular worship are lifeless idols. The sentiment of loyalty which sent men to the field, the prison, and the scaffold is regarded as the feeling of a living fossil or the tyrannical opinion of a hater of liberty. Law is regarded as an instrument of power, legislation as an organized hypocrisy, and religion, where it is not the crime of priestcraft, is only an occupation for women in their leisure hours. Modern society is based on contract, and the contract may be dissolved by the parties, tells the story in a word.

* *The Church and Modern Society.* Lectures and Addresses by John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

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This, again, is the statement of a fact. There is not a single work on social questions in our age that does not assert or assume this view as the foundation of the state. It stands behind the political inferences of every Whig, every Radical, every revolutionist in England. Mr. Locke lays it down in his essay on government. It is at once the vindication of the Revolution of 1688, and the undeveloped body of anticipated progress, penal laws on account of opinion, accumulation of estates in a few hands, white slavery, black slavery, protection, smuggling, hangings for larceny, legal murders for breaches of the game laws. French political philosophy is full of it, and it accounts for every assassination, with or without the forms of law, from the murder of the Marquis de Favras in 1791 to the murder of the Hostages in 1870; for the expulsion of the religious orders from France by the ingrates who would have no France to-day but for the Catholics who saved her in her deepest peril; it accounts for the degradation of the Church by her Eldest Daughter, the Regan of the nations. We see the Socialism of Germany marching under that opinion to the overthrow of the empire, and it was by its light the bandits of Italy rushed to rapine and national bankruptcy, through the Porta Pia, when they consummated the crime which a public lie in the shape of an euphemism called United Italy.

THE CIVIL POWER FROM GOD.

It is necessary that those phenomena, so alarming, should be seriously thought of; very little if anything at all in this direction has been done by Catholics; we therefore welcome the volume before us. It cannot be too clearly and too strongly insisted upon that all power comes from God, that the authority of the state is divine as well as the authority of the church; they cannot be independent authorities in the sense of totally separated ones, for conscience is a sanction in both; nor can the freedom of the church anywhere be made subservient to that of the state. And when we say the power of the state is from God, we mean government, and not polity; government, and not an empire, or a kingdom of legitimacy, or a limited monarchy, or an oligarchy, or a democracy, but the state itself. The state—that is, the national government, whatever be its form—is the vicegerent of God over man's natural life, and with regard to his natural end; the church is the vicegerent over his supernatural life, and towards his supernatural end. To point out an aspect of this truth is the object of Archbishop Ireland,

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and although criticism may be and will be ventured upon this volume, it cannot be denied that the distinguished author aims at a high purpose, and that popularity, in the ordinary sense at least, is not that purpose. The prelate who dares to lead men upon the doubtful ground jointly occupied by church and state, is followed only by the more adventurous spirits among Catholics, the rest looking on with bated breath, some with even suspicion and worse than suspicion. Let well enough alone, say the timid—keep the peace at all hazards.

THE MODERN STATE'S VIEW OF RELIGION.

Outside the church, the rights of religion in reference to the state are not known as organic rights. The non-Catholic mind views the state as an organism and the church as a number of citizens, whose religious ends are helped by corporate union in no other and higher way than are their business interests. Here is a prelate who speaks for both the Catholic citizen and the Catholic Church, not in platitudes, but in propositions of living, powerful earnestness. He commands as a Catholic bishop among his priests and people in the diocese of St. Paul, but he exerts the spell of the orator upon all this nation. He is one of its foremost citizens, and he has the gifts and acquirements of a leader of men. These discourses are his contribution to the discussion of the relations of religion to the civil and political spirit of the world of to-day, especially in the United States. They will be studied with much earnestness, and, we think, with much profit by all thoughtful Americans.

The Archbishop's topics in the opening lectures are the relation of the church to American liberty, to the spirit of modern progress, and to contemporary state education. If in these discourses he is soundly Catholic, then he has given us a gloss on the Syllabus of real value—a distillation of the principles of Pius IX. boiled in the Leonine solution. In plain words, Archbishop Ireland has here presented the church's adjustment of Papal warnings to the better realities of modern society.

IRELAND ECHOES LEO.

This fact is all the more interesting because the archbishop is an exponent, a chosen and favored exponent, of the Holy See's attitude towards free political institutions. This can be shown from many utterances of Cardinal Satolli while speaking Pope Leo's mind as Apostolic Delegate, as well as by the Holy

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Father's request to Archbishop Ireland to address the Catholics of France on the position they should assume toward the French republic.

The reader will find that Archbishop Ireland is not the advocate of one or other side in the social conflict, but that he is the spokesman of the whole body of the people. Like Leo XIII., he holds the balance between the conflicting interests of classes, and appeals to the justice and charity which find an echo in every heart; such is the spirit especially of his introductory remarks. The rights of property and of authority are emphatically recognized, though the main drift of the lectures is the recognition and approval of the aspirations of modern peoples towards civil liberty.

In modern progress the Church of Christ should know how to guide the forward movement as well as to prevent reckless imprudence. The principles of religion are not merely restrictive of error, but are mainly expository of the truth. In Europe it has been too often the church's sad alternative either to be silent about man's liberty or be obliged to ally herself with the delirium of anarchy. But in America the standing order of society is rational liberty, liberty which is a well-ordered development of man's God-given rights. Hence Rome has often given unstinted praise to American institutions, and has affixed her broad seal of approbation to the sentiment of the Third Plenary Council, that American liberty and Catholic dogma are in accord. Allowing for the legitimate use of rhetorical adornment and amplification, Archbishop Ireland's lectures are no more than wholly consonant with these Roman utterances.

THE SILENT POLICY NOT ALWAYS THE BEST.

In matters of patriotic interest, what a timid mind would name a policy of prudent reserve on the part of the church's representatives, the general public would condemn as silent disapproval of them, or at least as an attitude of indifference towards the nation's interests. Any great institution in America whose officials "mind their own business" to the extent of keeping out of sight and hearing on occasions of national interest is condemned as derelict of duty; it is sure to be hurt by accusations of incivism. It is, therefore, not only lawful but becoming, nay, it is obligatory, that prelates conscious of the requisite gifts should seize proper occasions for discourses like the ones printed in this volume.

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It is in this connection that such words as the following are very appropriate: "The Catholic Church, I am sure, has no fear of democracy, this flowering of her own most sacred principles of the equality, fraternity, and liberty of all men, in Christ and through Christ. These principles are found upon every page of the Gospel. From the moment they were first confided to the church they have been ceaselessly leavening minds and hearts towards the full recognition of the rights and the dignity of man, towards the elevation of the multitude, and the enjoyment of freedom from unnecessary restrictions and of social happiness mingled with as few sorrows as earth's planet permits."

THE CHURCH'S BEST INFLUENCE ON THE CIVIL SIDE.

Such sentiments, and other instruction, directly in the interests of public order, are all the more needed, because the Catholic people are made up in some part of comparatively recent immigration. It is, therefore, the church's duty to at least not retard the national assimilation of her foreign-born members. Every thoughtful citizen perceives this, and looks for the church's active measures in that direction. Unassimilated populations in a country are like undigested food in the human stomach, painful and weakening to the body politic. They are composed of immigrants who will not learn the national language; who will classify themselves only according to racial divisions; who become naturalized mainly for racial ends; who are here for temporary purposes and hope to return to the old world; who pride themselves more on their foreign traits than on their American adoption; who are not off with the old love nor on with the new. All these are a grievous pain to the American nation, and they are an element of weakness, whether they are ignorant and stupid, or have the clever ways of educated men to help them weaken our political unity. Now, since multitudes of the immigrants are Catholics, it is the opportunity of the church to smooth and hasten the process of Americanizing—to favor the national language in church and school, other things being equal; to expound the principles of our national liberty in an attractive manner, to lessen racial antagonisms in strengthening American unity of spirit, to lead off conspicuously in praise of national institutions, to supplement the "naturalization mill" by a nationalizing process instinct with religious principle, to help our immigrants to love the country of their adoption at the same time that they retain a fond affection for that of their nativity. All this is no easy task, and there is no institution

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that can bring it about so readily as the Catholic Church. It can hardly be done without bitter opposition and unpopularity, even suspicion of secularism, against the Catholic prelate or publicist who undertakes it. But it must be done, or the church does not exert her best influence on the civil side. Archbishop Ireland has accomplished this task, as delicate as it was imperative in the full measure of a patriotic citizen's duty, and has not hesitated to bring to bear the influence given to him by his position and authority in the church.

If it were possible to place this book in the hands of all non-Catholic public men just now, so that they might read it and read it again, yes, and study some portions of it, they would easily perceive that not only can the church assist modern society in its mission of progress, but that both are necessarily associated in the divine plan of human betterment. What a gain this would be in the present juncture!

IRELAND ON EDUCATION.

There are two lectures in this volume on education, and we think that in the main they are soundly Catholic. But there are some sentences in them which go beyond our estimate of the American system of public schools. We believe that the Archbishop over-praises the American public-school system. Some of his utterances are to us the high-sounding rhetoric of an enthusiastic admirer rather than the judgment of a thoughtful publicist. Yet these are faults of over-coloring, in a picture whose general effect is that of a masterpiece. We have never read a clearer statement of the essential defects of the secular or non-sectarian school than the following:

"The state school is non-religious. There never can be positive religious teaching where the principle of non-sectarianism rules. What is the result? The school deals with immature, childish minds, upon which silent facts and examples make deepest impression. It claims nearly all the time remaining to pupils outside of rest and recreation. It treats of land and sea, but not of Heaven; it speaks of statesmen and warriors, but not of God and Christ; it tells how to obtain success in this world, but says nothing about the world beyond the grave. The pupil sees and listens, and insensibly forms the conclusion that religion is of minor importance. Religious indifference becomes his creed; his manhood will be as was his childhood in the school, estranged from God and the positive influences of religion. The brief and hurried lessons of the family fireside and the

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Sunday-school will be of slight avail. At best the time is too short for that most difficult of lessons, religion. The child is weary after the exacting drill of the school-room, and does not relish an extra task, of the necessity of which the [school] teacher, in whom he confides most trustingly, has said nothing. The great mass of children receive no fireside lessons and attend no Sunday-school, and the great mass of children in America are growing up without religion. Away with theories and dreams: let us read the facts. In tens of thousands of homes of the land the father hastens to his work at early dawn, before his children have risen from their slumbers, and at night an exhausted frame bids him seek repose, with scarcely time to kiss his little ones. The mother toils all day, that her children may eat and be clothed; it is mockery to ask her to be their teacher. What may we expect from the Sunday-school? An hour in the week to learn religion is as nothing, and during that hour the small number only will be present. The churches are open and the teachers are at hand, but the non-religious school has engrossed the attention and the energies of the child during five days of the week; he is unwilling to submit to the drudgery of a further hour's work on Sunday. Accidentally, it may be, and unintentionally, but in fact most certainly, the state school crowds out the church. The teaching of religion is not a function of the state; but the state should, for the sake of its people and for its own sake, permit and facilitate the teaching of religion by the church. This the state does not do; rather, it hinders and prevents the work of the church. The children of the masses are learning no religion. The religion of thousands who profess some form of religion is the merest veneering of mind and heart. Its doctrines are vague and chaotic notions as to what God is, and what our relations to him are. Very often it is mere sentimentality, and its teachings are the decorous rulings of natural culture and natural prudence. This is not the religion that built up our Christian civilization in the past, and that will maintain it in the future. This is not the religion that will subjugate passion and repress vice. It is not the religion that will guard the family and save society" (pp. 204–6).

It is this common Catholic sentiment, alive in the Archbishop's heart and eloquent upon his lips, that has made him in his entire career as priest and prelate and publicist a strenuous defender of parish schools. The flourishing state of Catholic education in his diocese shows this practically; and all who

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really know him and have carefully followed his sermons and speeches are quite sure that, if he sometimes overdoes his praise of the public schools, his principles of education are absolutely Catholic in the universally received meaning of the term. As a promoter of Catholic schools in his diocese he has been unwearied and successful.

As to practical attempts of adjustment and co-working of the state and church in education, no one knows better than Archbishop Ireland that the church does not compromise with the state in matters of faith, or of principle. But it is equally certain that she has always been willing to settle differences with the state by yielding some of her rights as to methods and processes. Sound policy often demands this, even when the state is dominantly Catholic. Much rather is this the case when the desired adjustment is between a Catholic minority and a non-Catholic majority, jealous and suspicious in the extreme.

THE CLAIM OF RELIGION IGNORED IN AMERICA.

We think the Archbishop quite mistaken, however, when he says that, considering all the circumstances of the country, the American state is not blameworthy for leaving out the teaching of religion from the public schools. He says "the state is doing all that the conditions of the country allow." He maintains that the state cannot to-day do otherwise than have its schools "unsectarian" (pp. 229–30). To this we cannot agree. We are persuaded that the state—that is to say, the American people—have allowed themselves to be deceived by their own prejudices against the Catholic Church, and to be misled by doctrinaires and anti-Catholic bigots. That all this is partly the misfortune of Protestant training may be very true, but it is also the glaring fault of a people sound to the core in political principle, but superficially instructed in ethical and religious principle. In dealing with the problem of education our republic is notoriously behind all the European nations, except France and Italy, whose governments are squarely anti-Catholic. That this condition is culpable—that is to say, is more or less wrongly motived, is notorious to all Catholics thoroughly acquainted with politicians, Protestant ministers, and other non-Catholic leaders. Many ministers privately admit that the Catholic principle of religious schooling is sound, and ought to prevail for all denominations; but only a few have had the courage to say this publicly, and the Protestant churches have done almost nothing practically for religious education. As to

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politicians, they are known over and over again to secretly confess the justice of the argument for religious schools, and in the same breath to avow their terror of the bigots who oppose it. In fact the religious claim has been culpably ignored and the present unreligious system maintained largely from motives of jealousy, timidity, hatred of Catholicity, selfishness—all in addition to the religious apathy which characterizes so large a portion of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. Therefore we believe that the American people are to blame for allowing themselves to be misled on this all-important question of the schooling of the people.

TEMPERANCE DISCOURSES.

We are glad to see Archbishop Ireland's best temperance lectures in this volume. They are powerful discourses, full of matured thought, and yet radiant with his native enthusiasm. As pieces of oratorical composition they are not inferior to any of his other lectures or sermons. They are mines in which all our Catholic temperance advocates have profitably delved for the reform of drunkards and the arraignment of the liquor-traffic. They have been the most fruitful temperance literature which the Temperance Publication Bureau of the Catholic Total-Abstinence Union has distributed, and they yet remain unrivalled among its publications.

It was Archbishop Ireland's open hatred of drunkenness and opposition to the saloon that first made him acceptable to the American public. Wherever he went he sought occasion to praise total abstinence, to condemn convivial drinking, to picture the horrors of drunkenness, and to assail with most powerful invective those foremost law-breakers of every community—the saloon-keepers. This made him a public benefactor. This won him favor with all good citizens. It may be the same with every priest. He can favorably introduce himself and his church to the general public if he will fully perform his duty as the guardian of public morality.

Christ and his church must have much to do with the public life of a redeemed race. And the more independent the spirit of a race, the nobler response shall it make to Christ's appeal when uttered by the clarion tones of such a prelate as John Ireland. He addresses all, both Catholics and non-Catholics, with a commanding voice, winning allegiance by his powerful personal influence, presenting the Catholic inspiration of human liberty and the Catholic guarantee of peace, order, and obedience to lawful authority.

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"UNLESS A MAN BE BORN AGAIN—"

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, Jenkins; don't say no more about it. You do talk so when you get started. I'll go right 'long an' tell him he kin hev the room, long ez you're willin' to take the risks. Ef jedgment comes o' this it won't be me it'll be to blame anyhow." And Mrs. Jenkins went in all speed, for fear the prickings of her strict, orthodox conscience might again attempt to circumvent her plans to rent her long unoccupied "spare" room.

The house was somewhat remote from the main road in the little town of Bleakville, and students from the neighboring college rarely came that way in quest of rooms. It was almost a mile, too, from the college buildings, and that would take about twenty minutes off a drowsy student's morning doze.

"My husban' says you kin hev the room for them terms."

"Yes? Thank you. I'll send my trunk up sometime before evening."

"Shall I hev it kerried up ter the attic?" Mrs. Jenkins had been inwardly making calculations as to the size of the trunk by measuring the narrow space between the door-frame and the shoulders of this tall, large-limbed fellow as he stood at the threshold. Anticipations of scratched paint, big-footed expressmen, and lumbering baggage began to unsettle her nerves.

"Just as you like. You say it's perfectly quiet here? You do not regularly take boarders, I understand. I'll be the only one?"

"Yes—well, that is—you see we don't hev no college folks here. But the operator at the station, she boards with us. She's away all day, though. Her mother likes her to be here because they ain't no men folks round" (Jenkins didn't count). "She's 'way from the Cape, you know, an' ain't got no one here ter take care o' her but me. We keep the house het up good an' warm in winter, an' it's awful nice an' quiet here with only me an' Jenkins."

"H'm! And this prude operator psalm-singing every even-

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ing in high soprano, probably," he added to himself. "Well, all right," he said, turning shortly on his heel and passing out through the low porch and down the moss-grown path with, however, a slight look of disappointment on his face. He had espied this small cottage that morning in the distance as the train slowed up within about a mile from the station, and had surmised the unlikelihood of its being filled with boarders on account of its situation.

Yet this calm-faced young man was neither a pessimist nor a dreamy-eyed theosophist fleeing from the haunts of men. It was simply that an unaccountable longing had suddenly beset him in the midst of a gay, busy life to go away alone for awhile and take time to think to his heart's content.

He sauntered along as far as the main road, turned in the direction of the college, then suddenly faced around again with a little, impatient jerk, saying half aloud: "Might as well ship that baggage up from the station now, and send Marie word at the same time that I've arrived."

He wrote the message in his deliberate way: "To Miss Marie Courtnay, Convent of St. ——, Washington, D. C. Brother's all right, dear. First-rate quarters. Hal—" conscious that the operator was standing there waiting to receive it—and watching him, too, he thought with the natural conceit in his physical development that a youth who has "trained" for college sports is addicted to.

The tall, quiet-looking girl on the other side of the office window was not watching him, however. Her drooping gaze had not been raised once from the little square of yellow paper to the writer thereon; and when he slid it under the opening she turned away with an imperturbable face, and began to tick off the message without so much as a parting glance at him.

Mr. Courtnay was not flattered, and almost every one flattered Courtnay, at least with a second look. "It was on Marie's account anyhow that I came to send the message," he boyishly argued to himself, though he knew his devoted little sister usually had to wait for a letter, not a telegram, informing her of his whereabouts.

One would easily say that a life full of a purpose and restricted by time and circumstances in carrying it out was not discernible in the appearance of this young man. Though he had come many hundreds of miles to pursue a special course in his favorite science at one of the Eastern colleges, it was because it *was* a favorite with him, and in thus devoting himself

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to it he was merely following out one of his unaccountable inclinations.

Courtnay, it is needless to say, had been endowed with the wherewithal to indulge his inclinations; and his responsibilities were all centred in the taking care of himself, for Marie, the only other living member of his family, was still sheltered, and probably would always be, in the convent home where she had been almost from her cradle.

There was nothing then at first that seemed to threaten the equanimity of his life in the coming to Bleakville; yet a shade of irritation again became visible in his manner that evening after supper. During the afternoon, after some benevolent reasoning, he had resigned himself to the prospect of having the studious solitude he had been anticipating marred by the presence of this other boarder. "What a lonely life hers must be," he thought—"alone all day in that stuffy little office." He made up his mind that he would, at least, try to be companionable; and when Mrs. Jenkins introduced him across the tea-table he looked up at her with his bright, ready smile, and met, only for an instant though, a pair of shy gray eyes, full of a rare sweetness of expression, but in which were reflected neither the smile nor any recognition of her visitor of the afternoon. Surely it was uncomplimentary enough. Yet Courtnay had long since convinced himself that a surfeit of such compliments as he had expected on making this new acquaintance had destroyed his appetite for them.

In a few days he discovered another reason besides the curtailment of a morning doze for the long vacancy of the "spare" room. His scrupulous landlady possessed in an eminent degree the cardinal virtue of the New Hampshire housewife, cleanliness; but also her cardinal fault, a meagre table. However, the former quality outweighed the latter with him, as there was a streak of asceticism in his nature, besides the habits acquired by those periods of training. "A little fasting occasionally when the *menu* is surcharged with lardy pie and salt pork will do me no harm," he reasoned philosophically. "Marie would tell me to offer it up for the souls in purgatory." He smiled, though half sadly. "Poor little heart! wasting itself away in prayer and mortifications that I may come back again some day to believe in such childish things."

Henry Courtnay had been a Catholic—would claim to be one still if asked what were his faith. There was a loyalty in his warm Southern nature, and a germ of inherited Irish faith

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at the bottom of his heart, that held him still as a slender but unbreakable cord to the Mother Church. But his intellect had long since repudiated the doctrines of faith and denied the obligations of religious belief.

It was owing rather to negative influences though, this alienation from the faith of his childhood, than to any deliberate departure on his side. Years of study in secular schools, that would have been far less dangerous had they assumed a positive antagonism to Christian belief, had worn away his moorings, and he was drifting slowly down the broad stream of religious liberty of thought, that somewhere breaks at last with spent energy upon the dreary, echoless shore of infidelity.

He found God's place assigned to Him in the university, but as was the place of science, philosophy, or literature. Denial, antagonism or unbelief in his existence would have roused the loyalty of his nature and saved him from the apathy that had grown upon him unawares.

Months of quiet, absorbing study in the little farm-house at Bleakville passed by. Courtnay had so far met with but one problem which his astute brain had vainly tried to solve; and this was how to interpret the character of his unobtrusive fellow-boarder. After his first failure he had tried no more to elicit appreciation of his distinguished presence from the shy, lovely eyes that rarely sent a glance the length of the table to where he sat opposite her. He saw her only at meal-time. Mrs. Jenkins always supplied talk enough to relieve the embarrassing silence that would otherwise reign.

Of course the latter had long ago given him the history in detail of Miss Hope Netterville; though how in the world she had amassed such a quantity of information on the subject was for awhile a mystery to Courtnay. He could never imagine the reticent Miss Netterville giving of her confidence to the extent that this history would warrant. But "Marm" Jenkins possessed a faculty of news-gathering and news-giving that would coin a fortune for a modern reporter.

During her convolutions around Courtnay's room in the morning "tidyin' up," she gave out an incessant chatter on many and diverse subjects that sometimes annoyed, but more often amused him with its ridiculous digressions and queer allusions.

"Ez I tell Jenkins," she began one morning, "he'll *never* be born ag'in 'less he keeps up more reg'lar 'tendance at meetin'—never! But Hope Netterville—there, you can't even men-

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tion sich things to her. She looks as cold like when any one talks o' meetin' an' revival. She'll never get religin at this rate, I expect. And her family I heeard wuz ez good Methodists ez they wuz on the Cape. Mrs. Gedding's brother-in-law's wife came from the same town ez her, an' knows all her folks.

"Hope's mother kinder spoilt her though, I expect. She's been a-workin' at operator work ever since her father had to give up the sea on 'count o' losin' his eyesight, an' I expect it's made her feel ez if she could take care o' her religin ez well ez herself. I've spoke to our min'ster 'bout her time an' ag'in, but I wouldn't hev her know fer anything. Her family wuz all baptized when they wuz infants 'cept Hope; the Methodists b'lieve in infant baptism, you know. I b'lieve her great-grandfather"—with a furtive glance at Courtnay—"I b'lieve he wuz Irish." She meant Catholic, but it was all the same to her mind. "But the rest o' them on her mother's side from way, way back wuz all Puritans. Hope's great-grandfather—the one who wuz Irish, you know—wuz wrecked off the Cape, an' settled down an' married there afterwards. His wife wuz a Hopkins.

"Ez I wuz sayin', Hope's mother didn't b'lieve in infant baptism. She thought she'd let her grow up an' jedge fer herself. I s'pose now ef she wuz baptized she might exper'ence religin an' hev a change o' heart. But there, they ain't no calklatin 'bout them awful quiet folks 'et says nothin' 'bout what's inside o' them. Mr. Courtnay, er—I'm a-goin' ter ask you, ef you don't mind, what's that there thing over back o' you?"

"What?" asked Courtnay, losing the direction of her gaze.

"That there thing that's a-holdin' out its arms."

It was a small, exquisite statue of St. Francis of Assisi; a rare bit of sculpture that Courtnay had picked up in a journey through Italy one time, when a boy. He had loved the grace and tenderness expressed in the attitude of ecstatic worship, and the yearning of the uplifted face. This small, white figure was often to him as a link connecting his empty life with those early years of boyish faith and ardent ambitions.

"Oh! that's a—poet," he said with his inscrutable smile.

"A poet?" incredulously.

"Yes. He lived a long time ago. Used to go out into the fields and woods and make up songs about the birds and trees and flowers. He always sang and prayed with his arms lifted up like that. He was an Italian, you know."

"Oh-h-h! Queer, ain't it?" Courtnay had divined the mo-

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tive of her questioning, and was enjoying the varying expressions on her face immensely.

"That ain't what you call an image, is it?" asked the suspicious lady presently, with a narrow look at him.

"Yes, that's an image, sure enough."

"A graven image?"

"Yes; pretty nicely graven too, isn't it?" answered Courtnay, with an aggravating twinkle in his eye.

"Didn't I tell you, Si Jenkins?" she declared to that worthy, with swelling indignation, as soon as she could lay hold of him; "didn't I tell you so? I knew my sespicions was 'krect the minute I looked at his eyes the first day I saw him. Them Garrity young ones hez the same provokin' way o' lookin' at me through the fence-rails when I drive 'em away from my currant-bushes."

"Gosh darned ef I'd care 's long ez the money wuz paid yer reg'lar," drawled Jenkins.

"No, I know it. You—you"—but her righteous soul had swelled to such proportions that speech failed her. Jenkins, anticipating the cloud-burst, was making the most of his chances to beat a retreat, taking with him as a final denunciation, "I'd be afeared to see you get religin; 'twould make you wickeder 'n you ever wuz before."

"Go inter John's on yer way back from the village an' see ef he ain't got one o' them city papers his cousin sends him. I ain't heeard a bit o' news fer a week."

"They wuz an' awful shockin' thing in the paper Jenkins brought home last night," she said to Courtnay at the breakfast-table next morning, before he had taken his first sip of coffee.

"Indeed! Another railway accident, I suppose."

"Worse'n that. Jenkins, get the paper an' read about that raid ag'in."

"What on earth is coming?" vainly conjectured Courtnay to himself, with some nervousness, as he noticed a sudden straightening of the slender figure opposite him and that familiar droop of the eyelids.

Obediently, after much ceremony and throat-clearing, Jenkins began:

"Big raid at a South End Theatre. Long under the vigilance of the police. Has at last—"

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"I think Miss Netterville would like the cream."

"Oh! excuse me; of course, yes. It's all right. Go on, Jenkins."

"—Has at last been exposed to public condemnation. The facts as gathered are as follows—"

"No, thank you, no more coffee."

There was a suppressed accent of mortification and disgust in Courtnay's deep voice; and as the reading continued, giving in hackneyed newspaper phrase details of vulgar criminality, he quietly slipped his chair back from the table, and with a curt "Excuse me" strode out of the room.

Mrs. Jenkins looked fluttered. "What *do* you s'pose he went out for?" she said, appealing to Hope, and not noticing the pained look on the latter's face. Hope only raised her gray eyes, dark with slumbering indignation, and looked an impeachment that she would have shrunk from uttering.

It was strange that this little incident, that had unspeakably shocked her gentle soul and made her shrink into still greater reserve with the Jenkinses, brought out by degrees a confidence in Courtnay that betrayed itself at times in look and tone with almost childlike innocence.

Courtnay could now interpret one phase in the character of this sweet Puritan maid: a great unbounded horror of the wicked world as she had learned of it in her simple, sheltered home life in the quiet little fishing village, down on the "Cape" in Massachusetts. But allied to this old-fashioned Puritanism in her was an infinite longing for the pure and the true, for something to satisfy the depth of religious craving in her nature which seemed to have stamped that impress of sad wistfulness on her countenance. Only truth, only a draught from the fountain of living waters, could satisfy a soul of this rare type.

Her childlike intuitions had made her recognize that cleanness of heart and nobleness of soul which made Henry Courtnay pass as a giant among his fellows for more reasons than his physical strength. And, with his passionate love and loyalty for the highest ideals of purity and beauty in human nature, he was quick to appreciate the rareness and loveliness of such a character as Hope Netterville's.

Hope had one idol on earth that absorbed the devotion and tenderness of her pure little heart; and this was her mother. With that strange kind of affection which is peculiar to the American girl, she had, as it were, changed the place of the

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child for that of the mother. All the soothing and petting and care was lavished by her on this dear parent, till the cruel circumstances of their life had separated them just as their companionship had become most dear. Her mother was an invalid, a frail creature, from whom Hope had inherited all her singular reticence, though none of the calm, strong will that showed itself only in the depression of her firm, sweet lips, and sometimes deepened the gray of her soft eyes.

Courtnay would sometimes venture now to take his morning trip to the post-office at the same time that Hope went to her office in the railway station. Her spontaneous confidences during these morning walks would often provoke a smile from him, when he remembered the demure maiden of a few months back. If Henry Courtnay was to find the goal of his happiness in the heart of a woman, the unspoiled nature of Hope Netterville would have claimed from him an affection that had never been won by another of her sex. He wondered at times why he did not love her. There was all that in her which would make him susceptible to love of the pure womanliness expressed in her every look and tone, and in the sweet tenderness of lips and eyes and brow. Was it that he could hold a greater love than all this would inspire, which would absorb all lesser ones as the ocean does the wave that beats for a moment on its bosom?

CHAPTER II.

Winter had gone at last. Not with the slow, faltering step of age, but with a sudden burst of intemperate passion that his reign was over, he threw the white folds of his winding sheet around him in great, swirling wreaths of blinding snow, and departed with a final roar of impotent wrath.

Courtnay awoke one morning and pushed open the creaking shutters. A shower of icy feathers covered his hands and head, and melted next moment into glistening dew-drops under the warm spring sun. A robin whistled on a bare twig above his head. It was a greeting to the dawn of spring, and a saucy fling at the conquered tyrant who had so long held her at bay.

"Well, Hal, we paddled through those mid-year exams pretty decently after all, didn't we?" remarked a class-mate of his that afternoon.

"Say, you old mole, what in the name of the commonwealth are you stacking up such a pile of mental pabulum for, any-

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way? I've often wondered. What are you going to do with it?"

"Don't ask *me*. Any one else could tell you better."

"George! Wish I didn't know what I've been digging for in this old hive for the last four years. This time next year I suppose I'll be quill-driving ten hours a day for my daily bread. Oh! it makes me tired now to think of it"; and Charlie Raemon rolled over onto a pile of sofa pillows with a lazy groan.

Courtnay smiled down at the recumbent figure. "With what Bossuet calls 'that inexorable weariness that lies at the bottom of all our lives'?" he asked in mock sympathy.

"It seems to be troubling you lately just the same. I haven't seen you pass the house early mornings of late, on your way to the post-office, with the pretty operator."

"No," answered Courtnay sadly, ignoring other allusions in his friend's retort. "Since the death of her mother the poor little thing has shut herself up so completely with her grief there is no getting near her to offer even a bit of sympathy."

"I noticed she was in black and looked paler than usual."

"What eyes she has, though, if you can only get a glimpse of them! But she'd make you think of a vestal virgin pure and cold."

"H'm; vestal! Say rather a nun with her white soul."

"Indeed! I'd like to see any one make a nun out of *her*."

There was a peculiar accent on the words, and a drooping of Raemon's frank eyes as he met the searching gaze of Courtnay turned full upon him.

"And why not?" queried the latter with a cool tone of challenge in his voice.

"Oh, never mind!" replied Raemon half doggedly, and dodging the challenge by turning the conversation.

He loved Courtnay with a boyish kind of worship for that great strength of his, and hated to associate him with what early prejudice and teaching had made him believe of the other's religion.

"How worse than pagan darkness this cruel, blighting suspicion of brother and sister in the same human family!" communed Courtnay with himself that evening during a lonely walk out under the silent stars. "Why, we might as well have emigrated from yonder fiery planet for aught they know regarding us."

These thoughts dwelt with him now day and night. He was

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beginning to associate himself with the cause of his Mother Church. In some deep part of his nature that slumbering loyalty was stirring.

Stronger than these influences, though, was the sight of Hope Netterville's unspoken, helpless grief, as day by day he watched her pathetic figure as she wearily went to her daily work. The blind father and old grandmother were still left to forbid her the luxury of an unoccupied grief.

The curtain seemed to have fallen on all that was of joy and love and sweetness in her young life when the last tick of the message bringing the news of her mother's sudden death came over the wire one dreary day in mid-winter. It had come with such a cruel shock, as she was sitting there idly in the quiet of the day thinking of her home, and, as was her wont, conjuring up the picture of this dearly loved one as she had last seen her. The slender fingers had dropped nerveless from the keys, then were interlaced in a convulsive clasp; across her eyes, wide open and startled, there shot an expression of awful pain. But no one saw her or heard the little moan from the drawn lips. All went on in her life as before.

Mrs. Jenkins's crude efforts at sympathy only seemed to bruise her poor heart still more. She would walk out of the room with tightly closed lips when the other would venture some of her inopportune suggestions about calling in the minister to pray with her, or coming with her to meeting the next time she went.

"He kin pray awful movin' like," she argued one day; "you ought ter heeard him at Uncle Lige's 'morial services. He took the text 'Blessed is them that mourn,' an' we wuz all—"

"Mrs. Jenkins, don't, please! I—" Poor Hope tried to subdue her heaving heart and keep down the shivering sobs. Then, seeking to hide the agony in her face, she went quickly out of the room into the quiet and gloom of the little parlor, and stood by the window there till the sobs died away into an occasional halting sigh, while her thoughts seemed to brood with a bitter sweetness over the memory of the lost one.

"To think I shall never see her once again. *Never!*" The words came with a sudden gasp from between the quivering lips in a thin, agonized whisper that pierced the heart of Henry Courtnay for an instant with a keen pain as he felt the sense of their utter hopelessness. He had been reading in the further corner of the room when she entered, unconscious of his presence. It brought back to him the memory of his own

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mother's death, his childhood's idol, and the passionate outburst of boyish grief that had been wrung from him when this realization first came upon him, that he would see her no more; but then, like a gleam of light over the troubled, darkened waters, like the voice of an angel in the beating of the storm, had faith whispered of that other and eternal meeting that would know no death.

He sat watching her for a few moments with these memories surging up in his brain. "Unless a man be born again—"; why should this oft-repeated text of Mrs. Jenkins keep repeating itself in his mind? The busy clock on the mantel-piece ticked noisily on. Courtnay rose up with a strange, full sense of something swelling up from his heart. "There is nothing that can cure a grief like that," he thought, turning his eyes from the sight of her face—"except time, time, time, time," cruelly ticked the little clock—"except, O God, *faith* and love for thee!"

He knew she did not hear him pass softly out, for the drooping face laid against the window-pane had not changed its expression of absorbing grief when he glanced back at her from the hall.

That night Courtnay said the prayers of his childhood once more, stammering out the half-forgotten sentences, "I firmly believe *all* the truths the Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches"; while the white image of the sweet saint of penance stretched out its supplicating arms above his bowed head.

CHAPTER III.

A decade and a half had passed since that hour of Divine conquest over a soul wrestling long with itself and God.

In one of the crowded parish churches of New York a great Lenten mission had just been brought to a close. For four weeks a surging throng of people had poured morning and night, night and morning, through the narrow doors.

The atmosphere in the deserted galleries and empty nave was still heavy from the human breath of thousands who but an hour before knelt there for the final blessing. Not a soul of all that sighing, praying, fervent multitude was left behind in the silence and the shadows that had deepened and crept around pillar and shrine, till only the flame of the altar-lamp stirred in the darkness like a living, watching thing.

It had been a grand mission. Harvests of sin-laden souls, seared and weather-beaten in the maelstrom of misery and

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crime and woe, had been brought to God's feet, some for the first time, many for the seventieth times seven. Thousands more had been roused from the inanity of a weak faith by the contagion of religious fervor, only to lapse again, perhaps, into the vacuity of their worldly lives when the magnetism was withdrawn.

The tired missionaries had returned home for a few days' rest before the opening of a second mission in another of the city churches the following Sunday. The superior, who was on this band, had set to work with his usual tirelessness, the first evening of his arrival home, to get rid of some of the accumulated correspondence that was awaiting his attention.

There was a knock at the door. "No peace for the wicked," he sighed, patiently laying down his pen. The eyes that were lifted to welcome the intruder, however, lighted up a face in which strength and goodness blended in singular harmony. And yet at moments an observer might notice a flash and an eager look in those quiet eyes as of one full of restlessness to be up and doing, for the call was pressing and the hours too quickly fled.

The caller delivered his message: "Mrs. Sullivan, who had charge of the sodality table at the fair, wants to see you about the returns, father; and two of the singers from our choir have been waiting for you to come back to settle a little difference they had with the organist. They are in the room on the left."

That meant nearly an hour in the parlor. It would be too late for mailing any letters after that. He could run through them when night prayer was over and finish answering them in the morning. He pushed them back into a pile, not noticing one that lay at the bottom of all the rest, marked "Urgent," addressed in a strange, irregular hand, and bearing the postmark, Montana.

Two hours later he was still sitting at his desk, not writing, but with his head bowed deep in his hands. Near him lay an open letter written as follows, in scrawling, broken sentences:

"Dear old Hal—I believe they call you Rev., or worshipful, or something like that now; but it's all the same to me. I heard of you not long ago; a fellow out here on our ranch, a regular scorcher, was telling us one day how an enemy of his escaped his vengeance by his, the scorcher's, going into a revival meeting, I suppose you call it, and hearing a sermon by—you. I found out it was you by an accidental connection of circum-

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stances, too long to tell, but it was you right enough: he quoted some of the things said in the sermon—you all over. He wrote to one of his priests in the East and got your address for me.

"So that's what you're at, old chap, is it? 'Going about doing good.' And I? Ah, Hal! the weariness of life proved too much for me. They tell me I have only a few more puffs of the breath of life left in me. The malaria caught me in this beastly place last year, and I am now just hanging on by the gills to this miserable existence. Am glad I got the chance to scrawl this to you, though, before I drop. When I heard you were a priest it shook me a little. I always believed they were a roughish set; but I know you, with your clean soul, would never set up with anything of that stripe. Those dirty suspicions—but, Hal, there has been much besides the natural nourishment imbibed from the maternal breast. You'll forgive; do you remember the pretty operator with the vestal—no, nun-like eyes? and the trout in that sunny pool down back of the woods? They were a jolly set, that crew of—of—is it fifteen years ago? How my mind is wandering back! I met a young chap over in Boise City last year who was from our college. He said the old place was just the same. There's an old maid operator at the station, though, that the boys call *Nettleville*. Can it be she has grown into a forlorn Hope? Inexorable fate, and *weariness*. There will be little strength left in me after this effort. Am glad I gave the last of it to you. These brutes here think it manly to die like a fighting cur—game to the last—but, Hal, I wish I knew what to say to the great Judge—I believe I have one to meet.

"You will not tremble and grow sick with unknown horrors, as I often do lying here alone, when your turn comes. Your calm eyes will not flinch at death. I saw you stare him in the face once when he seemed so near in that canoeing accident on the lake, when Ridgway . . . you remember Ridgway . . . what a stroke he had . . . and Prince of . . . of . . . and Courtnay . . . my great, strong friend . . . if he were near . . . but Montana and New York—"

The letter was signed and addressed by another's hand, with a rough postscript explaining that the weak fingers of Raemon had tried in vain to add the final word.

The priest laid the letter down before him, and then sat gazing long at the old, familiar handwriting coming before him

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like a face out of the past. Charlie Raemon—Hope Netterville—the old class-mates—how the names, coming thus to him suddenly and unexpectedly, stirred memories within him as with a magic power, seeming with a few swift strokes to conjure up a vision so vivid that it was almost as substance to the eye of his mind! How rapidly was this picture from the past filled in with associations stretching far backward and far forward into his life, even to the present moment. Yes, was not this very present moment, this place he was now filling in the great world —was it not bound so closely to a day, an hour in that now distant past, as to seem part of the same day, the same hour?—that hour when he realized, by a soul revelation so strong as to make all other things about him seem as dreams and shadows, what it was to be without faith. Was it not this knowledge, gained not in the schools, but seen by the flash of one ray of divine grace, that had brought him to where he now was; and which daily, nay momentarily, fed the fires of that energy that made the arduous labors of his missionary work seem like child's play to him, so strong was that ever-growing desire to bring back to others what he once too had lost and found again, the light of faith?

Are such vocations rare? No; in many a life, whose purpose we do not know or understand, there has been a moment in which the problem of its existence, long a vexed and complicated one even to itself, was worked out unknown and unseen of others, and by no merely human reasoning or calculation.

Thus had it come to Henry Courtnay. His life, up to that time, had been a full one, as the world saw it; but to him, as he looked back at it now, it lay a blank waste in which his memory traced only the shadows of those who had come and gone through it, leaving no trace of their presence. But those who had come close to him during that short and seemingly uneventful period at Bleakville, though merely accidental, as it were, how much a part of him had the memory of them become?

Though sudden and strong had been the change that was effected at that time in his interior being, yet not so suddenly did he allow it to work itself outwardly in his life. For a few more years he let that deliberate judgment of his have its way in persuading him to wait and ponder, and test himself and his powers, before the final resolution was reached. Impulse was a mighty power in his nature; but he knew it, and there-

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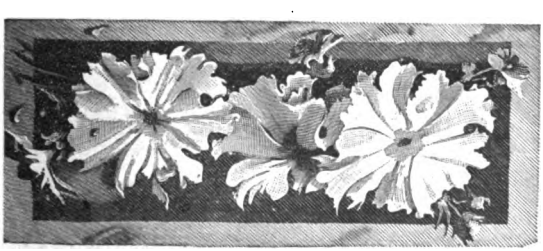
fore kept so tight a rein over it as to curb its outbreaks. He had apparently settled down to business, after his term at the college was completed, as coolly as though a long life of financial success lay before him. He listened pleasantly to the adulations of his friends who congratulated him that such a life seemed now so assured to him. This for a few years, and then a sudden and complete exit from it all. A little loosening of the rein, a moment's yielding to the irresistible leading of that long-repressed impulse, was all that was needed to bring him to the taking of the final step.

And he sat there this evening going over all this in his memory again, still leaning with bowed head over the letter of his dying, perhaps dead friend; that letter which seemed to have come to him as a fresh summons to greater effort, yet deeper faith in the mission he had chosen for his life's work.

In the memento for the living at his Mass next morning the name of his friend Raemon was breathed by him with a faint yet lingering hope. But involuntarily, when the memento for the dead came in turn, an impulsive plea for his departed soul rose to his lips with a passionate appeal for mercy.

And yet once more, when with closed eyes and silent lips he offered his fervent thanksgiving at the all-absorbing moment of Communion, the thought of this strayed soul forced itself again into his mind. "O Eternal Love," he murmured, his hands close-pressed against his heart in a sudden energy of grief and self-abasement, "why am *I* here, while my fellow-creatures lie dying without Thy fold, thick as the scattered leaves of the forest? O dearest Lord! is Thy hour not yet at hand?"



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LIFE'S MEED.*

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

ONE summer day the Wise Man of the East
(When Juda's splendor at its grandest shone)
Walked with a Youth along the Lebanon plains
And 'neath an Orient sky.
Afar they saw
The Hebrew Temple, with its spacious dome
And shining gates of gold and precious gems,
All shaded by tall cedars, whose perfume
Filled all the amorous atmosphere which gave
Unto King Solomon his languorous hours.

'Twas he that walked with regal step beside
His young companion; who seemed proud to be
Honored with such high royal company.
No pride, however, flecked the kingly face,
For reverent thoughts and looks there beamed.
The twain paused 'neath an olive-tree whose shade
Seemed grateful to the now conversing pair:
Where broke the Wise Man into solemn tone,
As, gazing on the freshness of the Youth,
He took the other's palm within his own
And said: "Remember thy Creator, ere
Thy days find evil in them; and before
Thine age approach the yet afar three score,
When thou shalt cry 'No more I pleasure take
In any of Life's hours'; for ah! the day must come
When thy lithe limbs—thy body keepers—bend
And tremble; when thy own proud frame must bow;
When at the feast thy grinders cease their meed,
Because they are so few; and when thine eyes
(Those windows of thy soul) wax dark and dim;
Or when thine ear shall vainly grasp at sound;
And when no burden can thy shoulders bear;
Or terrors, as thou walkest, bar thy way:

* A poetic paraphrase of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes.

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And when whom thou may'st meet shall point at thee
And say, 'He goeth toward his long last home
With silver cords loosed round his throbbing heart,
While breaks the golden bowl that holds his brain,
While fountains of his life all sluggish flow,
And wheels that moved his body at his will
Slowly revolve.'"
'Tis these, my son, foretell
Thou must return to dust from whence Man sprang,
And unto God thy spirit, which God gave,
Shall soon return. Next in a new abode
Shalt thou discover how all Life was vain,
And vanity of vanities its prize.
Wherefore, in youth sow virtue's seed: and ne'er
Withold thy hand from grasping righteousness.
Rejoice thee now in youth; but yet reflect,
Dark days may dawn, and all around thee prove
What vanity of vanities Life is.
Remember, for the deeds thou dost through life,
Amid all joy and cheer of thy young heart,
God at thine end toward such shall judgment bring.
Put evil from thy flesh; for youth (that prime
Of Life) is Vanity of Vanity.
Fear God and his commandments keep. Therein
Read the whole duty of all men who live."

So hearing: then the Wise Man's comrade bowed
His head and said: "O king! thy wisdom words,
Though goads, or nails well fastened to my soul,
Shall never from my memory depart:
And when those evil days of Age draw near
(That thou in burning words hast just portrayed)
My days of Youth, which Vanity have shunned,
Shall in remembrance bring me no remorse."

Then, as the twain retraced their steps, the breeze—
Which 'mid the cedars and the olives played—
Echoed o'er Lebanon's plains this one weird cry:
Life's meed is Vanity of Vanity.

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LAKE KATHERINE, AT THE NASHVILLE CENTENNIAL.

THE CENTENARY OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY EDWARD J. McDERMOTT.

FROM the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* until after the war the people of the North and of England derived most of their knowledge of the South from that novel, from the poems of Whittier, and from the passionate speeches of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and Henry Ward Beecher. Very few Northern or European travellers penetrated into that interesting country. The soldiers and statesmen of the South excited admiration for their abilities everywhere, but the most civilized part of the world condemned slavery, and the South had to bear the odium. For years after the war the South was poor, uninviting to new-comers with or without money, misrepresented, almost friendless. In late years a gradual but great change has been wrought. Nobody now can dispute the enterprise or the unprecedented recuperation of the South. The Expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta were most admirable and most interesting; and the Centennial, which is to commemorate the admission of Tennessee into the Union in 1796, will be a golden opportunity for outsiders to see what a typical Southern community is—how the people appear in their fields, shops, and homes; how they use their resources in creating wealth, and what the extent of their culture is.

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The benefit of this celebration of Tennessee's progress during a century of freedom and the incidental commemoration of her illustrious men in the past will be great. The Greeks, especially the Athenians, in their palmy days, understood this well; hence their elaborate and gorgeous festivals and exquisitely beautiful public buildings; their wreaths and trophies and statues to the victors in literary or athletic contests and in war; their honors to those who died bravely in battle. "The love of honor," said Pericles in his funeral oration in Athens over the soldiers that had died in defence of the city, "is the only feeling that never grows old; and, in the helplessness of age, it is not the acquisition of gain, as some assert, that gives greatest pleasure, but the enjoyment of honor. . . . Where the greatest prizes for virtue are given, there also the most virtuous men are found among the citizens."

Tennessee and Kentucky resemble each other as much as twin-sisters, though they are in fact first-cousins, for the former was the child of North Carolina, while Kentucky was the well-beloved daughter of Virginia. From these two States came the hardy pioneers who at first sought hunting-grounds and then homes west of the Appalachian Mountains, and who there found lands as rich and as beautiful as any on the wide globe. Daniel Boone was the typical pioneer of Kentucky, though he was born in Pennsylvania and was raised in North Carolina. John Sevier was the typical pioneer of Tennessee, though born in Virginia. The first settlers in Tennessee came from Virginia through Cumberland Gap; but most of those who followed came from North Carolina; and the streams of immigration long continued to flow from the same sources. Few foreigners have entered into the population of Tennessee; not more than one-fourth of the population of Kentucky has come from foreign-born immigrants, and nearly all of such foreigners and their descendants have remained in the cities on the Ohio River. The people of those two States are, therefore, nearly akin in origin, of nearly equal social condition, alike in tastes and belief, with almost the same laws and political institutions, and very similar to Virginia in everything.

Tennessee slopes from the Cumberland Mountains on its eastern side to the Mississippi River, its western boundary. In the eastern third of the State there are great deposits of coal and iron, good building stone and beautiful marbles, primeval forests of valuable timber. The middle third of the State, while having rich minerals and much useful timber, is note-

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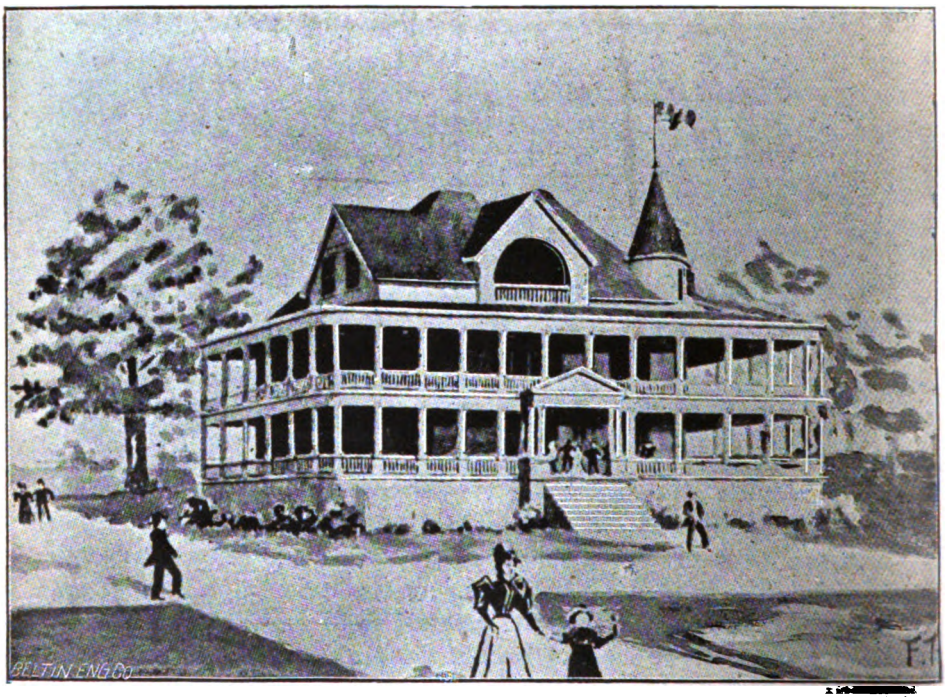

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

worthy mainly for its rich soil and serviceable streams, its beautiful rolling meadows of blue-grass, its multifarious, valuable agricultural products, its almost universal thrift and comfort. The level western third is warmer and more tropical, but fertile and populous to an extreme degree. Cotton, corn, tobacco, and early vegetables thrive there prodigiously. The chief city of that section is Memphis, which, from its imposing, commanding bluff, overlooks the broad, majestic Mississippi and the lowlands of Arkansas beyond. For awhile Memphis withered and drooped under the scourge of yellow fever in 1878 and 1879; but, after her citizens realized their danger, the remedy, and their duty, they cleansed and purified the city, provided it with good sewerage, and thus stopped, probably for ever, the ravages of their dreaded enemy.

Hardly any State in the Union can surpass Tennessee in variety of crops, minerals, navigable streams, in beauty of scenery, or in historical interest. Its growth in wealth has been rapid, and almost every foot of its soil has been enriched by the blood of brave men in battle. Here the rigorous, numbing winters of the North, and the torrid, enervating summers of

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the more distant South, are unknown. Men can work and the fruits of the earth can grow without intermission for ten months in the year. While the husbandman of Massachusetts or Michigan is driving his cattle over the frozen earth to their folds for food, the farmer of Tennessee is working with comfort in the balmy spring air and his young lambs are romping in rolling meadows of rich blue-grass. The heat of a Tennessee summer is not so great as that of New York or Boston, but the summer season in Tennessee lasts about twice as long.

Tennessee is, primarily, an agricultural State. Of its two million people less than twenty per cent. live in towns and villages. The only cities of large size are Nashville and Memphis. The census of 1890 says that the population of the former was 76,168, nearly double what it was in 1880; that the population of Memphis was 64,495, practically double what it was in 1880. The native-born population of Tennessee in 1890 was 1,747,489; its foreign-born population, 20,029. The colored population in 1870 was 322,331; in 1880, 403,151; in 1890, 430,-

IN THE "AUDITORIUM" ALL THE FESTIVALS AND CONGRESSES WILL BE HELD.

678. The white population in 1870 was 936,119; in 1880, was 1,138,831; in 1890, was 1,336,637. In other words, the white population in twenty years has increased 42 per cent., while the negro population has increased about 33 per cent. Hence the whites are steadily gaining on the blacks. This is, no doubt, largely due to the fact that the colored people have been flocking to the villages, towns, and cities, and have not thriven as

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might have been expected. Besides, the negroes of Tennessee and Kentucky have been scattering into all parts of the Union.

But it is not in the ways of Mammon alone that the "Volunteer State" has gained just fame. It spends annually in its

THE COMMERCE BUILDING IS ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING OF ALL THE EXHIBITION STRUCTURES.

public schools $2,500,000 for white and for black children, distributed according to school attendance of the two races, which is 538,621 white children and 182,302 colored children. In addition to these common schools there are many private schools, Catholic and Protestant, and also colleges for men and women. At Sewanee, on the mountains in the east, is the University of the South, which has 400 students, and which, for the benefit of Southern boys, is open in the winter and has its vacation in the summer months. At Nashville is Vanderbilt University, which has a large faculty of able professors and about 700 students, handsome buildings, a beautiful campus, and the usual equipments of such an institution. In another part of the city is the University of Nashville, which has 1,500 students. At Memphis the Christian Brothers have a fine high-school for boys. Virginia and Tennessee, among the Southern States, deserve especial praise for their efforts in behalf of a general diffusion of elementary, collegiate, and university education among the people.

From the first settlement in Tennessee, about 1754, to the time of its admission into the Union in 1796, its history is made up of a record of important and stirring events. The

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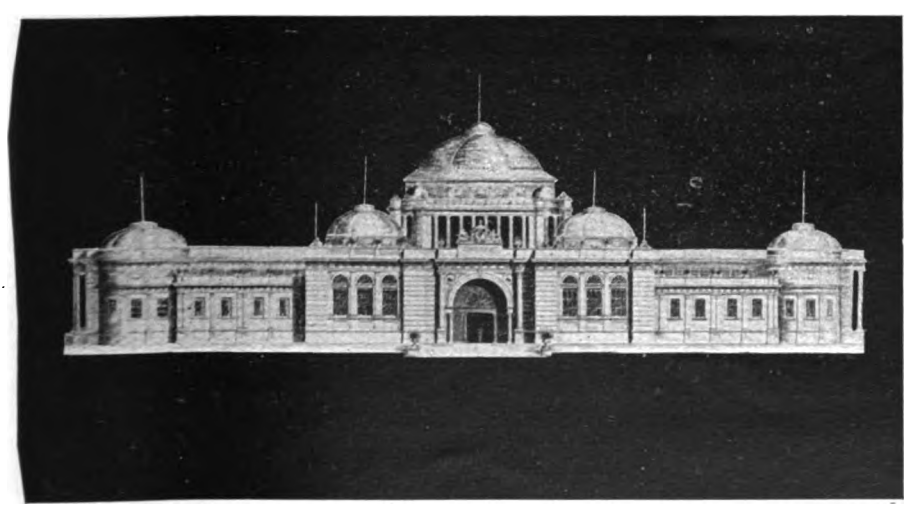
pioneers, pouring in from Virginia and North Carolina through Cumberland Gap, followed the courses of the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers; waged bloody and incessant warfare with the fierce Cherokees until the latter were driven away; and finally, in August, 1784, as North Carolina and the federal government hesitated and vacillated in considering the request of the settlers for the right to form a new commonwealth, those hardy men impatiently set up the independent State of Franklin; but on March 1, 1788, after their leader and governor, John Sevier, was tried for high treason and was saved only by a daring rescue, they returned to their allegiance to North Carolina, which in 1790 ceded the territory in dispute to the federal government, and in 1792 the northern part of the State of Franklin, which embraced the territory of Kentucky, but had never been recognized by the Kentuckians, was received into the Union as the State of Kentucky, and in 1796 the southern part entered the Union as the State of Tennessee. Those daring men were impatient of control; they were quick to attack any authority or power that obstructed their rights or wishes. It did not seem to make much difference to them whether they were opposing the Indians, the English king, or the American Union. Here was the first sign of that impatient, indomitable,



THE PRODUCTS OF THE FIELD ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF A NATION'S WEALTH.

unyielding spirit to which we may ascribe the Resolutions of 1798 and the Rebellion of 1861. It is an interesting fact that slavery never throve in the mountainous parts of Tennessee or

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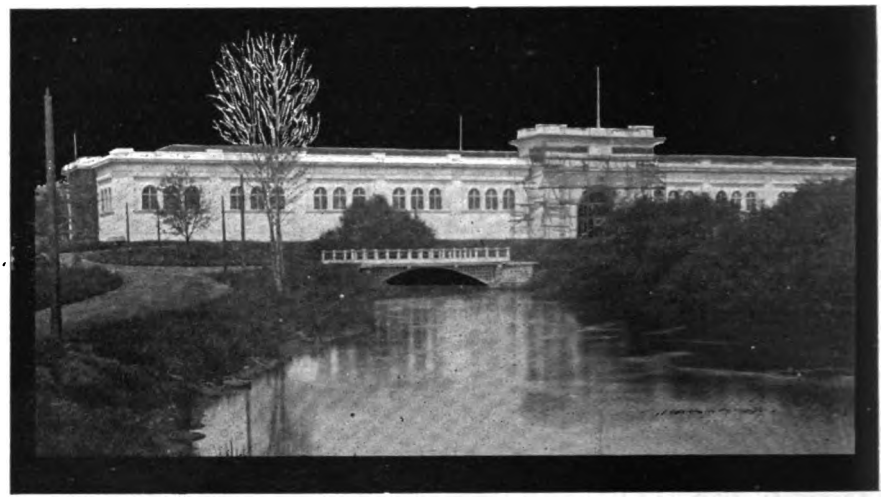

THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING IS REMARKABLE FOR POETIC SIMPLICITY.

Kentucky, which lay along the borders of Virginia and North Carolina. The white people of those upland regions, though not as prosperous or progressive as the white people of the lowlands, sympathized with the Union, and furnished a large quota of loyal troops to the armies of the North. As slaves were profitable only in the rich agricultural districts where large plantations were owned, there were very few slaves in the eastern part of Tennessee and Kentucky, and, therefore, slavery had few ardent champions there, and consequently secession was not popular.

The early period of Tennessee's history is typified in the lives of those eminent and well-known frontiersmen, John Sevier, Andrew Jackson, and David Crockett. Sevier, a colonel in the Revolutionary War, the first governor of the short-lived State of Franklin and later the first governor of the State of Tennessee, was a handsome athlete, an Indian fighter of renown, and an able, picturesque executive of a pioneer commonwealth. Andrew Jackson, born in North Carolina in 1767 of Irish parents, was a soldier in the Revolutionary army before he was fifteen years old and began to practise law in Tennessee before he was twenty. He settled in Nashville in 1790, and soon married the charming grass-widow who was ever after the chief object of his love. He was the first representative of Tennessee in Congress and was several times her senator. His career as a soldier, not only in his campaign against the Southern Indians, but also against the Spaniards and the English, is well

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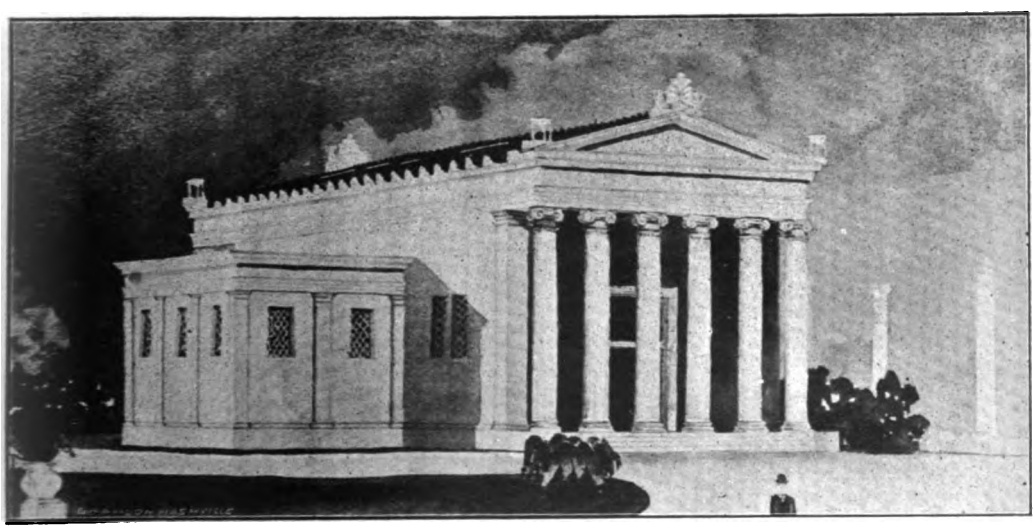
known. His victory at the battle of New Orleans on the morning of January 8, 1815, two weeks after peace had been agreed on in Ghent, but before it was known in America, made his fame secure. On that day the Tennessee and Kentucky rifles were his mainstay. His races for the presidency with Henry Clay, the idol of Kentucky, and his memorable controversy with Calhoun over nullification in South Carolina, and over the charter of the Bank of the United States, then before Congress, are important events in the history of our country, and will make many visitors to Tennessee seek, with great interest and respect, the Hermitage where the old hero spent the best years of his life, and where he now lies buried.

Davy Crockett, "the crack shot of the wilderness," was a gallant soldier in the War of 1812, under Jackson; a generous, witty, bold frontiersman, and a unique member of Congress who, at fifty, was killed at the storming of the Alamo, at Bexar, while fighting for the independence of Texas.

President Polk was born in North Carolina in 1795, but became an adopted son of Tennessee when he was eleven years



THE HISTORY OF A PEOPLE INSPIRES PATRIOTISM.

old, and, though he was not a brilliant man, he was a valuable representative in Congress for ten years, twice speaker of the House, governor of Tennessee, twice an unsuccessful candidate for re-election to that office, and at last, in 1845, was elected President of the United States.

In later days Andrew Johnson, the tailor, who was taught

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to read by his wife when he was twenty-six, and who became senator, governor, vice-president, and, by Lincoln's assassination, President of the United States, was a notable son of Tennessee;

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING IS MODELLED SOMEWHAT AFTER "THE HERMITAGE."

and so was the brave Union admiral, David Farragut, and so too was the dashing rebel general, Nathan B. Forrest. The greater part of the fame of the brilliant Felix Grundy was made as a lawyer, a senator, and a cabinet officer of Tennessee, though he was born in Virginia in 1777 and removed to Kentucky in 1780, and remained there till he settled in Nashville in 1808. The boundaries between Virginia and the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee, have ever been shadowy. We are bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.

Both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in Kentucky, which strove at the beginning of the Civil War to be neutral, and thus for awhile acted as a buffer for Tennessee; but, before long, Kentucky was compelled to take sides with the Union, and then the southern part of the State and the whole of Tennessee became a grand theatre of war where, for about three years, there were hostile marches and countermarches, innumerable skirmishes, and great pitched battles of vast forces. Tennessee furnished to the Union 34,000 soldiers; to the Confederacy 115,000 men, one-sixth of its forces; and in her borders were fought the memorable battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. Nearly one-fifth of all the men buried in

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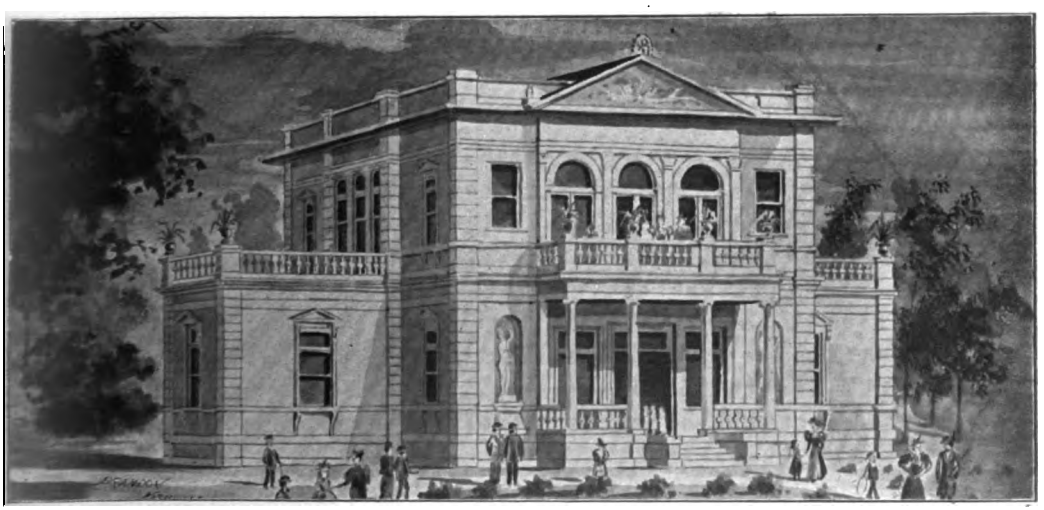
national cemeteries are buried beneath the soil of Tennessee. When the armies of the South were compelled to retire from her borders, and the Mississippi was opened to federal gunboats, the Confederacy was doomed. In fact, when Albert Sidney Johnston, that modest, refined gentleman, that gallant, brilliant leader of armies, fell at Shiloh on April 6, 1862, and the unyielding Grant was saved by the timely arrival of reinforcements, the star of the Confederacy began plainly to fade away and Southern hope grew faint; but the indomitable people of Tennessee never faltered in their course till borne down by overwhelming forces.

From the close of the war in 1865 to the adoption of the new constitution in 1870, Tennessee passed through the terrible ordeal of Reconstruction. The leading men of the State were disfranchised; United States military officers and State militia officers, under the orders of Brownlow, dominated elections; the enfranchised blacks, not yet prepared for self-government, were put in control of the ballot-box; the corrupt "Alden Ring" saddled a debt of nearly a million dollars on the small town of Nashville, which had about thirty-five thousand inhabitants; the colored people, in their secret, oath-bound Union



THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE ERECTED THEIR OWN BUILDING.

League of America, and some foolish whites, in the night-riding Ku-klux-klan, sought for mastery by underhanded means which rendered party discussions of little consequence and gave power to unworthy leaders; the State debt was increased to

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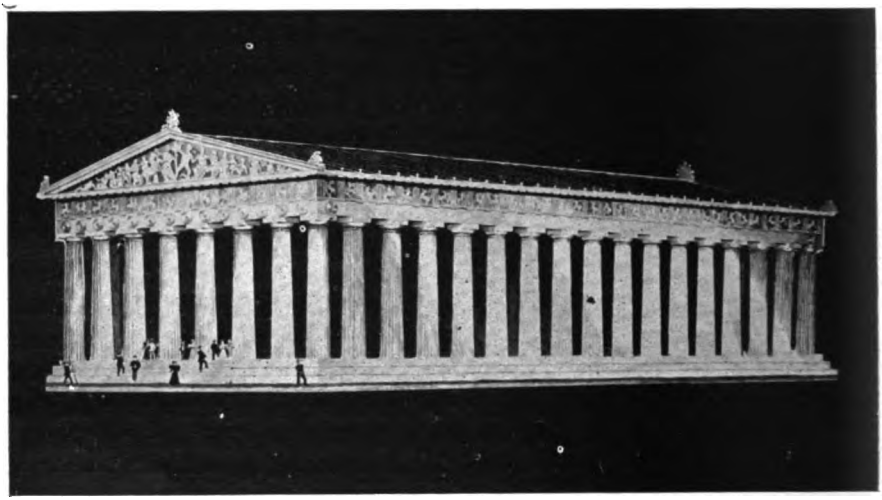
nearly seventeen millions by the issue of bonds which were sold at prices ranging from 17 to 40 cents in greenbacks, then greatly below par; and the whole course of public affairs was disastrous and terrifying in the extreme; but since 1870 the



THE PARTHENON, EXACTLY REPRODUCED.

recuperation has been marvellous in speed and wonderful in results.

Classic taste runs high in the South, and therefore it is no wonder that in the buildings of the Centennial we find splendid specimens of the best art of Athens in her days of glory. It was a happy thought to reproduce exactly for us the Parthenon, that our eyes might see what our imagination has long striven in vain to body forth. In modern Athens the noble ruins of the Parthenon, which was dedicated 435 years before the birth of Christ, now stand upon the Acropolis; only the scholar of vivid imagination can picture it to himself as it really was; but in Nashville this monument of the genius and the imperishable fame of the architect Ictinus and of the sculptor Phidias is to be seen as the Greeks beheld it from all parts of Athens. The exterior is a perfect copy; even the dimensions are identical; and the interior, which is to be used for the art exhibit, is sufficiently like the original to make us understand its majestic beauty. Pericles, who inspired this dream of art, Phidias and Ictinus, who gave it being, and Demosthenes, who gloried in it as a proof that his countrymen loved honor and beauty more than money—all those immortal men excite our gratitude anew

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as, under the porticoes of this re-created temple of Minerva, goddess of needle-work, wisdom and peace, we stand entranced and gaze with unfailing delight on the fountains, flowers, and beautiful, imposings buildings wherein Tennessee has gathered together the wonders of modern commerce and Christian civilization. When Byron renewed the ancient glory of Greece by his splendid bursts of poetic eloquence, and popularized the aspirations of her patriotic sons for independence; when seventy-three years ago he gave up his life in a vain effort to hasten the dawn of a new day over the mountains and valleys of Ilium, he would have died in some sense satisfied if he could have foreseen that, toward the close of the century, the people of the United States would be reproducing, for their edification and delight, the Parthenon, while all Greece, united and respected, was proving itself worthy of its ancient fame, was not only growing in strength, riches, and refinement, but in warlike spirit, and was able to strike a manly blow for its kindred in "the Isles of Greece" against the hated Moslem foe.

To the intelligent visitor no part of the Centennial will attract more attention than the building in which will be displayed the progress of the negro from degradation in Africa to servitude, and then freedom, in America. Though slavery is wrong, it must be said that, but for the presence of the negroes in the South and their improving environment there; but for the enlightenment which they received from their Southern masters, who were generally intelligent and humane, they could not, in any reasonable degree, have been prepared in a few generations for the rights and privileges of citizenship in the highest type of government on the globe. Much has been done, but much remains to be done in the upward movement of the race. In an address by a most intelligent negro, Edward Reed, of Detroit, in behalf of the National Catholic Industrial School for colored youths, he lately said:

"The race is paying taxes on $370,000 worth of property. We have 57 college presidents, 30,000 school teachers, 25,000 Protestant ministers who have studied theology, 100 authors on different subjects, 1,000 lawyers, 800 doctors, 250 newspapers, 2 dailies, 4 magazines, 4 banks, and several 'building and loan associations.' . . . The colored Catholics of the United States number 250,000, 2 priests and 30 young men studying for the priesthood, 3 convents, 200 sisters of various orders, and a number of orphan asylums."

The colored people now have equal rights in the courts and

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at the ballot-box. If they use those rights as intelligent, thrifty, patriotic citizens, the South's future will be marvellously bright; if they neglect or abuse those rights, her future must be full of disappointment and bitterness. They may handicap her in the race for eminence, but their own chances of success must be best in her domain.

When the people who visit the Centennial see the Parthe-

A TYPE OF ROMAN-DORIC ORDER OF ARCHITECTURE.

non they will, no doubt, admire its simple grandeur, and probably wonder at the high state of civilization reached by the pagan Greeks four hundred years before the birth of Christ; but that eloquent monument of the past should also inspire other thoughts. It should teach us that a nation of many sterling virtues and happy opportunities may rise to greatness and enjoy freedom in glory for a hundred years, and then decay, fall into slavery, and, for centuries afterward, be utterly wretched and despised.

As Byron wrote:

"There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory. When that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

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CALCULATING LOVE.

BY WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.

THE sea fell in love with a snow-white sail
That fled from the storm king's arms;
And the sail dipped low, spoke a vow, I trow,
As she fain would rest on the strong, loving breast
And deck it fair with her charms.

II.

But the distant harbor wooed her away
From the sea with its depth of love;
Inconstant, she sped where the flaming lights led,
Nor wist for the moan of the sea, sad and lone—
The sea making moan like a dove.

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A GLIMPSE OF BIOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

WHEN we look upon a tree or an animal, wonderful as the object appears, we yet do not realize how vastly more wonderful it becomes when we delve into its innermost parts, and examine it through the eye of the microscope; when we behold, as it were, the secret machinery which is being moved by the mysterious presence called Life. Let us take a tiny piece of leaf, or a bit of our own skin, and looking through a microscope we discover a cluster of cells separated each from the other by a cell-wall; each cell is composed of a grayish, jelly-like substance, which thickens toward the centre and forms a nucleus, and mixed with it are a number of extremely fine, lucid globules. Now, this grayish, jelly-like substance is *Protoplasm*. We know this marvellous substance only as we see it alive—growing up, breaking down, renewing itself; chemical analysis destroys it. We know, however, that protoplasm is not a simple chemical substance, and, so far as we have yet discovered, it consists mainly of the chemical compounds known as *Proteids*, into which enter oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur; and it contains also a great deal of water.

Now, the first surprising fact about living protoplasm is that it has the power of motion; it is in a state of ceaseless activity. The tiny, lucid globules scattered through the grayish, gelatinous substance, are at one moment moving toward the nucleus, at another moment they are moving away from it, while the shape of the cell is constantly changing. The second surprising fact about protoplasm is that it is irritable; it responds to stimuli. Its movements may be retarded by the slightest pressure; they may be quickened by electric shocks; while a warmth of 45° Cent. stops all movement. Its activity, too, is very much affected by surrounding conditions—by food, light, etc. But, besides having the power of motion and of response to stimuli, protoplasm absorbs nourishment: it breathes, it grows, it reproduces, it excretes. Indeed, this magical substance would seem to be at the very physical basis of life; and

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we may add that, however highly organized a plant or an animal may be, its body is simply a vast agglomeration of protoplasmic cells, and every power it exerts in growing, in feeding, in moving is the result of the combined efforts of numberless individual cells whose vitality is due to protoplasm.

And here it may be asked, How is this material, which is seemingly inseparable from life, as we know life, built up? How is protoplasm derived from the inorganic world? Well, let us first observe that the flesh-eating animals, whose existence largely depends on the grass-eaters, obtain their protoplasm from the protoplasm of their prey; then the grass-eating animals get their supply from vegetation; while fish, too, many of whom prey on one another, in the last analysis—in the lower aquatic forms—procure their protoplasm from the myriad microscopic plants which abound in the water. Here, then, we have come down to vegetation as the primary source of protoplasm. Now, vegetation, which we thus find to be the very starting point of the food-supply of all organic life, is mostly green. Hence the answer to the problem is, that protoplasm is built up from green vegetation. But bear in mind that the green coloring matter of plants depends on what is known as *Chlorophyll.* And right here we come to something transcendently marvellous indeed: chlorophyll may be said to put us in touch with the sun—that God-given luminary, more than ninety million miles away. If we dissolve the green coloring matter of plants by soaking a few leaves in alcohol, we obtain a clear, bright green solution, and this solution is *fluorescent*, and from what the spectroscope reveals—from certain absorption-bands in the spectrum of this solution—it seems not unlikely that there is a connection between certain rays of the sun and the vital properties of chlorophyll. Hence it may be said that the living cells of animals and plants which are filled with protoplasm—whose formation from inorganic materials depends on chlorophyll—perform in the sunlight chemical action: they decompose and assimilate carbonic acid, and form organic compounds. The oxygen is returned to the air and the carbon is retained, not pure but probably combined with hydrogen and oxygen, and in the combining energy is given out in the form of heat. Therefore, through chlorophyll it would seem as if the radiant energy of the sun were converted into potential energy; and this potential energy, imparted by chlorophyll to protoplasm, makes protoplasm a centre of force for all living things.

Is it any wonder, then, that flowers and vines creep and turn

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toward the sunbeams? And may not every human being be called a child of the sun?

But now let us turn from Protoplasm and consider Life as we see it manifested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And here we may ask, What is the exact distinction between a plant and an animal—say, between a horse and a cabbage? Well, in one respect they are absolutely alike: they both take in oxygen and give out carbonic acid, for this is the property of all living protoplasm; and if, during the day, in the sunlight, the cabbage (being a green plant) does the very reverse, namely, takes in carbonic acid and discharges oxygen, this is merely owing to the working of chlorophyll, and after the sun goes down the green plant begins to respire normally, to take in the needful oxygen and to discharge carbonic acid. But this likeness apart, there is certainly a marked difference between a horse and a cabbage. One is able to move from place to place, and has special organs for breathing and circulation; while the vegetable is rooted to the earth, and breathes through its whole surface exposed to the air.

But when we come down to the simplest forms of life in the two kingdoms, the distinction between an animal and a plant is indeed, at first sight, far from being clear. All the microscopic plants and animals consist of a single cell. Now, among uni-cellular animals we have Vorticella and some others, which, as a rule, in the adult form, breathe, digest, and excrete fixed to one spot; while among uni-cellular plants we have Protococcus, Spirogyra, and others—whose habitat is fresh water ponds—which at certain periods swim freely about, drawn along by the wavy movements of a pair of threads which project from the cell.

But on a closer examination we find that these single-celled plants, like the higher types of the vegetable kingdom, have rigid cell-walls composed of a substance called cellulose, which is nearly allied to starch and sugar; they have, moreover, neither mouth nor stomach, and they are either nourished by solid substances in a state of solution in water, or else they absorb nourishment as gases, while water and the carbonic acid of the air give them the needed starch to build up the proteids of their protoplasm: although how the simplest plants get rid of waste is not yet known. But when we examine the single-celled animals we find that their cell-walls are composed, not of cellulose but of a nitrogenous substance called Chitrin. We find, too, that they cannot manufacture starch as plants can,

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and they require as food organic matter, which is taken in through an opening which may be looked upon as a mouth; and this organic matter is digested in a special structure called the food vacuole, while the waste is gotten rid of through another special structure—the contractile vacuole. But having noted these differences between animals and plants, it is interesting to know that in the lowest forms of both kingdoms reproduction takes place by a simple division of the nucleus of the cell into two nuclei: when the plant-cell and the animal-cell have attained their maximum growth, the nucleus divides, and presently we behold two single-celled plants and two single-celled animals formed out of the original cell.

Cell-division has been the subject of much study, and it is now ascertained through the microscope that this division takes place in one of two ways. The simpler, rough-and-ready way is by the constriction of the nucleus, which becomes separated into two more or less equal parts, and around each daughter-cell about half the protoplasm of the original cell winds itself. By the other method, which is far more difficult to follow, the nucleus of the cell before dividing goes through a series of peculiar changes too elaborate to be described, but which result in each daughter-cell obtaining in the end a more equitable share of that portion of the nucleus known as *Chromatin* than it obtains in the more direct, simpler way; and let us add that this most important substance—chromatin—is generally believed to be the bearer of inherited characters.

Turning now from the simplest forms of organic life, we find that the bodies of the higher plants and animals are merely structures built up out of innumerable cells; their growth is a process of cell-multiplication. But in every case this organized community of cells is the outcome of cell-division; every cell springs from and perpetuates itself through a division of a pre-existing cell. And hence this unending cell-division may be said to form a chain of cells which links every existing plant and animal to the ancestral single-celled animal and plant to which the Creator gave life in the beginning.

And now, without dwelling on certain plants devoid of chlorophyll and the few but very interesting green, insect-eating plants, which possess exceptional powers to take in and digest food, let us pass on and study briefly the animal kingdom.

To begin, the animal kingdom is divided into two well-marked groups, namely, the *Protozoa* and the *Metazoa*. To the

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protozoa belong all the simplest forms, such as *Vorticella*, which, as we know, consist of a single cell, and which, as a rule, live attached to one spot; and in these simplest animals reproduction—as we have said—takes place by a simple division of the nucleus of the cell into two nuclei. It sometimes happens among single-celled animals that when reproduction has taken place, the two new animals, instead of living apart, stick together and form by still other divisions what—for want of a better word—we might term a community. But in every such community the individuals composing it are never arranged in such a way as to form definite organs; each single-celled member of the community would seem to exist for itself alone. This fact it is very necessary to bear in mind, for it sharply distinguishes the simplest forms of animal life from the higher group of the animal kingdom, namely, the Metazoa—to which group Man belongs—and which are forms composed of a number of cells arranged in layers, and all the cells pull together, as it were; they combine to serve special ends for the good of the whole animal.

The first of the higher forms of which we shall speak is called *Hydra*, whose habitat is watery, muddy places. The shape of this little animal is cylindrical; a mere hollow body less than an inch long, surrounded by two layers of cells. At one end of it is a pedal disc by which it attaches itself to objects, and at the other end of the animal we perceive a number of tiny, string-like, hollow protrusions grouped around an opening which leads down into the body. Hydra creeps along by a series of caterpillar-like movements; and when one of the string-like protrusions or tentacles touches something it wishes to devour—a water-flea, for instance—we see the water-flea stop short in its gyrations. What has happened? Well, hydra has thrust into it a deadly dose of poison. And now it is very interesting to see the tentacle bend and draw the flea towards the opening or mouth, through which it is pushed well down into a part of hydra's cylindrical body called the *enteron*. Then after awhile, when digestion is completed, a minute ball —the remains of former fleas—is discharged through the same opening—for hydra swallows and excretes by one and the same passage-way. This animal, which is a continuous mass of protoplasm without blood-vessels or nerves, may during several generations multiply itself *asexually*—by budding, or, as we might express it, by vegetative reproduction: that is to say, other and smaller cylindrical bodies, under certain conditions,

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may grow out from any part of the parent body. But while the new body may often remain attached to its parent, it is to all intents and purposes an independent hydra. And afterwards from this bud other buds may sometimes grow out, until at length the whole assumes a branching, tree-like aspect; yet each branch is in reality a separate animal, which may at any moment break off and live by itself. But hydra may also—indeed as a rule does—increase by sexual reproduction; it may even shed into the water at the very same time both male and female sexual cells. This, however, seldom happens; for while in some of these animals we do indeed find produced both the male and female reproductive organs, they hardly ever discharge simultaneously; for when they do the marked benefits of crossing are lost—the progeny are not so hardy. Now, in hydra cross-fertilization is brought about by one of the male cells (a spermatozoon) propelling itself by the vibrations of its tail through the water; and so it goes twisting along until by and by it meets and touches an exposed egg on a hydra, whereupon conjugation takes place by the nucleus and a microscopic bit of the protoplasm of the spermatozoon penetrating into and fusing with the nucleus of the egg-cell. Then after a brief space the impregnated egg-cell divides into several egg-cells, which finally become arranged in a hollow ball or sac composed of two layers of cells, an inner and an outer layer, and this hollow ball is called the Blastula. And in this condition what may now be termed an egg, drops out of the parent hydra to the bottom of the pond.

Having said that the animal kingdom falls into two groups, viz., the Protozoa and the Metazoa, and having briefly dwelt on hydra, one of the little animals belonging to the higher group—the metazoa—let us burden the reader's memory with still another fact, namely, that the higher division is itself subdivided into two well-marked types—the *Cœlenterata* and the *Cœlomata*.

Hydra and many similar forms, such as coral-polyps, jelly-fish, etc., belong to the simpler subdivision—to the cœlenterata. Of course these simpler forms differ a good deal in size and shape; but, as we have seen, they may be broadly characterized as animals composed of only a stomach lined with two layers of cells, and with an opening at one end of the stomach for swallowing and for excreting.

Now, we might feel inclined to pass over, to despise, as it were, these lowly creatures—merely free-living stomachs. But it was necessary to dwell a little on hydra, for it is in studying,

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the changes which it and other simpler forms undergo, that we are able to work our way up intelligently to the structure of the higher animals belonging to the more specialized subdivision of the metazoa, viz., to the cœlomata.

Now, in the higher subdivision, in the cœlomata, we find the open sac or stomach of the lower subdivision changed, we might say improved, into a body lined not with *two* but with *three* layers of cells. The outermost layer are the *protective*-cells; next to them come the *nerve*-cells, while the innermost layer form the *muscle*-cells, with long, contractile fibres passing under the nerve-cells. By this admirable arrangement the middle or nervous layer can register impressions received from the outer layer and transmit them to the fibres of the muscle-cells; thus, as it were, telling the muscles what to do, whether to contract or to expand. But besides having three layers of cells, the sac or stomach of the higher subdivision of the metazoa (the cœlomata) is markedly longer and oval-shaped, and at one end of the long, oval-shaped sac is an opening which serves specially for a mouth, while at the other end is another opening which serves specially for excretion. Here, then, is a more *specialized* animal than hydra; that is to say, an animal with particular organs serving particular purposes; and this animal with two openings in the sac marks another advance in the life-system. But more than this: not only has the higher subdivision of the metazoa three layers of cells (the innermost layer forming the inner wall of the body) and two openings to the stomach, it has also a hollow space or cavity within the innermost layer, and in this hollow space runs the alimentary canal—which is the primitive digestive cavity—while in the region of the mouth is a slight thickening as well as a special development of nerve-cells; and this thickening and concentration of nerve-cells at the front end of the body may be viewed as an incipient brain. And it is interesting to know that as low down in the scale of animal life as leeches and earthworms we find this concentration of nerve-cells at the front end, specially developed all along the under surface of the animal from the mouth to the posterior opening; and as the majority of animals without a backbone have this development of nerve-cells along the under surface of the body, they are called invertebrates; that is to say, they belong to the invertebrate type of the nervous system. And these animals are the earliest to appear in geological time; while vertebrates, or animals with a backbone—such as fishes, reptiles, birds,

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mammals—which appear later in the earth's history, have this special development of nerve-cells, not along the under but along the whole *upper* surface of the body, and this is known as the spinal cord.

Having mentioned the earth-worm as belonging to the invertebrate type of the nervous system, let us dwell briefly upon it. The student of organic life will find no living creature more interesting to examine and to practise dissection upon than this humble invertebrate. The earth-worm is generally easy to procure, and armed with a magnifying-glass, some pins, a sharp knife, a plate, and a little methylated spirits, he will find his first work in anatomy very useful in preparing him for the study of the higher animals—the vertebrates. The food of the worm is organic matter, which it obtains by taking in an astonishing quantity of earth and passing it through its alimentary canal, in which process the nutritious organic matter is absorbed by the canal, and what is not nutritious is excreted and left in little heaps known as worm-castings. And let us observe that these tiny heaps of earth, which we scarcely notice when we walk abroad, have played a mighty part in obliterating the works of Man: give a colony of worms time enough, and they can undermine and bury out of sight Nineveh and Babylon.

This little elongated invertebrate, pointed at both ends, is found as a rule in touch with its burrow by its flattened end, which is the tail. And now, if we examine it closely, we discover something about it which we have not observed in other and simpler forms of life: we see here an animal outwardly bound together, as it were, by a number of rings, and this is known as *segmentation*. Now, segmentation is something that we plainly see in crustaceans (shrimps, lobsters, cray-fish) and in insects, while in man we also discover this phenomenon, although it is very irregular in most parts of his body, but distinctly enough revealed on the nerves, ribs, and backbone. Having taken note of these rings, let the student run his finger along the under surface of the worm and he will feel that it is not smooth like the upper surface, but rough, and a glance through his magnifying-glass shows him a number of horny points, and these horny points—which are attached to the body by strong muscles—form the machinery by which the animal moves along the ground. And now, continuing to look through the glass, the student will see the blood-vessels; and the five more plainly distinguishable ones, with contractile muscular

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walls, are the five hearts. After looking well at these hearts, we discover that the earth-worm may by its own self propagate its kind. But, unlike some of its near allies, it has not the power of budding—of vegetative reproduction; it possesses both sexual organs and its normal mode of reproduction is sexual. Nevertheless, it also has the power of cross-fertilization, and this is brought about in a strangely complex manner, by the agency not of two but of three worms. But in the earth-worm we look in vain for a special organ of respiration, for it is able to take in, along with the soil from which it extracts its nourishment, a sufficient quantity of oxygen, and this oxygen is absorbed by the blood-vessels of the intestinal canal, while carbonic acid is discharged by the cells of the canal; and let us add that the circulation of the animal's blood is through a perfect system of blood-vessels, and the pumping is done by the five contractile hearts above mentioned.

With these few remarks on the earth-worm we bring to a close our Glimpse of Biology. Let us hope that it may induce some of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to take up and to pursue this absorbingly interesting study. It is the study of the machinery of life. And in taking to pieces and in examining this machinery—from the simple, single-celled animal up to Man—the student becomes more impressed than he does by any other study with the mysterious power of Him who first put the machinery together and then set it in motion.

It did not make itself; it did not start itself. Almighty God was the machinist, and his hand was on the starting-bar.

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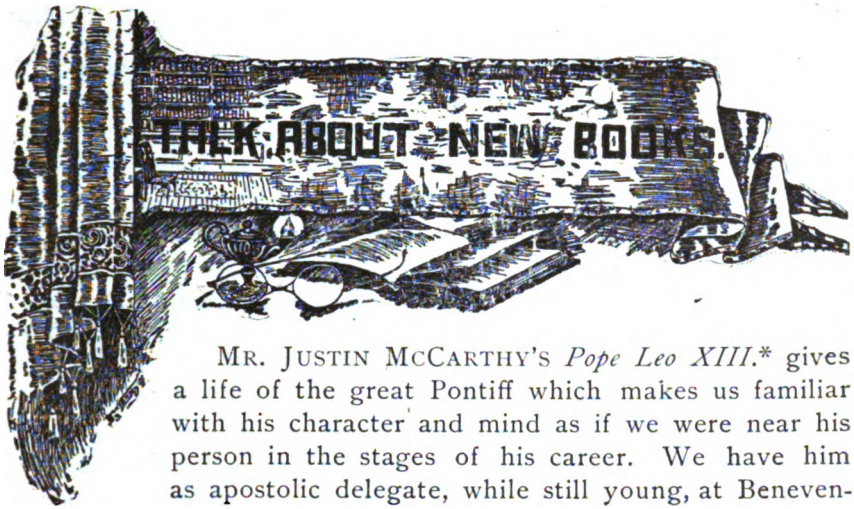

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *Pope Leo XIII.** gives a life of the great Pontiff which makes us familiar with his character and mind as if we were near his person in the stages of his career. We have him as apostolic delegate, while still young, at Benevento, Perugia, and Spoleto. His administration of these places, as the executive officer of the temporal sovereignty, displays a rare combination of strength and suavity. There is an anecdote told of the way in which he awed a great noble who thought himself outside the law, if not above it. Pecci was putting down brigandage at Spoleto, his first government, and for the purpose his agents invaded the seignorial rights or franchises of this noble to make arrests. The latter stormed in to complain of the delegate's police; Pecci failed to see how in these days of civilization any man could put himself above or outside the law. The noble, in a fury, threatened to go to Rome and return with the dismissal of the delegate. "Go, by all means," replied Pecci; "but please to remember that in order to get to the Vatican you will have to pass the castle of St. Angelo." The other knew from this that Pecci was aware of acts more distinctly criminal than a claim to exercise exclusive jurisdiction within his own domains. The marquis, for this was his title, did not go to Rome.

While nuncio at Brussels he impressed King Leopold, the most sagacious of European sovereigns, with a high opinion of his judgment and tact. The attitude of the Liberal party was hostile to the church, and it was so especially on the subject of national education. The country was only a few years old—only just, as it were, separated from Holland—and it was the aim of secularizing policy to get hold of the young by a system of education that would place the future generation in the hands of Liberalism. Mr. McCarthy passes over this matter as one not within his province to discuss, but he allows us

* *Pope Leo XIII.* By Justin McCarthy. New York: Warne & Co.

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to infer that the difficulties it involved show that Gregory XVI. must have had great confidence when selecting Pecci for that mission; and the popularity he acquired in Belgium proved that he was worthy of that confidence. It is, however, to be regretted that one like Mr. McCarthy, who could so well present a picture of the influences and embarrassments round the nuncio, has not done so. We should have liked to hear something about the remarkable men who were then in Brussels, Montalembert, the De Merodes, and the rest, and to hear the views of their friends in France and England.

Of the charm of the style it would be impossible for us to speak too highly. It has the delicate fragrance of what is called the Oxford manner, but concerning which we have a theory, namely, that it began with Swift and Steele, was made familiar to America and England by Burke and Goldsmith, and finally, after the Union, was transplanted to England and became naturalized there. The secret of this style is in the way we see the thought—as in a transparency. Burke's wealth of imagination never obscured his political philosophy; the fierce rage of Swift only made his invective more pointed, his illustrations more telling. In Moore's prose we see his images as we see things reflected in a clear river, and in our own day we have the best of this gift in the words of light and harmony that wait upon the thoughts of Edward Dowden, and, in a day only past, in the throng which sprang up about Thomas Davis —that band which seemed in its passion and its grace to belong more to Grecian skies and air and mountains than to the hills and clouds and showers of Ireland.

Be that as it may, gifted with such a style, Mr. McCarthy can best tell the story of Leo, who is as essentially the man of the age as any one of that syndicate of nineteenth century thought which claims a monopoly of knowledge of the age, but which mistakes statistics for principles, social science for religion, and looks upon man as nothing more than a bundle of co-operating functions and nervous activities. Now, man is something more than such an exquisitely wrought machine; and because Leo knows he is, he was able to grasp problems which caused the syndicate to wonder. The idea of a priest, trained in twelfth-century metaphysics and the eternal circle of the syllogism, reading society in our highly complicated civilization as if it were an open page, pronouncing its laws with the exactness of mathematical formulas, referring mischiefs to their roots, and suggesting remedies with care and caution united

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to the greatest boldness, is outside of all experience. They could not get at him by an induction; and the syllogism, why it is only a *petitio principii*. The reason is that they know very little about what constitutes society and very little about the nature of man, and hence they could only vaguely guess at what to Leo was very plain.

Nor do we mean that in laying down social laws—that is, in expressing them—could he be unmindful of their particular application. No one more distinctly realized the difficulty of this than he himself; but the laws which make society an organism, with a life of perpetual renewal in the parts and working to an end, he could declare as against the systems of modern economists and sophists and calculators which would make the state a camp, a horde, a tumultuary mob.

In the chapter on the organization of labor Mr. McCarthy presents the mind of the Holy Father with great clearness, and that means that he presents the labor question in all its bearings with great clearness. In the chapter on the recognition of the French republic he is excellent. The subject was not free from difficulty. Mr. McCarthy is an advanced Liberal, and, perhaps more even than any Protestant Liberal, who might have some regard to responsibility — there are such Protestant Liberals—he dreads what are called reactionary tendencies. We ourselves have no fear of them; for there is an illuminating spirit in the church which even under the worst conditions of despotism or anarchy will prevent the world from ever becoming what it was when our Lord came, but in this fear he fully gauged the conditions confronting the Holy Father. To local prelates there is no extraordinary difficulty in adopting a new line of policy when expediency demands it and no paramount principle stands in the way. But the infinitely varied and conflicting interests upon which the Pope looks out lend to every matter difficulties insuperable to any mind except the wisest and best informed. For instance, in recognizing the republic he was plainly at issue with the German Empire; with all that was good in Spain, still a loyal power; with the house of Hapsburg, which had great claims upon his consideration; with the dispossessed sovereigns of the Italian states, who had at least this title to it, that they suffered at the hands of his enemies, and to some extent for the principle of succession for which he was suffering, though not for the same fundamental right; so that at first sight he would appear to have been bucklering the cause of the French republic against all Europe

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and his own rights. Again, for what—looking at the surface,—for what was he brushing away the recollection of Henry V. and the gallant gentlemen worthy of him, and, so far as men can be, worthy of Holy Church? Apparently for enemies of Catholic liberty, for corrupt politicians and stock-jobbers, for the republic of Freemasonry, fast becoming the republic of the Panama Canal frauds.

Yet to the Holy Father his course was clear, though honorable men might not see it. To such Catholics as are still instinct with the spirit of their fathers, inherited from the time when the Christian life was a reality in the mind and conscience, notwithstanding aberrations due to unfavorable social conditions, we beg to point out that Leo's first predecessor saw in the vision of the sheet let down from heaven all kinds of animals. The beasts and reptiles are the children of our beloved Mother the Church as well as St. Louis and Henry V.; and so Leo, acting even in the temporal domain, had the light of Peter's vision to guide him.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his *Christianity and Social Problems*,* gives us some very sound conclusions; though how he derives them from his premises is beyond our comprehension. The fault is ours—possibly a want of the scientific mind of the Naturalism school—but the truth of many conclusions we admit; so would every Catholic. For instance, when after a process of what seems to be intended for reasoning he deduces the proposition that we ought to be Christians, he says nothing more than any little child in our parish schools would formulate as follows: We are followers of Christ and are bound to imitate him. But when Dr. Abbott sees at most in our Lord the founder of a school of philosophy, he does not say so in plain terms—he does so by necessary implication; but when he sees in Him no more than the founder of a school of philosophy, he goes too far in insisting that we should join the school. We deny that we are bound to do anything of the kind.

As well might we hold ourselves bound to be Pythagoreans on the grounds given. We know that Pythagoras formed the conception of a society of men bound together by a moral discipline and a common belief. We know that his ideal was the study of wisdom, for he is believed to have been the inventor of the word philosophy, which expressed his view of rational life most highly ordered: a life free from ambition, avarice, and

* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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lust, in which his disciples should pursue the study of the nature of things. He established his society at Crotona—a society not of all men, remember—not of the wealthy and the poor, the slave and the freeman, the great lady and her maid, the noble, illustrious by descent and deeds, and the outlaw of society, loaded with ignominy and crime—but a society of the most highly cultivated men, devoured by a thirst for knowledge and prepared to embrace the moderate self-restraint imposed. The society died at the first breath of persecution, though no doubt it has left its fame behind, for there is no period of Grecian history in which distinguished individuals were not imbued with its tenets; but the Church which Dr. Abbott would lead us to suppose is nothing more than a system framed by a sociologist was baptized in blood, cradled in storm, and grew in strength and power and majesty in spite of persecution, or rather because of persecution; the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church.

We think he has sympathy with the cause of humanity; there is warmth in the tone with which he speaks of the collossal fortunes of a few men endangering the stability of the country by the enslaving of the many. A man may possess every right of a citizen in a free country, but if his bread depends upon another he is a slave. We take this as testimony from a man belonging to a leisured class; that is to say, it is the testimony of such a man to the existence of the fact that so large a part of the wage-earners of the United States depends on the moods of a few men, that practically the country is in the hands of a few capitalists. For this evil there is a remedy; but it is not in a fanciful Christianity, but in the genuine one which in its infancy brought the slave from the *ergastulum*, where human nature had been inconceivably degraded in him, to the room of some patrician's house which served as a church, where kind words soothed his spirit and loving hands tended his wounds, and his fellow-Christians prayed for all blessings for him.

He is very clear in the conclusion that wealth is in truth a trust. The rich are trustees for the poor from their abundance, and to this law they are bound by divine declarations in the Old Testament and the legislation which aimed at checking acquisition. Here again, while we recognize sound Catholic doctrine in the position that wealth is a trust, we fail to follow the reasoning by which Dr. Abbott reaches that conclusion. Looked at from one point of view, his arguments would carry us to ultra-socialism; looked at from another point of view, they

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would land us in the paganism which he over and over again harps upon as the worship of vindictive or corrupt gods—quite as though it were the refrain of a song far away in his memory—quite as if he discovered a modern paganism near at hand in the echo of that refrain. We are not deeply affected by this discovery; so little, indeed, that we say to our readers: Go to these lectures and papers if you have a fondness for fervent but inexact rhetoric, for dogmatism without solid learning, and a mode of thinking from which logic is successfully excluded.

Under the title of *Our Martyrs** the late Father Denis Murphy, an Irish Jesuit, supplies a record of the sufferers for the faith under the Penal Laws in Ireland. We have in this book a social history in examples that flood the mind with vivid perception of a tragedy going on for three centuries in the midst of European civilization. Great families disappearing from their place and sinking into the mass of the people, the spy and the informer constant to the objects of their watch as shadows to the substance, judges merely the ministers of state hatred, governors pursuing honorable men with the fury of arbitrary power, and all inspired by cupidity as well as religious rancor. All this we see in the confiscations, the outlawries, the huntings from hiding-place to hiding-place, the massacres, the imprisonments, the judicial murders.

As a specimen of the manner in which the ruin of Irish Catholics was wrought we take the instance of Sir John Burke of Brittas, County Limerick—a great landed proprietor in the last years of Elizabeth and the first years of James. Sir John determined to sail with his wife and young family to Spain to enjoy the religious freedom denied him at home. With touching simplicity he looked to the Spaniards as kinsmen who would protect him and his on account of his Milesian blood (*sic*)—protect him on this account as well as for the sake of their common religion. He was prevented from leaving Ireland by the commissioners of the province of Munster, one of whom was his father-in-law; but in no way daunted, he continued the practices of religion.

In the interval between the death of Elizabeth and the time that the policy of James regarding the Catholics was declared, the citizens of Limerick restored the splendor of public worship. Sir John was accused before Lord Mountjoy, the viceroy, of being a ringleader in this movement, when that official visited Munster.

**Our Martyrs.* By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. Dublin: Fallon & Co.

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The viceroy sent him as prisoner to Dublin Castle, refusing the unlimited bail for his appearance offered by his friends. A plague, more merciful than government, opened the prison doors and he returned home. There he openly followed the observances of the church, and employed himself in the offices of charity, until his manner of life was carried to the ears of Branchard, lord-president of the province. The lords-president of the provinces wielded despotic power. In that office the functions of civil and military authority were so united and confounded that no one could say what civil trespass was outside its jurisdiction. It embraced everything, even the most ordinary transactions of life as well as the infinite variety of offences against the peace. For a caprice, it dealt with a petty assault at a fair as readily as with the levying of war against the king. No right of the subject from statute, or custom, or precedent seems to have been sacred from this comprehensive jurisdiction.

Accordingly, Branchard, on hearing that Mass was to be celebrated on the first Sunday of October, 1607, in the great banqueting hall of Brittas Castle, sent a troop of horse to seize Sir John and his chaplain and carry off the sacred vessels and ornaments.

A vast crowd assembled, the Mass was about to begin, when the troops came up. The people fled in all directions. Sir John and the chaplain took into a strong tower adjoining the house the holy things belonging to the service of the altar. In the confusion they were followed by two or three servants. The captain and his soldiers surrounded the tower. Sir John was informed by the officer, if he were allowed to enter and speak to those within no harm would be done them; the answer was that the officer and his men might enter freely if the former would make his confession and induce the latter to do the same. The fact was that Burke would not trust their promises, and he was determined at any risk to save the sacred vessels from profanation. Every influence was brought to bear upon him not to ruin himself and his family. His mother and his wife entreated him, but all in vain.

As if to give a character of formal legality to these proceedings, the sheriff of Limerick came up with the posse comitatus to sustain the lord-president's authority; and in the manner of the times burned the village that lay at the foot of the castle. The siege had gone on for a few days when Sir John resolved to make his escape, carrying with him the ornaments

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of the altar. He had already sent off the chaplain to a place of safety, and so now, with a shield on his left arm, a helmet on his head, and sword in hand, he ordered the servants to throw open the door and follow him. He crossed over to the opposite bank by a weir, the guards shouted, he ran and hid the sacred burden in the brushwood.

Proclamations were issued against him; he went from one hiding-place to another, and finally was betrayed. Tried for high treason, he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The viceroy offered pardon, the restoration of his estates, and the dignities to which his social position would have entitled him had he belonged to the state religion, provided even then he should acknowledge the supremacy of the king. He refused in the terms of the ancient martyrs, and expiated his fidelity on the gallows. Not the least suggestive incident connected with the close of his life was the request when the cart that bore him approached the place of execution that he should be set down and allowed to make his way to the scaffold on his knees. This meagre sketch into which we have condensed the narrative taken from contemporary sources very inadequately conveys the character of this faithful gentleman who through his life reverenced his Lord above all things, and in his death endeavored, though at a long distance, to imitate his Lord's death.

We have from K. M. Barry a sketch of Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy.* In Mother McAuley's labor we have the conception of a great enterprise, and we wonder how such results could be accomplished by means so disproportioned. The circumstances under which she was born and brought up and her natural gifts placed upon the one side, and the work to be done upon the other, would compel one judging by the ordinary laws of life to exclaim that it was fantasy, mid-summer madness to think of it. Yet twenty years after her death there were one hundred and fifty convents of the Order of Mercy at work among the English-speaking peoples. The number has since been steadily increasing, so that these institutions represent a great instrument in the world-wide work of the church.

Born about 1787, when her religion was proscribed, her early girlhood was passed through a time of inconceivable horror and suffering for her co-religionists. Two years after the day of

* *Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy.* By K. M. Barry. Dublin: Fallon & Co.

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her birth the adjoining county of Wexford was given over to a rule which anticipated the outrages that through this century, and up to a day or two ago, have marked the dominion of the Turks in south-eastern Europe and Asia. If there were men of her creed possessing rank and station who escaped incredible degradation, they only escaped it through exceptional influence and fortune. Lust, rapine, massacre enacted in the light of their flaming villages told what martial law meant for Irish Catholic peasants.

The life-story of Catherine McAuley comes through such recollections like the light of a better life. It steeps the mind in a blessed forgetfulness of the unutterable ignominy and fear and horror which surrounded its budding promise, it is later on an instance of the power of grace to elevate and strengthen natural gifts until they compass things that intellect, wealth, and purely human energy could not accomplish. We see that were it not for such souls the world would be a jungle and a forest, beasts of prey called men would devour other beasts called men. It is these souls who pass on the torch our Lord lit in the dying world; these, and not the praters about the great humanities, the pharisees of the Stock Exchange who build hospitals out of the spoils of feebleness, and the good brewers who re-edify ancient churches out of the lives, out of the havoc wrought upon the poor—wrought through a hopeless struggle that works like madness in the brain.

From the aspect of social improvement under the auspices of the church presented in the work of the foundress of the Order of Mercy, we pass to the relation of the church to science as we find it offered in a volume of articles by Father Zahm. His name is familiar to our readers as a man of science equally at home in the laboratory and in the exposition of the natural and physical sciences in the lecture-hall. Those who have heard him state the results of searching inductive processes have enjoyed a pleasure not often experienced. The singular clearness of his language expresses the precision of his thought, while the felicity of his illustrations displays a remarkable reach of study over the domains of literature, art, and philosophy. In treating of experiments of a complicated character and methods of investigation, one is struck by his ease and simplicity; but they are the ease and simplicity of power and knowledge. We have in the articles before us the same mastery, the same clearness of style, the same power of rendering unfamiliar

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topics plain that we have just stated are the qualities to be observed in his lectures.

We cannot in this "Talk" afford more than a faint notion of what Father Zahm says concerning the sympathy of the church with every exercise of intellectual activity. No doubt much of what he says has been the property of honest and educated Catholics all along; the only Catholics who questioned the church's patronage of learning are the ignorant, or worse still, those semi-educated ones who sit at the feet of Protestant or quasi-Rationalist opinion. The most subtle form in which anti-Catholic influence presents itself is in the social tone which assumes that there is no intellectual freedom in the church, and that all the departments of scientific investigation are in the hands of atheism. A moment's thought ought to have corrected both of these views. Even if modern scientific investigation had become an anti-Christian monopoly, it would mean nothing more than that the natural and physical sciences were pursued by men outside the church. But these are only a small province in the realm of knowledge; useful, no doubt, in the same way as tinkering is useful, plumbing is useful, carrying hods is useful. Beyond those little arts of experiment lifted to the dignity of science is the great kingdom of philosophy, where all man's relations and duties, and correlatively to these his powers, have been examined, sifted, analyzed, ascertained, and directed until his place in creation became a law of the intellect. Beyond the tinkering and plumbing and hod-carrying of modern science is the world of the imagination and the heart, reflected in poetry and eloquence, in painting, architecture, music. All these were the church's care; but so far from despising, much less dreading, the inductive sciences, she has been their patron.

How could she dread them? She is the guardian of revealed truth, and consequently the friend of all truth. There are not two truths. The facts of science cannot contradict the truths of revelation, because truth cannot contradict itself. If there be a conflict, it can be only an apparent one, assuming that what are called facts of science and the inferences from them are established beyond all doubt. But "facts" of science on which great structures of irreverence have been piled have been proved time and again the very reverse of facts. Bacon nearly three centuries ago wrote that a little study in the experimental sciences leads to atheism, while a profound study leads to faith. We ourselves know that the most courageous atheists in Europe

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are English working-men and German working-men. The constituents of the late Mr. Bradlaugh, who could hardly read, were as good atheists as Haeckel, who produces the infinites by spontaneous generation; the factory-worker in a German town can tell you with Büchner, and with as much authority, that "God is only another expression for our ignorance." Now, we think that we are not bound to accept as scientific the conclusions as to creation and as to God which we have mentioned. It is not necessary we should say that the late Professor Tyndall demonstrated by an elaborate system of experiments, conducted with a care literally unexampled, that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation. Even if there were what is called spontaneous generation, all it would amount to, in our poor opinion, is that God had placed somewhere, or in some way, a potency which produced effects that might be taken or mistaken for spontaneous generation. We should be slow, for our part, in accepting the conclusions of men who, through prejudice, are unfit to make useful inductions even if they had the knowledge, honesty, and patience needed to collect, contrast, compare, and verify the particular instances; and we very respectfully decline to take their opinion concerning the attitude of the church toward science. Surely it is unreasonable to ask the church to believe that every pretentious fool is a wise man; every tyro, every dabbler in physics, is a man of science. This would not be demanded of one's ordinary friends, and it is too much of a good thing to require it from that august society which can count among her children, through nearly nineteen centuries, the most luminous minds that have shed light upon mankind, from that society which has set its seal on every department of knowledge, and without whose care and encouragement a blank, dead universal ignorance would rest upon the world to-day; that church whose sons, even on the subjects which modern science calls its own, outnumbers the men of any single creed or form of opinion. We remember to have seen it somewhere that the Jesuit Order alone produced more mathematicians than all the heretical sects and the modern schools of thought combined. We think it was the astronomer Lalande who said so, but this would *a priori* seem probable even to fair-minded enemies of the church, because the mathematics had been studied all along under her wing—we put aside the unfounded assertions concerning indebtedness to the Arabs; the point immediately present is: Does the church oppose or discourage those studies whose progress is supposed to lead to results in conflict with received

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notions based on the inspired writings? We confidently answer, no. Timid minds took alarm when Champollion's discovery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics was announced; it was feared that Egyptian history would be employed, like that of the Chaldeans and Assyrians in the last century, for the purpose of impugning the Pentateuch. The then Pope, Leo XII., had no such fear; he encouraged and sustained Champollion so fully that the latter wrote to Cardinal Wiseman, "It is a real service which His Holiness renders to science."

The same happened with regard to the first discoveries about Quaternary Man. Anglicanism and Evangelical Nonconformity got pale when the enemies of revelation shouted their triumph; but Pius IX., on the contrary, speaking the mind of the Catholic body with respect to science, and interpreting the church's spirit in the pursuit of truth, declared that the discoveries in question, and all such discoveries, would illustrate and confirm the divine records. Nor was it in words alone he showed this confidence. Again, in 1867, a paper was read before the Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology at Paris which maintained the existence of Tertiary Man, and written, above all men, by a priest, who not only received no censure on account of this, but enjoyed the friendship all his life of the most learned and holy ecclesiastics. This gentleman was mistaken and followed into error by the majority of European archæologists; but the value of the instance is in showing that the church does not dread modern science, whatever way she may look upon modern sciolism. We should be glad our readers should spend a little time on these excellent essays of Father Zahm; they may correct some erroneous notions that ought to be corrected, and they will certainly afford pleasure by the lucid style in which they are written and the vigorous treatment of the subjects.

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MAX MÜLLER'S MYTHOLOGY.*

We must leave the detailed treatment of these volumes to students (and there are not many) of the author's own rank, and content ourselves with indicating the object and purpose of the work. Professor Max Müller is, if not the founder, at all events the most distinguished defender of the linguistic school of Comparative Mythology. The validity of its methods is hotly contested by numerous writers, adherents of the ethnological school of comparative mythology, of whom we believe Mr. Andrew Lang is the most prominent. So assured are these latter of their triumph that they declare Professor Max Müller to be the only champion left of the opposing, and in their eyes exploded, school. As to the real number of those who think with Mr. Lang, Professor Max Müller expresses grave doubt. Mr. Coventry Patmore held that ten or so superior and inexhaustibly fertile periodical writers, with three or four fairly good novelists, were the arbiters, and for the most part monopolists, of fame. He quotes Mrs. Lynn Linton as saying, of her own knowledge: "Of a work lately published one man wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend, and in sixteen 'vehicles' he carried the flag of his friend's triumph." Professor Max Müller intimates that he is somewhat of the same opinion, and that the scientific method of which he is the defender is suffering from the same mode of attack. "It is easy to say such things [that I stand quite alone as the defender of mythological orthodoxy] in a number of daily papers, but they do not become true for all that. If, as happens sometimes, the same critic is on the staff of many papers, and has to supply copy every day, every week, or every month, the broken rays of one brilliant star may produce the dazzling impression of many independent lights, and there has been of late such a galaxy of sparkling articles on Comparative Mythology and Folklore that even those who are themselves opposed to this new science have at last expressed their disapproval of the 'journalistic mist' that has been raised, and that threatens to obscure the real problems of the Science of Mythology."

This is the state of things which has forced the veteran scholar, now seventy-three years of age, to publish these two large volumes. His purpose is, himself to defend the principles

* *Contributions to the Science of Mythology.* By F. Max Müller. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols.

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and the methods of the older school of comparative mythology, and also to make it plain that real scholars—at least large numbers of them—are still walking in the old paths. It is, of course, unnecessary for us to do more than call attention to any work of Max Müller, for profoundly and fundamentally as in some things we differ from him, we recognize in him one of the most learned men of the time.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Blessed Sacrament our God; or, Practical Thoughts on the Mystery of Love. By a Child of St. Teresa. *Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, Doctor of the Church.* Edited by Rev. Thomas W. Mullaney, C.SS.R. Vol. ii., Part ii.: Special Correspondence. *Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools.* Edited by Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. *Acts of the Apostles.* Chapters xiii.–xxviii. By Very Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B.—St. Luke. *The Formation of Christendom.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Vols. i., ii., and iii. *Foundations of Faith.* From the German of Father L. Von Hammerstein, S.J. *Our Favorite Devotions.* Compiled from approved sources. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Yonkers, N. Y. *His Divine Majesty; or, The Living God.* By William Humphrey, S.J.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore, Md.:

Bound Together. Six short Plays for Home and School. By Rosa Mulholland and Clara Mulholland. *Little Catechism of Liturgy.* Translated from the French of Abbé Dutilliet. By Rev. Auguste M. Cheneau, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Three Indian Tales: Namaha and Watomilka. By Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. *Tahko, the Young Indian Missionary.* By A. V. B. *Father Rene's Last Journey.* By Anton Huander, S.J.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY (Catholic Book Exchange, Paulists, New York):

The Ember Days. By Dom Colomba Edmonds, O.S.B. 1*d.* *Remember Me.* Daily Readings for Lent. 1*d.* *The Drunkard.* By Archbishop Ullathorne. 1*d.* *The Catholic Library of Tales.* No. 24. *The Life and Death of James, Earl of Derwentwater, A.D. 1689–1716.* Compiled by Charles H. Bowden, of the Oratory. 6*d.* *The Value of Life.* By C. E. Burke; with a preface by Aubrey De Vere. *Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case.* By Rev. Langton George Vere. *Tracts:* Chiniquy, The New Six Articles, Catholic Progress in England, The Protestant Alliance.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Longmans' English Classics: *Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.* Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by William Tenney Brewster, A.M. *The Last of the Mohicans.* J. F. Cooper. Edited by Charles F. Richardson, Ph.D., Professor of English in Dartmouth College.

THE WERNER COMPANY, Chicago:

New American Supplement to the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. A standard work of Reference in Art, Literature, Science, History, Geography, Commerce, Biography, Discovery, and Invention. Edited under the personal supervision of Day Otis Kellogg, D.D. Enriched by many hundred special articles contributed by men and women of international reputation. Vols. iv. and v.

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ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:
A Child of Mary; or, Pious Practices for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

AZARIAS READING CIRCLE, Syracuse, N. Y.:
Catholic Education and American Institutions. By Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. What it is, What it demands, What it gives. By Rev. Pierre Suau, S.J. Translated from the French by Marie Clotilde Redfern. *Life of Our Divine Lord, briefly told for Children. Jasper Thorn:* a story of New York life. By Maurice Francis Egan.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Jesus Christ during His Ministry. By Edmond Stapfer, Professor in the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton.

SOCIÉTÉ BELGE DE LIBRAIRIE, Bruxelles:
Le Travail des Couturières en Chambre et sa réglementation. Par Hector Lambrechts.

CHARLES WILDERMAN, New York:
The Catholic Library. 10 vols.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
A Woman of Thirty. By H. De Balzac. Translated by Ellen Marriage, with a preface by George Saintsbury. *About Catherine de' Medici.* By H. De Balzac. Translated by Clara Bell.

LUZAC & CO., London, 40 Great Russell Street:
Manual of Hebrew Syntax. By Rev. J. D. Wynkoop, Litt. Hum. Cand. in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Dutch by Rev. Dr. C. Van Den Biesen, Professor of Theology at St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill-Hill.

R. WASHBOURNE, London:
On the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ and Love of Crosses. By Father Alexis Bulens, O.S.F., Monastery, Gorton, Manchester. *Chats about the Rosary.* By Margaret Plues. *The Violet-Sellers.* A Drama in three acts. By Theodora Lane-Clarke. *Whittington and his Cat.* By Henrietta Fairfield. *One or the Other.* By Edith M. Power. *St. Patrick:* His Life, Heroic Virtues, Labors. By Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., V.G.

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING CO., New York:
Golden-Rod Books: Rhymes and Fables. Songs and Stories. A Fairy Life. Ballads and Tales. Compiled by John H. Haaren, A.M.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:
The Ancient Irish Church as a Witness to Catholic Doctrine. By John Salmon, M.R.S.A.I. *St. Joseph's Anthology.* Poems in Praise of the Foster Father gathered from many sources. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

Bulletin No. 37, U. S. Department of Agriculture: *Dietary Studies at the Maine State College in 1895.* By Whitman H. Jordan, M.S.

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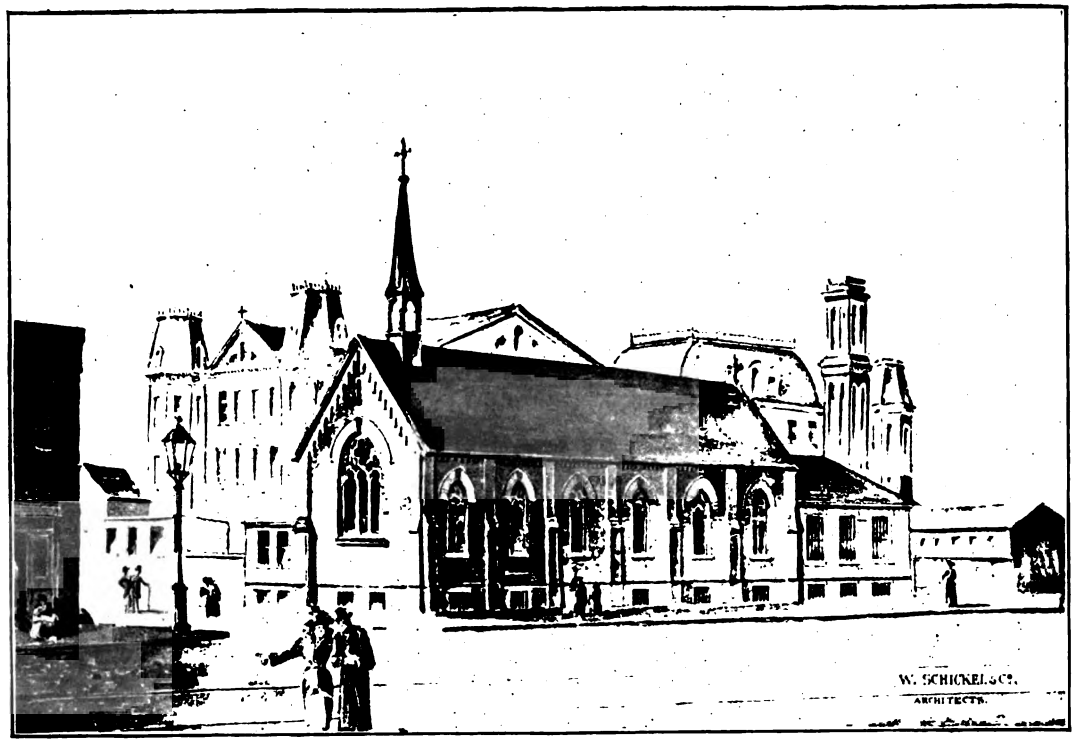

ARTHUR LEARY CHAPEL.

Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Erected by Miss Annie Leary on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, in memory of her brother, Arthur Leary, who died February 22, 1893.

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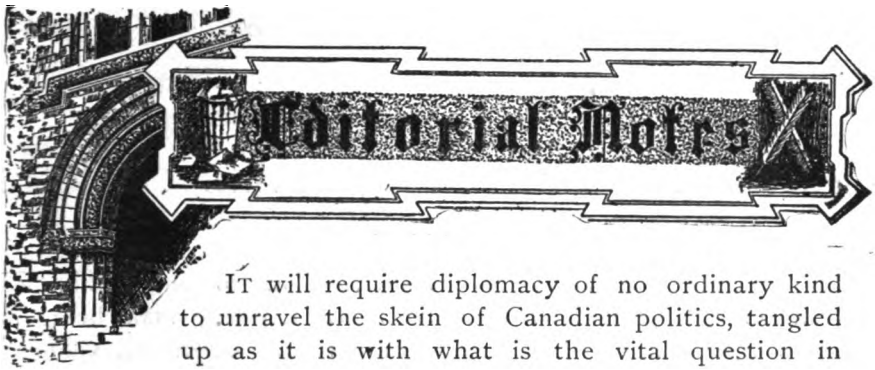

It will require diplomacy of no ordinary kind to unravel the skein of Canadian politics, tangled up as it is with what is the vital question in every government—the question of religious education. The way of compromises is looked for; but the bitterness of Orangemen does not readily yield to compromises, and the devotedness of the Canadian to his race and his language is so intense that instead of contenting himself with less he is striving for more. Monsignor Merry Del Val has a dispute worthy of his diplomatic mettle to settle.

The Greeks have unsheathed the sword in earnest and the end is not yet. Ten million Greeks, organized in secret military organizations spread throughout all the countries of south-eastern Europe, vowing vengeance against the Turk and determined not to rest till their foe of the ages is driven across the Hellespont, is now the power that is to be reckoned with. This tremendous power, backed by the Christian sentiment of civilized Europe, becomes an irresistible force. Can the Turk, with European officialism behind him, resist it?

The debate on the Financial Relations between Ireland and Great Britain (really England) was opened on Monday, the 29th of March, by Mr. Edward Blake in a speech of great power and completeness. He proved that the daily food of thousands of Irishmen is shortened in order that England may be paid; and not only this, but the capital of the country is melting away to pay British taxes. An admirable speech from Sir Edward Clarke tore to tatters the flimsy reply of the chancellor of the exchequer to Mr. Blake's statement. He was happy in exposing the favorite government point, that Ireland gets back in expenditure what she pays in excessive taxes. From a Unionist point of view Sir Edward retorted, that if the Irish are to be taxed excessively in order that there be excessive imperial expenditure in Ireland, the sooner they are left to manage their own affairs the better. The House voted for Mr. Blake's motion to the number of 157 and against it to the number of 317.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

The REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY is one of our well-known Catholic priests and writers. He is still a young man, being in his forty-fourth year. He is a graduate of Maynooth College. He made his studies there during the closing years of the presidency of Dr. Russell, the uncle of Chief-Justice Russell of England, and the friend of Cardinal Newman. Father Sheedy was ordained in the Pittsburg Cathedral by the late Bishop Tuigg, September 23, 1876. He was immediately assigned as professor of theology and history in Saint Michael's Seminary, where he continued until the closing of that institution. As a successful pastor he became widely known through his work on educational lines with young men. In Pittsburg the school, hall, and free library that he established were centres of the very best influence, that made itself felt in the whole community. He was the founder of the Pittsburg Polytechnic Society, and is an active member of the Writers' Club, the Academy of Science, the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, and other literary bodies. He has always been one of the leaders in the temperance movement, and for four years was the Vice-President of the Catholic Total-Abstinence Union of America.

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY,
Altoona, Pa.

He has taken an active part in the development of Reading Circles and the Catholic Summer-School. He was the first president of the latter, and is at present the chairman of the Directory of the Reading Circle Union. He has lectured for the Academy of Science at the Champlain Summer-School, and at the first session of the Catholic Winter-School in New Orleans. He is the author of *Christian Unity*, and of a work, just published, dealing with the Labor Question, entitled *Social*

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Problems. He is a regular contributor to various periodicals. Articles on labor and education from his pen have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Father Sheedy is now permanent Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa., but with the weighty cares and many pressing duties of a large parish he still finds time for literary work.

The data of MISS CONWAY'S life are by this time too well known to need repetition. Born at Rochester, trained in the religious academies of that city and Buffalo, supplementing her graduation by a long and severe course of reading under the direction of a great pioneer in educational development—the Right Rev. Bishop McQuade—she arrived early at a point where private life merges into public. Her first work in journalism began at an age when most women are still in the beginning of preparation, and has lasted, with constantly increasing merit and honor, to the present day.

MISS KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

It is seldom indeed that the literary woman of the period retains the feminine qualities of heart and feeling so little impaired by the intellectual demands which time and circumstance have made upon her. One would scarce credit the somewhat slight figure and strongly-marked but still youthful features, the big, dark eyes burning with enthusiasm and vivacity, as having borne the strain already put upon them in the work of the world. Her sound mental fibre and clear understanding, polished by long training, are joined to a rare sympathetic quality, and a sunny unselfishness that makes the interests of others her own. To the temperament of the poet she adds a sixth sense of practicability. So, while the pathetic strain in which she sings would indicate the dreamer, her vigorous administration as editor and organizer marks a new order of ability. In the circle of bright women among whom she stands it is this union of strength and sweetness that makes her remarkable and beloved. There could scarcely be chosen a better ex-

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pression of what Catholic Womanhood may attain in rounded symmetry of character and in personal influence.

Miss Conway acquires her shrewdness of judgment by heredity as well as education. Those who knew her father and mother can recall two fine types of intelligent minds in a splendid bodily development. An elder sister has founded the first college for girls in South America—the Collegio Americano, of Buenos Ayres—and carried it successfully through the fierce political changes of the last twenty years.

Considering the multitude of duties thrust upon her as journalist and author, the impulse she has imparted to the literary movement among Catholic women, from its very conception, is new testimony to her fitness as leader. Besides the individual attention which has made her especial work—the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston—foremost among its kind in America, she has been "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend" to a host of similar societies scattered throughout the country. She is honorably identified with the progress of the Summer-School of Plattsburg, and in the New England Women's Press Association she has made a distinct mark as framer of the literary programmes during a large portion of her eight years' membership. The esteem in which she is held by this body of journalists has been honestly won. Whatever mooted question may obtrude itself, or jar of opinions, her influence has ever been foremost for that loving tolerance which is the crowning grace of her sex. Yet she has never allowed sympathy to swerve conscience; and for this, no less than the other, do her words carry weight in council.

Her books, from the first volume of poems, *On the Sunrise Slope*, "to the latest addition in the series of Home Ethics, have been on an ascending scale of excellence, and met with gratifying success."

A Dream of Lilies and *Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly* continue in demand; while the three editions through which her later books have passed, in the short time they have been before the public, appear only the beginning of increasing popularity. Her tirelessness is evinced by the fact that *A Lady and her Letters*, *Making Friends and Keeping Them*, and *Questions of Honor in the Christian Life* have been published amid the preoccupations of editorial duties during the last three years; and that two others, *A Social Success* and *The Heart of the Home*, are to be issued next season. A new volume of poems is also to appear within the year.

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MRS. HENRY WHIPPLE SKINNER (Henrietta Channing Dana) is the youngest daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, Mass., author of *Two Years before the Mast.* Her grandfather was Richard Henry Dana, the poet, author of *The Buccaneer, and other Poems*, and founder of the *North American Review.* His father, Judge Francis Dana, was for many years chief-justice of Massachusetts, and was the first United States minister to Russia, in 1781–3. He married a daughter of William Ellery, of Rhode Island, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and granddaughter of Judge Jonathan Remington. Justice Richard Dana, father of Judge Francis, was a sturdy patriot of colonial days, a prominent opponent of the "Stamp Act," and figures in Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair.* His wife was a sister of Judge Edmund Trowbridge, chief-justice of Massachusetts in 17–.

MRS. DANA SKINNER,
Detroit.

Mrs. Skinner's early childhood was spent in Cambridge, Mass., where the Danas were near neighbors of the poet Longfellow, and Henrietta, from her seventh to her eleventh year, received daily instruction with the younger Longfellow children from their English governess. "Craigie House" became her second home, and the friendship of the families was further increased when in 1778 her brother, Richard Dana, married the poet's second daughter, Edith Longfellow.

In her twelfth year Henrietta attended a select school in Boston, and then went to Europe, where she studied the piano for two years under Professor Pruckner, at the Artists' School of the Stuttgart Conservatory, living in a German family, and attending courses of study both in public and private schools. She then went to Paris, where she studied music under the famous composer César Franck, and was at the boarding-school of the Ladies of the Assumption. While here she wrote a series of letters, descriptive of convent school-life and of the young future Queen of Spain, who was her fellow-pupil at the school. These letters were published in *Scribner's Magazine*

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of April, 1878, under the title of "A Queen at School," and attracted much attention. They were translated into French and reprinted in the *Revue Britannique* and the Paris *Figaro*, and a Spanish translation appeared in the *Epoca* of Madrid. Although Miss Dana received offers to become a regular contributor to the magazines and flattering letters from Dr. Holland, James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the latter comparing her letters to Walpole's and saying "Your pen belongs to the public," yet many years passed before she wrote again for publication; her life, meanwhile, being devoted to the care of an invalid mother and to the study of music and languages.

Miss Dana was brought up and confirmed in the Episcopal Church, but in March, 1878, she was baptized into the Catholic Church while on a visit to her sister in Chicago, by the Rev. Father Verdin, S.J. She received confirmation and first Communion from the late Bishop Thomas Foley, of that city. She soon after returned to Europe to live. In 1888, after many years of travel, Mrs. Dana and her daughters settled in Cambridge, and Henrietta took two years' courses in political economy, history, and composition at the Harvard Annex, now Radcliffe College. In 1891 she began to take up her pen again, writing an article on school-girl life in Paris, at the request of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. An article on "What French Girls Study" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1892. In June of the same year Miss Dana was married to Mr. Henry Whipple Skinner, of Detroit, Mich., in which city she has since lived. Mr. Skinner is also a Catholic, his mother having inherited the faith from her French ancestors, who were among the first settlers in Detroit, in 1701. His father, an officer in the Union Army, became a convert six years before his death. Since her marriage Mrs. Skinner has contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD a poem, and articles entitled "Love Songs of the Tuscan Peasantry" and "Italian Harvest Scenes." She has written a number of articles for the *Sacred Heart Review*, and a series of papers on the mediæval schools. She has also sent occasional articles to the *Nation*, the *Ave Maria*, and other publications, and is at present engaged on a novel and some short stories. She takes a leading part in many of the musical, literary, patriotic, and charitable societies of Detroit. Mrs. Skinner has one child, Richard Dana Skinner, born in 1893.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, N. Y., is the popular title of the Catholic Summer-School, which has been engaged in various forms of university extension work for the past five years. Lectures and conferences are now being arranged by the Board of Studies to cover a period of seven weeks, from July 11 to August 28. The Chairman of the Board, Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers, New York City, has received definite answers regarding courses of lectures from the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Chancellor of Philadelphia, who is a specialist in Church History; the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of the Cathedral, New York City, a well-informed authority on the Liturgy of the Church; the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D.D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., who will discuss the phases of Mental Development; the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D.D., of the same institution, who has made an exhaustive study of Pope Leo's encyclical on Scholastic Philosophy. Rev. Francis W. Howard, of Columbus, Ohio, in his studies of Social Science will deal particularly with the principles which underlie the economic phenomena of the distribution of wealth, together with wages, profits, interest, and rent.

Other lectures in preparation will be given by Henry Austin Adams, A.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. C. M. O'Leary, of Manhattan College, New York City; Honorable John C. Maguire, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Honorable John T. McDonough, of Albany, N. Y.; Brother Potamian, of De La Salle Institute, New York City; Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, of Malden, Mass. The subject of Moslem versus Greek will be treated by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, of Baltimore, Md. Under the general title of Philosophical Questions, the Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa., will deal with some of the important topics discussed in educational literature. Considerable time will be given to conferences in the practical work of the Sunday-school, under the direction of the Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D., of New York City.

Special dates will be assigned for meetings of College Journalists, members of Alumnæ Associations, Reading Circles, and others interested in various lines of charitable and educational work. One of the notable events will be the reception to the Rector of the Catholic University, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., formerly president of the Champlain Summer-School. The list is not yet completed of the eminent church dignitaries and distinguished representatives of the Catholic laity who are expected to be in attendance during July and August.

The advantages offered at Cliff Haven for combining healthful recreation with profitable instruction are not to be excelled at any place in the Adirondacks, or elsewhere. Some of the visitors are attracted by the delights of the social intercourse, and the informal exchange of opinions, quite as much as by the vast learning displayed in the lectures. A friendly welcome is extended to non-Catholics, seeking to know the relations of the Catholic Church to scientific thought and modern progress. Rustic thinkers from the rural districts find themselves on equal terms intellectually with the residents of Boston and New York. City folks can learn much to their advantage by observing the self-reliance and sturdy individuality developed by the environment of mountain scenery.

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Briefly stated, the object of the Champlain Summer-School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study.

* * * *

Reading Circles should lose no time in encouraging the generous enterprise of the Cathedral Library Association, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City, by numerous orders for copies of *Dante and Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century*, by Frédéric Ozanam; translated from the French by Lucia D. Pyschowska, with a preface by John A. Mooney, LL.D. Handsomely bound in cloth, ornamental side, stamped in gold, with profile of Dante, price $1.50.

Only a Catholic can, with full intelligence and perfect sympathy, comprehend the philosophical views and theological tenets of the meditative religious poet, who towers above all others in solitary grandeur. Of English Catholic guides through the intricacies of the Dantean labyrinth there has been a dearth. We cannot doubt, therefore, of the success of this translation of a work received with general applause at the time of its publication, and one whose utility has not been diminished by the lapse of years.

The book has been published in fulfilment of a promise made to the late lamented Brother Azarias, who, referring to its excellence in a lecture on Dante before the Cathedral Library Reading Circle, lamented the fact that a publisher could not be found for it. To remove that reproach the work has been undertaken at considerable expense, and should receive encouragement from all lovers of Dante and all students of literature.

It is printed in clear type, on excellent paper, is handsomely and strongly bound, and convenient in size in spite of the fact that it contains 517 pages. The notes have been given in full. An analytical table of contents will be found useful. The book embodies the lectures delivered by M. Ozanam as professor of literature at the Sorbonne between 1847 and 1850. It is particularly adapted for use as a manual for Reading Circles or Study Clubs. Special terms to Circles ordering a dozen or more copies.

* * *

It is announced that a Jewish Summer Assembly is now under consideration, to be in charge of Dr. Gustav Gottheil, of New York City; the Honorable Simon Wolf, Washington; Professor Richard Gottheil, Columbia University; Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, of the Jewish National Farm School, and Dr. Henry Berkowitz, of Philadelphia. The Jewish Congregation at Atlantic City has tendered the use of its large synagogue for the purpose. The proposed Summer-School grows out of a branch of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, founded by the Methodist Bishop Vincent and instituted as such branch, with Dr. Berkowitz as chancellor, for the purpose of encouraging home reading in Jewish history. Professor Gottheil, of Columbia, compiled the first course of reading. A second one covers the era from the close of the Bible to the completion of the Talmud, and including the origin of Christianity. This society has spread its membership throughout the United States, Canada, and British India, and greatly increased the interest on

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the part of young people in early Jewish and Bible history. So profitable is it that those not Jews are taking it up. At Atlantic City the attempt is to be made to bring together leaders of the educational forces of the country, and to make the assembly the bond of unity between such national organizations as the conference of rabbis, Sabbath-school Union, Hebrew colleges, and councils of women. The institute, which will be established first, will have classes for those engaged in the religious schools of the country. Both Summer-School and Assembly are to be open to persons of all creeds.

* * *

Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, Assistant Superintendent of Education in New York City, has just completed his remarkable work for the free lectures given during the past year. In a closing address to the lecturers Dr. Leipziger spoke of a recent speech delivered by Lord Salisbury, in which that statesman referred to the power which public opinion exerts in these days, and of the necessity for public opinion being sound and sane—the importance of the holders of this power wielding it in obedience to lofty ideals and pure motives. To give these ideals, to furnish the inspiration to plain living and lofty thinking, to spread abroad the truth that shall make men free, is the purpose of the University of the Busy—the free-lecture course.

The speaker then went into a history of what had been accomplished during the past season. Four new centres were opened, making thirty-three places where lectures were delivered. Ten hundred and sixty-six lectures were given, and the attendance reached the enormous total of 426,357. Seven years ago, with 186 lectures, the attendance was a little over 20,000. The large attendance at the new centres and the maintenance, nay, increase of interest at the old centres, proves beyond a doubt that this provision for adult education is one that responds to an aspiration on the part of the mass of the people.

There are thousands of men and women who find at these lectures stimulus, guidance, and who carry on by means of this stimulus their higher education in connection with their every-day work. Education, we are beginning to see, does not end at the grammar or high-school or college. It is a continuous process. Nor is it limited as to high or low, to any age, to any sex, or to any condition.

The movement of which the free-lecture course is a part is known as university extension. In many of the reports of the movement in other parts of the country and in other countries it is stated that the working people do not attend in as large numbers as they should. In New York City the audiences are almost all composed of working-people. The lecture-halls are near their homes. These lecture-halls being generally school-houses, the school by its use for this purpose becomes an educational centre in a broad sense, and by use in this manner is paving the way for the time when in each assembly district of our city there shall be a municipal meeting-house, with its library, reading-room, and assembly-hall, where citizens can meet to discuss those broad non-partisan questions which affect their general well-being.

The course of lectures during the past season has been more closely correlated than in any previous year. A systematic arrangement was pursued—many of the lectures were arranged in courses of six, and the syllabus was used with good effect. A quiz followed the lecture in several of the courses, and the interest in the examination was lively. By this examination it was gratifying to find how much reading was being done by the regular attendants.

The systematic course pursued during the past season was impossible seven

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years ago. The mass of the people were not prepared for continuous study or continuous thought. In fact, no lecturer has a harder task than he who has to give a popular lecture to a mixed volunteer audience. How easy in comparison is the task of the professor in his recitation room. No audience is more critical than such audiences. And that they are held by the simple attraction of a man who has a message to deliver speaks volumes for the good common sense of the common people.

In the choice of subjects in the free-lecture course a combination has been made of the utilitarian and the cultural. Stress has been laid on lectures on physiology and hygiene. For this purpose alone the course justifies its existence. The death-rate of great cities can be lessened not alone on the wisdom of the authorities, but by the diffusion of knowledge of the facts that protect life among the masses. And with our heterogeneous population it may yet be advisable, as has been done elsewhere, to give lectures on these important topics in other languages besides English.

Intense interest has been shown in lectures on our own land—in American history, and in courses of lectures on municipal government and municipal life. A desire has been expressed by all classes for knowledge of the methods of the workings of governmental machinery. This desire was met by a course of city lectures. Why should not the chief officials of our city, or representatives of the various departments, tell, through the medium of the lecture course, what the various departments are doing—what progress is being made towards better schools, cleaner streets, wiser charity, more beautiful parks, ampler justice?

The libraries feel the impetus that the demand for good books creates, and as a result the public are being educated to the importance of the free circulating libraries. The lectures on science enable the visitor to the Museum of Natural History to look with different eyes on the collections, and those on art prepare men and women for the proper appreciation of our collections of paintings and sculpture. So an interest in life has been given to many. To some the lectures have proven the only bright spot in a cheerless existence; to others a social factor, and to others refining influences.

Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, spoke of the mission of the free library, and how it was broadening and increasing, and he declared that the reading for the people must be educational; that if it was not instructive we would soon be going back to the days of Roman decadence. As the great mass of people rule, the great mass should be educated. It is not the reading, but what the reading leads to. It is not the books a man reads, but it is what it makes him think about. Fiction may lead a man to right thinking, as much as works on science and art.

* * *

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MOTHER CATHARINE'S DEATH BEFORE THE ALTAR AT BENEDICTION OF MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.
(*See p. 355.*)

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THE

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MAY 25 1897

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN INDIA.

CATHOLIC education in India compares favorably with that of Protestantism. From the Himalaya Mountains to the Island of Ceylon, and from the Malabar to the Coromandel coast, the vast Indian Empire is dotted over with Catholic schools and colleges, while Protestant institutions are notably scarce. This is the more to be wondered at when we consider the immense resources at the back of Protestantism. Be it known that India is entirely a foreign missionary country. I mean that its religious personnel, both Catholic and Protestant, is imported from abroad—from Europe and America—there being no indigenous Christian priesthood to speak of. Almost fabulous sums of money are derived for the support of Protestant missionaries from the London Missionary Society, the various English Bible societies, the English Baptist and Methodist societies, and the Baptist and Methodist funds in America. When compared with these opulent resources of the Protestant cause, the support given to Catholicism in India dwindles into insignificance. Moreover, the moneyed element in India is all on the side of Protestantism: the Civil Service, the Educational Service, the offices of the army and the mercantile body, the four departments in which Europeans in India engage—all belong to one or other Protestant persuasion, and from these are drawn contributions not to be unnoticed, for the English are very open-handed when

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a call is made upon them for religion. The Catholic missionary is dependent for his slender support on the Propaganda in Rome. Why, therefore, is it that Protestantism with its riches does so little, and Catholicism with its poverty does so much? I shall explain.

ZEAL AS AGAINST MONEY.

The Protestant missionary has two distinct kinds of zeal: zeal for religion and zeal for money; but the latter is the stronger. The climate of India is not inviting. This drawback must be made up for in the shape of an alluring salary before the missionary thinks of serving God there. He leaves his native land for India; but with him come his wife and children, or the possible advent of children. His exile, too, must be made as pleasant as possible. If he lives in the city, his dwelling is a palace; if out among the natives of his mission, his bungalow must be attractive with the comforts of the city. The climate is enervating, and the missionary easily develops a hankering after oriental luxuriousness. He has not gone out to India to die. Moreover, he has to pose as a gentleman (a dignity so necessary to the English prestige in India), his wife must appear a lady, his children must be sent back to England to be educated, and something must be put by for old age. He is not, therefore, prone to help from his private purse to the building of schools in his mission and the spreading of education. Family cares, moreover, largely occupy his time or distract his attention. The Catholic missionary is actuated by no half-hearted zeal. He has gone among the pagans with the sole aim of spreading truth and gaining glory to God. The climate has no terrors for him. He has voluntarily chosen, from the noblest of motives, to spend his strength and end his life in diffusing light among his brothers in darkness. He has vowed to be theirs entirely. No thought about material comfort, no anxiety from family ties, no desire for social recognition, no striving to hoard for the future, impedes him. His eye is single. With barely the necessaries of life, he enters on the field allotted to him, wherein his purity of aim and generosity of heart carry him to results far beyond the scope of his Protestant competitor. With the very limited means at his disposal he erects schools in convenient localities of his district, where the children of his converts gratuitously receive the learning suitable to their sphere in after-life; work-

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shops to fit them for gaining their livelihood, and dispensaries to relieve their bodily ailments.

EDUCATION MOSTLY OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

The education of the Europeans in India is left to private enterprise, the government helping with grants of money only when a certain state of efficiency is reached, tested by the examination of the government inspectors of schools. The European element is too intent on trade and money-making to give thought to the education of the rising generation. This duty, therefore, devolves upon the missionary bodies. Catholic education is entirely in the hands of the Catholic missionaries. So efficiently do the priests and nuns fulfil the duty which has thus, of necessity, fallen on them, that our schools and colleges in India are the just pride of Catholicism. Our institutions are not mixed. The boys are taught by priests and the girls by nuns.

Among the greatest of the female teaching orders in India are the Sisters of Loretto, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, and the Nuns of the Visitation. The Sisters of Loretto occupy the east, north-east, and centre of India; the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the west and north-west; and the Nuns of the Visitation, the south. So widely known is the education given by our nuns, so highly esteemed is their training of the mind, heart, and hand, that the convent schools draw the majority of their pupils from the Protestant and rich native classes of the community.

The education of Catholic boys in India is in the hands of the Jesuits. There are a few small schools directed by the Capuchin Fathers, and a few by the Christian Brothers. The Jesuits have five large colleges in India: in Bombay, in the west; in Mangalore, in the south-west; in Trichinopoly, in the south-east; in Calcutta, in the north-east; and up in the Himalaya Mountains, in the extreme north. These colleges, by their situation and reputation, tap the whole of India, and in number are more than sufficient to supply the educational wants of the Catholics residing there.

The brilliant reputation as educators won by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, and since so ably maintained in many countries, is equally brilliant in India—in fact more so, considering the circumstances. For in happier lands they had not to struggle against the enervating effects of a burning sun and

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the insidious dangers of a tropical climate; against the almost total want of pecuniary resources in which they found themselves; against the loneliness and hostility which faced them—a handful of men in a strange, foreign, and uninviting land. They had nothing but the courage of their hearts to begin their work upon.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA.

From their size and the complete instruction afforded by them, these Jesuit colleges are what would be called universities in this country. The only difference is that they have not the power to confer degrees. In India a university is a collection of independent, rival colleges in a province, all modelled alike and all submitting to the same examination test. For instance, the University of Calcutta comprises all the colleges —about a hundred—scattered over the province of Bengal. The term "University of Calcutta" is only a term, not a reality, except once a year, when the university holds an examination which the students of the various colleges must pass before they can secure their degrees. The University of Calcutta has been affiliated to the University of Oxford, which means that the standard of knowledge required by the latter must be that offered by the former. The examinations of the University of Calcutta are conducted by boards of examiners, composed of professors of different colleges who have a wide reputation for learning and ability. When the examination questions are drawn up they are printed in England for the sake of safety. But this precaution does not always secure safety. The Indian student exhibits a wonderful degree of ingenuity in ferreting out the examination questions before the proper time. Once the questions were printed in India and the greatest precautions taken to guard their secrecy. The compositor, a native, whose literary knowledge went only so far as to enable him to make out the English alphabet, grew suspicious at seeing all this care. He sat on the type and escaped to the outer world, where he sold the seat of his garment for a large sum to expectant students. When the professors who are to set the questions are known, the attendance at their lectures is immense. Students flock from all the colleges, hoping to get an inkling of the character of the questions they will have to answer. The favorite authors of the examiners are studied, their favorite passages learnt by

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heart. Often do the professors mischievously enjoy putting their excited listeners on the wrong scent. But often their listeners are too quick for them. They will closely watch the movements of the professors, notice every package that is brought into their houses, bribe their servants, extract the examination papers from their safes and cleverly replace them. The knowledge spreads till some indignant student prints the questions in the newspapers a few days before the examination, when the poor professors are thrown into confusion. A Hindu student is more anxious about his success in an examination than, perhaps, any other student. A degree is to him not only a proof of his proficiency and a possible passport to a livelihood, but a sure pledge of success. In marriages among the Hindus the boy is bought, not the girl. Moreover, the girl's family must support the husband as long as the latter likes. It is considered a great honor to hold a university degree. The houses of the richest families are open to the fortunate holder; and the higher the degree the higher can he fix the price at which he shall marry a girl. The universities have been appropriately called the marriage-markets of India.

COLLEGES MANAGED BY THE JESUITS.

The Jesuit colleges in India are divided into two departments: a school department and a college department. In the school department are taught the elementary branches up to the entrance examination degree, which nearly corresponds to the matriculation at Oxford. In the college department is given a full university training in a course of five years. After the entrance examination the student enters the college department and pursues his studies for two years, when he passes the first arts examination, corresponding to the "Smalls" at Oxford. Two years after this he takes his B. A. degree, and in another year the M. A. The Jesuit fathers teach all the courses themselves, and the success that has attended their efforts has been very satisfactory all along. The competition among the colleges has been very keen, but the Jesuits have always kept ahead of this competition. For a long time they suffered from prejudice and from indirect attempts of unfairness to discourage them. The fact that the fathers are foreigners, Catholics, and, above all, Jesuits, has gone very much against them. The other colleges, that are not native colleges, have Protestant staffs. Of these men the boards of ex-

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aminers were for a long time exclusively formed. For many years the Jesuits were excluded from these boards, though they had men among them brilliant in every branch, and for a long time it was felt that the success of their pupils in the examinations was tampered with. But of late years things have in a degree changed; the Jesuits have made themselves felt as a power not to be treated with contempt. In consequence their pupils now hold some of the highest places in the examinations, and they themselves are being admitted to the privileges of the universities. Almost all the Protestant colleges that were formerly the successful rivals of the Jesuit colleges have shrunk up and almost disappeared before the energy of the latter. Their only real rivals now are the colleges largely subsidized by the English government.

WHO THE CATHOLICS ARE.

The Catholic population of India consists of three classes: the native Christians who have been converted from Hinduism; the Eurasians or half-castes, the offspring of European fathers and Indian mothers; and the pure Europeans, who are called Anglo-Indians. Of these the Eurasians are by far the most numerous in our colleges. The Eurasian boys have the defects of both parents: the insolence of the European and the supineness of the native. Yet there are many among them that are energetic and successful. By their numbers they are the leaders in the college play-grounds; the Anglo-Indian freely mixes with them, and is often proud of their patronage. It is only when college days are over that he tries to keep aloof from the Eurasians. The Eurasians, feeling that their color will stand against them in after-life, usually work hard and head their classes. The Anglo-Indian lad is careless, and expects a government position to fall into his hands because of his white skin. It is said that the children of the second generation of a European family in India have lost all backbone, and have become entirely listless. The Eurasians contemn the Indians, and the Indians equally contemn the Eurasians. In our churches the largest part of the congregations is made up of Eurasians. They differ in color from the black of the Africans to the light olive of many Europeans. The lighter their color the more arrogant and foolish they are. Their temperament is capricious. At one time they are all fervor in religion; at another, they abuse everything holy; now they

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will give their all to the church; then not a penny; to-day they are loud in praise of their parish priests; to-morrow they revile them. It is the greatest trial in the lives of their priests to avoid offending their changing humors. The great number of Eurasian Catholics is explained by the fact that they are remote descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese settlers of early times. Such famous names as. De Cruz, De Mello, and Murino are borne by descendants who have very little of what distinguished their ancestors.

NON-CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

In the Jesuit colleges the vast majority of the students are non-Catholics. Of these non-Catholics the Protestants and Hindus are the most numerous. The Hindus principally attend the classes of the college department, in preparation for their B. A. and M. A. degrees. They make very apt and clever students, and almost always head the list in the university examinations. They more than equal the white students in almost all the branches, but especially in philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, and physics. Philosophy and mathematics flourished in India long before the European gave up nakedness and paint; and chemistry and physics are nearly enough related to the two preceding sciences to attract the same mental aptitudes. But the Hindu is greatly handicapped in the English branches. He does not seem to take kindly to the English language; and the blunders he often makes in speaking and writing it are comical in the extreme. This is the case of the average native student; there are some of them, however, who have acquired a command over our language and use it with great correctness and fluency. The reason why the native students are so backward in English is to be traced to the primary schools. These schools are conducted by native teachers, whose knowledge of English is usually very limited. The scholars are not obliged to speak English during the hours of recreation; they naturally speak their own language out of school, and even the English text-books are often explained in the vernacular. The consequence of this is that when they leave these schools to pursue higher studies in colleges, where all instruction is conveyed in English, they are reduced to the greatest difficulty to understand their professors. Yet the native students generally contrive to stand first in English in the examinations. They are endowed with a wonderful memory

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and a great capacity for hard work when put to the push. Two or three months before the examinations they will be at their English text the whole day and far into the night, learning every word it contains by heart, often leaving the meaning to take care of itself. Owing to the influence of the native professors on the board of studies, the Indian universities have by degrees submitted to the system of appointing a large number of English text-books; and this system has, in great measure, brought about the pernicious cramming. It was between 1834 and 1839 that the government of India, then revising the code of instruction for Indian colleges, determined on introducing the literature and science of Europe, to broaden the sentiments and deepen the character of the natives, and to prepare them to meet the exigencies of modern life. The idea was a very good one, but had inevitable drawbacks when put into practice. Unfortunately, these drawbacks are becoming more apparent every day.

BRAHMANISM DECAYING.

With the bringing in of European literature, science, and customs there were also brought in many of the evils of European civilization. English translations of the filthy trash of Europe swelled the already sufficiently large amount of filthy Indian literature, and added the attraction of novelty; European science brought with it its atheistical tinge, and European literature its praise of freedom and its revolutionary blasts to disturb the minds and influence the hearts of the most religious and meekest people in the world. Nine-tenths of the Indian students no longer believe in Brahmanism, and will not accept Christianity as they see it depicted in the conduct of the English officials and in the differences and rivalries of the missionaries. Brahmanism, with its superstition for every act of their lives, had exercised over the natives an all-pervading influence. Now they laugh at what they reverenced before, and the void in their minds and hearts has not been filled. They are scoffing atheists.

THE BENGALESE.

The love of freedom and hatred of subjection with which they see their English text-books filled have implanted in them the novelty of the spirit of unrest. Our colleges turn out hundreds of young men every year who cannot find employment.

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The education they have received has puffed them up and has sown in them ideas which are beginning to bear fruit. As they can get nothing to do, they put the blame of it on their English masters, and rush about the country posing as political demagogues: "Representative government" (a thing absolutely impossible as yet in India), "India for the Indians," are the cries on their lips. As yet their efforts have not had much effect; but the time is coming when these fire-brands will do as much harm in India as the self-interested revolutionists have done in Europe. Especially in Bengal is this spirit stirring. The Bengalese are the cleverest, the craftiest, the glibbest, and most cowardly of the races of India. They therefore are the best fitted for plotting and for stirring up the races around them. If the Bengalese have a multitude behind them, they are loud and impudent; if they are unsupported, they are meek and peaceful. It is only in Bengal that the English rule is not liked. It is only the Bengalese that Englishmen cannot like. They are the opposite of each other, and there can never be between them that *rapprochement* which exists between the English and the other races of India. The Bengal government is fully alive to this fact, and tries its best to soften the friction by garden parties, *conversaziones* and other social gatherings, and by patronizing with its presence the social reunions of the Bengalese. But it is feared that these efforts are attended with only apparent success, and that they convincingly show the hollowness of the seeming good feeling that exists between the two races. The worst specimen of the Bengalese is the young man who adopts the outward forms of western civilization. He discards his picturesque Indian dress for coat and trowsers made on the latest London pattern, smokes cigarettes, twirls a cane, sneers at his gods, uses strong English expressions, wears patent leather shoes, and is a very silly young man indeed. It may seem strange that education has made very little progress among the women of India. Not twenty per cent. have even the slightest trace of it. The Indian woman's aim in life is to clean pots and pans and to remain hidden in the house.

JESUITS NEW AND OLD.

In Bombay the Jesuits have their largest college—perhaps the largest in the whole of India. St. Xavier's College was founded in 1867 and grew rapidly in reputation, until it now has

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an attendance of fourteen hundred students. It admits only day scholars, but has an annex, St. Mary's, for Christian boarders, with a roll of two hundred pupils. The government college is close by St. Xavier's, but the youth of Bombay seem to prefer the teaching of the fathers.

St. Aloysius' College is in Mangalore. It was opened but a few years ago and has an attendance of over four hundred students, mostly Hindus of the highest Brahman caste. In Trichinopoly is St. Joseph's College, the oldest of the Jesuit colleges in India. It has over eight hundred students. Situated in the Madura province of the Society of Jesus, it forms, as it were, the connecting link between the old and the new society. Before the suppression of the society Madura was one of its most successful provinces. It was here that St. Francis Xavier's influence was felt, that Blessed John de Britto toiled and was martyred; it was here that De Nobili astonished the proud Brahmans by his austerities and holiness, and Beschi composed his heroic poems in the vernacular, that hold to this day the highest rank in its literature. Nowhere else in India is the difference between the castes so rigidly observed; nowhere else are the Brahmans prouder of their distinction of being the highest class, the "twice born."

THE HINDU CASTES.

Broadly speaking, the Hindus are divided into four castes or systems, formerly strictly religious distinctions, but now almost entirely social: the Brahman, or priestly caste; the Kshatriya, or warrior caste; the Vaisya, or trading caste; and the Sudra, or menial caste. The Brahman considers himself sprung from the head of Brahma, the chief of the Hindu trinity, and that the others are from inferior parts of Brahma's body. Though he may acknowledge the acquaintance of the Kshatriya and Vaisya, the Brahman will have nothing to do with the Sudra; he considers himself contaminated by contact with the latter. The two other classes avoid the Sudra too. The fathers have to be mindful of these distinctions in caste in order to have some influence for good over this proud people. In the class-rooms of St. Joseph's College these distinctions must be rigorously observed. Each caste occupies its own part of the class-room, and these limits must not be crossed. The Brahman students sit first. As priests, the fathers are considered Brahmans. When giving a book to a student of one of the other castes they

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must avoid touching him for fear of contamination. The Jesuits submit to these puerilities, for they are the life and soul of this people. In the seventeenth century the Jesuit missionaries who were converting the Sudras had to cut themselves off entirely as outcasts from their brethren who were working among the other classes. One of the chief causes of the inferiority of the Sudras to the other castes is that the former eat meat—an abomination not to be forgiven.

"DA MIHI BELGAS."

St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, is the most famous of the Jesuit colleges in India. It is celebrated for its teaching and training throughout the land, and draws students from almost every part of the East. It was founded in 1860 by the Belgian Jesuits, and now numbers over eight hundred students. Most of these are Hindus and Mohammedans; among the Christian students the Protestants are almost as numerous as the Catholics. The Belgian Jesuits, in spite of being foreigners, have achieved wonderful success in Calcutta, as attested by the crowds of all sections of the community who attend their college. The Belgian Jesuit is admirably fitted to succeed in India. His robust constitution, together with his prudence, carries him safely through the dangers of the climate; he is naturally well gifted, and the assiduity with which he develops his gifts, and the ease with which he learns the English language, make him a splendid teacher; while his wonderful tact in dealing with others and his generosity in giving up his own customs and modes of thought to adopt those of the people among whom he has come to work, make him a very agreeable companion. The petition of St. Francis Xavier, when out in India, "Da mihi Belgas"—Give me Belgians—is as well founded to-day as it was in the sixteenth century.

ALL CLASSES UNITED.

There is not a foreign people with qualities better adapted to win the hearts of the English and the native races in India. St. Xavier's College, in Calcutta, is a striking proof of the hold that the fathers have on the mixed population of the empire. The sight presented to a visitor during one of the recreation hours is as varied as any sight could be, and would delight the heart of the most intense yearner after the universal brotherhood of mankind. Europeans, Catho-

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lics, and Protestants of every shade of difference, Eurasians of every color, Hindus, Mohammedans, Persians, Burmese, Assamese, Jews from many countries, Armenians, Japanese, Greeks, and Chinese—all these, different in character, manners, and dress, and in many cases naturally hostile to one another, mix amicably together, bound by a common language and by the kindly spirit of their Alma Mater. In this varied crowd the black-robed fathers mingle, passing from group to group with a cheerful word and smile for each, instilling and strengthening that feeling of forbearance and good-fellowship which in India is nowhere seen outside a Jesuit college. Every student is on an equal footing, or, if there is any preference shown, it is only for those whose conduct and application are what they should be. It is owing as much to this liberal spirit of the Jesuits as to their proficiency as teachers that their colleges are frequented by such various types of humanity. The native students were quick to perceive the difference between the Jesuits and the other teachers in Calcutta. The contempt or coldness with which they were treated in other colleges was agreeably changed to kindness and warm interest in their welfare in St. Xavier's; hence the college was successful from the beginning. If the ancient enmity among the different peoples of India, if the conflicting prejudices and interests of the many castes and creeds, will ever disappear and these peoples ultimately unite as one nation, it will chiefly be owing to the efforts of the Jesuit fathers. Their non-Catholic pupils are grateful for the kindness and care shown them. Whenever a name day of one of the professors or a feast day comes round, the non-Catholics are the most eager to celebrate it; whenever money contributions are desired for holiday sports, it is they who give most freely. In their missionary journeys throughout the country the fathers very often meet some former non-Catholic pupils and are hospitably received and helped. In after-life these pupils are proud to own St. Xavier's as their Alma Mater, and are generous in offering medals for deserving students and founding scholarships in the college.

THE GOANESE PRIESTS.

Besides their education and work in Calcutta the fathers have charge of the parishes in the city. Owing to the scarcity of secular priests in India this duty necessarily devolved upon

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the Jesuits. When they first came to Calcutta, in 1859, the parishes of the city were served by native clergy from Goa, known as Goanese priests. These men were in open opposition to Rome, and shocked the Christians by the looseness of their lives. The Pope sent a delegate to bring these men back to their allegiance to the church, but they refused to receive the delegate, and were, in consequence, excommunicated. As the Jesuits were the only priests then in the city, the parishes were confided to their care. It took time and a great amount of tact on the part of the fathers to win back to the church their erring flocks, and to wipe out, by the purity and austerity of their lives, the scandal caused by the Goanese priests.

But the chief aim of the Jesuits in India is the conversion of the natives to Christianity. For this purpose they have missions all over India, and the success that has hitherto attended their labors is very consoling. The missions are away in the country parts, removed as much as possible from the influence of the cities; for proximity to cities is one of the great hindrances to Christianity in India; the nearer the natives are to a city the more wicked they are, and the more they fear to lose caste by becoming Christians. The missionary lives out among his converts, in one of their hamlets, in a hut like their own, and in the same poverty. He studies their language and character, and adapts himself to their customs and manner of life, until he becomes one of them. It is only in this way that he can convince the shy and timid natives that he has their welfare at heart, and hope to get them to receive the faith he brings them.

IN CHOTA NAGPORE.

Perhaps the most flourishing of the Jesuit missions in India is the one they began last. It was about the year 1880 that they began to evangelize Chota Nagpore, a district in western Bengal. The inhabitants of this part of India are aborigines, and are called Khols and Mundaris. It is supposed that they were driven by the early invasions of the Aryans into this part of the country, and have remained there ever since. The Khols were the first to enter, but were soon followed by the Mundaris, who, it seems, conquered them, for they are a tribe superior to the Khols. This people is very simple and honest, readily embraces Christianity, and makes much better Christians than any other race in India, except the

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Madrases, who, perhaps, are the most fervent Christians in the world. The greatest difficulties the fathers have to meet in this mission come from the German Lutheran missionaries, who are trying to spread their heresy there too, and from the Hindu and Mohammedan landlords, who found it easy to enter the district and take the land from the simple inhabitants. By resisting the injustice and tyranny of these landlords, the fathers have made themselves the protectors of the defenceless Khols and Mundaris, and have won their hearts. The labors of the fathers have been repaid by solid conversions to the faith; in four years more than fifty thousand have been baptized, and the whole nation would now be Christian if the fathers were more numerous. One would think that the days of the great Francis Xavier had come again, so large is the number of the converts and so zealous their attachment to Catholicism. But, unfortunately, the missionaries are too few adequately to work the large field committed to them. Every priest has an area of over two hundred square miles to attend to, and must be travelling a good part of the year to see his converts. He has to do all his travelling on foot or on a sorry horse, over rough paths, through dense jungles, where he is continually exposed to the Bengal tiger and other fierce beasts that infest that part of India. The little country of Belgium is sending her brave sons and her alms to the rescue of Chota Nagpore; and when, in the course of years, the Jesuits in Chota Nagpore shall make so near a reproduction as the times will allow of their celebrated Reductions in Paraguay, Belgium, not Spain, shall have the glorious distinction of being the mother of the movement. In Chota Nagpore and their other missions the main hope of the fathers lies in the children. These are carefully instructed and trained in the mission-schools until the last trace of idolatry is removed from them and there is no fear that they will return to their gods.

FEW CONVERSIONS IN THE SCHOOLS.

It is sad to think that, outside of their missions properly so called, the fathers succeed in converting but a comparatively small number to the church. In the schools of the cities some Protestant children are converted; this is especially the case in the convent schools. But among the vast numbers of Hindu and Mohammedan students who attend the Jesuit colleges no advance in this direction has been made. All the ingenuity

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which Jesuit zeal could devise has hitherto proved useless. The Mohammedan is too proud of the superiority of his prophet to become a follower of Christ; the Hindu is too fickle and too much engrossed by the pleasures of life to accept the renunciation of the cross. Yet the Jesuits must keep open their colleges, even at the expense of their missions; for it is necessary to our religion to maintain in the opinion of the European and native in India that prestige which she has acquired, mainly by her educational institutions; it is only by so doing that she can hope to reach those that live in or near cities. It must, however, be said that the effort to convert the city population is but of recent origin. It began with the arrival in Calcutta of the Jesuits, who quickly perceived that the only way to make an impression on the educated classes was to raise the church in their eyes by making her the channel of an education at least equal to any that could be procured outside her. Before that time Catholicism was contemned and pointed at as an ignorant superstition by the Protestant missionaries. It cannot be doubted that the efforts of the Jesuits have made a very favorable impression on the native mind, and that they have overcome the first great obstacle to the conversion of the educated portion of the population. The time fixed by God cannot be very far off when the suggestions of a religious character conveyed by the Jesuits with their secular teaching, together with the example of their humble and devout lives, shall no longer be wasted on these stiff-necked peoples, but a rising generation shall bend to a gentle sway and our holy religion be enriched by the adherence of a vast multitude of intelligent and clever followers.

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AT SUNSET.

BY L. MARION JENKS.

DOWN those rich aisles where all the long, fair day
The sunbeams, coming thro' the violet panes,
Made the white marbles' garments like to kings',
He came, with eyes and head bent low, to pray.

There, in the shadow of advancing night,
He knelt, and pondered o'er his life's dark stains,
And brought out all his heart's hard, bitter things
Before the starlike, shining altar-light.

"I am not worthy to be called Thy child!"
But was not he who cried the sad words first
Forgiven from a generous father's heart,
Met not with harshness but with mercy mild?

What bud of hope was his in that dark hour
Which in his father's smile to blossom burst!
He knew the taunting demon must depart,
He knew of love the gladness and the power.

Now, shall this other say it is too late,
And rising, go into the fretting street
With a remorseful and despairing groan—
Straining to break the iron chain of fate?

Not from that Presence! Rather out of pain
And many sighs, to have the knowledge sweet
That by God's tender grace, by it alone,
His Christian courage has been born again!

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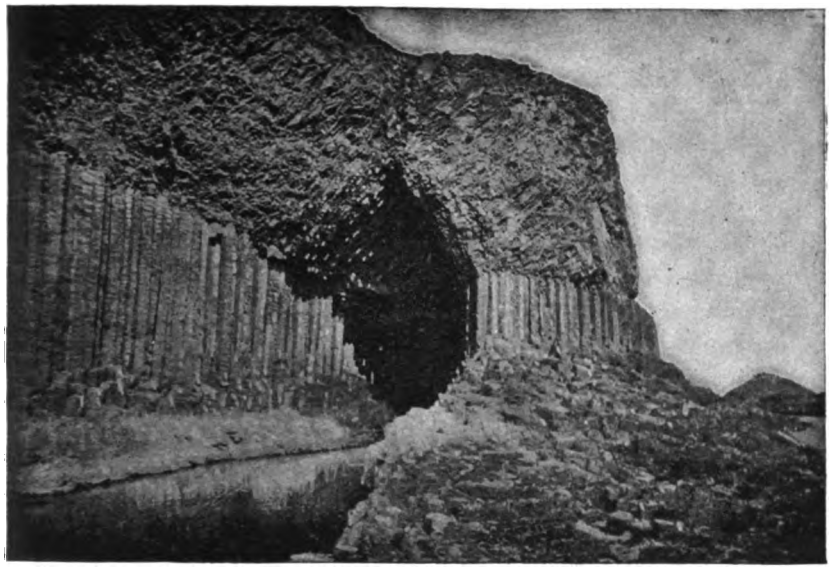

THE WONDERS OF FINGAL'S CAVE ARE NEVER-ENDING.

ST. COLUM-CILLE AND HIS FOURTEENTH CENTENARY.

BY M. A. O'BYRNE.

"Iona, O Iona! all summer swallows stay
About your towers: the sea-gulls to Ireland take their way;
And would I cry with weeping, the sea-gulls' road were mine,
To hear and see the lowing, the kind eyes of the kine.
Iona, O Iona!"

WE may well imagine the saintly Abbot of Iona giving vent to his feelings of sorrow and longing for Ireland in his self-imposed exile from his beloved land in the above words of one of our poets of the Neo-Celtic revival. St. Columba's intense love for Ireland is one of his chief characteristics, and as such he is a fitting type of the hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen whose fortune it has been to leave the land of their birth and live under foreign skies. He is, therefore, pre-eminently the patron of the scattered children of the Gael; and on the approach of his fourteenth centenary, on the 9th day of June, it behooves the entire Irish race to commemorate his memory in a becoming manner. The learned and patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, St. Columba's native diocese and the scene of his earliest labors in the church, has pointed out to us how his memory should be honored. In his Lenten

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exhortation to his flock he recommends the practice of the virtue of temperance and practical patriotism in the cultivation and preservation of the Irish language as some of the objects to be attained in celebrating his festival.

In giving a synopsis of St. Columba's life and labors, the writer is at the outset confronted by the difficulty of selecting from the mass of authentic material, both of a religious and national character. There is, perhaps, no other of the "countless thousands of the saints of Erin," to use the words of Aengus Ceile De, of whom there is so perfect and so minute a record, as there is no other whose life has been so fruitful in winning souls to God, and whose influence has been so potential in shaping and directing the religious character of the entire Celtic race. On this account, and because of his connection with some of the most important political events of his day, he stands forth as the most prominent and striking character in the entire drama of Irish history. He is, moreover, in every respect the most typical character of his race—typical in his intense faith, by virtue of which he lived and labored in the service of the Creator, imbued, as one of his biographers informs us, "with a continuous appreciation of the supernatural"—typical in his ardent love of nature, and of his native country, as we learn from some of his poems still extant which he addressed to his beloved Erin from his barren island home in Iona—nay more, typical in his very faults and passions, which by the grace of God he eventually overcame and subordinated to the most perfect service of God. Born of the kingly race of Niall of the Nine Hostages, through Conal Gulban, renowned in Celtic story, on his father's side, and through his mother a scion of the Leinster line of kings, he would in due time, according to his life in the Book of Lismore, have become the monarch of all Ireland; but the sceptre he rejected for the cloister, and the honor of the high-kingship of Ireland he cast aside for the glory of God and the conversion of his brethren.

St. Columba, or Colum-Cille, as he is usually called, was born at Gartan, in the barony of Kilmacrenan, County Donegal, on the 7th of December, in the year A. D. 571. It pleased Providence that he should have for his biographer one of his own kinsmen, a saint and abbot of Iona like himself, the illustrious St. Adamnan, who in his capacity of successor to Columba, and only a few generations removed from him (he was the ninth abbot of Iona) had extraordinary opportunity of authenti-

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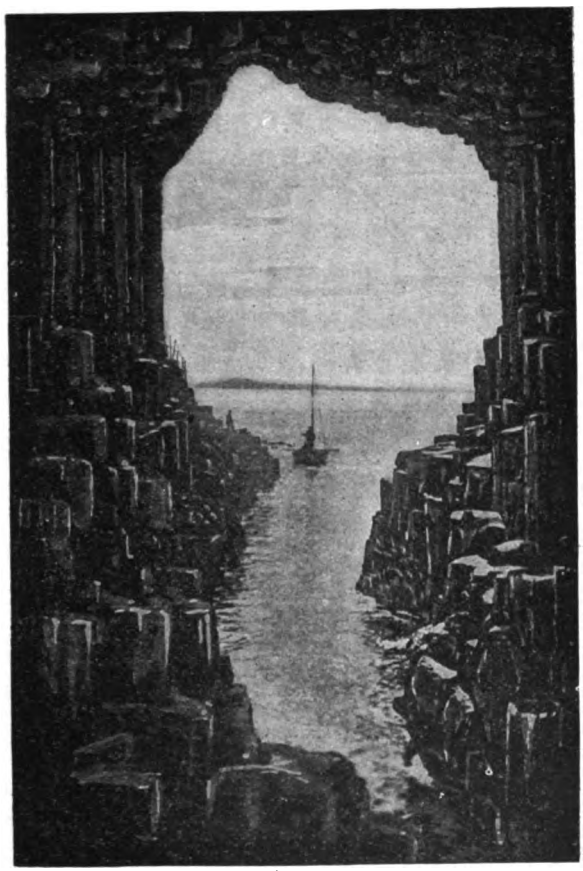

THE GREAT OCEAN'S WAVES BOOM AND REVERBERATE THROUGH ITS ARCHES.

cating the many details and interesting events in our saint's life, which he faithfully and vividly portrays. This life, written by St. Adamnan and in the Latin language, is specially valuable as illustrating the domestic life of the Irish people of the day. It gives a minute and detailed account of the daily routine of life of the monks at Iona: how they amused themselves, how they ate and drank and worked and prayed, presenting us a glance, as it were, behind the curtain of domestic life in their monastic home, and, through analogy, a picture of the homes and household scenes in Celtic Ireland of the day. There are several other lives of our saint. The most important, however, is one in the Gaelic language and compiled by Marius O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnell, a kinsman of the saint, in the year A. D. 1532. This life is largely a compilation of all

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lives hitherto written of the saint, and contains everything appertaining to his lineage and the history of his family that could be gleaned from all available MSS. at the time. What Dr. Reeves regards as an autograph copy of this work is to be found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is gratifying to learn that, as a result of the advancement which the movement for the preservation of the Irish language has made during the past few years, this great work is likely to be published in a short time by Father Henebry, the recently appointed professor of Celtic in the Catholic University at Washington, from photographic fac-similes kindly supplied by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

Father John Colgan, a Franciscan friar who took up the work begun by the Four Masters and supplemented by Fathers Fleming and Ward of the same order, published in Louvain, in 1645, his famous work entitled the *Treis Thaumaturgoi*, which contains five separate lives of St. Columba. These lives seem to be translations and compilations into Latin of all the lives from the Gaelic and Latin which he was able to find at the time, and contains even a translation of O'Donnell's life alluded to above. In this work he was probably assisted by Father Luke Wadding, another illustrious member of the same order who was contemporary with him. I have dwelt perhaps rather too long on this part of our subject, but I have done so purposely to suggest what a large treasure of literature, even in the department of hagiology, still remains practically unexplored to the vast majority of the Irish race, and which, let us hope, under the impulse which Celtic studies have recently received, is destined at no distant date to be brought within the reach of all by being published.

The several lives of our saint are unanimous in testifying that from his earliest years the young Columba evinced profound piety and wisdom. He received his early education from a holy priest called Crinthnecan, who founded an ancient church at Kilmacrenan, and who in his various lives is called "the foster-father of Colum-Cille." In due season he came from Kilmacrenan to the famous school of St. Finnian of Moville, near Strangford Lough. Adamnan informs us that during his stay at Moville he devoted the most of his time to the study of the Sacred Scriptures under the able professorship of St. Finnian. It was probably at this period that he made the furtive copy of Finnian's Gospel which subsequently led to the controversy as to whom the copy thus made belonged, and which was the occasion of the battle of Cuil Dreimhne, County Sligo, in the

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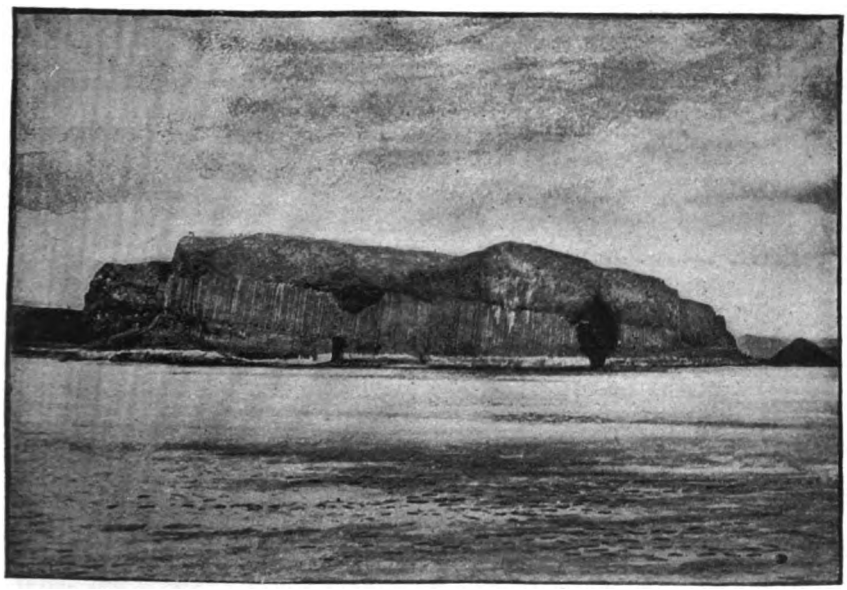
year A. D. 561. From Moville he proceeded to Leinster and placed himself under the tutelage of a celebrated bard called Gemman, under whom he studied his native language and the art of poetry. He seems to have become quite an adept in Gaelic poetry, as there are several poems still extant which are



THE RUGGED HEADLANDS ARE TYPICAL OF THE HARSH CLIMATE.

probably attributable to St. Columba. It is easy to understand from his poetic temperament, and his proficiency in the bardic art, how in after years he espoused the cause of the bards when they sorely needed a valiant defender. During this period, too, he studied theology and the ascetic life under another famous saint, Finnian, abbot of Clonard, Meath. In fact, it was at the college of Clonard that he received the most of his education, as we find him called in one of the ancient chronicles "one of the twelve apostles of Erin who were trained up together in holiness and learning" in this far-famed college. His object in studying at Clonard was to fit himself for the priesthood. We may easily picture to our minds the placid and holy life which the young levite spent at this period within the sacred halls of Clonard. Here he had the opportunity of intercourse with the holiest and most learned men of Ireland of the day; amongst them St. Kieran, founder of Clonmacnoise in the Shannon, and here, with all the surroundings of one of the most

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beautiful of nature's landscapes, he had ample opportunity of imbibing that love of nature which was one of his chief characteristics, and to which he gives such appropriate expression in some of his poems which have come down to our day. The following translation of one of his poems addressed to Ben Edar and the Hill of Howth, which commences "Is aebhinn a bheith i m-Beinn Eadair," illustrates both of his two most striking characteristics in his two-fold love for Ireland and for the charms of nature. The translation is by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and in imitation of Gaelic metre:

"Delightful it is on Ben Edar to rest
Before going over the white sea;
The dash of the wave as it launches its crest
On the wind-beaten shore is delight to me.
Delightful it is on Ben Edar to rest
When one has come over the white sea foam,
His coracle cleaving her way to the west
Through the sport of the waves as she beats for home."

St. Columba seems to have completed his education—at least his religious or monastic training—at Glasnevin, under St. Movi Clarainech, abbot and founder of this ancient religious house. Here he had as his companions three other great saints, St. Cannech, St. Ciaran, and St. Comgall, and we are told that a tender friendship sprang up between the three saints which continued during their lives.

Hé was now a priest, having been raised to that dignity during his stay in Clonard, by Bishop Etchen, of Clonfad, and an opportunity presented itself to him of founding a church amongst his kindred in an offer of land made him by his first cousin, Ainmire, prince of Ailech, who afterwards succeeded to the high-kingship of Ireland. He hesitated, however, in taking this step, as he had not as yet received a commission to found a church on his own responsibility from his preceptor, St. Mobhi of Clonard. At this juncture two of the disciples of St. Mobhi reached Donegal and presented to him the stole of St. Mobhi, who had already died of a plague which had raged throughout Ireland. This he accepted as a token of permission, and he immediately proceeded to found his first church and monastery of Derry. The exalted dignity of the saint, his royal lineage, the beauty and commanding aspect of his person, the fame of his sanctity and learning, his wonderful mortification, for we are told by Adamnan that "he lived on one meal a day, and

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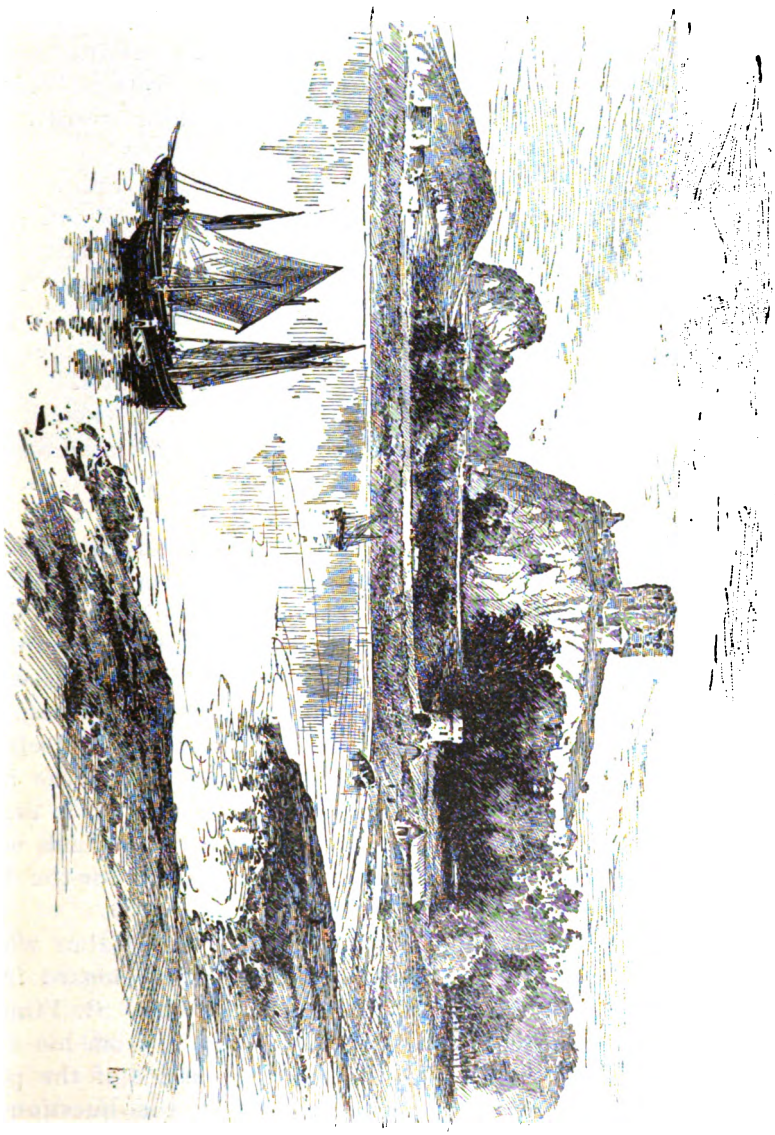
that less than the meal of a pauper," that he arose three times every night to break his slumbers by prayer, had, we may well suppose, the effect of attracting to him a vast host of followers



AMPHITHEATRE OF HEATHER-CLAD HILLS SENTINELLED BY DUNOLLY CASTLE.

and kinsmen, who, stimulated by the example of the saint, sought admission to his monastery to participate with him in the spiritual advantages of the religious life. What wonder,

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then, that his spiritual family grew to such large proportions that it was necessary within a short period for him to found other churches and monasteries. The monasteries of Durrow in the King's County, and Kells in Meath, followed in quick succession, both of which were destined to be as important religious centres as Derry. In fact Kells, after the destruction of Iona in 807 by the Danes, became the mother-house of the "family of St. Colum-Cille," as his spiritual children were afterwards called.

What avocations the "family of St. Columba" followed we are told by his biographers. Of course a great portion of their time was spent in prayer and meditation. Manual labor also formed a portion of their routine work; for, as Adamnan says, "labor is prayer if performed in the proper spirit." A good portion of that labor was intellectual, and consisted in the study of the Latin, Greek, and Gaelic languages, and especially the copying of valuable MSS. such as the sacred gospels. In each of the houses founded by St. Columba there was a copy of the Sacred Scriptures written by himself. The famous Book of Kells, the oldest and most beautiful of all MSS. of mediæval times, so beautiful and artistic in its illumination that tradition ascribes it as having been written by an angel, was in all probability transcribed by the saint himself. The Book of Durrow, a MS. copy of the Sacred Scriptures, is also supposed to have been written by St. Columba. So great was his zeal at this early period of his life that he had already presided over the foundation of no less than thirty-seven churches in Ireland. We cannot here enter into a detailed account of all the incidents of his life prior to his departure for Iona. It is essential, however, to make brief mention of the events which were the immediate cause of his departure from Ireland for the barren and desolate isle in the Scottish main.

We have already alluded to the copy of the Psalms which Columba had furtively copied during his stay at Clonard from an original copy owned by St. Finnian. This copy St. Finnian claimed as his own because it had been copied from his original MS. Columba vehemently denied the justice of the plea. To settle the matter they agreed to leave the question of ownership to Diarmait, who was then reigning at Tara as Ard Righ of Ireland. The judgment of Diarmait, delivered in that trite saying which has come to be a proverb in the Irish language "Le gach boin a boinin, le gach lebhar a labhran," and which in English means "To each cow (belongs) her calf, and to

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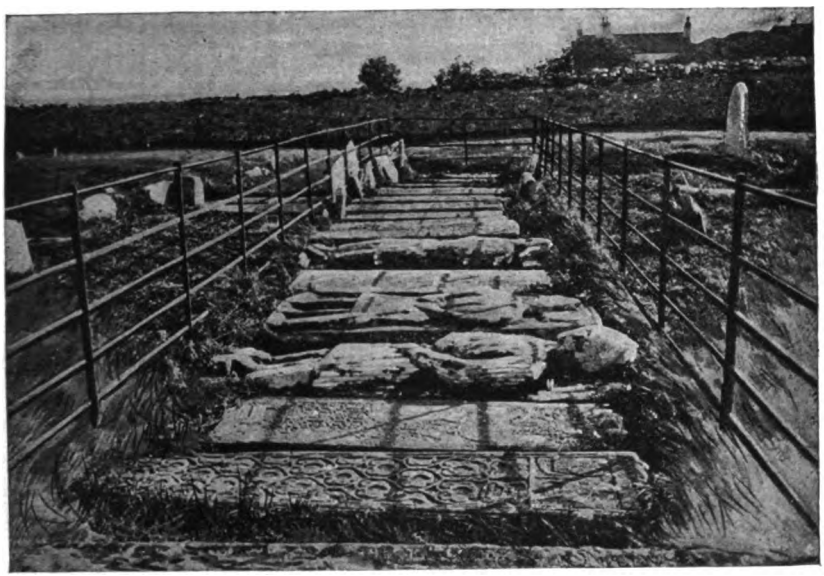

TO BE BURIED IN "IONA OF MY HEART" WAS THEIR LAST REQUEST.

each book its copy," awarded the MS. to St. Finnian. Columba, full of indignation, denounced the judgment as unjust and threatened to avenge himself. Shortly afterwards an incident occurred which fanned into a flame his smouldering passion. A young prince, son of the King of Connaught, accidentally killed, in a game of "hurling," a son of Diarmait's chief steward. Trembling with fear, he rushed for protection to the arms of Columba, who chanced to be present at the festal games then celebrating at Tara in honor of the king. Diarmait seized the fugitive and put him to death on the spot. This so incensed the saint that he summoned his kinsmen of the north and west to avenge the insult to his person. The result was the battle of Cuil Dreimhne in the County Sligo, where Diarmait was completely vanquished and over three thousand of his followers left dead on the field. When Columba had time to reflect on the result of his anger, compunction seized his heart and he sought the advice of his confessor, St. Molaise of Inismurray. Molaise imposed as a penance on him that he should leave Ireland, and gain to God as many souls as lives had been lost in the battle. This incident is instructive as illustrating the great political influence wielded by the Church of Ireland in those days. It also illustrates a feature in the character of the saint; for although he was naturally of a proud and vin-

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dictive spirit, he by the aid of divine grace knew how to make amends for the scandal he had given; for we are told he willingly submitted himself to the performance of the penance imposed by St. Molaise, though it meant separation from home and kindred and all that he held dear in this world. He leaves Derry accompanied by his twelve principal disciples, turns the prow of his currach to the north, and strikes out to the Scottish coast, in the year A. D. 563, and the forty-second of his age. Onward he speeds till he reaches the Isle of Colonsay, one of the most southern of the Scottish islands. Here he disembarks and, seeking the summit of the highest hill, he looks back in the direction of Ireland. The hills of Innishowen are still dimly visible; he must still away, and re-embarks in his currach, still striking due north, past the jutting headlands and fiords of the western coast of Scotland, past the rugged cliffs and sloping sides of Mull. The low-lying shores of Iona, gray and sombre, at length come in view. Here disembarking, he makes the same test, and finding no trace as he scans the horizon southwards of his loved native hills, he finally determines to stay, and here he establishes a monastery which is destined to be in after years the great centre of religion and learning for Scotland and North Britain. Here he enters on his new sphere of labor for the conversion of Scotland, and here he is destined to remain for the rest of his life. Here he devoted himself entirely to the service of God. His sacrifice of self was complete. His intense love of country and kindred was entirely subordinated to the will of the Master. Exercises of penance, meditation, prayer, fasting, and mortification, his biographers inform us, were the order of the day. Continuous journeyings in his currach, accompanied by his chief disciples, to the surrounding isles and the neighboring coasts of Scotland, preaching the gospel and baptizing the natives, formed his constant round of duty. Scotland at this period was occupied by two warlike and powerful tribes, the south-western portion by the Scots, and the entire north and east by the Picts. The Grampian Hills, called by Adamnan Dorsum Britannica—the backbone of Britain—and the fiords of the south-west, which with their tortuous windings seem to penetrate into the very heart of the country and almost form a union with the inland lakes, whose wild, majestic beauty supplies the theme of many a poetic effusion to Sir Walter Scott, marked the boundary of these two tribes. The Scots inhabited the territory called Dalriada, and were indeed descended from the same an-

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cestors as the saint himself—a colony of this people having migrated from the territory of the same name in the north-east of Ireland about half a century before the birth of our saint. In fact the reigning monarch of the Scotch Dalriadians, King Connal, was a cousin of Columba's. From him he received a grant of the Island of Iona and permission to establish his monastery, and from this people he received many postulants for the religious life in his monastery. Nevertheless the vast majority of the people had fallen away from the faith of their ancestors, who had been converted by St. Patrick. They were not, however, averse to the teachings of St. Columba, and in a comparatively short time the entire nation entered into the true fold, stimulated by the teaching and example of the saint. Several churches and monasteries were established throughout the land and in the neighboring islands, from whence other missionaries went forth to preach the Word, and all subject to the jurisdiction of Iona.

Columba's zeal did not confine itself to the conversion of his kindred, the Scots, but he thirsted for further spiritual conquests, and accordingly he directed his apostolic labors to the conversion of the Picts north of the Grampian Hills. The Picts are mentioned by Tacitus as a bold, warlike, and intrepid race. Emerging from their mountain fastnesses and the glens and forests of the north, they presented the first obstacle to the onward march of conquest of the Romans; and having defeated Agricola and his cohorts and finally driven them from Britain, they held sway over the entire island till the coming of Hengist and Horsa. Modern research has established the fact that they were a Celtic race having the same traditions, the same folk-lore, and claiming the same anonymous ancestors as the Celts of Ireland, and speaking a kindred though not closely allied tongue. It was to this fierce and haughty race that St. Columba brought the good tidings of the gospel, and though unconquerable in battle, they readily yielded to the "whisperings of grace" conveyed them through the instrumentality of our saint. We cannot enter into a detailed account of Columba's labors in the conversion of the Picts, as it would be outside the scope of this paper. It will suffice to state that before his death he had the happiness of beholding the entire country of Scotland within the fold of the true faith. Adamnan recounts many incidents in the life of our saint which go to prove the hold he had acquired on the affections of the people; how he was wont to go to their homes, visiting the poor as well as the

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rich, partaking of their hospitality, and entering into their sorrows and their joys. He became as one of them, and was to them "all to all for the sake of Christ."

During all this period and amidst all his evangelical labors he never ceased to love Ireland and take an active interest in her welfare. At the time of his departure from Ireland, as we have already seen, the high-kingship of Ireland was held by Diarmait, of the northern branch of the Nialls. He was shortly afterwards slain in battle by Aedh, chief of the Antrim Dalriadians, who still held sway in Dalriada after the departure of a portion of their clan to Scotland. A few years later on the chief sovereignty of Ireland fell to another Aedh, a descendant of the southern branch of the Nialls and first cousin to St. Columba, viz., Aedh Mac Ainmire. One of the first acts of this new monarch was the summoning of the celebrated convention of Drumceat, at which the question of the fate of the bards of Ireland was decided.

The bardic institution of Ireland dates back to the earliest period of Irish history. To the bards of Ireland was assigned the duty of preserving the historical records of the country. At the earliest period of Irish history those records, and indeed the laws and the greater part of the literature of the people, were written in verse and consigned to the custody of the bards. They thus gradually came to be looked upon as a national institution and part of the political system, and as such ample laws were passed for their maintenance and independence. We can readily understand, therefore, what an influence they wielded over a people naturally prone to esteem and honor men of learning and poetry, such as the bards undoubtedly were. The bards, however, not content with the legitimate influence which their position and profession thus assured them, became proud and arrogant, and by the vast increase in their numbers, and their exorbitant exactions from princes and chieftains in payment for their poetic laudations, they became a public nuisance. An example of their exorbitant exactions and disreputable conduct at the palace of Guaré, King of Connaught, is given in the bardic tale entitled "Immeacht na Tromdhaimhe," when they are represented as quartering themselves in great numbers and uninvited on the hospitality of the king. In short, so unpopular had they become that a universal demand seemed to go forth from the entire nation for their total abolition. In this exigency they appealed to St. Columba to save them. Columba, by nature and education, as we have already seen, a bard him-

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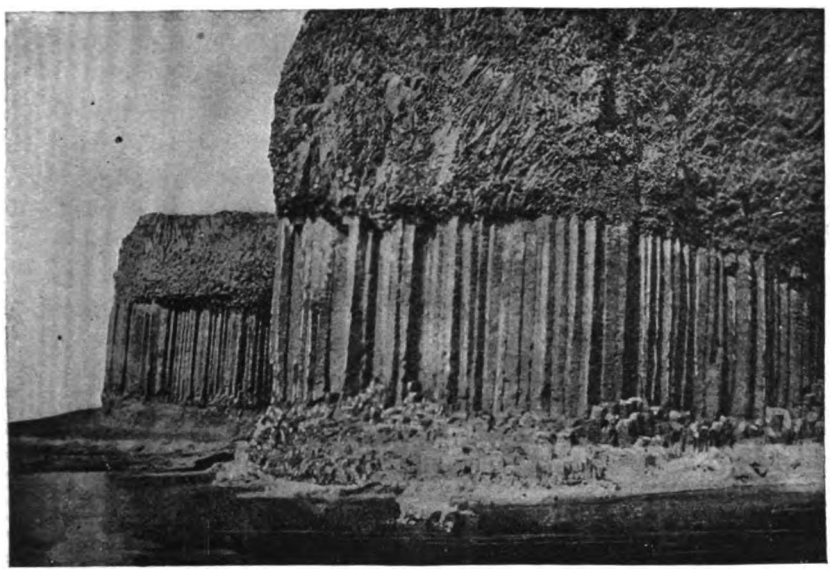
self, willingly espoused their cause and proceeded to the convention to defend them. This convention (of Drumceat) was held in the year A.D. 575. At the convention there were as-



BASALTIC ROCK RISING OUT OF THE SEA.

sembled all the princes of the line of Conn, with the chief king of Ireland, Aedh Mac Ainmire, presiding. Thirty bishops, forty priests, and a large number of the minor clergy were also present. Dallan Forgaill, chief bard of Ireland, and a host of his followers were there too. Aedh himself was their chief accuser, and their doom seemed to be a foregone conclusion till Columba rose up to defend them. Most eloquently and effectively did he do so, as the result of the convention in their regard proved. He admitted, indeed, that abuses existed in the order, but such abuses were not an argument for their total extinction. Let laws be passed restricting their power and defining their prerogatives, but for the glory of Ireland and the preservation of her historical records let not the order be abolished. His wise counsel, couched in such eloquent terms, at length prevailed and the bardic order was saved; and to Ireland was preserved much of what constitutes her chief glory, viz., her literature, which was the creation of these bards and their successors. It is true we possess but a remnant of this literature, owing to the spirit of ruthless destruction of the Danes, who

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burned all the MS. on which they could lay their hands. Later on the work of pillage and barbarism was carried on by the English invaders. But this remnant is, according to competent authority, the most extensive and varied of any vernacular language in Europe. What a debt of gratitude, therefore, does not the entire Irish race owe to Columba for his timely action on behalf of the bards!

We have outlined, too briefly perhaps, the principal events in the life of our saint, and we now come to his death. His relative and biographer, Adamnan, gives a graphic and touching picture of the last moments of the saint's life. Surrounded by his brethren, he acquaints them of his approaching departure from amongst them, and amidst their wailings and lamentations he blesses them, blesses the monastery and the entire island of Iona, and predicts for it a glorious future in the Church of God. His face seemed illumined with a heavenly light, as though he was already in commune with the angelic hosts, and, with his hands still extended in blessing his spiritual children, his soul takes flight to her Creator. In him was truly verified the words of Holy Writ: "Blessed in the sight of God is the life of his saints."

Thus died St. Columba after he had accomplished the great work for which God had destined him. So effectively did he perform this work that not only the Picts and Scots, but the entire British nation, felt the influence of his labors, and to a great extent is indebted to him, through Providence, for the gift of faith. "Aidan and Finan," says Archbishop Usher, "both disciples of St. Columba, deserve to be honored by the English with as honorable a remembrance as Austin the monk and his followers." And again, Bishop Wordsworth: "Truth requires us to declare that St. Austin, from Italy, ought not to be called the Apostle of England, and much less the Apostle of Scotland, but that title ought to be given to St. Columba and his followers from the Irish school of Iona."

Of Columba it might be truly said that, though dead in the physical sense of the word, his spirit still lived on in his spiritual children. It was this same spirit of faith and zeal which characterized so many of them whose names enliven the pages of Irish ecclesiastical history, and who, under the title of the "family of St. Columba," shed such glory on the Irish Church. It was this spirit which animated St. Adamnan, who, by his holiness and learning, was a worthy successor to St. Columba as Abbot of Iona. It was this same spirit that prompted Mari-

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anus Scotus, another of his spiritual descendants in the eleventh century, to leave Ireland and found the monastery of Ratisbon, in Bavaria, where, surrounded by his brethren, he devoted himself to the editing and transcribing of the Sacred Scriptures, and by the learning which he displayed was regarded as one of the greatest scholars of his day. It was this same spirit, in short, which animated Gelasius, Abbot of Derry, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, who during his long life accomplished so much for the discipline of the Irish Church.

THE DOG STONE.

And what is the practical lesson conveyed to Irishmen and their descendants in the life of St. Columba? It is emphatically the lesson of faith. We behold him leaving for ever his native land, which he loved with a passionate love, and selecting for his abode a desolate and lonely island set in the misty and cheerless seas of the Hebrides. Here he lights the torch of faith, and holds it aloft as a beacon-light to direct the thousands who were wandering on the troubled seas of error outside the true fold to the harbor of safety and grace within the Catholic Church. It is this faith which he has left as a heritage to the entire Irish race, and to which, handed down from father to son, our people have clung most tenaciously through good and evil report. It is this faith in its simplicity and intensity which doubtless many of us have seen and admired in a parent or grandparent, and the memory of which has been to us a sustaining force against the temptations of life. Long may this faith remain as our most cherished heirloom, and long may we preserve the loving memory of St. Colum-Cille!

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DEGREES OF KINDRED.

BY ANCILLA REGIS.

CHAPTER I.

RS. ALWYN was looking exceedingly worried, which was rather unnatural for her. She was usually of that sunshiny temperament that knows no clouds, and was a perpetual mystery to her friends. Everything in her household was perfectly managed; maids in trim white caps and spotless aprons glided around almost noiselessly, arranging all in perfect order. The children were always models of perfection, fair to behold, tastily dressed and faultless in manner, while Mr. Alwyn was a typical gentleman to the manner born.

The month of June was fairly ushered in, and they were just settled in their charming country home, when a letter arrived which rather disturbed the even tenor of their domestic life. Mrs. Alwyn was perfectly conscious of her own capabilities, and prided herself on her excellent management that kept everything in perfect harmony about her. But now she felt that a false note was jarring upon her, an innovation being made which would somehow mar that outward exquisite appearance every one admired so much. Yet she must not complain; that would be disagreeable on her part, and no one could ever accuse Mrs. Alwyn of being disagreeable; but she could not help the worried look, do her best, and felt mortified that her husband should notice it.

"You don't seem very jubilant over the new arrival, Frances," he said.

"No," she answered constrainedly; "I might as well tell you the truth, Gerald; I'm not. It's so unlike us to have a poor relation, you know. She does not seem to quite fit in with the usual equanimity of our household. It's all very well to say she will act as governess to the children, but of course she is your niece and must be treated accordingly; but, oh, dear! she is sure to be overgrown and awkward. Imagine never having been out of the convent in her life—Gerald, it's dreadful!"

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Mr. Alwyn seized the situation immediately. It was an awful trial for his wife's pride, yet he could not do otherwise than offer a home to his orphan niece, who had been educated in a convent, and who now wished to make an appearance in the world.

"Don't worry uselessly, Frances," he said; "it's not like you in the least. I imagine, from her letter and the mother superior's, that she is a very cultured girl, and she may not be so much behind the times after all. However, you'll know in a short time, for I'm just going to the station; the train is due at 6:30, so in all probability she shall dine with us at 7."

While she was speaking the train was rushing along that every moment brought Berenice Gylman nearer her future home. She too dreaded the meeting quite as much as her aunt. She was left a little child in the convent and had grown into maidenhood under the fostering care of the sisters, who dearly loved the young orphan. Now that school-days were over, and she showed no signs of a religious vocation, much as she loved the convent, the nuns were anxious to see her safely sheltered in a Christian home. Her uncle had never shown any kindness other than paying her bills and allowing a reasonable surplus for her small requirements. He had not been pleased at his sister's marriage with a poor artist, and thought it wise not to encourage such with his approval; but when a sweet, pleading letter came from Berenice, asking for a home, and offering in return to undertake the office of governess to his two little girls, his heart was touched and he was ready to welcome his niece without any of the apprehensions shared by his wife.

The train came in, puffing and screaming, and there were banging of doors and the usual vociferations that emanate from conductors and cabmen, and the usual kisses and welcomes and fond embraces, and amid all this Mr. Alwyn stood peering among the multitude for the little convent girl. No one answered his mental conception of Berenice; but he noticed a tall, graceful, sweet-looking girl that had evidently no one to meet her.

"Can it possibly be she?" he said to himself, and walking towards her, asked if she was Miss Berenice Gylman. Her reply in the affirmative contented him beyond expression, and a warm embrace assured the lonely girl she had found a friend at last.

Mr. Alwyn smiled complacently as he thought of the de-

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lightful surprise in store for his wife. The young orphan would not mar the usual exquisite tenor of their lives; on the contrary, what an addition she would be! They chatted merrily as the carriage rolled along the country road, and Berenice proved to be a charming companion.

"Clever, cultured, interesting," commented her uncle inwardly; and by the time they reached Rose Villa they were firm friends.

It was a delightful evening; the sun was just sinking behind a mass of crimson clouds and the air was filled with the perfume of the lovely June roses that literally covered the villa. Mrs. Alwyn and her two daughters added to the beauty of the scene in their pretty, delicate gowns, which were most becoming.

"Mamma, I wonder what she's like?" said Alice, a sweet, demure little maiden of ten. "I do hope she is pretty," said Maude, her elder by two years. "Don't you, mamma?"

"There's no use hoping anything *now*, dear; she must be almost here and can hardly transform herself in a few moments."

While Mrs. Alwyn was saying these words the carriage drove up the long avenue, and she looked anxiously at the new arrival. All her fears were immediately dismissed, the weight was removed from her heart, and her surprise was great as she saw Berenice gracefully alight from the carriage. She looked interesting indeed in the June twilight—a fair, fresh specimen from Queen's Gardens—and though her aunt gave her a far more cordial reception than she anticipated, there was still a seeming constraint between them. Mrs. Alwyn had not recovered from her surprise, and Berenice felt somewhat of an intruder. Alice and Maude were captivated at first sight, and their childish, unrestrained expressions of admiration made their cousin feel that she possessed two little champions whatever befell her. At dinner Mrs. Alwyn had ample opportunity of deciding whether Berenice would grace or disgrace her proverbially charming entertainments, and it was no small satisfaction to see how faultless was every movement, while she could converse intelligently on any topic under discussion.

As the days glided by Berenice continued to improve on acquaintance, until at last her aunt, though naturally cold, felt that she was fast gaining a place in her heart. Their friendship was finally perfected in one confidential talk, when Mrs. Alwyn confessed all her apprehensions before her niece's arrival, much to the amusement of Berenice. She was a general favorite, and people looked a trifle envious of Mrs. Alwyn and

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asked her how she managed to always have everything in such exquisite harmony. She would smile proudly and say she could not help it, that she could not exist otherwise.

As it was vacation time, Berenice was not called upon to instruct the children, but Mrs. Alwyn was delighted to have her superintend their music and hear a chapter of catechism, on which she insisted every day. Berenice gladly undertook this light charge, and as the children loved her intensely, the mornings frequently passed away in their company. After the lesson would come a story, then a chat, then some doll-dress-making, until Mrs. Alwyn would interpose and declare the children were too selfish altogether.

Berenice dearly loved the long walks and interesting talks with her uncle. He was a clever, deeply read man, interested in politics and journalism, and he loved to open the eyes and enlarge the mind of his young niece, who so eagerly grasped at knowledge.

One afternoon Mr. Alwyn was sitting on the veranda and little Alice had climbed upon his knee. He was stroking her flaxen hair fondly, when Berenice came upon the scene just in time to hear him say:

"You're so like your Aunt Alice, darling."

"Who is her Aunt Alice, uncle?" said Berenice wonderingly.

"Why, don't you know, dear?—she was your aunt also. She went to England when she was sixteen to visit her grandmother, and a few years after married Colonel Fenleigh. We quite lost track of each other for some years, and the next news I received was of her death. Later I heard that Colonel Fenleigh himself was carried off, leaving an only son, of whom I know nothing. I have tried to discover his whereabouts, for I was very fond of his mother, but I have never succeeded; I hope some day he will come to light. I believe they had extensive property, and he must be a fine young man by this time."

Berenice listened with increasing interest, and exclaimed: "Why, uncle, he is my first cousin then, and I never knew it! How I would love to meet him; it would be just like having a big brother, wouldn't it?"

"It would indeed, Berenice," replied her uncle, "but with the ocean between you he is not much advantage."

The conversation was interrupted by visitors, but Berenice was unusually thoughtful. She felt it was something added to

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her life to possess this near relative. Her heart went out to him, stranger though he was, and she reflected how he was almost without kindred, like herself; and so she longed and prayed to meet him. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," sang the immortal bard; and so it proved with Berenice's dearest wish.

CHAPTER II.

As on a former occasion a simple school-girl letter had changed the current of life at Rose Villa, so now a letter, bearing a foreign post-mark, had caused unusual excitement to prevail. It ran as follows:

"DEAR UNCLE: I have lately returned from India, where I was wounded in a skirmish, not very severely, but the great loss of blood has weakened me considerably. As I am forced to take furlough, I propose enjoying a long promised visit to the new world. Strange to say, while preparing my plans I met an old friend of yours, Colonel Fontane, who enlightened me about many facts concerning the family of which I was ignorant. He furnished me with your address, and of course I was delighted, for I have lived without knowledge of kith or kin up to this. My parents died when I was quite young, and I lived with my guardian until I felt competent to keep bachelor's quarters, which I do very successfully with the assistance of a dear old housekeeper who has guarded me with a jealous eye ever since I was a child. She has been a veritable mother to me, and now, when I propose leaving for an indefinite period, she is simply heart-broken. If it would not be trespassing on your hospitality, which Colonel Fontane assures me is proverbial, I venture to allow her to accompany me if you could conveniently accommodate her. She will make herself exceedingly useful during her stay, being an excellent cook, and altogether a person much superior to the majority of her class. I will await your reply before venturing so much on your kindness, but from what I hear of you and your charming family I have no fears. I suppose you are aware that father bequeathed me extensive property, so that I can afford to be a gentleman of leisure if I choose; but I must have active life in some quarter, and I love the army. However, as it is a case of necessity to retire for awhile, I am willing to accept events as they come. I shall await your reply impatiently, feeling sure

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it will be favorable. With kindest regards to my unknown relatives, believe me

"Your affectionate nephew,

"ERNEST FENLEIGH."

Every one had some comment to make on the letter. Mrs. Alwyn was thoroughly charmed; it just suited her. An English officer and an excellent English cook—more than ever would she be envied by her friends. Mr. Alwyn was delighted that the scattered kindred were being brought together. And though Berenice was silent—it was her way—her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened, and she felt happy in the thought of possessing one she hoped would be a brother to her. He had been isolated, so had she—was not that a bond of union already? He was wounded; how she longed to act a sister's part and minister to him with loving hands! These were her thoughts, and she longed for the realization.

A letter of thorough welcome was forwarded immediately, and before many weeks we find the family impatiently awaiting the second addition to their household.

It was a glorious evening, in the close of the month of August, when Ernest arrived, fatigued and travel-worn, it is true, but even in weakness such that all would say "This is a man!"

About six feet in stature, his military bearing would attract any one's attention. He had a noble brow, a shapely, expressive mouth, but his most irresistible charm was found in his eyes—such tender, kind, laughing blue eyes, that revealed the soul within and told plainly he was a man of noble character. The kind consideration he evidenced towards his faithful housekeeper revealed another trait of character in which some men are woefully deficient. "Cody," as he called her, was a robust woman, well advanced in years, yet possessing an amount of activity. She was most respectful in her manner, and asked immediately to be conducted to the servants' quarters, where she was well received, for Mrs Alwin's domestics were all that one could desire.

Berenice stood in the background until her uncle and aunt had welcomed the guest right royally, and the children had been embraced in cousinly fashion. She was silently admiring him, her grand, stately cousin, when he turned suddenly and encountered an unmistakable glance of approval. Berenice colored and looked rather confused, and while Ernest was won-

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dering who was the lovely girl, Mrs. Alwyn exclaimed: "Why, Berenice, where are you? Waiting for an introduction, I suppose. Ernest, this is your first cousin, Berenice Gylman. I don't know if you were aware of her existence."

A feeling of joy rushed upon Ernest at this announcement, and the look of admiration and gladness came from *his* blue eyes this time.

"My cousin!" he exclaimed, warmly pressing her hands—he dared not venture a closer embrace yet—"Why, what an unexpected pleasure. I did not, indeed, ever dream of her existence."

There was no time for explanation then, as dinner was waiting; but later on, when Berenice and Ernest enjoyed a chat, it was the outpouring of two affectionate hearts that had been isolated and were now brought in close contact.

A changed atmosphere surrounded Berenice as the halcyon summer days glided by. There were long walks, and delightful sails, and confidential chats in the gloaming, and pleasant hours whiled away in music and reading; in fact it was the slow drifting of two congenial souls nearer and nearer together. Of course they were first cousins, and no one even ventured to insinuate that the interest they took in each other was any deeper than what existed naturally between two loving relatives; but there are *degrees* in kindred, and blindly, madly were those two young souls rushing towards that goal from which, once reached, there is no going back. Unconsciously they sought each other's company and enjoyed it thoroughly; but this could not last for ever. Strange to say, the only person whose eyes were open to the daily unfolding truth was Cody. She loved Ernest with a jealous love, and would give her life to see him happy; and, as she watched the cousins' daily intercourse, she grew thoughtful and held frequent communion with herself as to how matters would end. She liked Berenice exceedingly; she realized what a grand woman she was, so clever, so accomplished, so unselfish, so thoroughly good, in every way such a suitable wife for Ernest. "Yet," she would say, "they are good Catholics and know that first cousins are within the forbidden degrees of kindred. I wonder what the end shall be!"

CHAPTER III.

One morning, not long after these reflections of Cody's, Berenice was seated in the little room assigned for the children's lessons. Alice was bravely going through the ordeal

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of committing to memory the Six Precepts of the Church, and with her cousin's assistance the "big words" were being made clear and the little mind unconsciously expanding. They were interrupted by Ernest, who entered the room looking the picture of happiness, and said: "Come on, Berenice, and have a walk down to Fern Dell; it's a glorious morning, and we'll enjoy the tramp before luncheon."

Berenice looked up pleased, as she always did when such a pleasure was in prospect, and answered:

"I'll be delighted to go, Ernest, but just wait a few moments until Alice finishes her chapter; there's a magazine to amuse you in the meantime."

"All right; you're worth waiting for," he added laughingly. He was soon deep in an interesting article, but suddenly roused himself as he heard little Alice say in her sweet, clear voice:

"'Sixth: They shall not solemnize marriage at the forbidden times, nor within the forbidden degrees of kindred, nor otherwise prohibited by the church, nor clandestinely.' O Berenice! I don't know what half those terrible words mean. Won't you explain?"

"Certainly, dear," replied Berenice, little dreaming on what treacherous ground she was treading. "Forbidden times means during Lent and Advent, because they are times of penance; and forbidden degrees of kindred means that near relations cannot marry."

"Cousins?" asked Alice.

"Yes, cousins," replied Berenice, but there was a strange, unaccountable feeling coming over her. She glanced in the direction where Ernest was sitting, and to her dismay saw the book fall from his hands and a painful expression on his handsome face. Alice, quite unconscious of the silent tragedy that was being enacted in two hearts, continued:

"Then you couldn't marry Ernest, could you? And I heard Miss Thauber say—"

"Never mind what Miss Thauber said," replied Berenice, in a voice so strangely unlike herself that even Alice wondered what was the matter. Berenice longed to rush from the room; but it would alarm the child and set her talking, so she just gave one pleading, trustful look at Ernest, which sympathy caused him to interpret; he strode out of the room and walked at a furious pace, scarcely knowing where he went.

Berenice controlled herself sufficiently to continue the lesson,

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and so little Alice's curiosity was not aroused; but when it was over she went straight to her room and gave vent to her violent emotions.

"What does it mean?" she asked herself. "What happened? What will Ernest think of me? Surely I never thought of marrying him. Oh! I have been blind, blind, and I never knew it. How could I help loving him? We have been everything to each other, and now that he has discovered it he will go away. But what will auntie say? and uncle, and everybody? I'll have to go away, too; I couldn't stand it. . . . But suppose he loves me; what then? O God! deliver me from the temptation; do not let me think of it, it's so plain—forbidden degrees of kindred—and *first cousins;* it would be dreadful. I'll go back to the convent; I must go somewhere or I shall go mad."

All these thoughts flashed through the poor girl's mind in a moment; yet they left her weary of the conflict. A struggle between heart and conscience is a desperate affair; yielding to either side means an immense sacrifice.

There was no going down to luncheon that day; so she sent word that her head ached dreadfully (they are so convenient, those headaches) and all she wanted was a cup of strong tea. Shortly after, Mrs. Alwyn came in silently, feeling anxious about her niece, but the storm was over; Berenice looked a little the worse for the struggle, but that was all.

"I'm glad you're better, dear," said her aunt. "I was afraid it was something serious, and you know your uncle and I are going in to town to complete arrangements before settling down. I would like to move shortly, to be in town by October. I shall be away for a few days and you must act hostess to Ernest. I don't imagine it's a very unpleasant office I am bestowing on you. Do you feel able?"

"Oh, yes, quite!" answered Berenice. "I'll be all right to-morrow, auntie. I'm sorry to lose you, even for a few days; but I suppose you must suit yourself about the arrangement of your town house; nobody else could do it half so well."

"I'm afraid you're waxing sarcastic, my little niece," said Mrs. Alwyn; "but good-by, dear. I will try not to be long away."

In one sense Mrs. Alwyn's absence was a relief; it would give Berenice time to determine how to act. After long consideration she concluded to ignore the episode, meet Ernest as if nothing had happened, and try not to betray her feelings

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again. But while this stoical resolution was in formation Ernest was pacing the veranda, looking very much perplexed.

"What does it mean?" he asked himself; "those words, 'forbidden degrees of kindred,' seemed to cut me like a sharp knife. I never realized before what Berenice has been to me; she has simply grown to be part of my life. I might have known I loved her long ago, but I have been so blind—and what of her? why did she give me that pleading look?—it must be that . . . Oh! but what's the use when we're first cousins. I'll just go and have it out with her, and if she loves me I can get a dispensation; I couldn't live without her." With this determination he walked quickly to Berenice's room and, knocking at the door, called out, as he often did before: "Berenice, I want to speak to you; will you come a moment?"

The door was quietly opened, and there stood his cousin, looking far more beautiful than ever as he regarded her in a new light.

"Will you walk to Fern Dell now, Berenice?" he asked, scarcely daring to raise his eyes.

Berenice looked puzzled, and answered:

"I've an awful headache, Ernest. I've been lying down all day. I don't think I could go."

He raised his eyes this time, and said in a pleading tone:

"Come, Berenice; it will do you good, and I must talk to you."

"Very well, Ernest," she replied submissively; "wait for me and I'll be with you in a few moments."

She closed the door, walked back into her room, and then knelt down and prayed as she had never done before, asking for strength to overcome the temptation.

"I know what is before me," she said; "yet with God's grace I will never sacrifice my conscience. I should not be happy. God would not bless such a union. I shall tell Ernest what I think about him, and then we must part. If only I could be happy in the convent—but I know that disappointments such as this do not make religious vocations. God has not blessed me with such a calling; I must drag out my weary days as best I can."

With a fervent appeal for grace and strength she joined Ernest, who was anxiously waiting for her. They walked on in utter silence, so totally absorbed in thought that neither noticed it. When they neared their destination, a charming spot fairly encircled in foliage that looked exceedingly pretty in the

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autumn sunlight, Ernest broke the stillness by laying his hand gently on his cousin's arm and saying:

"Berenice, I believe the same thought came to both of us this morning. I can answer for myself anyway. Here have I been living week after week in your presence, until you have grown part of my life. I have not a thought of which you are not the object. You seem a second self to me. I don't know how long this would have continued if my eyes were not opened this morning. I realize now that my love for you is the kind that one experiences only once in a life-time; the kind that man has for no other woman than wife. I was delighted at first to find we were such near kindred; but I'm not satisfied, Berenice—I love you too much for that—I want you for my wife."

Berenice only looked imploringly at him and pleaded:

"Ernest, what's the use of talking like that? You know we can never be any nearer to each other; was it not forcibly impressed upon us this morning? You must go away, and we must only try to forget; but one does not forget, that's the worst of it."

"Berenice," said Ernest sorrowfully, "can you send me away like that, after all the happiness you have brought into my life? Perhaps you don't feel as I do; if so, of course I would not urge you."

"Feel as you do, Ernest?" she exclaimed. "I don't exactly know your feelings, but for me the light has died out of my life. I began by giving you my sympathy in your isolation; now you have my love and all that is best in me; but, Ernest, much as I love you, nothing would prevail on me to violate a commandment of the church; so please pity my weakness, and in case I would waver, I beg of you to say no more. It's a comfort to know I have your love, Ernest," she added, looking up into his eyes, "but please do not urge me any more."

But Ernest had no mercy, and he pleaded and argued and tried every possible means to shake her convictions; but in vain. Ernest was a good Catholic in his way; he would never have openly violated a law of God, but he would gladly have had recourse to the dispensation that the church grants in cases of extreme necessity to prevent a further evil. But Berenice felt that God's blessing would not be upon them, and stood firm in her resolve.

They had a sorrowful walk home and a lonely dinner-table that night. Cody saw them returning, and wondered what

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made her "dear boy," as she called him, look so sad. She felt restless and uneasy until she could discover the cause; so when Ernest strolled out in the garden after dinner, she followed him and asked a little timidly if he would speak to her awhile.

"Certainly, Cody," he replied, offering her a seat.

"Well, then, Mr. Ernest, if you'll excuse me, I would like to know if you've any trouble? I couldn't help noticing how solemn-like you and Miss Berenice were, and I was afraid maybe something was the matter."

She ventured this far timidly, and Ernest answered her:

"Yes, Cody; the fact is, I must be leaving this place; I'm feeling strong now, and I can't spend my days in this idle fashion. I'll travel around a bit, and then you and I will go back to my old quarters."

"And what about Miss Berenice? I was thinking maybe, sir, she might be going back with us; it seems just as if you were made for one another—don't you think so, sir?"

"But, Cody!" he exclaimed, "we're first cousins."

"That may be, sir," she answered; "but you were just like strangers, and I thought by the look of things you seemed nearer than cousins."

"I might as well tell you the truth, Cody," he said thoughtfully, "since you have shared all my joys and sorrows. We do love each other, but my cousin could not be persuaded to marry me on account of our near relationship. I'm heartbroken over it, and I've pleaded and talked; but all in vain. That is why I must leave this place as soon as possible."

"Is that all that's between you?" asked Cody, in a strange, husky voice.

"All!" exclaimed Ernest. "I think that's enough—but Cody! what on earth is the matter?—you look so queer. Have you anything to say about it?"

Cody indeed looked nervous, and a pained expression crossed her face as she said: "Indeed, I have something to say; but, God help me, it's a hard task. I'd lay down my life for you, sir, and it's because I love you so much and long to see you happy that I must reveal what I thought would go down in secret to the grave with me. You never knew that Colonel Fenleigh was married twice; you are the son of the first wife, and no more relation to Miss Berenice than I am."

Before she could proceed with her narrative Ernest spoke excitedly: "What do you mean, Cody? Who was my mother,

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then, and why was I deceived up to this? If there was any disgrace—O Cody! for heaven's sake, speak! That would be worse than ever."

"Whether you think it disgrace or not, sir, I leave it for you to judge," she said, a little proudly. "You may call me deceitful, but I'll tell my story out of love for you, just as it happened long ago; and I have the marriage certificate and your baptismal certificate to prove what I say. About thirty-five years ago, when Colonel Fenleigh was travelling on the Continent, he stopped a few days in a pretty little village with an artist friend of his, and while there he met a young girl who, though in humble circumstances, was as good and beautiful as any lady could be. It was the old story of love at first sight; after a short time they were married, and both went around travelling. Of course they were not happy in one way. He never brought her to England, for he knew she hadn't the fine ways of his ladies at home, and he was waiting to see how the travelling and all that would improve her. They loved each other and he was very good to her, but they were ill-mated and she pined for her old mother and her little village. After a year abroad they returned, and it almost broke the poor mother's heart to see her child so faded. In a short time you came, Mr. Ernest—a dear, sweet baby; but in a few days your mother left this earth. Colonel Fenleigh resumed his travels, leaving you in care of your grandmother; but in a year or so he married again, a beautiful lady in every way worthy of him. That was Miss Alice Alwyn. Shortly after he was ordered to India, and could not leave without you. He had told his story to his second wife, and she, like a noble lady, at once proposed both you and your grandmother accompanying them, and she promised to treat you as her own son. The proposal was accepted, for your grandmother loved you too dearly to part with you; but she insisted on acting as your nurse, and all agreed to keep the secret of your father's first marriage, as it seemed best. Your second mother indeed kept her promise; she watched over you well, but when you were only ten years old God called her away, and two years after your noble, generous father."

She paused, and Ernest, amid a conflict of emotions, exclaimed:

"And my grandmother, Cody—what became of her? I think she's the noblest of them all."

"She never left you, sir," she said meekly; "she has tried to

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bring you up and give you a mother's love and care; but knowing that you were a gentleman, and she but an ignorant woman, she has been content to serve you as just—Cody."

Ernest was speechless with astonishment at this revelation. True, he loved this old woman, who had been so kind to him; but to think that she was his *grandmother*, and to think that he, who had held his head so high and bore every unmistakable mark of the gentleman, was after all at least half plebeian! But these thoughts did not sadden him; on the contrary, he had loved Cody as a good, conscientious house-keeper; now he revered her as a noble-hearted woman. Though of humble birth, her nobility of mind called for admiration from the greatest aristocrat, and Ernest was only too willing from that moment to proclaim their degree of kindred; but she implored him not to do so.

"If you have any regard for me, sir, let things go on as of old. Tell Miss Berenice, of course, and the family; but you need not let the world know. I would not be comfortable in any other position, and sure you always treated me as you would a lady. Let me live with you and look after the house for your sweet young wife as long as I am able, and when my health fails me, I know you'll look after me."

All Ernest's persuasions were of no avail, and when he saw that her happiness would be complete only in allowing her to follow her inclinations, he yielded; but he could not help showing her more deference than usual, and told her in plain words just what he thought of her.

"I don't believe another woman in the world would have acted as unselfishly and nobly. How could you have treated me with such respect as you have always shown, knowing all the time that you were, if anything, very much above me?"

"Don't speak like that, dear," she said; "I know your position and I know mine. The only thing I ever felt hard was to keep from calling you loving names, for you're almost my own boy, you know, and I loved your mother so tenderly. I often craved to show you my affection; so now, perhaps, sometimes you wouldn't mind if I just let my poor old heart go out to you, as I have longed all these years."

Ernest was moved intensely, and bending his tall, manly form over the dear old woman, he gave her such an embrace that compensated for her long trial.

It was growing late, but Ernest could not think of retiring without seeing Berenice. He found her seated on the veranda,

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enjoying the still, night air. She was suffering intensely; her first great cross had been laid upon her, and she was trying to bear it patiently. The tempter would suggest that one word from her would end the trial; but she reasoned with herself that if she made this concession it might prove the first step along the path that leads to sin. She was summoning up all her supernatural powers to strengthen her, and begging divine assistance, when she heard a step behind her, and looking up, she saw Ernest with a new light in his eyes and a radiant smile playing on his lips.

"Berenice," he exclaimed, "I have something wonderful to tell you! Don't be alarmed," he continued, as he saw her pained expression; "I won't ask you any more to go against your conscience. I admire you all the more for the way you have acted; but you must listen to me, and then decide our future happiness, for it lies in your power."

He repeated Cody's strange story, to which Berenice listened with rapt attention.

It was growing so plain; Ernest was no relation of hers, then, after all, but a few words would establish a degree of kindred that no man could dissolve. She could hardly realize her happiness, and was somewhat surprised at the question put by Ernest when he had told all.

"Does it make any difference, Berenice, that I am of such humble origin?"

"I think it makes a great difference, Ernest," she answered; but seeing his troubled expression she added smiling: "Why, you see it makes us no relation at all."

"That is true," he said, relieved; "but, Berenice, there is no obstacle now to your marrying me, is there? Tell me, dear, for I long to end this suspense."

"No, Ernest, there is none," she replied.

The next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn returned, they were simply amazed at the double intelligence that awaited them. Ernest and Berenice had laughingly planned the announcement, and discussed which would disclose the secret, and which secret would be disclosed first. They agreed amicably. After luncheon Ernest made known his identity; and, giving Mrs. Alwyn a few moments for revival after the disappointment, he informed her of his engagement to Berenice and how the whole story came to light. Mrs. Alwyn's equilibrium was disturbed for once in her life. She acknowledged that it was a most extraordinary affair to happen in her household; but she

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was sincerely happy at the turn of events. Leaving Ernest with her husband to talk the matter over, she sought Berenice to congratulate her, while she was heart-broken at the thought of losing her. Berenice felt the separation keenly, but she was so intensely happy in the dawn of love that no shadow rested upon her.

Cody was the heroine of the hour, and much contented she was over the turn of events. All she asked was to remain in obscurity, and to serve Ernest and Berenice for the rest of her life.

As Ernest was anxious to continue his travels, he wished the wedding to take place quietly before they left the country house; but Mrs. Alwyn could not be persuaded to allow such a thing. Berenice must have a suitable trousseau, and then their town house was so lovely for a wedding. From all points it seemed better to wait awhile; so Ernest learned patience, and Mrs. Alwyn's heart was glad at the thought of the grand wedding that she would give them.

It took place in due time, and even surpassed every one's expectations of what Mrs. Alwyn could do. The success of the affair somewhat consoled her for the loss of Berenice, and she complacently remarked to her dear friends that of course Alice and Maude would visit their cousin in London when they were old enough to appreciate such an appalling advantage.

Ernest and Berenice cared little for the grandeur of the affair. They were glad when all was over and they were left to themselves to enjoy each other's company, fully realizing how great was the reward of their intended sacrifice.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF ISAAC BUTT.

BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN,
of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

HAT an age it seems since Isaac Butt was the principal personage of the Irish race, and with what swiftness the shadows of forgetfulness have descended on the uninscribed grave in far-away Stranorlar! Yet barely twenty years have come and gone since he had the Irish cause in his keeping. Those of a younger time, dazzled by the success which the land crisis of 1879–80 brought upon Mr. Parnell's leadership, sometimes smile when I tell them Mr. Butt was, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, the only man of genius I ever had the privilege of knowing.

PARNELL'S POLICY.

Not that anything will ever tempt me to undervalue Mr. Parnell's unrivalled gifts as a leader of men, and more especially as a daunter of Englishmen. "I have come," said Wendell Phillips once at one of Mr. Parnell's American lectures, "to see the man that made John Bull listen." In that power he had no equal. It is not too much to say that he conquered Englishmen more effectually than if he had defeated them in half a dozen pitched battles in the field. And it must always be remembered to his credit that, although the famine of 1879–80 and Mr. Davitt's miracle-working Land League gave Mr. Parnell the opportunity of a people's uprising for their very lives, such as Mr. Butt in his torpid time never had, Mr. Parnell had already, to a great extent, created the opportunity for himself by making the bones of a dead Irish party move in Westminster before ever the Irishtown meeting sounded the trump of a general resurrection. Mr. Parnell succeeded by reason of his American qualities as a cool and hard hitter. He was dealing with a power that never scrupled, and he could be as merciless as his adversaries. He was capable to an astonishing degree of sentiment, but he wasted none of it on opponents. The Mother of Parliaments was to him a place where two gangs of office-seekers, reeking with hypocrisy, cruelty, and greed, would do as much or as little for Ireland as expert Irish fighters could extort by throwing their swords into this scale or that at critical moments, just as the price of their ser-

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vices went up or down. Once the Liberal party, indeed, were definitely pledged to Home Rule, he adopted a wholly different attitude; but it was first necessary to flog them out of their coercionist heresies, and he was never troubled with the smallest constitutional scruple as to anything except the feasibility of the means for administering to them that wholesome discipline.

BUTT MORE A STATESMAN.

This view of the duty of a parliamentary leader was bitterly antipathetic to Butt's whole mental constitution, which was that of a deeply-read statesman saturated with the traditions of English jurisprudence, and believing the fight to be one with statesmen like himself, courteous as knights of chivalry and animated with principles as lofty as those of Burke and Fox. He was the worse practical Irish leader, but he lived on a mental level on which none of his contemporaries in Parliament, except Mr. Gladstone, could habitually dwell. Had he, as a young man, entered Parliament with the full faith of an Irish Nationalist, his would have been infallibly one of the greatest names of the century. He spent his most golden years, on the contrary, as a racketing young Tory, casting about for beliefs, and in the meantime dissipating his glorious gifts in a career that left him an unbearable burden of debts and follies to crush him in his old age. It was one of the services for which the Irish cause is indebted to Fenianism that it was his relations with the victims of the Special Commissions of 1865–67 which kindled into a steady flame the Nationalist sympathies that had always been flickering somewhere in his Tory speeches or in his Trinity College essays. But he was already old, embarrassed, fettered in a thousand ways by his youthful errors; and, with the exception of gentle John Martin, he was the only man of name with any power to restore life to a cause which was plunged in apparently irrecoverable failure after the Fenian break-up.

THE LETHARGY WHEN BUTT BEGAN.

Those who are discouraged by the antics of a few turbulent dissension-mongers at present have little conception of the slumber of death that was on the country when Mr. Butt's first Amnesty speeches broke on our ears. There were one or two excellent Irishmen in Parliament—notably George Henry Moore and John Francis Maguire—but any National programme had no more to do with Irish elections, and still less, of course, with English elections, than if the Irish cause, as well as its captains, had been sentenced to death by Judge Keogh after

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the rising of 1867. Middle-aged men shrank from the very name of Nationalist as they would now from the name of Anarchist. An occasional funeral procession, if it is not paradoxical to say so, was the one symptom of life in the country—that and the interruption or total suppression by the popular voice of any attempt at constitutional agitation. I remember as if it were yesterday the suppression of the tenant-right meeting proposed to be held by Sir John Gray and the late Dean O'Brien, of Newcastle West, in the Limerick Corn-market. It was carried out with superb audacity by Mr. John Daly, then a lithe and handsome-looking youngster. He and his men took charge of each speaker as he arrived at one gate of the Corn-market, marched him through a double line of young men to the opposite gate and conveyed him courteously but firmly outside. One of Butt's most formidable difficulties was to get even a hearing for his agitation from young men, deeply depressed, no doubt, by the horrors and failures of the Fenian cycle, but firmly determined to allow no revival of the Parliamentary agitation of the old kind, which smelled to heaven.

One of his appeals for a trial remains very distinctly in my memory. A banquet was being given to the first batch of amnestied Fenians in Hood's Hotel, in Great Brunswick Street, Dublin. I was sent up by the Cork *Herald*, a shy and inexperienced boy, completely overawed by the immensity of Dublin, to report it. It turned out that it had been resolved to be wiser in those dangerous times, to have no newspaper report of the speeches; but as a friend intimately known to the famous John Nolan and Mr. P. F. Johnson, of Kanturk, who were the organizers of the banquet, I was made personally welcome at the board. Butt had been engaged at the Four Courts during the day in the trial of a man named Barrett for firing at a Galway landlord, and the jury were sitting late to finish the case. It was not until the dinner was over, and the speech-making begun, that the great counsel arrived with the news that he had been victorious and the prisoner acquitted. Flushed with the triumph, he stood up to speak, and in a life of pretty large experience I have never yet heard a more body-and-soul-thrilling speech, with two exceptions—one being Captain Mackey's speech from the dock in Cork, when he had the very judge in a flood of tears, and the other Mr. Gladstone's lion-like "flowing tide" speech the night the Home-Rule Bill of 1886 was beaten.

Butt's speech was almost wholly a plea to the released

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Fenian leaders to give him a chance for trying other means. He was argumentative, pathetic, passionate by turns; but the passage that will always live in my memory was that in which, in language actually blazing with the divine fire of eloquence, he declared that, if the conciliatory methods he pleaded for failed, he would not only give way to those who would lead where all the nations of the free had gone before them, but that, old as he was, his arm and his life would be at their service in the venture. At John Nolan's suggestion I had taken a note of the speech, and when the banquet was over I went up to Mr. Butt to beg for permission to publish a speech with which the blood of everybody present was still tingling. He was dismayed at the request. He said he had been told there were to be no reporters present, and that the publication of the speech would ruin all hope for his contemplated movement. I told him that, of course, his wishes would be respected; but he continued to show so intense an anxiety on the subject that, in order to completely reassure him, I threw my note-book into the fire, where it peacefully burnt away. I thought then, as I have often thought since, that there perished in the ashes not only an interesting piece of history, but one of the most divine outbursts of eloquence that ever left human lips. Some rumors crept into the English papers that Mr. Butt had made an extraordinary speech at the banquet, and the chief secretary was asked a few nights afterwards in the House of Commons what notice was to be taken of Mr. Butt's conduct as a queen's counsel; but, of course, there was no record of the speech, and the matter went no further; and the fact gave me some comfort for returning to Cork empty-handed, after destroying a note-book which would now be worth more than its weight in gold.

FOUNDATION OF THE HOME-RULE MOVEMENT.

His difficulties in obtaining the assent of the extreme men to any constitutional agitation had not yet been got over on the night before the assembly of the great Home-Rule Conference in the Rotunda in 1873, at which the Federal Home-Rule movement was founded. On the previous night it was still doubtful whether the conference might not end as Dean O'Brien's meeting in the Limerick Corn-market had ended. I happened to be again a witness of a private consultation on the subject between the leading men, who had come up from the country to deliberate whether there ought to be any truce with Parliamentary agitation. There can be no harm in saying now that the most influential men among them were Mr. Joe

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Ronayne (the never-to-be-forgotten member for Cork); Mr. C. G. Doran, of Queenstown; Mr. Mat. Harris, of Ballinasloe; Mr. O'Connor Power, and Mr. John Walsh, of Middlesbro. I cannot at this moment recall whether Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien was of the party on that particular occasion, although I am quite sure he was one of the most determined that, within certain limits, Mr. Butt's projects should have fair play. The temper and large-minded patriotism displayed in that debate were worthy of an occasion to which probably Ireland owes the fact that all that has been achieved since by Mr. Butt, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Davitt was ever attempted. Mr. Butt assented readily to the qualifications with which his movement was to have free fling, and when Mr. O'Connor Power got up in Mr. Butt's support the next day from the midst of the little group who represented the Extreme Left of the conference, a sigh of relief went through the *cognoscenti*, who knew what a cloud hung over the birth of the movement.

But to the end, barring the one glorious month of the Kerry election, Butt's movement never caught the popular imagination. No public Home-Rule demonstration was ever held in any of the great towns of Ireland outside Limerick; and there we are painfully familiar with the conflict at the O'Connell statue, where again John Daly bore a daring, if not judicious, part. But Isaac Butt was beloved in Limerick with a passion which he experienced nowhere else in Ireland. In the old Farmers' Club, in which Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, Mr. William Bolster, Mr. Mat. O'Flaherty, Mr. Joe Gubbins, and many more who have passed into the silent land (Mr. John Finucane, M.P., is almost the only survivor of the genial band), Butt had unflinching allies, and Mr. Henry O'Shea, the secretary of the famous Butt Election Committee, which survived Butt's leadership and even life, and Mr. John Ellard, the town clerk, among the city men were always of the number of his fastest friends, as indeed was John Daly, whom I have heard sing "The West's Awake" (as nobody better can) in his convivial presence. Dear old Father Quaid, of O'Callaghan's Mills, quaint and melodious of tongue as if the Norman had never set foot on the soil of Clare, was, I think, the only Irish priest ever seen on his platforms. He, too, is gone, and his thundering denunciations of the Saxon are long since silent.

Butt had to return year after year with a melancholy story of nothing accomplished; and to the troubles of an apathetic country and a worthless party he added embarrassments of his

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own which were sometimes tragi-comical. Once, when he had arrived in Limerick to prepare for his election, it was ascertained that there were bailiffs watching in front of his hotel to arrest him. He had to be spirited away out of the city by back ways, and arrived safely in Killaloe in the evening. The people of Killaloe hearing of his presence, and little guessing the cause, brought out the band and lighted a tar-barrel in front of his hotel, and were clamoring for a speech when word arrived that the bailiffs were again in pursuit, and he had to quit Killaloe and its awkward hospitalities once more in the darkness, flying from the ghosts of his youth.

BUTT'S DEPOSITION.

An uninterested country was, of course, represented by a valueless party—the queerest amalgam of Tory country gentlemen like King Harman, raging at the disestablishment of the church, and placemen of all stripes and whimsies. Nobody could have made much of such materials. Butt was, in addition, an old man suffering from disease of the heart and from incessant pecuniary tortures; and, while he found little sympathy in his own ranks or in his own country, was petted and genuinely admired in the great assembly which was for him peopled with a thousand spirits of the mighty dead. The fact, which appears to be certain, that he rejected the offer of the chief-justiceship of Ireland at a moment when scores of bill-discounters were on his track, is sufficient proof of the incorruptibility of his policy. But his policy had no single element of hope in it. When he stigmatized Mr. Parnell's steady and remorseless tactics of obstruction as "the policy of exasperation," he hit upon the precise quality which recommended itself to the Irish people and impressed English opponents. His deposition from the leadership was as inevitable as the Fate of a Greek play, and as tragic. I was present as a newspaper man the day on which the Home-Rule Confederation of Great Britain, at their annual convention in Liverpool, elected Mr. Parnell in his place. I remember so well the cheery face of the splendid old gentleman, as he afterwards sat at dinner at the Adelphi Hotel with the men who had defeated him, and chatted gaily with them. I remember also the pathetic close of that dinner when the lost leader departed alone to take the train for London, while the new men were preparing for a great evening demonstration in some large public hall in celebration of their triumph. One other scene—the last in which I saw him—

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lingers sadly in my memory. It was the final tussle in the Home-Rule League in the Molesworth Street Hall in Dublin, in which Butt was for the first time beaten by a narrow majority by Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and Dillon. Who that heard him can ever forget the bowed and broken old man's heart-breaking appeal to give him back again the days when he had a united country behind him? Ireland is woefully rich in such tragedies.

HIS END.

The process by which Mr. Parnell, in his last tragic days, went through a similar ordeal in his turn, was not more pitiful. Those who deposed Mr. Butt were absolutely and inevitably in the right; but the pity of it—the stooped shoulders, the genial old face, the vast arched forehead with the rings of silver hair tossing about it, the voice in which you heard the last rattle of dying genius! There was this happy difference between the scene in the Molesworth Street Hall and the scene in Committee Room No 15: that the people's parting with their leader was effected without the slightest trace of the hideous personalities that will make the latter scene eternally disgraceful in Irish recollection. The thing had to be done; but it was done sorrowfully and cleanly—by a surgeon, and not by a drunken butcher. I saw Butt carry on a genial chat with John Dillon, just after the latter had spoken the last word against his leadership; and if my memory does not deceive me, I think it was the arm of his victorious successor, Mr. Parnell, the great old fellow took in leaving the hall, with the glorious courage of the days of chivalry. I never saw Butt again. Many months afterwards the first paragraph of the *Daily News*, picked up in Naples, announced to me that Mr. Butt was dead; and before I reached Ireland he was already sleeping in his quiet Donegal churchyard—not very much remembered, perhaps, amidst the fever into which the Irishtown meeting was already throwing the country. The Irish heart, however, is a merciful and loving heart, whatever passing gusts of passion may blow over it; and as time goes on, I have no doubt Irishmen will more and more fondly treasure the memory of a man who failed in life by the very exuberance of his Irish qualities of geniality, recklessness, and softness; but who has left undying evidence of his genius and patriotism in the foundation of the movement which others in more fortunate times built up to such a wondrous height, and in which another evil turn of fate has in these later years wrought such woeful havoc.

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REV. MOTHER MARY CATHERINE (SACRED WHITE BUFFALO) FOUNDED THE FIRST INDIAN RELIGIOUS ORDER.

NATIVE INDIAN VOCATIONS.

WHEN the Apostles went forth from Jerusalem to convert all races and nations they established, in every place they visited, a native church, governed by a native hierarchy and clergy. This seemed the most important and necessary part of their work, as it was evident that no race or nation would receive or retain the faith if it seemed to them a foreign institution.

The church, in all ages, has always followed this practice of the Apostles, and has always believed that, without it, success would not be possible.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., says in his encyclical on the

NOTE.—We appreciate the fact that the publication of this article will stir up opposition and provoke discussion. To secure the latter result is reason enough for publishing it.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

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church in India: "The Catholic faith in the Indies will never have a sure defence, its propagation in the future will not be sufficiently guaranteed, as long as there is a lack of ministers chosen from the natives of the country."

AN ENLIGHTENED COMMENTATOR ON THIS ENCYCLICAL.

"Of course it is necessary that the seed be first sown by the hand of the foreign missionary, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that the work of the Christianizing apostle is necessarily only initiative, and when the first transition period has passed, the sooner the foreign aspect of missionary work ceases to be visible the better it will be for the interests of religion. While the natives are debarred from the ministry, the church must needs be to them an alien institution. The heathen may look up to the new religion in a dreamy fashion, but he never experiences the invigorating effects of warm contact with it. The European missionaries have failed to acquire the nicer touches that go right home to the heart of the heathen, so long accustomed to his own peculiar life, language, and manners. There is an indefinable something between the foreign missionary and the native that makes a genuine *rapprochement* next to impossible. The Apostles well understood this principle, as the Pope points out in his letter. They ordained priests and established bishops in the places which they visited, without much show of lengthy preparation. It seemed, at times, that the natives who were set up to teach the way of salvation could have only scant acquaintance with the doctrines of Christ's religion; but they were prepared to meet their people on their own plane, and to satisfy their demands in the most effectual manner. The disastrous consequences of a contrary policy are manifested by the unsatisfactory condition of Catholic missions during the past few centuries, and the difficulties that oppose missionary effort at the present day. The constitution of the church demands the establishment of bishops and diocesan clergy. This has been the law and practice from the beginning, and it has been sanctioned by abundant fruits. To-day, in foreign countries, especially where bishops or vicars-apostolic are not invariably chosen from religious orders, there is evidence of renewed efforts at forming a native priesthood; but we sometimes think that if the Apostles were at work in missionary countries to-day, they would establish, not only native priests but also native bishops. The hope of the progress of the church in missionary countries depends

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on how this appeal of the Pope will be answered. None of the force and appositeness of the lesson is lost when it is applied to the church in America."

WITH THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

With one race, our American Indians, the practice of the Apostles and of the church has not been followed. For four centuries the missionaries of the church have labored among the Indians. The church has employed in the work a number of missionaries, and expended an amount of money greatly needed among the white race in every part of our country, where the establishment of priests, parishes, and Catholic institutions would have produced abundant fruits, and insured the progress of the church. For three centuries the European governments that ruled the colonies also expended large amounts of money upon the missions, and for the last century the government of the United States has every year appropriated for Indian civilization an immense sum, a large part of which was given in later years to Catholic schools, and which, if applied elsewhere, would greatly relieve the financial troubles of our times. But so great an expenditure of time, labor, and means has not produced satisfactory results; a native clergy has not yet been established, the great mass of the Indians are not yet Catholic; they are still in a dependent state of transition, and their conversion and civilization seem as distant as ever.

All missionaries agree that the establishment of a native clergy, had it been possible, would have produced the most satisfactory results, and it has been evident from the beginning that without it success would not be possible. Why, then, was this practice of the church not followed among the Indians?

IN THE BEGINNING A NATIVE CLERGY NOT FAVORED.

We know that the plans of the first Indian missions did not provide for the establishment of a native clergy, as the missionaries began by assuming rashly and without due investigation, as it seems to us now, that the Indians were, and would be for generations, unfit for such a degree of progress. From the beginning of the missions all seems to have depended upon the question whether the Indians were primitive savages, "too near nature to live a supernatural life," or whether they had, like some other races, retained from a former civilization religious and philosophical systems that gave them a certain degree of mental and moral development.

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Although some missionaries certainly saw, everywhere, much that should have led them at least to suspect and further investigate the existence of such systems, they unfortunately did not take pains to examine a question upon which so much depended, but assumed, as their records tell us, that if any such systems really existed they were too savage and pagan to permit mental and moral development, and were, perhaps, even of satanic origin. One later missionary has said: "In this respect the Eastern nations are naturally better fitted for higher studies. Many of them have inherited a certain degree of civilization. Their religious and philosophical systems leave more or less a mark on all classes of the population." Here, it would seem, no mistake should be possible, as it was and is a question of fact, open to investigation. It is true that the Indians, indignant at seeing their customs misunderstood, adopted a "discipline of the secret," similar to that of the early Christians. But even this should have shown the imprudence of forming a theory without proper investigation. It is to be regretted that missionaries, whose work as explorers has merited the gratitude of later times, did not realize how much greater services they might have rendered in the unexplored regions of history and ethnology, while customs, systems, and traditions, of which a remnant only now remains, were still within their reach. But far more important to the church and its missions than the most interesting historical or ethnological discoveries would have been the proof that the Indians were better prepared for the establishment of a native clergy than many of the races and nations for whom the Apostles "ordained priests and established bishops, without much show of lengthy preparation." This they certainly would have found. Even now, though the general breaking up of customs and traditions has left only the ruins of the past, enough remains to prove that, at the same period when the ancestors of races now Christian were, as history tells us, savage pagans, the ancestors of the Indians knew and worshipped the true God, and had religious and philosophical systems far superior to those of the early nations of Europe.

INDIANS FITTED BY PREVIOUS CIVILIZATION.

The earliest traditions of the Indians speak of a high degree of civilization. They mention philosophical systems free from many of the absurdities of those of other races. Their earliest religious system seems to have been superior in many

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ways to those of the early nations of Europe. Its later traditions tell of the Trinity, the Incarnation and Redemption, sacraments, divine vocation, a celibate priesthood, a hierarchy, and religious communities like those of the church. There are traditions of still later teachers who were certainly Christian, and who seem, by comparing the dates of Indian tradition with those of history, to have been identical with Brendan and Eric Upsi. The "sacred virgins" lived in community like the religious of the church, or met in community like those of the church in the first ages; were bound by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and were ruled by superiors elected by themselves or appointed by the priesthood. The hierarchy, priesthood, and "sacred virgins" were supposed to be chosen and called by God, in some cases at a very early age, and were expected to, and invariably did, persevere in their vocation until death. Their state of life required all the talent and virtue required by the church, and perseverance in it must have required even greater natural strength of character than we suppose necessary for vocation, since, if not Christian, it could not have possessed all the helps provided by the church.

Something of this the early missionaries saw, even among the tribes they thought most barbarous; and what they found in some localities led them at first to believe that St. Thomas, or some other apostle or bishop, might have been among the Indians. They knew that it was the practice of the Apostles and their immediate successors to ordain priests and establish bishops in the places which they visited, and it is not impossible that further investigations might have discovered the remains, however imperfect, of an American church dating from apostolic times. But, unfortunately, the missionaries did not enter America as St. Augustin entered Britain, as the envoys of Rome, but as the subjects of foreign, though Catholic, rulers; and therefore, when the presence and acts of white adventurers and settlers interfered for a time with investigation, as history relates, the missionaries unfortunately looked no further, but decided that "the devil must have invented this imitation of Christianity, to keep the natives from the true church."

BUT THE FIRST MISSIONARIES CAME REPRESENTING AS MUCH A CIVIL POWER AS A SPIRITUAL KINGDOM.

The investigations of later times have proved that from a very early period the Indians knew and worshipped the true God, and were better prepared for the establishment of a native

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clergy than many of those nations among whom a native hierarchy and clergy were established soon after their conversion. It is certain that bishops visited the Indians, and remained among them for some time, in the sixth and in the twelfth centuries. Sufficient evidence has not yet been drawn from the dust of ages, and the ruins of Indian customs and traditions, to prove clearly that these bishops actually established among the Indians a Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, or found among them such an establishment dating from apostolic times, though this seems to have been at least possible. Enough, however, has been found to prove that whatever may have been the origin of the religious and philosophical systems of the Indians, such systems certainly existed, and were superior to those of the early nations of Europe, and had prepared the Indians for the establishment of a native clergy.

The fact that missionaries made no real attempt to investigate will account for many of their statements as to beliefs and customs which proper investigation, as we now know, would have placed in a different light. If intelligent people in our own times can witness Catholic customs, and yet honestly believe all manner of absurdities as to their meaning, we need not be surprised to see that intelligent men, in a more credulous age, were as easily deceived as to the customs of a race supposed to be pagan and savage.

But four centuries have passed since then; races no more, and, in some cases, less capable than the Indians, have now their native clergy; the mistakes of less favored centuries are being everywhere corrected by the progress of our enlightened age; and it would seem that now, at least, some efforts might be made to establish a native clergy among our Indians, even if for any reason it was not thought possible in earlier times.

MISSIONARIES TO-DAY ARE SCEPTICAL.

In 1891 this was suggested to all the missionaries, upon whom the establishment of a native clergy seems to depend. They replied that it was still, and would be for generations, impossible. They gave as their reasons, first, unfavorable influences and environment; and lastly, the alleged character of the Indians. As these reasons are not supported by facts, it is evident that a mistake has been made, and it is clear that the honor and interests of the church require that such a mistake be corrected without further delay.

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The first of these reasons are as follows: "Lack of preliminary civilization." "Thus it takes more time to civilize them." "In every instance white settlers or the governments interfered

CONGREGATION OF AMERICAN SISTERS AT FORT BERTHOLD AGENCY.

with and interrupted the work of the missionaries, so that we are unable to form a judgment upon what might have happened if the church had been at work for four centuries." "Not evangelized for a length of time necessary to fit a tribe to give one of their own to the priesthood, *i. e.*, seventy-five years at least." "The reservation system is unfavorable to vocations." "Christianity is too new among them to produce the crowning fruit of vocations to the priesthood. If we consider the scarcity of such vocations among our so-called native Americans, so that they mostly prosper only in families of solid and sound Christian home-traditions brought over from the old countries, we need not be surprised to experience something similar among the Indians."

Even if the influences and environment were as unfavorable as missionaries seem to believe, we know that from the beginning of the church such influences and environment were not

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considered sufficient to prevent vocations, and, in view of the practice and experience of the church among other races, it is evident that they were not, and are not now, by any means sufficient to excuse the failure to make at least a fair and continued effort. But well-known facts prove that conditions were never so unfavorable. There never was, and never will be, in any age or among any people, a period, however brief, without opposition and interruption to progress. There is scarcely in the whole history of the church a race or nation where as great, or even greater, difficulties did not exist than have been found among the Indians. Success is ever due, not to the absence of difficulties, but to energy, skill, and perseverance in overcoming them. The last reason quoted, especially, is contradicted by well-known facts, and only serves to prove, as the encyclical of Leo XIII. points out, the danger of entrusting anywhere, to a foreign clergy, the spiritual direction of those whose character and environment none but natives can rightly understand. "Our so-called native Americans," and especially our American clergy, whose vocations were developed in the piety and patriotism of American homes, will be somewhat surprised to hear that such vocations must have a foreign origin, and that the case of the Indians is similar to that of white Americans.

It is true that the work of missionaries among the Indians was sometimes opposed and interrupted, but such opposition was never serious enough, and such interruption never lasted long enough, to entirely prevent their work. The California missions, for instance, were not only under the spiritual, but even the temporal direction and control of religious orders, from 1679 to 1824, with an interruption of only a few months in 1768. When they lost the temporal control in 1824, they still retained the full spiritual direction until 1840. On these missions, at least, they could have created any conditions they desired, and from 1679 to 1840 they had full liberty, and every possible opportunity, to attempt the establishment of a native clergy. If it be true that this could be done in seventy-five years, as missionaries state, surely the time from 1679 to 1840 should have been sufficient. But no attempt was made. The allotment of missions to different religious denominations, under the "Peace Policy," may have delayed the work of some missions, but did not continue long enough to destroy the work entirely, as in a few years these missions were again provided with Catholic pastors. Even under the "Peace Policy"

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some missions, at least, were under Catholic direction, and in these missionaries always had the opportunity, had they wished to use it.

ENVIRONMENT UNFAVORABLE.

When missionaries complain of unfavorable influences and environment, it means that they wish to have the Indians in Catholic settlements entirely under the temporal as well as the spiritual direction of missionaries, as in the California missions. This has never, for any other race, been considered necessary. It is now impossible, and, even if it were possible, it would scarcely be advisable, as experience has proved that, wherever it was formerly done, the plans of such settlements provided for keeping the Indians in a dependent condition, under foreign missionary direction; and did not, at any time, provide for the establishment of a native clergy, and native direction of the missions. It has been believed, in later times, that if missionaries could again have the full direction of such settlements, they would profit by experience, and conduct them according to the policy of the church. It even seemed, for a time, that they might be willing to admit Indians to their religious orders. When government established the reservation system, it seemed for a time that, though it never interfered with vocations, the manner in which it was conducted tended to perpetuate, rather than end, the transition state of the Indians. But later developments have placed the matter in a different light. Missionaries have not profited by experience, and, as their own statements show, are more than ever opposed to Indian vocations, while the Indian Department of the government has now adopted a policy similar to that of the church, and offers to Indians any position they are found capable of holding. Indians are employed as teachers in government schools, and are encouraged in every way to aid in the civilization of their race. It is the interest and policy of the government to protect Indian vocations, and it never would permit any to interfere with them. The difficulties, therefore, attributed to unfavorable influences and environment have never been sufficient to prevent vocations, and, in our times especially, every opportunity is given to missionaries to carry out the policy of the church, if they wish to do so.

INDIAN CHARACTER TOO UNSTABLE.

The first reasons given by missionaries suppose that, under favorable conditions, Indians could be prepared to form a native

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clergy; but their other reasons, taken from the alleged character of the Indians, suppose this to be impossible, even under favorable conditions. The last reasons are as follows: "The Indian is a child." "His character is unstable." "His moral fibre is not sturdy enough to endure prolonged sacrifices." "His ideas are gross, and his sentiments are not refined." "He is too near nature to live a supernatural life." "Want of spirituality." "Inconstancy of will and purpose." "Could not observe celibacy." "Their dull understanding and savage nature, which they retain to the last, are the causes why they cannot reach the required knowledge, not only for the priesthood, but even to be employed as clerks in a store."

But the same missionaries do not seem to be sure that their reasons are well founded. They say again: "It is not the want of talent that prevents the Indians from becoming priests." "They are often endowed with talents above mediocrity." "I was under the impression that Indians could never learn philosophy or theology, but one of the fathers at De Smet gives as his opinion that it is not so, and that some Indians are as capable as any white people of learning the higher branches of education." "There is no fault of the Indian. Our natives, although deficient in spirituality, can be educated and trained properly for the priesthood. Of course it will require many years yet before we will be able to recruit our clergy among the aborigines, but the fact of their aptitude for spirituality, when properly directed and governed, cannot be put in doubt."

The records of the early missions also say of Catholic Indians: "Our Indian converts are far above the ordinary grade of Christians." "Christians eminent for piety." "Men worthy of the brightest days of the church." One "the missionaries invoked after his death." Another "enjoyed in life and death the reputation of a saint." "In their families piety was hereditary." "Few missionaries made more converts." "Several bore military grades in the French service." "The Catholic Indians sided with the Americans." "Numbers joined the army of the Revolution, and several bore commissions which they ennobled by their virtues and bravery." "They were brave warriors and devoted Christians." It would be difficult to give higher praise to converts of any race, and yet the same missionaries who made these statements never seemed to realize that, if these were true, their theory of Indian character could not be correct. Besides the testimony of missionaries, we have that of men selected for their ability and fairness to study the In-

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dian character, with a view to the solution of the troublesome and expensive "Indian Problem." Their evidence would seem to show that Indians have none of the savage traits asserted and even an excess of the moral qualities doubted by missionaries. They say: "For their own interest in this world their character has too much of the moral element in it, and their nature is too sincere." "In moral qualities and worth many of them are the peers of white men anywhere: brave, frank, manly, public-spirited, and honorable. They do not need pity. They are worthy of respect, and of a fair chance and start in life. But they are lacking in sharpness of fang and length of claw. They have not enough of the beast or the savage in them to make them successful in the struggle for existence with the civilized white men of our country. They are too honest and conscientious, and have too high a moral endowment and development, for a prosperous life in the environment that awaits them." "The Indians generally have never had, have not now, and are not likely ever to have, what would be half a fair chance or just opportunity for any class of people."

REASONS AGAINST NATIVE INDIAN VOCATIONS NOT SUPPORTED BY FACTS.

This conflicting testimony of the missionaries, together with the statements of others who have studied the Indian character, and the fact that for four centuries missionaries have not, as they themselves admit, made a proper effort to give the Indians "half a fair chance or just opportunity" to test so important a matter, would seem to show that the reasons given by missionaries against Indian vocations are not supported by facts.

It therefore seems evident that there is truly "no fault of the Indians," and that while they have the same necessary qualities as any other race, requiring only the same training and development necessary even for the white race, they are not "educated and trained properly for the priesthood," nor "properly directed and governed," simply because the missionaries, upon whom their vocations seem to depend, are perpetuating a mistake, for which there can no longer be any excuse. There can be no doubt that the result would be the same among all other races, if their directors adopted a similar theory, and carried it out in the same way. Such a mistake would not be possible if the missionaries would prefer the wisdom and experience of the church to a theory rashly adopted and opposed to facts. We see something similar, though not carried quite

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so far, in Japan, China, and India. In those countries the missionaries supposed the natives capable of becoming priests and sisters, but only under the control of foreign missionaries. They therefore have, in some localities, a native clergy. But although the native priests are evidently capable of directing the missions, a native hierarchy has never been established, and the "foreign aspect of missionary work" is still retained, though the disastrous consequences of such a system compel the Pope to demand a change. It is easy to see what must be the consequences to religion in any country where such a policy is continued. Much has been written about the ruin of the early Indian missions; but it is evident that the Indians of those missions would have been well prepared to meet the changes, to which the ruin of the missions is commonly attributed, if the limit of their capability, rightly developed, instead of the arbitrary limit of a theory, had been fixed as the measure of their progress.

VOCATIONS INDEED NUMEROUS.

But though the missionaries have never encouraged their converts to rise above the path of the precepts, many have, of their own accord, followed the counsels, and aspired to the highest perfection. Many aspired to the priesthood, and many Indian women wished to enter the communities of the white sisters whom they had seen. The missionaries, fearing that they would fail, did not permit them to try. Among these, Catharine Tekakwitha, with several others, wished to found a community of Indian sisters, but her plan was condemned as impracticable. Others, like Mary of the Kaskaskias, whose vocation and perseverance seem to have been too well proved to be doubted, were prevented from entering the religious state because the missionaries were too easily intimidated by the brutal white element of the frontier, and feared trouble for the missions if they encouraged the aspirants. A very few, however, did, after long delays and many trials, succeed in obtaining admission into communities of white sisters, where they persevered faithfully until death. In our own times, though the theory and practice of missionaries are even less favorable to Indian vocations than in the early period of the missions, a few Indian girls have been received among the white sisters in Canada. In 1883 one priest of Indian ancestry was ordained in the United States, but he had not been reared among the Indians, or regarded as an Indian. Since then two Indians, one a full-blood, Rev. J. De

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Gonzagues, and one a mixed-blood, Rev. Edward Cunningham, were ordained in Canada, and a few girls, of mixed white and Indian blood, were received in convents in the United States. In 1891 Rev. Mother Mary Catharine Sacred-White-Buffalo, a full-blood Indian, the daughter of Crow Feather, a war-chief of the Dakotas, founded the first Indian religious order, the Congregation of American Sisters, at Fort Berthold Agency, North Dakota. Rev. Mother Catharine died before the altar, in the chapel of her convent, in May, 1893. Rev. Mother M. Liguori Sound-of-the-flying-lance, a full-blood Indian, the daughter of Chief White Deer, is now the prioress-general of the congregation. Not one of the Indian sisters of the early missions, or of the Indian priests and sisters of our own times, has failed to persevere, and their influence over their people, whenever they were permitted to use it, has always been far greater than that of the white missionaries.

If, then, the Indians themselves could reverse an established policy, and could do so much under unfavorable conditions, without encouragement and without aid or permission, other than that forced by their constancy and courage from prejudiced and doubting directors, it certainly proves how much more might be done, without opposition, and with the same liberty, encouragement, and aid thought necessary for the white race. If missionaries will now let it be generally known among the Indians that they will sincerely encourage Indian vocations, and will give to Indian aspirants the same care and advantages thought necessary for those of the white race, there will soon be an Indian clergy and Indian sisters in every part of the missions. If it is not done, all must admit that it is not fair and just to place the blame upon the Indians.

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DANTE'S THEORY OF PAPAL POLITICS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE world is familiar enough with the great Florentine's name as author of the *Divina Commedia*, and to some extent is acquainted with the circumstances of his life and the political opinions he seems to have espoused. There is, however, a great deal of obscurity surrounding the formation of Dante's political opinions. What they were, at least from the time of his exile, may be expressed by saying that he belonged to the Ghibelline party, but whence he derived these opinions, what processes of thought had taken place in changing the patriotic son of an Italian city to a politician who looked to a foreign power for the regeneration of Italy, in changing a republican to the literary gladiator of an emperor, and in producing in the mind of an earnest Catholic the conviction, or what has all the appearance of the conviction, that there should be a total separation of the authority of the church and the state in the sense of absolutely divorced jurisdictions; that the German emperor was to wield the secular authority over the area called the Roman Empire in the same way as Trajan wielded it, and that the pope should exercise the spiritual jurisdiction which St. Evaristus exercised when Trajan issued his famous rule concerning the Christians, "Conquerendi non sunt: si deferantur et arguantur puniendi sunt," are what I shall try to point out in this paper.

DANTE'S WORDS MISINTERPRETED.

I take Dante's own words as the key to his meaning of the limits within which the secular and spiritual powers should act. I am not so much concerned now with the use Protestants and Italian revolutionists have made of his views concerning the spheres of jurisdiction, but he really identifies the German Empire with that of Trajan.* And he does so as the basis of his argument that the pope should exercise no temporal jurisdiction. Nor is it to be said that the discussion of this matter is so purely academical as to be of no value to the general reader. I venture to say that there is not an enemy of the temporal sovereignty since the Renaissance who has not fortified

* *De Monarchia.*

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himself from the great Catholic poem, so sound in its doctrine; and the rather crude treatise On Monarchy, so speculative and inconsequent that it proves that Dante had very little of the quality of constructive statesmanship. Yet it is quite possible, despite faults of temper and the intensity of local prejudice, that this great genius under favorable circumstances would have accomplished remarkable work in the regeneration and advancement of Italy. The completeness with which he identified himself with Cæsarism showed that prejudice was intense but not ineradicable, but passion in pursuing the new policy took the place of prejudice. Whatever politics he might for the time adopt, he would express with the fire of conviction and defend with the zeal of fanaticism. He had the training to politics which every one possessed in an Italian republic of the middle ages. If there be any reason in the opinion that any Athenian in the time of the great orators enjoyed, in a way, all the advantages a man would now derive from an education at Oxford, and afterwards from serving on committees of the House of Commons—and I think there is some degree of reason in it—it is just as likely that any citizen of Florence would acquire in the course of his boyhood and early manhood an acquaintance with civic and national politics in the same way that the ordinary citizen of New York learns the needs of this city and this country.

INNER LIFE OF AN ITALIAN CITY.

There is great confusion in the accounts of the parties in Florence in Dante's early days; but behind it all one finds that the tendency among the distracted elements is to a fusion in the Guelph party, with which, looking across the space of nearly seven centuries and judging fairly and dispassionately, I consider the real interest of the city was identified. In his exile Dante had the conflicts of Cerchi and Donati, Neri and Bianchi before him, and bitterly remembered what they had cost him. It is more than conceivable that anywhere else in Italy, whether he was spending his exile with Cane della Scala of the family of the Great Dog, or with Guido da Polenta, the father of that hapless Francesca whose story we are told, in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*, in lines whose delicacy and pathos have subdued every reader, and for which they stand alone in the whole range of literature—indeed, there is nothing like to them: sad as the eternal fate of the guilty child of passion that they tell, harmonious in the roll of the numbers as the sea on

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a distant strand, or the forest when the night wind sends a soul among the branches; just as the heavens that saw the sin and almost unjust in his pity in measuring the temptation;—but, as I have been saying, no matter where Dante was staying in his wanderings, let it be with Guido, Francesca's father, or with whomsoever else, his mind went back momentarily to Florence and its factions: to this man who had distinguished himself by hostility to him while in exile, to that one who had burned his house, to the next who had entered into possession of his property, to all who had joined in his condemnation and dishonor. One even now has no difficulty in conjuring up the idea of a conflict in the streets between Neri and Bianchi; and surely Dante can be supposed more than equal to this task with his power of imagination and the intense bitterness of his feelings. The fact is, he was for ever brooding over his wrongs; but in the poet's creative power the acrid sensation of these expanded from the exile's particular and local recollections to considerations, sympathies, motives, moods that were ideal and universal. An injury done him by a faction in his native town—not greater, nay less, than the injuries done to many others in these turmoils—was the seed of the great policy of imperialism which became a tradition in Germany under Catholic emperors, and was assumed in the new empire of the Electors of Brandenburg until Bismarck's Canossa exploded the insolent pretension.

Nor in what has been said can it be suggested that a poor estimate is presented of the powers of Dante. I at once say, for what my opinion is worth, that Homer alone surpasses him, that he is superior to Virgil, his guide, and to Milton, with whom he can be instructively compared on account of the many views in which they are seen to approach and resemble each other, as well as the points in which they differ and the lines along which they recede from each other.

POLITICS AN ABSORBING TOPIC.

It can be understood that a habit of political opinion was unconsciously formed in the Italian republics by even the lowest of the people; but this was very like the guild politics of a French town under the princes of the house of Valois. Ordinarily in the latter case it did not go beyond the craft, in the former beyond the party league, which seems to be very well revived, so far as I can form a judgment, in American ward politics. But above the lower people was the class which came in France to be called the bourgeoisie, composed of

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wealthy and educated citizens, and this produced an abundance of political talent at all times. The wealth of talent for administration one finds in every part of Italy is amazing; it is in all directions through the peninsula, as if it were a natural gift of the people; it is not confined to the cities; the very nobles in inaccessible castles possessed it at a time that in France or Germany or England a great king or a great statesman made an epoch; at a time when French nobles lived like Turks, with a veneer of Christianity under the name of chivalry; when German nobles occupied robber holds commanding highway and water-way; when English and Scotch nobles fought each other day and night, at feast, at chase, at bridal or burial. The apparent absence of this gift in Dante in its practical form is conspicuous; nor can it be explained by the irritable nature attributed to poets—that is, the sensitive and splenetic spirit, too impatient for judgment, too prejudiced for justice. I think it is referrible to the fact that Dante had no element of the statesman; that his politics would be ward politics—at best town politics—if he had remained in his native city, and that his high policy of imperialism was no more than the fantasy of a soured and disappointed man to whom the world of the imagination was everything, the world without nothing.

To establish this view, to estimate the rank of Dante as a man of affairs or a man of counsel, we must go back to the thirteenth century in Italy. It has been already said that political talent was to be found everywhere. There were at the time in Italy men who have left great names behind for the astute and inexorable policy which a couple of centuries later became known as Machiavelian; men who on a larger theatre and with greater resources would be numbered among those who have created states or made states great. The genius of a poet is not everything, and Henry of Luxembourg and the Ghibellines made a mistake when they thought that it was as easy for Dante to construct a policy as to pronounce a sentence, to create an empire by argument as to draw the circles of the lost as if he had seen them tier above tier in the differences of condition which entered into their suffering. Going into Florence while Dante was a very young man, the reader, if he so disposes himself to guidance of the fancy, more than probably will see one or two men draw their swords in the street in which he finds himself, and as they engage others come up and join sides, until soon a considerable party on either side is engaged at thrust and parry, sword and buckler,

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and halberdiers with their pikes. It is impossible to find out what the fight is about; but if he know Florence well he may recognize the names of wealthy families as cries and counter-cries; or he may catch the family names that have given title to sections of the Guelph party, which fought with each other when they had no Ghibellines to fight with; he may hear a Neri replied to by the shout of a Bianchi, a Donati by a Cerchi, while the jackman of some mountain noble, who is also a citizen with a palace among the merchants, shouts his lord's name or the terrible one of the emperor, scandalous to good Catholics and full of menace to fair Italy, as he lays on with the long sword he carries.

DANTE MORE OF A POLITICIAN THAN A STATESMAN.

Now, it seems natural that in a city so governed by faction, and among a population with so little sense of its rights and interests, that the bitter and haughty spirit of Dante would acquire a tone of absolutism in his theoretical politics, while in the every-day business of public life he would know nothing more, and discern nothing more, than the best means of keeping his own section at the head of the government. There would be no outlook in one of his disinterested disposition for the groupings, the compromises, the concessions by which a composite party may be moulded from conflicting elements. Yet in this way men became podestas and subsequently sovereign dukes. This was how the commercial or medical family * of the Medici later on obtained control of Florence and entrance into the sodality of kings. Such an ambition as this Dante would regard as the most deadly treason. To be one of the executive, to be one of the six priori of his native city, seemed the limit of his desire; and there is proof enough that he carried into his office a spirit of impartial justice to which his contemporaries were strangers. We have every reason to believe that in the exercise of the duties of his magistracy he knew neither ally nor opponent. We think that at this period of his life no notion of imperialism had reached him, that he was nothing more than a party man in city politics—but an upright party man.

It seems idle to suppose that in these early days he formed the conception of a universal Christian empire, securing for the western world the immense majesty of the Roman peace of which the younger Pliny writes with such admirable apprecia-

* Medicine was a business in Florence, and Dante obtained a diploma to qualify himself for the office of priore, something like alderman in England.

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tion. The rise of the individual, or the aggrandizement of the family, expresses the purpose of every enterprising man in city or country through the length and breadth of Italy. A great house in an Italian town of the thirteenth century had its kinsmen and retainers to brawl in the streets, to cut throats, to fire houses in its service. Sometimes the success of a faction recalled the proscriptions of Sylla or Marius on a small scale; and to think that the body of citizens who were, like the serving men Sampson and Gregory, ready to unsheathe at the sight of one of the opposite party, had any conception beyond their patron's feud, is to misunderstand the whole social life of the time. No doubt, like their patrons, they had associations with the names of Guelph and Ghibelline, but it was a mere sound that represented no idea; it no more meant a contest between the spiritual and secular jurisdictions than the banner of the chief they followed. It was the same with the chiefs themselves.

In Dante's early manhood the Guelphs were predominant in Florence. He belonged to that party; but when disappointment, defeat, and exile came upon him, by a process of mental alchemy he discovers that the Ghibellines were the future hope of Italy and Christendom. Is it not an instance of the manner in which political opinion adjusts itself to feeling or passion? Nor does this always mean that such adjustment is dishonest; it may result from the power of intense emotion fusing everything by its heat. However, I pass from this; but I submit that there is hardly to be found in history a man whose mission for good or evil did not in some degree spring from the circumstances that environed him.

HIS MARRIAGE CHANGES HIS POLITICS.

The Ghibellines had been driven out of the city when Dante was a young man; but, to show how these quarrels fluctuated all over Italy, I add that the exact reverse occurred at Arezzo, only a short distance from Florence. There the Ghibellines were the successful faction, and the expulsion and proscription had fallen on the Guelphs. A circumstance may be well observed in connection with Italian faction at this time which, I think, proves that Dante's imperial theory, if not solely an afterthought, was largely an accidental conclusion which circumstances suggested to a mind of great boldness and comprehensiveness. The exiled Guelphs of Arezzo applied to the Guelphs of Florence for aid against their enemies. Florence went to war with Arezzo; in other words, the successful faction in Florence

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assailed the successful faction in Arezzo, and at Campaldino, in June, 1280, the Ghibellines of the latter city sustained a severe defeat. Dante was present at this engagement; and apparently to his conduct there he owed his marriage to Gemma Donati, a daughter of the great Guelph house.

To this family connection he owed his advancement, for we find him one of the priori a short time after his marriage. Taking the dates, it would seem that our position concerning the cause of change in his political views is sustained. We find him in 1300 one of the executive of Florence through the most powerful influence in the city, that of his wife's family. In 1302 he is an exile, and, so far as we can free the fact from the web of intrigue, the swaying of parties to and fro, and the operation of influences now direct, then indirect; now forward, again backward—a voluntary exile.

REVERSES DEVELOP A POLICY.

In March of 1302 he was condemned, in his absence, of malversation and peculation in his office. The sentence was based on "Fama Publica," which a writer describes as the report of his enemies. Making every allowance for the violence and heat of faction, this does not conclude the matter. Confiscation of property, sentence of death and corruption of blood on a bill of attainder, when the parties to be affected were out of England, was passed by the great Whig Parliament of William III. nearly four centuries later. The fact that he was absent, then, is not so important in testing the justice of the sentence. But the successful party in Florence belonged to the Guelphs, and it seems strange that not one among its members raised his voice in favor of the exile. I doubt the justice of the sentence on account of Dante's character, and not because he was dealt with at all exceptionally. But in this proceeding I suggest is to be discovered the grounds of invective against the rulers of the church and the conception of an imperialism by which he would replace the papal government. There may be some difficulty in making it clear to the reader that Dante was actuated by passion in his assaults upon popes, cardinals, prelates, and not by a sense of justice; and that his policy sprang from vindictive memories and not from an elevated conception of the moral elements which lay under and behind the relations of the church and empire. What had he been doing at this time?

He had been going from the court of one Italian tyrant to that of another, he had been exciting the Ghibellines of Italy

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against his enemies, whom he called the oppressors of his country. We find him with the La Scala at Verona, that great house whose haughty and overmastering spirit had impressed itself on every street, alley, home, and public building of the city. Their statues and their ladders confronted one at every corner, their Dog stood upon or couched by every fountain and watched over every church and abbey and convent. He was with the Malaspina lords of Lunigiana, he was everywhere that influence could be raised to bring a foreign power into Italy. It was when Henry of Luxembourg was elected emperor that Dante's hopes rose highest; for Henry was determined to assert his predecessor's pretensions to the crown of Rome and sweep from his path the sovereignty of the popes.

HIS FAITH WAS SOUND.

At the same time the soundness of Dante's faith cannot be successfully disputed. Those who claim him as a pioneer of the Reformation in the same way that they claim Huss and Wycliffe, those who think he was speculatively allied to the Albigensians or the Waldenses, misunderstand the theology of Dante. It has nothing in common with Lollardism, no more than his politics had to do with the revolutionary socialism of which Lollardism was the parent. With the evidence we now have there can be no question but that Wycliffe was accessary to Tyler's rebellion, and promulgated the detestable principles for which his disciples suffered, and which would have led to the crimes and excesses to be expected from a servile war in those days. What these might be we can gather from Froissart; while Dante's knowledge of early Roman history, united to his keen perception, would prepare him to expect any horrors from such principles in action. All that has been said of Lollardism applies to the Hussites, nor could the social violence of the latter, any more than that of the former, obtain authority in the religious or political views of Dante. I may dismiss Sir Erskine May's discovery of a similarity of speculative opinion in religious matters between Dante and the Waldenses and Albigensians by the statement that he was a Catholic impregnated with the spirit and body of Catholic belief, while the Waldenses and Albigensians, differing from each other in almost everything else, were at one in their hatred of the authority of the church.

The key to a just estimate of Dante, as we find him in the *Divina Commedia* and his political work *De Monarchia*, is the

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separation he called for of the civil and the spiritual jurisdictions. His aim, as has been already stated, was to restrict the authority of the church to purely spiritual matters, and to establish the empire as a universal monarchy. Yet even here his sound Catholic sense was too strong for his imperial bias, for he will not "deny that in certain matters the Roman prince is subject to the Roman pontiff." It is, no doubt, a relation of piety alone whose principle is undefined, impossible of acknowledgment because not to be relied upon, but so far an evidence as he puts it of his belief in Cæsar's duty "to be reverent to Peter as the first-born son is reverent to his father." With the history of the German emperors before him from 1073 to 1303, a period of conflict between pope and emperor for the vital liberties of the church, how he could have expected the first-born son to be obedient with no chain but piety to bind him, affords a singular instance of the power of a theory to warp the practical judgment.

It has been suggested as an explanation of this inconsistency in the relation of the two powers that Dante, deriving his opinion partly from the teaching of Aristotle, partly from that of St. Thomas and the legendary history of Rome, sought to prove the origin of the empire from God and to efface the political status of the church. He accordingly identifies the empire of Charlemagne with that of Trajan and Justinian, and forgets that the empire of Charlemagne was the creation of the popes, that the German emperor who succeeded Charlemagne as Emperor of the West only became emperor when he was crowned by the pope. As his view of the origin of the empire is erroneous, so is his view of the political development of the instrument in contact with and subservient to the operation of the papal authority—that is, the Papacy in relation to the secular powers. His view was that the pope should keep aloof from all political questions; but if this were his duty, the mission of the church could not have been fulfilled, the barbarians would not have been converted, there would not have been a German Empire. If Dante's position is tenable, the emperors were in the right, the popes in the wrong; instead of Henry going to Canossa, Gregory VII. should have lived as he died, in exile.

A POLITICAL PURIST.

When Dante insisted on a return to the purity and humility of the apostolic times on the part of the pope, he only anticipated certain foolish or perverse purists in the church who

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draw a contrast between the Master dying on the Cross and the Vicar living in a palace; between the first pope seeking with weary feet after the freedmen and slaves and courtesans, the degraded, the sinful, the despairing; seeking them in abodes of horror and pestilence, or in the obscure parts of those great patrician houses that formed city divisions for themselves; seeking them in the public works, in street and garden and sewer, where the lash was for ever exercised; seeking them in the public baths, where abject poverty fawned on the wealth or vice that came to them to hear the news of the day and to plot deeds of wickedness or policy; drawing a contrast between Peter, so employed, and carrying his life in his hand, and Leo with his chamberlains, his household prelates, his princes and his guards, posing as the victim of oppression. In this Dante forgot, as such critics forget, that a state of things may cease to be necessary or beneficial which once was so in the highest degree; and that if there were a return to the conditions of Peter's time his successor would be worthy of the trust.

A contemporary of Dante, Gervase of Tilbury, says to Otho IV.: "The empire is not thine, but Christ's; not thine, but Peter's; it came not to thee from thyself, but from the Vicar of Christ and successor of Peter. Rome received again the name of Empire in Charlemagne's time, not by his act, but by the favor of the pope. The empire does not devolve upon him to whom Germany belongs, but upon him to whom the pope decides to commit it." This, as we all know, was the sense, the common knowledge of Christendom. The pride of Dante, the sense of wrong to himself, and that bread of exile and poverty which he says himself, in his great poem, is the most bitter to eat, obscured his judgment when he saw around him so many evil things in the state and in the lives of the clergy. These latter abuses men are, by some curious infirmity of speech, in the habit of attributing to the church. They seemed to Dante to have grown into the church, because they invested the lives of the clergy, which stood before him as the outward sign and expression of the church's life.

Yet again, here and there, when true to his higher instincts, the distinction between the church, the holy and the pure, the Bride of the Eternal Bridegroom, and the accidents of unworthy lives, hard unfeeling lives, worse still, luxurious lives, comes out in verse and prose as clearly as it could be expressed by any Father of the church, or seen by the loyal heart of any child of the church then or now or ever.

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MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL.

BY L. W. REILLY.

A VALIANT woman was Augusta Theodosia Drane —convert, Sister of St. Dominic, author—who was strangely led into the Catholic Church, who sought in it spiritual perfection, and who dedicated to its service her splendid talent as a writer.

She was born at Bromley, in the east of London, on December 28, 1823, the last of four children, in a home of great wealth and refinement.

Her father was a merchant prince connected with an opulent East India firm. He lived in a fine old mansion near the banks of the River Lea; he was a lover of books, an artist, and a musician. He retired from business when Augusta was

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a girl of fourteen, and went into the country to reside in order to lead a life of elegant leisure.

Her mother was a lady of singular beauty, fond of reading, versed in natural history, devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and a collector of minerals, corals, and shells, of which she possessed many rare specimens. Although a constant invalid, she was always bright and busy.

In their early childhood the young folk were not sent to school, but had a governess to instruct them at home. Augusta learned rapidly. As soon as she could read she began to find her greatest pleasure in books. Before she was twelve she had gone through nearly all the volumes in her father's extensive library. She delighted most in treatises on natural history, travels, biography, and poetry, but her taste was omnivorous and it enticed her through such standard productions as Sully's *Memoirs*, Robertson's *History of America* and *Charles V.*, Bryant's *Ancient Mythology*, Hume's *History of England*, Wilkinson's *Egypt*, Holinshed in black letter, Burder's *Oriental Customs*, Sharon Turner's History, Homer, Spenser, Milton, Shakspere, Bishop Horne's Sermons, Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, and other works as learned and as varied.

She was studying algebra, Euclid, astronomy, and natural philosophy before she was ten, was fond of botany and conchology at twelve, and commenced to write verse at thirteen. Evidently she was no ordinary child.

A SPIRITUALLY UNCARED-FOR CHILDHOOD.

Her spiritual development was a thing of chance. Her parents gave her no training in religion. They taught her her prayers, and her father used to have her visit his room early every morning to read to him the psalms of the day. The governess heard her recite her lessons in the Protestant catechism and read portions of the New Testament. That was about all of Christianity that she possessed in her early years, except what she picked up for herself in her undirected readings. One notable incident in that reading is that when she was seven or eight years old she found at her grandfather's one of the most malicious of anti-Catholic books—*Father Clement*. It is a furious attack on "Popery" and "Jesuitism." Yet although its hero, the Jesuit priest Clement Dormer, is represented as finally converted to Protestantism, "somehow," said Augusta, long years after she became a Catholic herself, "the character of Clement Dormer, his fasting and hair-shirts,

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has a Catholic tone about it, and is so infinitely more attractive than that of the married parson and the sour Calvinist Ernest, that our sympathies were all on the side of Father Clement. I hated the Calvinists and I loved the Papists in that book, and felt glad that Clement had not got so far as 'to declare himself a Calvinist' when he died." It is a coincidence that her successor as mother provincial was Mother Agnes Philomena Dormer, and that she herself wrote a biographical memoir of the Honorable Henry E. Dormer. When, at the age of twelve, she went to a select school kept by the Misses James, she had an hour daily of Bible study, which opened to her the treasures of the Old Testament. "Miss Ann James," so she once told an intimate friend, "considered me wanting in 'vital Christianity' (in which she was quite right), and regarded me therefore with suspicion. Her ultra-Calvinism, and the horrid little proprietary chapel to which she took us on Sundays, the long evangelical sermons we had to listen to and write from memory, and the hymns—not remarkable for poetry—that she made us learn by heart, did not increase my attraction to religion; but Mary James qualified all this by giving me *The Christian Year* and Miss Jewsbury's *Letters to the Young*, which did me real and lasting good." Then, too, she read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of it she wrote: "We delighted in it at school, where I first saw it. Let people say what they like, Christian's deliverance from his burden at the sight of the Cross is one of the most perfect things in the English language. I really believe that the book, heretical as it is, has touched many a soul in a very profitable manner. The sight of the City, and the Shining Ones on the walls—well, all that was a possession. I used to think, after reading it, that I should like to go on a pilgrimage." This is all that home and school did for her in the way of religion. Her further spiritual growth was due, humanly speaking, to her own study of books and observation of persons.

Mr. Drane in 1837 moved his family to Babbicombe, in Devonshire, where he bought a demesne. There Augusta began to be interested in works on religion—Mosheim's, Milner's, etc. There she read William Wilberforce's *Personal Love of God*. There, too, she met a man who made an indelible impress on her soul.

FINDING A BASIS FOR FAITH.

"But above all other influences," she said herself, "under which my mind and my religious sense ever fell, was that of

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the preaching of our vicar, George May Coleridge, nephew to the poet, cousin to the judge. He was a man of profound patristic learning; his sermons were something you could never hear twice in this world. For the first time in my life I listened to *dogma*. I learned to believe, and to know that I believed, in the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the church, the sacramental system. I learned to read the Scripture as interpreted by the prayer-book. I learned to love the prayer-book, to love the mystical sense, too, of the Sacred Text, and to all this I applied myself with inexplicable ardor. I scarcely knew how many new ideas were growing in my mind; but still they existed in my mind only. I do not think that I was, in point of fact, gaining many religious habits or practising many degrees more of self-restraint. Still, it was an education and sowed in me the seeds of faith!"

The winter of 1839 was spent by Augusta in London, where she saw something of society and of all that the world holds dear. Although of a cheery disposition, she was not enraptured with these gayeties. Her heart was not in them, but in quiet scenes and useful occupations.

She used to smile in after years whenever she alluded to the first time that she was ever present at Mass. It was in London during that season of festivity. She went to church with a Catholic ward of her father's. But it was all Greek to her. She understood nothing and liked nothing of what she saw at the function. When she returned home she said: "Well, I have been to Mass for the first time in my life; I think it will probably be the last."

THE "ROMAN SPECTRE" APPEARS.

Returning to Devonshire in the spring of 1840, Augusta continued her personal investigation of religion. She pored over Sewell's *Christian Morals*, the *Lives of the Saints* edited by Newman, Isaac Williams' *Poems*, and a large number of the earlier Oxford publications. "My first conclusion," is her summary of her studies, "from all these new ideas was distinctly Roman; but, relinquishing the idea as a spectre, I endeavored to work myself into Anglican orthodoxy, and fancied I had done so with success, though in reality I never had. The event proved otherwise."

She and her father went on many rambles and excursions together. Often they visited Exeter, and Augusta loved to run into the cathedral there. "There was one anthem," she once

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said, "I could never listen to without emotion: 'O that I had wings like a dove—like a dove, and then would I fly away, I would fly away, away; I would fly, I would fly away—I would fly away and be at rest!' The repetition of the words increased their meaning, and somehow the musical notes seemed to get among the arches of the cathedral, and literally to fly and float about like the dove, and took my spirit flying about there with them."

She continued to delight in the sermons of Mr. Coleridge, "to whom," as she later declared, "more than to any one else I owe my Christianity," and of him she furnished these details: "He was exceedingly shy and lived a retired life, and the fact of not meeting him among the upper class parishioners in society was one secret, I think, of his spiritual influence over many of us. No one could attach any other sort of association to him than that which attached to him in his pulpit and reading-desk. I add his reading-desk, for he had a marvellous gift as a reader. It was not fine reading, any more than it was eloquent preaching, but a simple, impressive skill in giving the whole sense of every word and every phrase. Anthony Froude, no mean judge, remarked this as one of his great gifts, in preaching his funeral sermon, and said of him, that 'he made the Bible speak like a living thing.' He was passionately fond of music, and my sister and myself were among the favored few occasionally invited to the only social receptions he ever gave, which were musical evenings. His library was full of the Fathers. In his hall stood a bust—a remarkable head, with hair drooping over the eyes, and a bar of development over the brow. The first time I saw it, and asked who it was, I saw a hesitation in his manner as he answered: 'Don't you know? That is Newman.' Poor Mr. Coleridge! if ever heart and mind and soul lived shut up from sympathy with their fellows, they were his."

ASSOCIATION *versus* ANALYSIS.

In the year 1839 she received her first Communion in the Anglican Establishment and was confirmed; but in that same year she read Burnet's *History of the Reformation.* "That book," she said, "was the real cause of my conversion. I was too young (only sixteen), too little used to follow out my convictions to their logical issue, for the impression received from its study to produce at the time much practical effect; but in point of fact, not Burnet's own narrative but the 'Origi-

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nal Documents,' printed in his alternate volumes, satisfied me, and would satisfy any one, of the fallacy of any theory which professes to regard the institution of Henry VIII., Cranmer, Edward VI., and Elizabeth as any portion of the Catholic Church. Unawares to myself a deep sense of its unreality was imbedded in my understanding. I built on it a superficial and rather romantic structure of Anglicanism, made up of daily services and cathedral anthems, high Tory enthusiasm for Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, love of antiquities and church architecture, and intense sensibility to that picturesque view of the English parochial system whereby souls are held captive in a false system and deprived of the sacraments of grace by the despotism exerted over their imaginations by gray church-towers hidden in foliage, and the sound of evening chimes, and the beautiful English Bible, and English collects, and a thousand other things which they love and worship and cling to and cannot tear from their hearts; and which yet, subjected to that terrible analysis which sooner or later they must undergo, are all but chaff on the summer threshing-floor."

From her readings at that time she became persuaded that penance was a sacrament instituted by Christ, and that there would be no rest for her until she had gone to confession to a real priest and had been shriven.

So she drifted along, absorbing the soul-thoughts of others and pondering her own, for eight years. But she was not in peace. The spectre to which she referred above would not down. Her sister Louise (who also became a Catholic later on) used to say to her then that she was half Catholic and half infidel. She was indeed fighting against the conviction that was forming in her conscience that the Catholic Church, with its Sacrifice and its Sacraments, was the one Haven of Security.

In the summer of 1847 Mr. Coleridge died. He was succeeded by Mr. Maskell, who was even more High Church than his predecessor, and who eventually became a Catholic.

The desire for membership in the true church, and the craving for sacramental confession, so wrought on her that she fell ill and was confined to her bed for weeks. During that period of distress she read all sorts of religious books—Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Sherlock's *Practical Christian*, St. Augustine's *Confessions*, etc., etc. Then, having made up her mind to unburden her conscience, she was advised to seek shrift from John Keble. She herself will tell us the pathetically absurd result:

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"Keble, I think, was an unsatisfactory director. He was kind, amiable, and his own humble, pious character made itself felt in his letters and personal intercourse. But he never laid hands on the soul, or even attempted it, and his directions were always in the way of 'suggestions.' The burning question of confession was at once brought forward, and Keble's direction was amusingly original if not theological.

CONFESSION BY POST.

The way he 'suggested' of settling it was this: 'Write out your general confession and send it to me; then go to church and listen to the *general absolution* with great reverence; and that will do until you can make it in person. Meanwhile keep a copy of your confession and read it over on certain more solemn days—Fridays or eves of the greater feasts.' A pleasant way of preparing for one's 'greater feasts,' and a nice sort of feeling that one's unhappy 'general' was always locked up in one's private desk ready for use! But I do not intend to be savage; and indeed I loved and reverenced Keble greatly, only I felt that I had shot an arrow's length beyond the mark he aimed at; I do not mean in goodness, God forbid! but in apprehension of what the Catholic sacraments really meant. For, in fact, to write out one's sins and post them, and then go to church and make-believe that the 'misereatur vestri' of the public service is your own private and particular absolution, was too transparent a sham for me to succeed in practising. I tried it, and was too much ashamed of the absurdity ever to try it again. With the profoundest respect for one so venerable as he undoubtedly was, I felt that I was asking for bread and that he was giving me a stone."

Augusta went to London in February, 1848, for a visit to her then married sister, Cecilia, and while she was there her mother died a sudden death at Babbicombe. This bereavement was a hard blow to her, for she was tenderly attached to both her parents. But it was part of the providential purification of her soul, and it helped her onward and upward. In her grief and desolation she felt more drawn to God.

About this time Mr. Maskell, her pastor, discovered Augusta's craving for penance, and urged her to go see Dr. Pusey, at Torquay. "I shall not easily forget that time," she wrote years afterwards in strict confidence to a friend, with no idea that her disclosure would be made public, "and that day, April 8, 1849. I certainly am not one to make light of such an act, unsacramental though it be, invalid its absolution, unmethodical its

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preparation, and irregular its administration. In every one's life, who has decided on such an act, it is about as solemn and critical and momentous as any one can perform. To me it was the conclusion of a long struggle and the realization of exactly a ten years' desire. If a soul can give *any* pledge of sincerity, this is it. If ever a true act of contrition, of humiliation, can be elicited from a soul, surely it is in this voluntary act, the fruit of an intense conviction. When it was over, I was as unsatisfied on the respective claims of Rome and England as before; I had as much and as little faith in the English sacraments; but still there passed into my conscience a deeper peace, although the debatable ground of Faith remained unchanged."

HER VOCATION FORESHADOWED.

She was eager to be at work, to be of use in the world. She began to visit the poor and kept on until she knew every cottage and every one in every cottage in Barton and the Combes. She founded a school in one of the neglected hamlets of the parish, and walked to it every day over Black Hill, and undertook the religious instruction of the children herself. She taught them the catechism and explained to them the Creed, with the help of Ken's *Practical Love of God.* She bought a very large picture of the Crucifixion, and made the little ones learn devotions to the Five Wounds and other things more Roman than even High Church. Years before, while visiting London, in the midst of the diversions of society, she had heard a voice in her heart saying: "You are not meant for all this." Later, in considering the elements of goodness, she had reached the conclusion that poverty was essential to the ideal life; "marrying and giving in marriage, farm and merchandise, London seasons and the requirements of dress—all these things made a jumble in my mind which I ticketed 'the world,' and held in abhorrence." These warnings and theories came back to her in the midst of her charitable activities. Her vocation cast its shadow before it. But while she was willing to consecrate her days to altruistic labors, she shrank from the notion of the convent. The religious life, she thought, is not necessarily convent life. A person might follow the Gospel counsels, and practise spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and still live in the world. The more she thought over this plan the better she liked it. She sketched it on paper and called it "The Ideal of a Religious Order." It provided a rule

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and superiors for persons not willing to be cloistered but disposed to give themselves to all manner of good works. "I gave my sketch to Mr. Maskell, and asked him to read it and tell me what he thought of it. Standing by a myrtle-tree one day in our garden, just going out, he said: 'By-the-bye, I have read your sketch. Do you know, an order exists among Roman Catholics very like you describe?' 'Indeed! I know nothing of it: what is it called?' 'The Third Order of St. Dominic,' he replied. As he said the words I thought I should have fainted. I burst into a profuse perspiration and laid hold of the myrtle-tree to prevent myself from falling. I went back into the house and wrote down the name in my pocket-book, saying to myself, 'Some day I shall belong to the Third Order of St. Dominic.'"

The celebrated Gorham case, that was so fateful for so many Anglicans, was then before the courts, and Augusta expressed the wish that the final decision would "go wrong," as that would help to break the chains that bound her to the Establishment. In that Christmas-tide she was in Exeter, under the conviction that no matter how the affair was settled she would soon be out of it all. She paid a last visit to the cathedral. "Last times are always sad," she wrote, "and the dreamy thoughts of old days came back, and, as chance would have it, they sang once again, 'O that I had wings like a dove,' and I thought to myself that I was about to fly away, indeed! Would it be to find my rest? I hoped so."

RODRIGUEZ'S "RELIGIOUS PERFECTION."

While she was still soul-hungry, almost persuaded but not determined, yet pining for spiritual nourishment, she came upon a Catholic work that made the way to virtue clear and practical. "One day, in Mr. Maskell's library, I stumbled on three volumes bound in dark green cloth, the title of which took my fancy—*Religious Perfection.* I carried them off. It was Rodriguez. A girl of sixteen reading the Waverley Novels for the first time would be a feeble comparison. Better was this than any conceivable novel, for here *at last* I found reality. It was precisely what I wanted, what I had always felt the want of; and I used to cry out, 'Oh, if I had only had this book at fifteen what a different being I should have been!' Impossible not to be a glutton over these books. I read them by day; I read them by night. I read them aloud to my sister, who was vexed by my enthusiasm and did not relish the Fathers of the Desert;

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and when she objected, I walked down to Petit Tor and read them there. I went right through them in a week, and then I began again and went right through them a second time. If I ever hear depreciatory remarks about Rodriguez, as if he were an old fogy, I feel as if I could slay any one who does not love him as I do! I think he saved my faith."

Finally, after much vexation of mind and tribulation of heart, Augusta resolved to become a Catholic. In order to bring the matter to a crisis, she told her father of her intention. He was terribly distressed; but he could not change her purpose. When she had declared her mind to him the bridges were burned behind her, and her one course was to go on. Then she began to feel immensely relieved.

THE DOVE IN THE ARK.

Shortly after this she was notified by Mr. Maskell, who had already become a Catholic, that the Rev. Father Fanning, pastor of Tiverton, was at Torquay, and that she should go consult him. She did so. The priest, after due inquiry, bade her come to Tiverton the next week to be admitted into the church. Accordingly, on July 1, 1850, she made the journey, and that evening and all the next day was spent under instruction. On the third day she and another young lady convert heard Mass. "Then came Confession, conditional Baptism (what an ecstasy it was to feel the water on one's head and to be *sure!*), and our profession of Faith at the altar. We left the church—just observing that some people were at the bottom assisting at the ceremony—and were met in the hall by Mrs. Fogarty, the old Irish house-keeper, and her husband John, both bearing large bouquets of white roses, which they begged us to accept and wear, 'for it was the day of our baptism.' What a pretty thought it was! I kept one of my white roses as a relic. How happy I was!—so happy that I could not understand myself. I was not in the least pious and did not want to say my prayers, but to go into the garden and tell the air and the sky and the fields how happy I was! . . . In the afternoon I returned home. The interior peace of that railway journey—deep peace—I shall never forget. It seemed to go into my very bones and made itself sensible to the body. It was not excitement, nor joy, nor high spirits, but peace. I felt that I could say nothing, think nothing, but--I am a Catholic! I felt so detached too, so careless of what the future might bring forth—life or death—all was one now!"

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On the day of her Confirmation at Clifton, July 12, she asked Bishop Hendren to inform her about the Third Order of St. Dominic. "'You had better go over to the convent,' he replied, 'and ask them there.' To the convent I went, not knowing that it was Dominican. I rang, and the door was opened by a novice in spectacles. She took me into the parlor and we began to talk. Presently I brought out my question. 'I suppose you know that we are of the Third Order of St. Dominic?' she replied. I felt overwhelmed; it was like meeting one's fate."

THE DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

Augusta's dream was realized on August 6, when she became a secular Tertiary of St. Dominic.

She was tried, as most converts are, with troubles at home on account of her change of religion, but these she endured with fortitude. She strengthened herself by frequent reception of the sacraments and by much reading of solid Catholic doctrinal and devotional works. "I read right through an old-fashioned Catholic library, beginning at the top shelf and going on to the bottom: Hay, Gother, Challoner, St. Alphonsus Liguori, a few saints' lives (St. Teresa was the first), then Alban Butler and other books of the old school. It got into me a good deal of solid instruction and sobered me, taking the Puseyism out of me. Still I am conscious that it has been very slowly and gradually that my mind has expanded to Catholic light. And I have been constantly amazed at the discovery of how profound was my ignorance of the real Christian verities."

In the autumn of 1851 Miss Drane, with four other ladies, went on a visit to Italy, and spent eight months in Rome. While there she made the acquaintance of Père Besson, who read her soul for her like an open book. Under his direction she made a retreat, during which he enabled her to comprehend herself and he pointed out to her the clear marks of her vocation. At first, and for many days, her heart was in a storm of resistance to the call to religion, and so beset was she with temptations to decline it that in fear and bewilderment she fled to the chapel of the "Admirable Mother" in the convent, and there she sensibly felt the presence of our Blessed Lady and found calm. There too her repugnance gave way to eagerness, and her sadness to great joy. As a token of gratitude she left a valued ring to have its jewel set in the statue's crown.

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On her return to England, in 1852, she applied at the convent at Clifton to be received into the congregation. She became a postulant on October 4 of that year, and received the holy habit on December 8. The next year the novitiate was moved to Stone, in Staffordshire, and there she resided for the rest of her life.

Of the career in religion of Sister Francis Raphael little need be said. Five years after her entrance the mother provincial praised her, in Rome, as "the most docile member of the community." She became successively novice mistress, mistress of studies, prioress, and mother provincial. She advanced in virtue steadily and multiplied her good works. Mother Hallahan and Mother Poole—the novice in spectacles of her first visit to the convent—loved her for her great gifts, her great graces, and her great virtues. When they passed away the congregation showed, under her direction, that she had imbibed their spirit and was carrying on the work according to their plan.

INEFFABLE WHITENESS.

Her name in religion was Sister M. Francis Raphael of the Immaculate Conception. How she came to choose the latter designation she herself told Archbishop Ullathorne at the celebration of her silver jubilee: "I have truly cause to call myself a child of the Immaculate Conception, and that in more ways than one. It was in the year 1849 that, being then a Protestant, some one calling at our house said that on the previous Sunday a sermon had been preached in one of the Torquay churches on the Immaculate Conception. It was the first time, to my knowledge, that I had ever heard the words. Possibly I might have seen pictures so named in old galleries, but without attaching any kind of sense to the expression. But when I heard it, without the least idea of what it meant, it seemed to be the most exquisite music, and a curious sort of sensation came over me, which I can only describe as the being brought into the presence of something ineffably *white*. I asked what was meant by the Immaculate Conception, and was told (what so many Protestants think it means) that our Lady's birth was miraculous, as our Lord's was. I said, 'I'm sure it is not that, though I don't know what it is; but whatever it is, it is true'; and thereupon I went up to Mr. Maskell (he had preached the sermon) and begged for an explanation. Then I heard the doctrine explained for the first time. It was

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entirely a new idea to me, but I felt an intense faith in it, and that instantly, without any pause or waiting to think about it. It was like a great flood of light on the Incarnation. I believe that act of faith was the impulse that made me a Catholic.

"The year after I was received I went to Rome, where I made a retreat, in the course of which my confessor decided that I ought to enter religion. All my life, not merely as a Catholic but even as a Protestant, this idea had been familiar to me; but directly it was decided, such a storm began in my soul as I could not describe, and it seemed to me as if I had never really loved the world till I distinctly understood that I was to leave it. I believe it was a sort of interior revelation that my real world was natural affections, tastes, and habits, and that the sacrifice of them would be a kind of death. However, I can only remember spending hours every day in the large, empty Church of the Trinità, literally watering its pavement with my tears. But one day, the day before the retreat ended, the storm suddenly stopped and was succeeded by a profound peace; and that day was the eve of the Immaculate Conception, on which day next year I was clothed and the twenty-fifth anniversary of which I have just been keeping. Truly I can repeat your lordship's words and look on what I was and what I am, and feel lost in thanksgiving! How, then, could I take any other mystery than the Immaculate Conception? I remember dear Mother Margaret being surprised at my choice and saying that she expected I should have taken a sorrowful mystery. But it seemed to me then, as now, that all good things have come to me through this special mystery of an Immaculate Conception."

THE "DOMINICAN GRACE" OF A HAPPY DEATH.

Mother Francis Raphael was seized with her last illness on November 6, 1893. Beginning with pneumonia, it developed as a derangement of circulation, and ended with gangrene of the foot and a general collapse. For more than six months she was subjected to such excruciating agony that screams were forced from her unwilling lips during the frequent spasms of pain. But as soon as these passed she followed them with ejaculations of resignation, praise, and thanksgiving. Once a sister who was present during one of these attacks exclaimed, in an uncontrollable burst of sympathy: "Oh, dear mother, it is terrible to see you suffering like this!" With a sweet smile

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she replied: "Ah, dear child, if you knew all that God is doing in my soul by this suffering you would not grieve, but rejoice! It is all right, and more than right." "While it lasts," she said to others, "one can do nothing but try to bear it with all the power of the soul. But after it has passed, one feels that it has done a work that nothing else could effect; that it has crushed self, and squeezed out pride and self-love as nothing else could." To some of the sisters she wrote: "I never thought or dreamt that human beings could suffer what I have suffered this last week. It seems to pass all comprehension."

She was beset for a time with fear and depression, and she spoke of "phantoms" that terrified her; but all this darkness finally left her soul in unclouded peace and hope. As her weakness increased her acts of resignation became more frequent. Towards the end she was heard to say: "O my God! when wilt thou take me? But I am ready to live till the Judgment Day, if thou wilt." About 1 A. M. on April 29, 1894, she asked: "Is this dying? Will it be long?" Then the community assembled, the prayers for the dying were recited, and the *Salve Regina* was gently sung by broken voices. And she was dead.

MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL AS AN AUTHOR.

From her entrance into the convent her gift as a writer was cultivated. Far from being inflated with vanity at this, she thought that she was useless to the community and so had been set this task. She wrote at odd moments, between other occupations to which she was sent as a substitute, and at full leisure from other employments. The complete list of her writings is as follows: Four of the famous "Clifton Tracts"; *Catholic Legends and Stories; Sketches of Dominican Missions; The Life of St. Dominic, with a Sketch of the Dominican Order; The Knights of St. John, with the Battle of Lepanto and the Siege of Vienna; The Three Chancellors—William of Wykeham, William of Waynflete, and Sir Thomas More; Memoir of Sister Mary Philomena Berkeley, A History of England* (written up to the jubilee of Queen Victoria), *A Catechism of English History, Historical Tales, Tales and Traditions, Christian Schools and Scholars, Biographical Memoir of the Hon. Henry E. Dormer, Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, Songs in the Night and other Poems, The New Utopia, The History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions, Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir; Uriel, or*

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the Chapel of the Angels; Aroer: the History of a Vocation; Dalmeny Brothers; The History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars-Preachers; five volumes of "Catholic Readers"; *The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne, edited with Notes; Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne, edited with Notes; The Inner Life of Lacordaire,* translated from the French of Père Chocarne, and *The Imagination: its Nature, Uses, and Abuses* (written for the Literary Department of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago). *The Spirit of the Dominican Order,* published two years after her death, is "an object-lesson in Dominican life," written solely for the edification of her sisters in religion. It has, however, gained a wide circulation, and is destined, perhaps, to be one of the most practically helpful of her books.

A fascinating volume has been made by the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., of a Memoir of her life (from which this sketch is taken), together with some of her spiritual notes and letters.

She lived seventy-one years and sleeps the sleep of peace!

THE CLOCK.

BY F. X. E.

A WINDING of its slender key,
And lo! the ticking monotone
Refrains a note—Eternity:
'Tis all that Time may dare to own.

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LACORDAIRE AS A YOUNG MAN.

CARDINAL PERRAUD AND THE LACORDAIRE GROUP.

BY JOSEPH O'REILLY.

AS a souvenir of the great French celebration of the anniversary of the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks, a monumental book has been lately published—*La France Chrétienne dans l'Histoire.*

It is not a complete history of France in that the history of her deficiencies is not recorded—only her glories and her triumphs; and may rather be regarded as an apologetic work, presenting to us a picture of the great achievements of

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Catholicism in France during the onward march of the centuries. Its subjects have been treated according to a skilfully arranged plan, and embrace her whole history, from the dramas of the forum, the amphitheatre, the prisons of the Lyonese settlement, down to the end of our nineteenth century.

The list of the authors who contribute to this work is of itself a remarkable indication of the harmony, which daily becomes more pronounced, between faith and science. The most competent representatives of laical science have labored side by side with the highest and most learned ecclesiastical dignitaries on a work prepared and conducted by the leaders of the Church of France. Savants no longer fear to advance towards the church and work hand-in-hand with her. It is a fact that no one thirty years ago would have foreseen, but any one having a knowledge of historical development will say that the way must have been prepared and that such a change could not have been instantaneous. The possibility and the progress of this union of science and faith are due, to a great extent, to the influence of that group of illustrious men: Père Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, Père Gratry, Henri Perreyve, Charles Perraud, Monseigneur Dupanloup—to name only those now dead —they were the leaders by whom the intellectual life of Catholicism was developed in France.

This work was a struggle against an opposition more deep-seated, more systematic, than existed anywhere else. In the seventeenth century the Catholic idea was trampled upon, although it still remained established in the church's institutions. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was almost without influence; highly honored indeed, but no longer possessing any vitality in the social and political domain. Our nineteenth century, finding it banished from all quarters, succeeds in restoring it everywhere; shows it in its purity as well as in its entirety, and realizes the importance of its social mission.

It is remarkable that this double aspiration for integral and for dominant truth should be the characteristic of a century which in its infancy rejected truth from the mind as well as from the law. As a consequence the Catholic idea should be militant. Another consequence is that we must take the world such as it is, if we wish to Christianize it, and instead of condemning the present state of affairs we must accept them in order to adapt them to the Catholic idea. Hence, again, in the struggle directed against evil, and in the battle to conquer the

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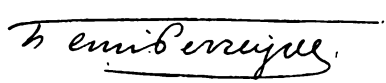
modern world for God and for Christ, we must employ that which our age most passionately craves—study, science, history of the past, appeal to justice and right, liberty. We must use



AN ATMOSPHERE OF LOFTY IDEALS INSPIRED HIS FRIENDS.

as a means to this end the various modern inventions, and particularly the press; for "nothing is more adapted to our times, nothing is more efficient," as Leo XIII. has said.

Light is thrown on that period when Lacordaire, Gratry, Henri Perreyve were prominent figures by the biographical sketch of the Abbé Charles Perraud, written by his intimate friend Père Largent, and lately presented to the public. A work of modest appearance, indeed, when compared with *La France Chrétienne dans l'Histoire*, but of no little interest. An English translation * of it has just been published, which will enable the reader to appreciate it still more. The work is under the high patronage of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,

* *The Life of Father Charles Perraud.* By Father Largent, professor of apologetics, Paris. With an introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Cathedral Library Association. 1896.

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who points out in a suggestive preface its salient features: "A life of one who may well serve as a model to the parish priest, the pulpit orator, the director of souls, the leader of men."

Some profit must always accrue from coming in contact with a noble soul who has grasped the ideal of the sacerdotal state and has in its own life faithfully reproduced it. "Words are a mirror," said one of the Fathers, "and behind the words the soul may be perceived." The soul of a true apostle may be perceived through the numerous quotations with which Père Largent so happily entertains his readers; for he depicts the soul of Charles Perraud from his discourses and his books.

Many readers will be more interested, perhaps, in discovering the influences which served to mould the life of Charles Perraud, and will enjoy the privilege of an insight into the life and character of many great men who formed his *entourage*.

An atmosphere of lofty ideals inspired all his friends. Henri Perreyve, his *alter ego*, thus defined the priesthood: "The sacerdotal state has always appeared to me to be the expression of the greatest possible love for men. Everywhere that souls are to be gained, there the priest is at home." Père Gratry had constantly taught that the most expressive form of devotedness was found in the Catholic priesthood. Père Lacordaire gave another definition, eloquent as everything is that springs from his heart: "The sacerdotal state is the immolation of a man added to the immolation of a God; and he alone has received the divine call who feels in his heart the value and beauty of souls." And the great orator often said: "Youth wishes to find the *man* in the priest; that is to say, a heart sensible of what it loves and intelligent of its generous passions. It wishes the priest to show some appreciation for friendship, patriotism, courage, honor, liberty."

This is most likely the reason why Charles Perraud attached himself at an early age to the illustrious Dominican.

Père Largent gives us a glimpse of the spiritual direction received by Charles Perraud from Père Lacordaire, that admirable leader of men:

"From him as a guide, he learned to place a high value not only upon chastity, the inviolable practice of which was required by the holy religious as the essential condition of his spiritual guidance, but also upon mortification, the preservative of chastity. Charles . . . well knew that in the Way of the Cross he would meet with his wounded Saviour. He was

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in a disposition to appreciate the question which Père Lacordaire one day put to him: 'My child, would you not be willing to be thrown into a den full of serpents for love of Jesus Christ?'" (p. 10).

Later on, in his admirable book, which has been as his

PÈRE GRATRY, OF THE FRENCH ORATORY.

spiritual testament,* Ch. Perraud tells, perhaps, his own story when he thus describes a young man's vocation:

"On a certain day, at the first blush of youth, a man sacrifices unhesitatingly, nay, with the enthusiasm of faith, all earthly joys and hopes to preach the Gospel, to convert and save souls. The young and zealous apostle relies not upon his virtue, nor upon his personal eloquence, but upon the divine charm of Christ's doctrine, upon the supernatural power of his promises, upon the resplendent light of his revelations.

"Does not the Gospel contain all truth and all virtue? Is

* *Méditations sur les Sept Paroles de Notre-Seigneur Jésus-Christ en Croix*, 5th Meditation, La Joie des âmes (p. 147).

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it not the source of all hope and consolation? Is it not the fountain and guarantee of progress and earthly prosperity at the same time it opens up the perspectives of heaven, and lifts us up to God."

Charles was, however, the disciple and the son of Père Gratry even more than of Père Lacordaire. No one, perhaps, has ever had such an intimate conformity of soul to the reorganizer of the Oratory.

Père Gratry has outlined a true and charming* picture of the young Congregation of the Oratory, in which he saw realized the ideal which haunted his youth: "A city all of whose inhabitants loved one another."† Father Largent describes the burning enthusiasm which animated them: "The desire to escape the sorrows attendant upon isolation, and the further desire to bind themselves together for the defence of truth and the salvation of souls, had lately given disciples to Abbé Bautain, as previously a similar spirit had drawn to Lammenais, under the shades of La Chênaie, Christian young men prepared to sacrifice all, even their master, who was about to abandon it, for their religion. If we would know the genuine type of brotherly and pious association, we must seek for it elsewhere than at Strasburg and La Chênaie; we must go back to Cassiciacum, to the country house where Augustine, after his conversion, trained himself for the spiritual life with his friends and relatives, and encouraged them in the pursuit of undertakings of which he was at once the inspiration and the guide. Was not the Oratory thus reconstructed a kind of Cassiciacum?"

In that home Charles took his place by the side of his brother Adolphe. Henri Perreyve entered with him. Père Gratry has happily described this period as "the spring-time of the Oratory." Immediately Charles manifested what he was, and what he was to become: a soul strong and tender, pious and docile, enraptured with an unrivalled love for Jesus Christ; a heart compassionate, loving, and faithful, accessible to every misery, of irreproachable loyalty, of dauntless intrepidity; an intellect keen and penetrative, enthusiastically giving himself to his masters and faithfully remaining their disciple.

Ah! how quickly and pleasantly the hours passed in that series of exercises which led him from his little cell to the chapel, then to the lecture-hall, or the delightful garden. There

* P. Gratry: *Henri Perreyve, Organisation de la Vie, II.*
† P. Gratry: *Souvenirs de Ma Jeunesse, XIV.*

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Dupanloup or Montalembert, Lacordaire or Ravignan, would come and join heartily in entertaining conversations. Every question that interested public opinion, every problem that was discussed in the world outside, found access to this cloister, which was only opened for the purpose of initiating the future apostles into the perilous honors of the morrow. And with these illustrious friends, the invincible champions of great causes, the models grew up, the ideals were personified. Enthusiasm spread like a blessed atmosphere where the young souls of disciples were unwittingly tempered under the affection of those ardent Christians.

And when recreation was over, Charles Perraud met with Gratry his master, his father, whose strong faith sounded like a clarion, for the conquest of souls, for freedom of conscience, and for the destruction of evil in all its guises.*

The most illustrious survivor of those happy days has described, in pages replete with calm and eloquent emotion, the original and the eminently suggestive character of the lessons, or rather talks, given by Père Gratry. "In this intimate association of minds and hearts," says the Bishop of Autun, "our teacher became as a father to us—a true father, making us live the life of his own mind, and giving us a share in his labors, not after the manner of his workmen or servants, but such as is the portion of children."†

M. Ollé-Laprune might say of Père Gratry: "Remove him from this century, something is lacking to this century: the spirit of generosity which he inspired to our second-half of the century." To fully understand this appreciation, we should read the complete works of Père Gratry. Perhaps it will be sufficient to recall the words which he had spoken on his death-bed, and of which it has been said: "These are the most humane words that have ever been pronounced":

"I bequeath to every human being that I have ever greeted or blessed, and to whom I have ever spoken any words of esteem, of affection, or of love, the assurance that I love and bless him twice or thrice more than I have said. . . . I extend this to all my unknown and future friends, and as far as God will permit me to all men. . . . I hope that I will be near them and with them after death, more so than during my life."

Such was the master, such was the disciple.

Gratry has, as it were, cultivated in Charles Perraud another

* Paul Lallemand, l'Abbé Charles Perraud.

† *Le Père Gratry, ses derniers jours*, par le P. Adolphe Perraud (p. 29).

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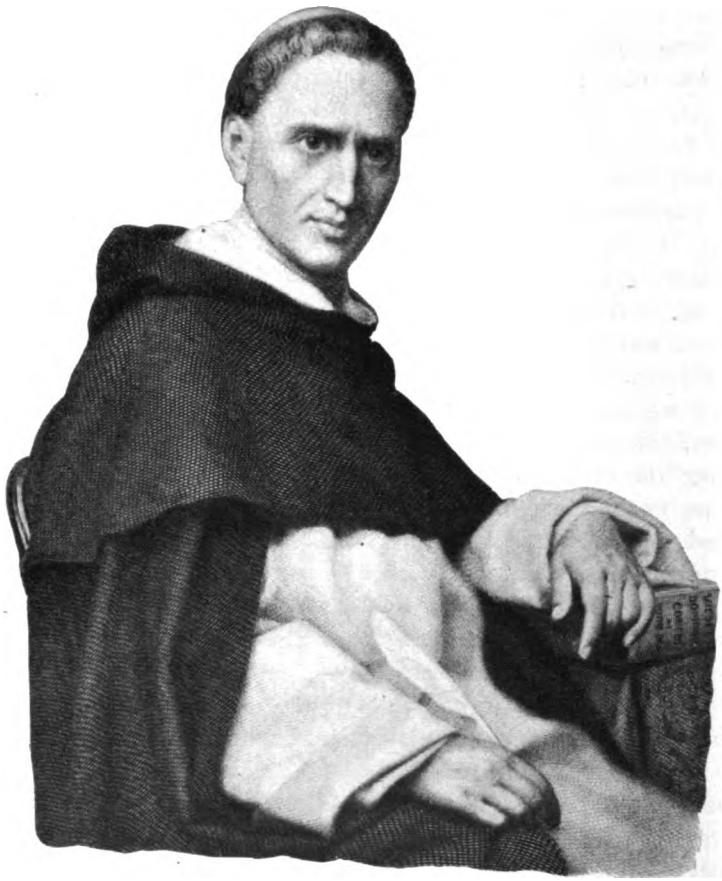

LACORDAIRE, WITH HIS LOFTY IDEALS, DREW OTHERS WITH HIM.

self: the same candor with much of the same perspicacity, the same heart hospitable to every suffering and boiling with indignation at every iniquity, the same love of justice and of peace, the same aspirations of soul; the same gift also of living again in his consoling and suggestive writings, of being all for all in this posthumous work as well as during his life, and of bringing those friends of a later day, whether they be high or low, learned or unlearned, to the love of one another and to the love of God.

The poor and the lowly, the children and the laborers, such are the persons to whom he wished to devote his life. To come in direct contact with the soul of the working classes was to him an exquisite pleasure. Never did he reach a higher degree of eloquence than in some of those discourses addressed to them. His heart melted with tenderness, he wept, he sighed

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with his dear working people; he gave them his life, he devoted his whole soul to them. And he, in turn, gained their souls, but only to deliver them into the arms of Christ. How he desired, in order to be more useful to them, to find out all their sufferings! How he wished to be in touch with the age, to sympathize with it.

"The newspapers," said he, "if we knew how to read them, we could find therein matter for useful meditations, we could acquire thereby the knowledge, more necessary to-day than ever, of human sufferings. For me these daily records are more interesting than the Annals of Tacitus, since instead of stirring up ashes already cold, I see palpitating there a life closely knit with our own, and misfortunes, virtues, or crimes for which unwittingly and involuntarily we are in part responsible."

If Père Charles knew how to suffer with those who suffer, he was also sensible to the afflictions of unfortunate nations. This touching speech fell one day from the lips and the heart of this apostle: "I greet with love and veneration Poland, and I receive in my heart each of her tears."

It was in 1864, "the time," says Père Largent, "when beyond the frontiers, which we believed to be inviolable, we followed Poland with anxious gaze in her desperate struggle and in her supreme distress—Poland, 'a nation of sorrow' which, according to the expression of Montalembert, had become 'a nation in flames.'* It was the time, also, when, again with Montalembert, we were dreading for France and for Europe danger from Russia, and when we were repeating the saddening prophecy which, sixteen years before, the great orator had proclaimed in the House of Peers: 'When Poland shall be no more, when her twenty millions of Slavs shall have been annexed, not to Austria, not to Prussia—that is impossible—but to Russia, as may well happen, then you will see what shall come to pass in Europe; the independence of the West shall tremble to its foundations, and the destinies of civilization shall be threatened as they have not been since the days of Attila.'†

"We do not regret the feelings of deep sympathy which we had avowed to Poland. We shall always claim for her at least religious liberty, and, moreover, we shall pray for the conversion of the great people who, unless they return to Catholic

* *L'Insurrection Polonaise*, by Comte de Montalembert (*Correspondant*, February 25, 1863).

† Speech on the "Independence of Cracow" (January 21, 1847). *Works* of Comte de Montalembert, vol. ii. p. 438.

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unity, will not be able to evangelize efficaciously the vast countries which they rule or upon which they border."

Charles cultivated those feelings of chivalric enthusiasm by dealing with a noble soul such as that of Henri Perreyve, his most cherished friend—Henri Perreyve, of whom he said after the death of this young priest: "Henri was to me more than I can say. His life was one with mine." How they participated, during the days of 1848, in the hopes of liberty which were then kindled in France! They were enamoured of that ideal, that a Lacordaire pointed out to them, in his eloquent dreams of a democratic and Christian France, untrammelled from within for the extension of the kingdom of God, unimpeded from without for the expansion of generous ideas, for the propagation of Catholicism, and through Catholicism for the fruitful seeds of liberty.

They might have repeated these words of Ozanam, their glorious friend: "I am impassioned for the legitimate conquest of modern spirit; I have loved liberty and I have served it; but let us be convinced that orthodoxy is the bone and sinew of religion." For they were thoroughly convinced, to use the expression of Cardinal Perraud, that "the church is insulted when she is advised to be reconciled to civilization; for whatever civilization has done of great, noble, and glorious it has been derived from the church." Faithful to the advice that Pius IX. had given to Henri Perreyve, "Scathe the errors, but love the men," they desired to conform their life to this rule, which is that of the Congregation of the Oratory: "To struggle against errors opposed to the faith by taking up and directing against them their own weapons. To oppose to false, exclusive, biased science most honest, most universal, most disinterested erudition. . . . And, consequently, to give battle on the field of Sacred Scripture and biblical exegesis, as well as on that of philosophy, history, and natural sciences; moreover, to follow the evolutions of modern thought and prevent anti-Christian science from confiscating the domain of social and political sciences, and making a monopoly of them, for reason revolted against faith; in a word, to be always ready to undertake any work, in order to reconcile to the grand unity of the gospel the discordant opinion of philosophers."

Cardinal Gibbons, in the preface to this biography, points out as one of its most charming features the spiritual friendship of Charles Perraud and Henri Perreyve':

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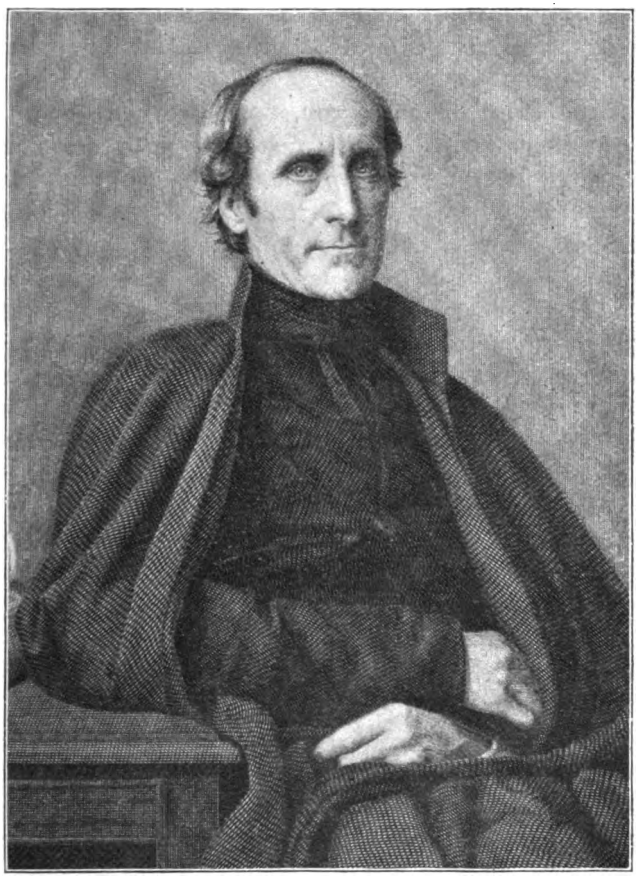

PÈRE RAVIGNAN, S.J.

"Glimpses of its beauty are given now and then in scraps of correspondence, one of which we beg leave specially to note, *i. e.*, the letter of Henri Perreyve (then a deacon) to Charles Perraud on the celebration of his first Mass. He chooses the text 'May the Lord be with you.' He utters the words as one grand chord, then with the several notes he gives forth a harmony of blessing, good wishes, thanksgiving, grand aspirations, sublime conceptions, which end in a divine rhapsody, and leave in the heart of the hearer a minor tone of longing that he, too, might know such friendship—human and divine."

The following is the letter to which the cardinal refers:

"'THE LORD BE WITH YOU.'

"Such is the sacramental word of the deacon, the only word which I may address to you, my dear friend and brother,

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before the holy altar. However, I speak it from out the fulness of my heart, and with all the depths of meaning which those sacred words imply.

"Yea, the Lord be with you, dear brother!—with you this morning at the altar, when you celebrate your first Mass, to receive your virgin troth, and to answer to your immortal vows by that return of love which surpasses all love.

"May He be with you throughout that great day, to preserve within your soul the perfume of heavenly incense, the odor of a sacrifice which has had a beginning, but which, by God's gracious mercy, shall have no end. May He be with you to-morrow, to make you feel that the joys of the Lord have about them something eternal, and which, far otherwise than the joys of this earth, may be drawn upon ever without danger of exhaustion.

"May He be with you when, after the first rapturous transports, you will realize that you are a priest for others, and when, descending from Thabor, you seek out the suffering and the ignorant, and those who hunger and thirst for the true Light and the true Life!

"May He be with you in your sorrows, to console you; in your joys, to sanctify them; in your desires, to make them fruitful! Memor sit omnis sacrificii et holocaustum tuum pingue fiat.

"May He be with you, dear Charles, if you be left alone in the world; if our friendship is soon cut short; if you must go through life with no other support than the arm of a divine Friend.

"May He be with you as a young priest; with you when grown old in the struggles of the priesthood and in the service of God and men; with you at the hour of death, which will bring to your lips, by another's hand, the same Jesus whom your trembling hands have even now placed there!

"Yes, my dear friend! I sum up all that my heart can contain of longings, of wishes, of hopes—all in a single wish: May the Lord be ever with you! This will be, here below, the life of a holy priest; and, hereafter, Heaven itself.

"May the Lord be ever with you!

"Dearest Charles, give me your blessing! I embrace you affectionately, and I feel close pressed against the heart of our ever-beloved and divine Master."

In conclusion we must speak of him who, at the same time, was to Charles a tender friend, a dearly loved brother, affection-

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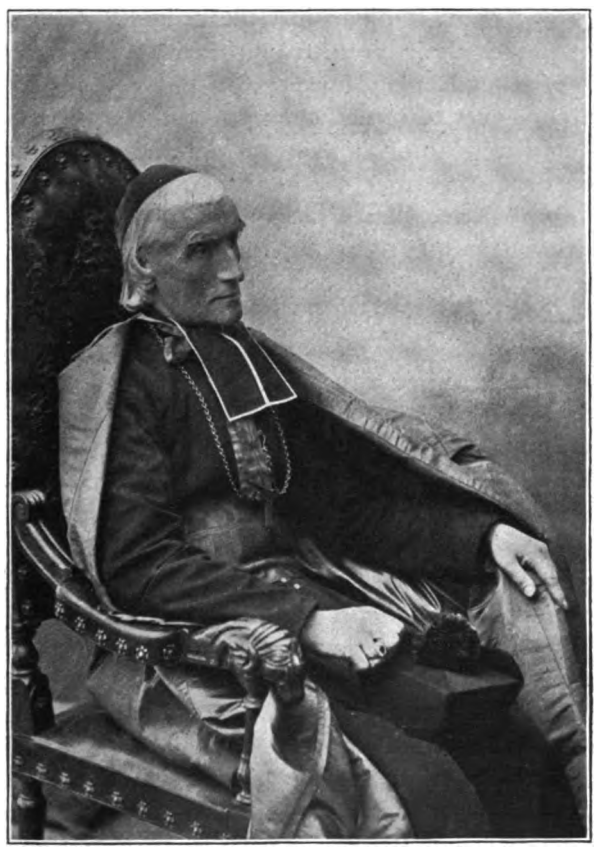
ate as a mother, ever devoted, and deeply distressed when he was left alone. When by the dying bedside of his Charles, Monseigneur Perraud comforted him with these beautiful words: "My dear child, our mother brought thee into this world, and



CARDINAL PERRAUD.

I will not leave thee until I place thee upon the threshold of eternal life."

"Brothers by birth," says Cardinal Gibbons, "brothers in the early life of the Oratory in France, brothers in the priesthood, brothers in the public spirit which so characterized the two lives, and which has accomplished so much for the glory of their native land, their rays, like those of a binary star, have shone with steady lustre upon Catholic France in her darkest hour of trial; and scanning the horizon to-day, we find no greater light than his Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun."

A finished portrait of the cardinal academician has been

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given us by M. Ollé-Laprune in *La France Chrétienne.* I know not of any other more true to life than this picture:

"As a bond of union between the heroic times, already somewhat distant, of this history and the closing century, there is a man who ever since about 1850 has known all the men the characters of whom I have just described,* and who understands and blesses their youthful posterity; this bishop, a former pupil of the École Normale, a beloved disciple of Père Gratry; circumspect, discreet even to being impeccable; fervid beneath a cold appearance; austere and kind; a great and impressive orator; a member of the French Academy like Lacordaire, like Dupanloup, like Gratry; fitted for the highest positions, but incapable of thrusting himself into them; deceiving the ambitions of his friends, but doing on all occasions what God demands, simply, fervently, judiciously, excellently; a noble example in this period of restlessness, a great power and great resource for the Catholic cause; in him live all noble and generous passions, and we know that at the Vatican he is held in esteem and love."

When Monseigneur Perraud was made cardinal in November, 1895, there was a burst of incredible joy in his dear old church of Autun. But of all the discourses and addresses that were presented to him during that grand celebration there is a little poem that went to his heart more, perhaps, than all the rest: *Misit illos binos ante faciem suam.* Such is the evangelical text that the poet has commented on and applied to these two brothers, the younger of whom departed before his time, and from the height of a better world stoops to the cardinal and throws to him the flowers of his white crown. His Eminence could not then refrain, I am sure, from thinking of him who was a father and a master to both of them—of Père Gratry, always enamoured of harmony; or from remembering his favorite word: "*Rien n'est parfait que ramené à Dieu et au Christ.*"

* Léon Ollé-Laprune: *La Vie intellectuelle du Catholicisme en France au xix. siècle.* La défense de la Foi, in *La France Chrétienne dans l'Histoire* (p. 561).

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ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.

IN the great church of Ara Cœli, in Rome, hangs a famous portrait of St. Anthony of Padua, painted by Pinturicchio five hundred years ago. It represents the saint standing in the foreground of a fine landscape; in his right hand is a large book, on which rests a loaf of bread; with his left hand he presses to his breast a burning flame.

The loaf of bread is an old attribute of the eldest son of St. Francis. It is significant of his ardent love for the poor.

So conspicuous a trait of St. Anthony's apostolate was anxiety for the destitute, that his friend St. Bonaventure, in the miraculous responsory written in his honor, chanted:

> " Pereunt pericula,
> *Cessat et necessitas;*
> Narrent hi qui sentiunt,
> Dicunt Paduani."—
>
> Lo, dangers vanish at thy prayer,
> *And want finds plenty for its needs;*
> Let those relate who've felt thy care,
> Let Padua most proclaim thy deeds.

An instance of St. Anthony's gift of miracles and of his readiness to exercise it to the profit of the poor, is recorded in the process of his canonization. Close to the church that was erected in Padua to his honor, shortly after his death, a baby boy named Tomasino, twenty months old, was drowned in a pond. The distracted mother, standing beside the corpse in the presence of several friars and a crowd of workmen, promised the saint that, if he would restore her son to life, she would distribute among the poor a measure of corn equal to the weight of the child. Instantly the dead babe awoke to new life and stretched out his arms to his mother.

The confidence of that bereaved woman in St. Anthony's benevolence sprang from the record of his life. In Italy, in France, in Spain—wherever he had gone—his sympathy with the temporal needs of the destitute was second only to his

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zeal for their eternal welfare, so that recourse to his patronage became common throughout those three countries, as well as in Portugal, almost from the hour of his death.

So general was this trust in St. Anthony throughout Vaucluse and neighboring regions that two customs became established there—the seeds sowed by the farmers were blessed annually under his invocation to insure a good harvest, and the infants were placed under his protection by having a quantity of wheat of the same weight as the babes distributed among the poor in his name. The bishops of Apt officially sanctioned these practices, and in a breviary of the fourteenth century belonging to that diocese these forms of blessing are inserted in the liturgy:

"*Blessing of the seed grain:*—Bless, O Lord, this seed, and through the merits of our blessed father, St. Anthony, deign to multiply it and cause it to bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, and preserve it from lightning and tempest. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

"*Blessing of corn of the weight of a child*—Benedictio ad pondus pueri:—We humbly beseech Thy clemency, O Lord Jesus Christ, through the merits and prayers of our most glorious father, St. Anthony, that Thou wouldst deign to preserve from all ill, fits, plague, epidemic, fever, and mortality this Thy servant, whom in Thy name and in honor of our blessed father, St. Anthony, we place in this balance with wheat, the weight of his body, for the comfort of the poor sick who suffer in this hospital. Deign to give him length of days and permit him to attain the evening of life; and, by the merits and prayers of the Saint we invoke, grant him a portion in Thy holy and eternal inheritance, guarding and preserving him from all his enemies. Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

In recent years a new outlet for his charity has been made through the work of St. Anthony's Bread for the Poor. It began in an obscure way. At Toulon, Department of Var, in France, a young woman, named Louise Bouffier, keeps a linen-store at 41 Rue Lafayette. On the morning of March 12, 1890, when she went to open shop the key would not turn in the lock. She herself tells how the difficulty was overcome:

"It is nearly four [now seven] years ago that our work began at a time when I had no other knowledge of St. Anthony of Padua except that I had heard vaguely that he was invoked to recover things that had been lost. One morning I came to

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open my shop, but found that the lock would not move. I sent for a locksmith, who came with a huge bunch of keys. He tried for an hour to open the door, but in vain. At last, out of patience, he exclaimed: 'I must go for tools to break it open; it is impossible to unlock it.' During his absence, inspired by God, I thought to myself: 'If I promise some bread to St. Anthony for his poor, perhaps he will make the door open without us having to break the lock.' Just then the locksmith returned, and I said: 'If you please, before forcing the door, try once more to unlock it. I have promised some bread to St. Anthony for his poor; perhaps the saint will help us. The man consented, and the very first key that he put into the lock opened it as if it had been made for it. Language could not describe his surprise.

"From that day all my pious friends have had recourse to the good Saint with me, and all our troubles are commended to him with a promise of bread for his poor. We are astonished at the number of graces he has thus granted us. One of my intimate friends, a witness of these wonders, made a promise to him of a kilogramme (two and a half pounds) of bread every day of her life if a member of her family were cured of a defect that had afflicted her for twenty-three years. Her petition was quickly granted. In token of gratitude she bought a little statue of St. Anthony, which we have placed in a small, dark room, where a big lamp is needed to see it. This is my back shop, and now all day long that little room is thronged with people in deep and fervent prayer. Not only do they pray, but one would think that they were paid to spread this devotion, so zealously do they make it known.

"Sometimes a soldier, an officer, a sea captain setting out on a long voyage, comes to promise St. Anthony five francs' worth of bread a month if he goes and comes in safety. Now it is a mother begging health for her sick child or the success of an examination. Again it is a family entreating the conversion of some dear one who is dying, but who will not see the priest. Next it is a servant who is out of place or a workman seeking employment. And all these petitions are accompanied with promises of bread if they be granted. . . .

"Our promises of bread border on the fabulous! We have three of one thousand francs each, to say nothing of minor promises, incalculable as to number, and the favors granted steadily multiply. Daily we receive postal orders accompanied with some cordial words of thanks to the good St.

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Anthony. They come from all quarters—from Lyons, Valence, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Hyères, and thousands of other cities. We have even received forty francs, sent to us from the field of battle, by a commandant forming part of the expedition to Dahomey! It would require volumes to record all the graces already obtained, spiritual and temporal.

"You ask how we distribute this good white bread of St. Anthony. Our method is as follows: We have drawn up a list of the poor communities, of the male and female orphan asylums throughout the entire region, not forgetting the Little Sisters of the Poor, and whenever we have the money in hand we ask them, by turn, on what date one of them wishes an offering of bread. On the day fixed they receive 50, 80, 100 kilogrammes of bread according to the number of mouths in the institution. When the children see in the refectory the good white bread, they know that it is not that of the house, and, simultaneously joining hands, they offer a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the good St. Anthony, together with a chorus of 'Vivas.' This token of gratitude must be pleasing to the good Saint, since he blesses ever more and more this dear little work."

In a letter to the *Annales Franciscaines* Miss Bouffier relates many wonderful cases of answered prayers, and then she adds:

"A large book would hardly contain all the marvellous occurrences that take place daily. In 1892 the alms amounted to 5,743 francs, which were spent in bread for our old people and orphans. The bank-notes of the rich are mixed with the cents of the poor and the working-people, for most of the donors carefully conceal their names.

"That which supports our work is ardent and grateful prayer. Three times a day a thousand old people and orphans lift up their hands in thanksgiving to the great Saint who watches over them and supplies their wants."

The fame of St. Anthony's bounty at the little shrine back of the Bouffier linen-shop in Toulon spread quickly, not only throughout that city but also all over France; it passed to Spain, to Italy, to Belgium, to Portugal, and to all other parts of Europe. Thence the glad tidings were carried to America, to Asia, to Africa, and to Oceania. The good news has circled the globe. Everywhere St. Anthony is confidently invoked. The Saint of the whole world, as Pope Leo calls him, is teaching the world that charity is the wide avenue to the favor of Heaven.

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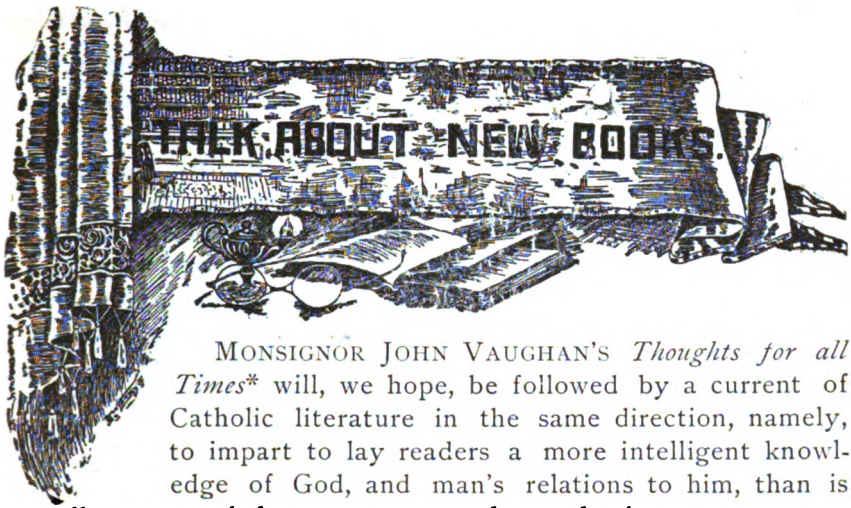

MONSIGNOR JOHN VAUGHAN'S *Thoughts for all Times** will, we hope, be followed by a current of Catholic literature in the same direction, namely, to impart to lay readers a more intelligent knowledge of God, and man's relations to him, than is usually possessed by any except those who have to some extent made theology a study. There are in all twenty papers, which fall under three heads. The first division contains five essays on God and the Holy Trinity; the second six on the Blessed Sacrament, Purgatory, and Grace; and the third nine essays, somewhat more miscellaneous but all of them referrible to the principles of the divine economy stated in the first division and operating in the second.

They are deeply interesting and couched in a language almost as rhythmical as lyric poetry; and while it is this, there is a strength in the style springing from solid thought and full knowledge which raises the book to a high place of usefulness as a medium of popular theology. One need not read half a page before he finds how different this book is to the religious literature that pours from the Protestant sects. In saying this we do not mean that the writers of this literature are not desirous to do good, according to their lights; but it is clear enough that there must be every shade of heterodoxy in their opinions. Many of these publications are recommended by a popular and taking style; and it is said they attract Catholics in consequence. We are afraid that this is so, and it is to be feared that such reading must unsettle faith. Again, there is a danger in the freedom possessed by Protestant writers; they are restrained by no authority, for each one's own conscience is the measure of his responsibility, and his own judgment the light by which he guides others. Now, when a man does not claim to be an infallible guide, when he does not take his teaching of religion from an infallible guide, we fail to see how an

* *Thoughts for all Times.* By the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. The Roxburghe Press, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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honest conscience can permit him to impose upon others his whims, his crotchets, his errors as the expression of God's revealed will.

The freedom we refer to affords opportunity for speculative opinion of an attractive and dangerous character. There is no one who has not some curiosity about God and the soul, time and eternity, the relations of this world to the world to come. These are questions each one likes to consider concerning one or other of these topics, and he is drawn to a writer who purports to solve them in a sensible, straightforward, rational way; not in the manner of priests, who lay down a hard, unmerciful law which, if observed, would make the defeat of this life the condition of entering into the next. To men who wish to unite the two worlds in a common service, who would make religion a curious system of balances in which all the powers of mind and body are offered to Mammon, with a clause of mental reservation saving the possible rights of God, the free lances of Protestant theology will afford that acceptable scheme of belief which will put Mammon on the altar and God far away in the azure. For such men the Biblical critics among sectarian divines, the Rationalist Christian laymen who claim a right to preach, and whose abomination is a priesthood, are the teachers after their own heart. There are men of another kind, men who really desire to find God—it does not matter that they express it "to get religion"—but they are anxious to lay hold of a strong faith flowering into a holy life. This they cannot find in the lifeless walls and dead symbols of the sects. They are captured by the impulsive appeals of good men with more heart than head, because there is a vitality in them. But from these two classes of unauthorized teachers, on the one hand the critical, on the other the sentimental, our young people are in danger.

They meet in their avocations and in society their Protestant friends who have been fed upon such literature as we refer to. Discussions arise, interest is excited, and a book is lent. One must read what the world is reading. The effusive and well-meaning platitudes of a benevolent man, who finds in the Divine Life the most perfect realization of charity, are put forth as his contribution to Christian knowledge. It is very well meant, but absurd because it makes a spasmodic philanthropy the practical compliance with the entire gospel law. Such a view of Christianity is open to the objections of a social character which we should bring against a revival of the Cathari and the other sects claiming similar primitive purity, which in-

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fested Europe for so many centuries until close to the great revolt of Luther. When benevolence is the entire of religion, and assumes an organized form in the shape of a sect, license, profligacy, robbery, and public disturbance are the inevitable result.

Again, we have the hard, critical aspect of Christianity which begins by impeaching the evidences of faith by a critical examination of the inspired writings, or by an inquiry into the meaning of inspiration, and winding up with the result that upon the whole Christianity, interpreted in the spirit of this age and modified, so far as its morality extends, by the exigencies of existing conditions of life, may be adopted by rational men as an answer to the requirements of the emotional side of their being, or possibly, if such a thing exist, to the spiritual life within them.

Monsignor Vaughan's *Thoughts for all Times* comes in not one hour too soon; it exactly hits the line between science and spiritual reading—*inter scholasticum et asceticum*—so that he who reads these papers must become a better man according to the growth of his knowledge. We can assure our readers that they will find the greatest interest as they go along; for in their minds a system of knowledge of God in all the manifestations of his power will be developed; so that they shall obtain a practical conviction of the truth, that the more exact is our knowledge of the nature of God, the more we learn of the divine economy in relation to ourselves and in relation to the illimitable regions of the universe, the more ready shall we be to live in this life as in his temple, to live as if we were passing through the ante-chamber to the eternal Court. His power is about us and within us here; this we must feel. To the exposition of the various subjects the writer has brought the resources of a rare degree of learning; a graceful style, as we have said; a gentle enthusiasm, very charming in its effect, of sympathy between him and the reader, and we hope for this work a large circulation.

*Jesus Christ during His Ministry** is a work by "Edmond Stapfer," who describes himself as Professor "in the Faculty of Protestant Theology in Paris"; and it is translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. We may say at once that Mr. Stapfer proves himself in this work a man of ability—wrong, no doubt, in his point of view, and uncertain in his Biblical criticism from

* *Jesus Christ during His Ministry.* By Edmond Stapfer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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this very fact; but, notwithstanding his unsound starting-point and erroneous inferences, he evinces the spiritual contact of sympathy and reverence for the Lord in his work there and then in his ministry. He calls attention to this title "Jesus Christ during his Ministry," and not "The Ministry of Jesus Christ." There is a difference; for in speaking of our Lord "during his ministry," he is at once tested as St. Paul might be tested, or as St. Columbanus. He is subjected to the rays which pierce the outer shell of manners and deeds, and project upon the plate motive and mode of thought in the hideousness of anatomy. That this illustration does not exaggerate the meaning of Mr. Stapfer's method, the reader must recognize when he hears that the writer announces his intention of noticing only such events in the life of our Lord "as throw light upon what took place in his soul." This is a system of examination we deprecate, because it begins with the assumption that he was a mere man. He was a man, and the most perfectly human of all mankind; but he was also God, and no reverent treatment can place him on a level with his servants. To suppose that we are to take account of apparent waverings or inconsistencies; to look at the adjustments of himself to circumstances from time to time as small measures of expediency; and from all this to infer that he was playing a particular *rôle* in conforming his life and conduct to the prophecies about the Messias; to regard him as doing all this to meet the popular expectation, leaves a bad impression upon the reader, no matter what may be the opinion and what the writer's intention. We think it would be unjust to question Mr. Stapfer's belief in the divinity of the Lord, and there is before us very clear proof of his erudition in his manner of handling the materials at his hand; but despite the superabundant evidence he adduces for the divinity he leaves behind a feeling of dissatisfaction, of want, something like the effect on one of the argument of a minister who must support the action of his government even though he has a notion that in certain grave particulars it is impolitic.

He points out, with good sense, what must be evident to every man who reads the life of our Lord as we have it in the Gospels and the works of his disciples, that his teaching from the first is either an inexplicable enigma or a revelation from God. If he preached, it was what no man could have evolved from his own consciousness. And that he did so preach is superabundantly proved; therefore he must have received what

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he preached from God. The stupidity of Rationalism forces itself on one looking at our Lord's entrance upon his ministry. Of course no one now questions the historical evidence—we assume that as accepted, and that the only difference is about the manner of reading the evidence; the historical evidence is, shortly, to this effect: Our Lord began to preach from the Precursor's mission and announcement of the kingdom of heaven at hand. To this he added the declaration of the Father's love and the brotherhood of man. He proclaimed pardon and infinite mercy at a time when men knew only the laws of blood and worshipped gods which personified all their deadly sins and passions, or gods of gloom and jealousy who were to be deprecated by sacrifices often as cruel and sanguinary as the acts to be dreaded from these pitiless deities themselves; and he who preached these tidings of love and mercy, the tidings of this heavenly Fatherhood and universal brotherhood, which bound all mankind together as children in links of a golden chain that went up to their Father's hand, was a Jew, a son of the most exclusive race of all antiquity. This is the teaching at such a time and amid such conditions, and to-day Rationalism puts out the eyes of the mind when it sees in this anything but the work of God. Now, Mr. Stapfer is not less blind than the Rationalist when he accepts the evidence, and to a great extent the conclusion from it, but draws back from the inevitable consequence of all that he accepts in the way of inference and the historical premises on which the inference rests.

In the preface to the first of the two books we have named* we are informed that Balzac placed himself as a writer of historic fiction near to Scott, and immeasurably above Dumas as this novelist displays himself in *The Three Musketeers*. Nothing but an utter inability to discern the kind of talent he possessed and its limit would have caused him to institute a comparison between himself and Scott; it is as if a photographer were to compare himself with one of the great masters. He has far less power of dealing with historic associations and figures even than Dumas, the man he despises.

It appears his object was to make Catherine de' Medici an historical study on new and independent grounds, and so he presents her as one of those inscrutable intelligences we find in the political portraiture of the period, with a will inexorable as

* *About Catherine de' Medici*, by H. D. Balzac, and *A Woman of Thirty* and *The Lily of the Valley*, by the same author. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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fate; instead of being a "timid" woman, a woman "naturally timid," "ambitieuse et craintive," "timida et irresoluta," "regina, ut est mulier territa," as she is described by foreign ambassadors and other contemporary witnesses. The "Woman of Thirty" is not a creation; she is a pure monstrosity, less consistent than any that a hag-ridden fancy had ever before compounded from discordant elements.

While expressing the opinion pronounced above we do not forget that among his own countrymen Balzac is regarded as the greatest master of romantic fiction France has produced. An equally high estimate has been formed of him in England; so much so, indeed, that one considerable authority maintains that in his own domain he is what Tacitus is among historians. We have tried him in *About Catherine de' Medici* by the standard he himself has selected, and we fail to find a character that can be at all regarded as a creation except, perhaps, Calvin. There seems to be something of the power of Tacitus in this portrait, but a single picture of a character incidentally introduced does not make a work a great historical novel. Christophe, the hero, is not a man; he utterly escapes touch, though he is given to us with all the minute detail by which Balzac endeavors to make descriptive analysis perform the work of self-revelation. This is the method of Tacitus, but in him this subjective portraiture has almost all the vividness of the highest dramatic power. Tiberius is as well known almost as any character in Shakspere's historic plays; and when we say this we must mean that the creation is as consummate in art and power almost as any character of Shakspere. For in that vast collection of men and women, so true in the highest sense to nature, there is scarcely one that seizes the imagination with a stronger hold than do Henry V., Hotspur, Margaret, Richard, and we may add Warwick, though we see so little of him. But as these are historical figures into which Shakspere breathed life, so to that form which another historian would have sent down as a number of epithets and qualities tied together by a name, Tacitus has given that embodiment of imagination which makes this airy fantasy a thing of flesh and blood. Hence we have the profound and relentless craft of the third Cæsar before us more clearly than memory can recall the face and form of our ordinary acquaintance.

You are not affected by the fate of Christophe; you do not admire what would be courage in any other, but in him is the testimony of Balzac, which you refuse to take seriously. The

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impression upon you is that this Huguenot middle-class hero and enthusiast is a very forward, vulgar, and conceited youth, whose religion is not a faith which elevates above all earthly interests and fears, whatever else it means. When his legs are placed in the boot you are tempted to say, Serves him right for thrusting himself in where he had no business. Nowhere do we find less probability than in Catherine's demeanor towards him and his submission to what would be the most cruel ingratitude of egoism, cold, shallow, and pitiless, that could be conceived. Catherine had no claim upon him, yet he endures torture for her, and this while not only disavowed but practically handed over to her enemies, who proceed to work their will upon him. No doubt there is a motive for this marvellous self-negation which accepts dishonor, torture, and possibly death, suggested in the devoting of him to such a fate for "the religion" by Chandieu, the Huguenot divine; but it is unreal. It is simply trifling with the resources of dramatic art to construct a character out of inharmonious qualities, each one of which is left in its domain an absolute sovereign; it is false to invest a character with an environment of incidents and casualties not one of which has any apparent influence in forming the disposition, and then to treat the character as if it were fashioned from such accidental circumstances. Now, Balzac has committed both of these solecisms in Christophe. You do not mind him in the torture any more than if he were a pasteboard man. How different are your feelings when you see the foot of the young Covenanting minister in *Old Mortality* cased in the boot; next see the wedge inserted and then the executioner's axe raised! Your blood runs cold.

In the minute fidelity of Balzac's descriptions of streets, houses, and rooms we have the detective power to an abnormal extent; but we say, with a certain reserve, that in its employment in Catherine de' Medici we do not seem to possess anything else. Let us not be misunderstood: we admit the photographic exactness of the descriptions, and at times a coloring beyond photography, like the shadow of a spirit of good or evil cast over the painting of the sun; but what we miss is the life to be lived in the scenes set before us with such overlaying of outline, such mingling almost to motleying of colors. It is an auctioneer's advertising picture when no people live in the rooms, stand in the halls, fill vestibule, stair-case, corridor, closet, court, with their laughter, their wisdom, folly, mockery their hopes, their fears; the little tragedies of inferior life

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toning down the crimes and agonies of the great—all this we should have, but we have it not.

Of course there are plenty of names, great and little, historical and imaginary—we have catalogues of them; but again no men or women, not even good pictures of them, not even the inspired blindness of sculpture with its suggestiveness of sphinx-like inscrutability and baleful power. The Guises have a sort of reality indeed, but it is due to their prominence by reason of conflict with the queen-mother's policy. She is intended to be the central figure; so all others take hold of the attention in relation to her, but this is all the interest they possess. There is an attempt to give us Charles IX. in public, and in the secret dwelling where he found, it is said, the only comfort for a heart broken by nervous excitement and remorse. Again the meretricious glare of excited fancy is aroused; and we hear the heart-throbs running along the scale of the sensational up to agony that savors of the circus saw-dust. Bathos rhymes with pathos in this suffering. This is the danger of the abnormal translated by realism; it is melodramatic, if not burlesque. Now we remind the reader of Charles IX., as Dumas brings him before us in *Marguerite de Valois*, and leave it to his judgment as to whether Balzac was justified in looking down on that great writer of fiction and in placing himself near "the Wizard of the North."

The writer of fiction can never be a true artist if his incidents are improbable and if his characters have no place in the intuitions of fancy. The morbid taste for the sensational has made a demand upon the exuberant imagination of Balzac which he endeavored to gratify through consciousness of exceptional force and fertility, but seldom with taste and judgment. The effect upon himself seems to be, that the world within him and that outside, in its various phases of social activity, became confused, so that he could not distinguish between the products of his imagination and the types of life before him or that were crystallized in the events of history. This is the only way to account for the conception of Catherine de' Medici as an enthusiast for order expressed in monarchy. This is why he mistakes De Thou's declaration that royalty died with Catherine. It reached its highest plane with the absolutism of Louis XIV. three generations later, but with the Great King there was more than royalty; there was the historic monarchy going back to Chilperic and identified with France in its various vicissitudes for twelve centuries. If De Thou had any

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deeper meaning than the opinion that the effete house of Valois had lost a guide in Catherine, it could only have been that the royalty of Italian craft had passed from the stage to make room for a monarchy of bold ambition and patriotic principle.

We purposed pointing out why it is that the abnormal in fact cannot be made the ground-work of fiction without great risk of failure; but this note has already extended beyond reasonable bounds.

Under the title *The Chief End of Man** Mr. George S. Merriam proceeds to prove that "fidelity, truth-seeking, courage, and love are the rightful lords of human life and its sufficient guides and interpreters." He offers as a medium of proof "the message with which the universe has answered the soul of man whenever he listened most closely and obeyed most faithfully." He fears that he will interpret "the message" in question "with stammering tongue," but we can assure him from a hasty perusal that whatever else his style does, it does not limp; he has an uncomfortable feeling that "by the scholar" the book may be considered crude: on this we prefer to avoid expressing an opinion; he is uneasy "lest the churchman should think it mischievous": we promise him it shall not be put on the Index, if we have any influence; and as the full term of the book's misdemeanors he thinks the man of science will form the opinion that it lacks "solidity of demonstration." Possibly he does no injustice to the man of science in thinking him capable of forming such an opinion.

We are, however, bound to say that Mr. Merriam seems fair-minded and religious; his mistakes arise from want of knowledge, inability to free himself from prejudices, and a notion that reasoning proceeds from the heart and not from the intellect.

There is on our table a book by the Rev. John Talbot Smith for which we ask young priests a place in their collections. It is called *The Chaplain's Sermons*, and consists of a number of sermons in rather more than outline, intended to serve as the framework of sermons for those whose duties are of so exacting a character as to prevent them from spending a considerable length of time on the composition of their sermons. Father Smith has executed successfully the work he took upon himself. It was far from being an easy task, this

* *The Chief End of Man.* By George S. Merriam. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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one of supplying models to inexperienced preachers that would afford suggestion and form of arrangement without doing the entire business for them.

We have received a pamphlet by John K. Ingram, one of the senior fellows and professors of Trinity College, Dublin, criticising an article by Mr. W. H. Schaff entitled "A Neglected Chapter in the Life of Comte" which appeared in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for November, 1896. We have no admiration for Positivism because, in the highest view of it, it attracts men of generous impulse by its specious morality and elevated social pretensions; and such men fail to see that men at large are indifferent or bad, with a sprinkling of good among them to redeem the rottenness of the bad or to supply an occasional motive to the habitual selfishness of the indifferent, like the five good men who save cities steeped in iniquity to the lips. If Positivism were to become a force throughout the world, we might at once look for the end of things. We are sure no one would regret the social chaos that should arise from the "personal morality" of Positivism more than the writer of this pamphlet, who in his dream of a religion of humanity hopes for the elevation of the race with as much ardor and enthusiasm as De Mun, but who, unlike De Mun, has no sanction for it, no support for it deeper and stronger than the susceptibilities of a highly emotional nature acting on an intellect of singular keenness and intensity.

In abandoning Catholicity, or, more correctly, following the lead of the anti-Catholic spirit about him, Comte did not lay aside his constructive power, his grasp of social conditions, and his sympathy; consequently, in any social philosophy he might form the æsthetics of morality, as we may call the side of the domestic and social virtues which have power upon most, would be an important factor. To himself and to the finer spirits that would follow him the ideal of a noble world might appear attainable, and if all were of their kind would be attainable, and so one could understand their enthusiasm; but all men are not of this quality. Not the masses, blind, furious, unthinking only, but the smug philosophers of the unthinkable and the unknowable who lie in their words, in their experiments, in the whole round of their lives are compact of grosser clay than these beautiful natures.

The blatant unbelief of Spencer and the uncouth ravings of

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the ten thousand shallow minds that constitute the "creed of science," not the school, for this would be good English, have proceeded in a large measure from Positivism. No doubt it was not the system intended by Comte, but the abyssmal leap of the school just spoken of was a consequence to be expected from his philosophy.

We fully agree with Dr. Ingram, that nothing is to be gained by misrepresentation. Though we hold that the Positive Philosophy is a bad substitute for Christianity, it is not to be successfully combated by reviving Protestant prejudices against the church.

The division of D. O'Kelly Branden's (Rev. Dominic Brennan, C.P.) little volume of verse, *Heart Tones*,* into "poems of the sentiments, patriotic and religious poems," must have been a purely arbitrary arrangement on the part of his publishers. No such division can ever exist in the writer's mind. Although not intended as a volume of sacred verse, it is almost purely devotional. In "Victory," p. 23, he seems to have swerved almost involuntarily from his original *motif*, on recalling that "the Lamb is the Lamp of glory"; while his truly Christian patriotism is by no means confined to its section, *vide* "The Christ Cry," p. 91:

> "O Christ, and O Christ! we need Thee. . .
> Where the wrong-ridden nation is groaning,
> Waiting redemption again."

D. O'Kelly Branden will probably live out his own ideal of the poet as speaking to the sadder (generally the better) moods of men and women in short scraps of verse which will cling to mind and memory. His longer efforts are not his best, and his strongest hold on the public will be his exceeding simplicity.

NEW BOOKS FROM THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The first issue of Dr. Gasquet's revised edition of Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* was sold out within a few weeks of publication. The work has been reprinted on better paper and at a much lower price. Since the editor has carefully verified every assertion which Cobbett makes, letting none pass muster unless supported by good authority, the new edition affords what has so long been wanting—a history of the Reformation,

* *Heart Tones.* By D. O'Kelly Branden. Buffalo, N. Y.: The Peter Paul Book Co.

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popular in price and style, and at the same time trustworthy as regards facts.

The Value of Life, a little volume of essays by Mrs. W. A. Burke, which has just been issued by the Catholic Truth Society, has the advantage of a preface by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who promises that its readers will derive from it much enjoyment as well as benefit.

"This unpretending book," he says, "whatever its fortunes may prove, is among those that tend to produce holy and happy households. It has thus unconsciously a part, like many others among the quietest things around us, in the great battle of the age—that for religious education. . . . The reader will not fail to perceive that the style of this book is perspicuous, concise, and free from false ornament, that its substance is the result of habitual observations taken from actual life, and that the quotations which supplement those observations are drawn impartially from writers belonging to very different schools of thought."

The first volume of a new issue of *Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case*, by the Rev. L. G. Vere, is now ready, and forms a useful addition to the shilling books of Catholic tales. The collection was issued many years back in smaller form by the Catholic Truth Society, which now produces the present volume in a tasteful cover designed by Mr. Fayers. A second series will follow almost immediately, and the two may then be obtained together in a handsome volume for half-a-crown. The two series already issued of the new edition of Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales* may be obtained in a similar volume, which will be found very suitable for prizes and presents.

The *Economic Review* for January contains an appreciative review of Mrs. Crawford's *Key to Labour Problems*. "Sociologists," says the writer, "will be thankful to the Catholic Truth Society for having published this adapted translation of M. Léon Harmel's *Catéchisme du Patron;* and he concludes by saying that "no student of social science can afford to neglect a study of this interesting little book."

Among the recent penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society may be mentioned, *Ought We to honour Mary?* by the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.; No. 24 of the *Library of Catholic Tales*, containing "A Lucky Hamper," by Margaret E. Merriman, and "Unfaithful," by Joseph Carmichael; and Archbishop Ullathorne's famous sermon on *The Drunkard*.

Father Charles Bowden has compiled a *Life of James, Earl*

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of Derwentwater, A.D. 1689–1716, in which are brought together the various letters of the earl, with much information not hitherto readily accessible. A portrait of the earl is given as a frontispiece.

The Catholic Truth Society has just issued two leaflets—one dealing with Chiniquy, the other with the Protestant Alliance —which will be very useful for distribution at the meetings addressed by the Canadian apostate.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* contains a clever article by Professor B. I. Wheeler, of Cornell University, on "The Modern Greek as a Fighting Man." It is interesting at present as a forecast of the result of the war; for the writer, notwithstanding sympathy with the Greeks, seemed to be pretty certain that they would be worsted in a fight with the Turks. He judged from national characteristics that the Greeks, though brave and hardy, would not be amenable to discipline in the higher sense, while the Turks, possessing the advantage of drill and organization, would have in their fatalism an additional element of stolid strength.

In the same issue Professor Goldwin Smith, under the title of "A Constitutional Misfit," supplies an article on American party politics. It contains in a short compass a fairly reasonable number of misconceptions of the origin and nature of party government in England, and applies them to party movements in this country. If he be correct in the application, this would appear to teach very little, because the test is not to be relied upon. His criticism of the opinion that popular government in the United States has stood the test of a hundred years and has come well out of the trial is rather flippant than judicious, and certainly is not sustained by citing in support of it the authority of "Robert Lowe." The truth is, Lowe was a man of great ability, but had no more idea of practical statesmanship than the ordinary professor in a college. He seceded from the Liberal Party on a moderate reform bill; he supported that party later on when it was rushing to manhood suffrage at the rate of sixty miles an hour. As chancellor of the exchequer he will be remembered for a budget that nearly wrecked the party. In that office it was thought the special qualities of his mind and the result of his studies would have given him an opportunity for exceptional distinction. His

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failure provides another instance of the wide difference there is between the academics of the study and the lecture hall, where there is no responsibility and no contradiction, and the political adjustments offered under a sense of responsibility and subject to instructed criticism.

The *Journal of the Medical Sciences* for April has an article entitled "Morbid Besetments or Obsessions," by Colonel B. Burr, M.D., in which he discusses in an interesting manner what we should rather call phenomena of nervousness than "obsessions." In fact it is an abuse of language to apply the word to the processes described in the article, and its selection would seem made for the purpose of giving a learned air to a very simple matter so far as its classification is concerned. For the treatment of patients under the different shades of nervous irritability or excitement we have no criticism, partly because there Dr. Burr is on his own ground, and partly because his brother-practitioners would have an interest in taking him to task if his method were unusual and unauthorized. A statement he makes of the different effects of "imperative conceptions" on himself when he was a young man, and their influence upon him now, shows that the mental tendencies he is dealing with are the result of environment. The phrase "morbid besetments," which is an equivalent for "obsessions," and which seems to have the sanction of general usage in the profession, contains an implication which, if drawn outside the matter in hand, would serve as basis for quasi-scientific impeachment of cases of really external besetment. We can assure our readers that, broadly stated, in the instances cited there is not one that has not been familiar to the world since civilized society, in the sense of artificial society, began. That they have been treated with at least as much success as they are to-day may be said with substantial accuracy. The only difference, perhaps, is in the increase of susceptibility to such conditions, due to the modern use of stimulants and narcotics, the impaired nervous organization of the mothers, and the overwrought nervous system of the fathers of the present generation; but the characteristic symptoms of nervous disease prevail in all of them, and nothing more complicated than what habits and environment would account for. It may be added that among other conclusions concerning such affections the International Congress of Mental Medicine of 1889 adopted this one: "They never are accompanied with hallucinations." If that be a correct conclusion, and there would seem to be no doubt of it, why call such men-

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tal conditions "obsessions"; and in a dim way hint that science is the great exorciser? They so clearly belong to a different order of phenomena from those to which the word "possession" and the word "obsession" have been applied, that nothing can be inferred respecting the latter from the recognizable characteristics and explicable causes of the former.

"Early Man in America" is a readable article by Harvey B. Bashore in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*. The style is clear and crisp, and the treatment of his thesis, that man has lived on this continent countless ages, is not offensively dogmatic. Possibilities, as usual with the archæological historian of pre-Adamite nations, are confounded with probabilities; these in their turn become established facts, and in the sleight-of-hand of the whole function we find ourselves served up with a Q. E. D. before we are done thinking whether we are reading a fable in a Castle of Indolence or a paper purporting to be scientific.

In the first part of an appreciative article on Montalembert, in *Études* for April, Father Cornut, S.J., who is the writer, displays the spirit in which he approaches his work by informing us how Montalembert prepared himself for the task of combating the vicious system of education, and the moral and social errors of the age which it was reflecting, and in its turn confirming. "Full of this noble ambition, he set about acquiring the most complete knowledge . . . that the languages, history, philosophy, literature, the fine arts could give him." It was a "touching sight," he says, to observe "this young gentleman" devoting himself to the cause of the church, and in that service "passionately pursuing new studies and turning to account every opportunity."

I.—ABBOT TOSTI'S ST. BENEDICT.

A new life of St. Benedict has just been given to us in the translation of Abbot Tosti's admirable work.

Abbot Tosti is now a very old man, and although he has written many other historical works which testify to his excellence as one of the best archivists and historians of to-day, nevertheless this life of St. Benedict will undoubtedly bring him for the first time before the English-reading public. The "Life," while it is both religious and devotional, is above all historical, and for this reason in particular it is most acceptable and most interesting.

The nations of Europe present to us at the opening of the

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sixth century a fearful picture of devastation and ruin. Confusion, decay, and death reigned supreme. The people were indifferent to all moral principle. In Italy itself some had taken up again the worship of idols. The wild horde of barbarians, like a black cloud obscuring the sun, had enveloped these nations in a night of faithlessness and despair. The rude savage of the North seemed for the moment to be undoing the work of the self-denying martyrs of Christ. Christianity had conquered once, but if she would live she must conquer again.

Then it was that God, in his wonderful providence, raised up Benedict, who was to marshal his silent army of monks and lead them on to battle. In that struggle fire and sword were to have no part, but the only weapon to be employed was the cross of Christ—the practice of the evangelical counsels. Such is the worthy theme of Tosti's book, and he has handled it with a master's skill.

He tells how the saint, leaving his university studies "to please God alone," led a hermit's life in the rude cave at Subiaco, and how, driven from there by the wicked designs of an enemy, he travelled to Monte Casino. It was at this famous abbey of Monte Casino that the saint formed his Rule, and, bringing together the scattered and powerless, yet zealous, monks of the West, instructed and trained them and sent them forth on that far-reaching apostolate of conversion and regeneration. The barbarians, and not the Romans, were the more important object of this apostolate. This the author points out in a passage which may be quoted with profit: "What the gentiles were in the economy of the apostolic miracles, that the barbarians were in the economy of holy men like St. Benedict, who subdued them by charity and miracles, and made them citizens of the City of God—I mean of modern Christian civilization. . . . The Roman people was a worn-out people, a prey to that moral lethargy which follows that intoxication of strong passions which they call *scepticism*. At such a time the soul loses its power to answer with the echo of Faith to the word of supernatural revelation. On the contrary the barbarian, unencumbered with demoralizing and lethargic memories, was full of energy and capable of taking in the word of Christian faith. The barbarians were not conquered by the soldiers of Belisarius and Narses, but by St. Benedict and his monks, who, with the ideal of the Evangelical Counsels, knew how to unite to the Latin stock that conquering race which, while it could not be subdued by the force of armies, bent its head,

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like Totila and Zalla, at the feet of St. Benedict through the influence of that supernatural virtue which expressed itself in miracle and prophecy."

Every incident which the author records and every view which he takes, and wherein he differs perhaps from other writers, is supported by historical references and clear logical reasoning. As an historian Abbot Tosti is true and exact—as exact as this nineteenth century could demand him to be. He does not shrink from recording miracles, though he well knows that in return he will receive the jeer and the rebuke of both rationalist and materialist. But to them Abbot Tosti says: "St. Benedict was a thaumaturgus and prophet whilst the church was being planted in the heart of civil society. . . . A thaumaturgus and prophet is Vincent of Paul, the liberator of woman from the slavery of sense, who reconciles Reason and Faith by miracles of charity, and in the mysterious ages of electricity and steam points out a path of light for the safe guidance of human progress."

As a literary work the book is also worthy of praise. The style is strong, easy, and varied; the descriptions natural and life-like.

2.—AMERICAN AND BRITISH AUTHORS.*

The compiler of this new text-book on literature, while dealing fairly with British writers, yet aims at giving lengthier sketches and fuller treatment to our American men of letters. The purpose is excellent and has been faithfully carried out.

In both portions of the work the most prominent authors have been honored with biographical sketches, accompanied by quotations from their writings, by numerous appreciative comments on their character and literary ability, and by well-filled lists of references to them. For these things and for the spirit of religious reverence which is breathed forth from nearly every page of his book, Mr. Irish deserves credit.

His work, however, is marred by many defects, some slight, some grave. About 180 pages of the American portion of the volume are concerned with just 26 writers, while 20 additional pages are thought to give sufficient information regarding some 200 others of literary bent. This fault is less marked in the second part of the book.

Another defect, one by no means restricted to the text-book

* *American and British Authors.* By Frank V. Irish, Educator and Author. Columbus, Ohio: Frank V. Irish.

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in hand, seems to have flowed from an unworthy source. In vain will the reader search through this work for any account of such men as Newman, Lingard, Aubrey de Vere, Faber, Brownson, or Father Ryan, the Southern poet-priest, not to speak of others who are far more deserving of mention in this connection than many whose names and works are recorded by Mr. Irish. Why are they all ignored? Is it because their writings have a religious tone and bent? It would seem not, for a hasty glance over the lists of authors has given us the names of somewhere around a dozen sectarian clergymen, whose productions are, in title and theory at least, exclusively religious. Perhaps it is because their writings have a *Catholic* ring and resound with the sweet melody of *Catholic* faith. If so, it is a pity; if otherwise, then we have nothing more to regret in the compiler than either lack of information in regard to his subject-matter, or want of ability to discern true literary worth.

As regards the sketches of our own chief writers, they are somewhat rambling in character and very often lack the conciseness and clearness so necessary in text-books. Then again, some of them give one-sided estimates of the authors they present to us, notably so in the cases of Lowell, Emerson, and Whittier. This defect probably results from Mr. Irish's theory that a teacher should "avoid speaking of the personal deformities or failings of an author," since that maxim may easily be stretched so as to cover the works as well as the author. To many minds it would seem best to have every man shown in his true colors, for there is enough of real goodness in this world to inspire young people to the proper shaping of their lives, without depending on fictitious excellence which in after years they may find vain and empty. Thus far, however, the question may be one of individual taste. But when an author's personal defects and petty vices are interwoven in his writings, and are borne on the wings of his style, then simple honesty demands that he be not idealized, but shown forth in the clear, strong light of truth. Thus the student or reader, forewarned, is forearmed.

That this criticism be not thought captious, it may be well to refer to the sketch which has had most to do in calling it forth. Mr. Whittier, notwithstanding his "supreme love of right" and his "unswerving loyalty to truth," was, in his poem, "Mogg Megone," a defamer of the saintly Father Rasle, the martyr missionary of Maine; and his poems "To Pius the Ninth" and "The Dream of Pio Nono" have been fitly de-

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scribed as scandalous and coarse. Perhaps Mr. Irish may have overlooked this trait of Whittier's, or may have thought it too trifling for mention. Be that as it may, such low, mean warfare against Catholicity, the religion of our strong helpers in the hour of our need, betrays a narrow, bigoted mind, one which should have been spoken of with moderation and not glorified.

3.—THE JESUIT RELATIONS.*

Professor John Fiske, referring to the work of the Burrows Brothers Company described in the March number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, writes: "I regard the publication of *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* as one of the most important historical enterprises ever undertaken in America. The documents are absolutely indispensable to the right understanding of American history."

The fourth volume of the series, now issued, closes the documentary history of the first Acadian missions, which began in 1610 with the conversion of Memberton by a secular priest, and ended in 1616 when Pierre Biard, S.J., concluded at Amiens his admirable "Relation," which detailed the capture and transportation of the Jesuits by the Virginian, Captain Argall. To Father Biard we are indebted for most of the extensive and charming literature of this mission. Besides his six letters, which share with other contents the pages of volumes i. and ii., his "Relation" occupies almost the whole of volume iii. and the greater part of volume iv. This is a popular essay designed to cover various needs, but chiefly to exploit the value of New France for colonization, to recount the heroic incidents of its settlement, both spiritual and temporal, and to present a masterly apology for the labors of the Jesuits there. No one can read the smooth translation which accompanies the original text without conceiving a profound respect for Father Biard, alike as a man, as a missionary, and as a writer.

The remainder of volume iv. gives the scant remains of the once voluminous correspondence of Father Charles Lalemant, who was superior of the Jesuit band sent to Quebec in 1625. He relates briefly the hardships of the first Quebec mission, brought to an end in 1629 when the town surrendered to the English Admiral Kirk. In the summer of the same year he and several others were shipwrecked off the Acadian coast

* *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents.* Vols. iii. and iv. Cleveland, Ohio: The Burrows Brothers Co.

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when making a renewed attempt to visit their field of labor. Two of the priests were drowned, and Father Lalemant suffered a second shipwreck before arriving in France. No other Jesuits were sent to Quebec until 1632.

It will be interesting to know that the original manuscript of Father Claude Dablon's famous Relation of the French-Canadian mission for the years 1670–77 has been accidentally discovered. It is a rare find, curiously coming to the surface on the 10th of March last, at Sotheby's auction-rooms, in London. The publishing of the annual volume of Jesuit Relations at Paris was prohibited by Richelieu after 1672, and few thereafter found their way into print. In 1854 James Lenox for the first time printed this particular Relation, edited by Dr. O'Callaghan; but they followed an abbreviated and modernized manuscript copy at Laval University, Quebec. In 1861 it was again printed at Paris in Duniol's *Mission du Canada*, but still in an imperfect form. The lucky finding of the original MS. enables Mr. Thwaites to now present this interesting document just as it was written.

4.—SIMPSON'S BIOGRAPHY OF CAMPION.*

Not a few Catholics will regret the reissue of this work. It has been out of print for many years, and that it should never have been reprinted would not to large numbers have been displeasing. Mr. Simpson not only took upon himself the office of censor of popes and saints, but also strove to vindicate Queen Elizabeth from the charge of being personally a persecutor, cruel and vindictive. He maintains, too, that many of the martyrs for the faith took part in a treasonable conspiracy against the state, and consequently that the penalties which they underwent were just.

We do not by any means sympathize with or approve of Mr. Simpson's estimates and judgments, nor with the general tone of his work, nor do we think that he can be looked upon as the most fitting biographer of Blessed Edmund Campion. But for all that we cannot share in the regret felt for the appearance of this new edition. No one can question the remarkable erudition of the author, nor his perfect knowledge of the times. So conspicuous is this, that Father Goldie, S.J., in his biography of Blessed Edmund Campion, published by the Catholic Truth Society, acknowledges his great obligation to Simpson's Campion,

* *Edmund Campion: A Biography.* By Richard Simpson. New edition. London: John Hodges; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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"a source from which every writer on the blessed martyr must necessarily draw." The golden mean for the biographer, as for every one else, is hard to find. There is room for doubt whether the truth suffers most from those who bring out only the perfect and the excellent, or from those whose eyes are open only to the faulty and defective. In the latter case we know that if anything good is narrated, it will be looked upon as certain and undoubted; in the former we know that many will not always be able to feel sure of the reality of the excellences placed before their eyes. The truth suffers at the hand of both. We think that readers imbued with the modern spirit are more likely to be influenced for good by a work like this than by one filled with indiscriminating praise. Not that we approve of the modern spirit, nor wish any one to be filled with it. But what is to be done if, notwithstanding our wishes, there are men who are filled with it?

We give an example to show Mr. Simpson's complete mastery of the times in which Campion lived. A work has lately been written on *English Schools at the Reformation* by Mr. Arthur F. Leach (published by Constable), in which by laborious proof another of the beliefs of English Protestants has been shown to be if not purely mythical at all events grossly exaggerated. Edward VI. has been regarded as the founder of education, and King Edward the Sixth's schools, scattered up and down the country, have been considered indubitable proofs both of the darkness of pre-Reformation times and of the dawn of the new era. Now Mr. Leach shows that, so far from being the Founder of Schools, Edward VI. was the Spoiler of Schools. Nearly three hundred grammar schools were damaged, plundered, or swept away by Henry VIII. and Edward VI. "As for poor Edward VI., he cannot any longer be called the founder of our national system of secondary education. But he or his councillors can at least claim the distinction of having had a unique opportunity of reorganizing the whole educational system of a nation from top to bottom without cost to the nation, and of having thrown it away." This is Mr. Leach's judgment on the so highly vaunted work for education of Edward VI. Mr. Simpson knew these facts, at least some of them, more than thirty years ago—it did not come within the scope of his work to elaborate the proofs—and incidentally alludes to them in the following terms: "Campion was sent to the new foundation of Edward VI. at Christ Church, Newgate Street—if we may call it his foundation; but a new religion

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had brought in new notions of merit and reparation; it was ample satisfaction for the theft of a hog to bestow its feet in alms. Just three weeks before he died, Henry VIII. not only atoned for his wholesale pillage of the church, but acquired the honors of a founder and benefactor, by restoring St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, to the service of God and the poor; and his son followed his example by founding schools with some of the church property." Mr. Simpson's judgment is hardly less severe than is that of Mr. Leach; to the latter, however, is due the credit of having brought out more fully the facts known to scholars like Mr. Simpson years ago. On the whole—with, however, the very important reservations which we have made—we commend Mr. Simpson's *Edmund Campion* to the Catholic student.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Taming of Polly. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. *Manual of the Holy Eucharist.* Prepared by Rev. F. X. Lasance. *Pastoral Theology.* By Rev. William Staing, D.D. *Three Girls, and Especially One.* By Marion Ames Taggart. *A Summer at Woodville.* By Anna T. Sadlier. *The Fatal Diamonds.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. *The Boys in the Block.* By Maurice Francis Egan. *My Strange Friend.* By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. *The Blissylvania Post-Office.* By Marion Ames Taggart. *An Heir of Dreams.* By Sallie Margaret O'Malley.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York:

Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

REPUBLICAN PRINT, Hamilton, N. Y.:

Latin-English Vocabulary to the Holy Mass. By Alpheus B. Reynolds, Colgate University.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY (Catholic Book Exchange, Paulists, New York):

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LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York:

The First Crossing of Greenland. By Fridtjof Nansen. *Nova et Vetera: Informal Meditations for Times of Spiritual Dryness.* By Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Heart Tones, and other Poems. By D. O'Kelly Branden (Rev. Dominic Brennan, C.P.)

THE ESKDALE PRESS, New York:

Leo XIII. and Modern Civilization. By J. Bleecker Miller, of the New York Bar.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

Carpenter's Geographical Readers: Asia. By Frank G. Carpenter.

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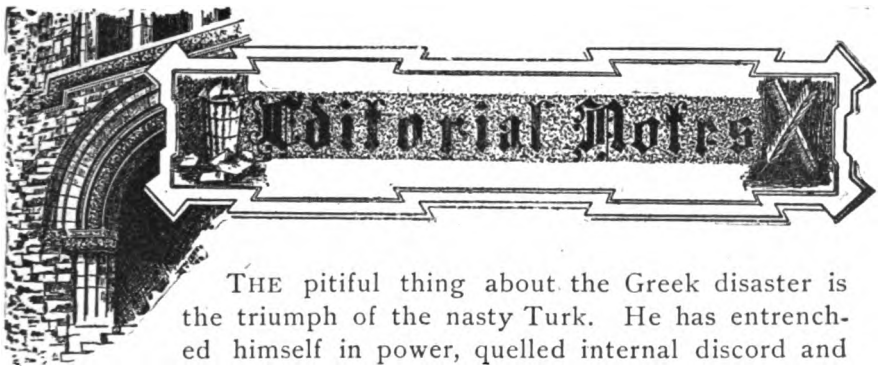

THE pitiful thing about the Greek disaster is the triumph of the nasty Turk. He has entrenched himself in power, quelled internal discord and dissension, acquired a robustness and consciousness of strength that comes with victory. While lamenting the fall of the Greek cities and the repulse of the Greek forces, we grieve far more over the triumph of Turkish arms, for it means in the near future the intensifying of the persecution of the Christians and the increase of the nameless atrocities of the last few years. The Christian governments of Europe smirk and smile, and to poor little Greece they say, It serves you right.

The defeat of the Arbitration Treaty is a measure of the American dislike for English official insolence. If there were less of swagger and more of courtliness, if there were less of autocratic bossism and more complaisance in England's attitude to other nations, we might have agreed to arbitrate our possible disagreements. This Arbitration Treaty may be dead, but the American nation as a whole stands for the principle of arbitration all the same.

Mr. Gladstone has described the European Concert as a new Holy Alliance against freedom, such as would have delighted the hearts of Metternich and Castlereagh, were those high-priests of despotism still alive. Mr. Balfour has given a curious defence of the policy of his government in still keeping the British Empire in the Concert. It amounts to this: If the British government do not join the three Emperors and the Sultan in putting down Crete, these rulers will turn their swords against each other. This is, in plain terms, the justification offered by an acute dialectician; for the bugbear of a general war amounts to this and nothing else when put forward as a reason for supporting the Great Assassin, at the bidding of the Powers, in starving and shooting the Cretans and in entering on a Mohammedan invasion of Greece.

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If a recent pamphlet published by Mr. J. D. Gribble, late of the Indian Civil Service, can be relied upon, the dealings of the Indian government with the Nizam of Hyderabad are not much more moral than was their way of dealing with native states in the time of Mr. Warren Hastings, whom the Anglo-Indian Jingoes love to speak of as the great pro-consul. It is an ugly chapter in the history of imperial fraud and oppression, and would remind our students of Roman history of the methods of Rome with her subject states. The familiar experience in official circles in India of the working of the imperial system of management of the Nizam's province of Berar is, "Nizzy pays." It gives the story in a nutshell.

The Socialism which is illustrated by the following incident in the career of Count de Mun, the new Catholic member of the French Academy, would not be a bad thing. A spectator says he one day followed the crowd to Notre Dame, ignorant why the bells were ringing. Inside were a number of work-people in their Sunday clothes marching in procession round the cathedral. At the head of it walked two young men, tall and robust, singing a canticle like the rest of the congregation. The young men bore a striking resemblance to each other. They were, in fact, the brothers De Mun, who were initiating the work-people in their duties as Christians. There is another story told of the new Academician. During the Commune the warehouses of La Villette were on fire, and in the midst of the smoke and flames an officer was seen leaning against a wall reading a book. Though he was reminded of the Revolution by the blood-stained streets of Belleville, the only reflection the thought caused him was one full of painful concern for society and the people. "One is forced to ask himself," says this Catholic gentleman, "which is the sadder sight of the two —the people in revolt, or society which has nothing to offer but a sanguinary repression."

We regret to announce the death of James W. Slattery, Esq., M.A., LL.D., president of the Queen's College, Cork, Ireland. Though a Catholic, he was appointed by the Conservatives, and in his career he has afforded proof that he was a man of uncommon ability. He was elected one of the professors of law at the King's Inns, Dublin, the present Lord Rathmore being his colleague; and it is hardly doing an injus-

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tice to the Right Honorable and Honorable the Benchers of the Honorable Society to say that it must have been a conviction of Dr. Slattery's great superiority to the other candidates that caused him to be elected. He was a graduate of Trinity, and filled the chair of political economy for some time in the University of Dublin. As an economist he belonged to the party of scholars which, under the lead of Whately, endeavored to bring the theories of the classical school into harmony with the more modern views which recognized relations founded on justice as a factor in determining economic questions.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE AGNOSTIC.

WE cannot grasp the whole truth of anything. Our mind, by the very physical medium through which it operates, is compelled to take in the truth in detail and by the piece; breaking it up into parts after the fashion of material things. It drifts in upon us like rays of light, like atoms of air, like drops of water we drink and morsels of food we eat, in partial instalments fitted to our ability to assimilate them.

But with an effort to free itself from this physical shackle imposed by its corporeal instrument, the mind attempts to make generalizations from the many rays of light, and even to apprehend and sum up, in some imperfect conception, entire aspects of truth and their concrete existence.

Without fully understanding them, with all the sense of indefiniteness and incompleteness, we still recognize that they are true. And when humanity at large has pronounced similar judgment, to deny it leaves no alternative but an indictment of human intelligence itself by one or a few individuals, who frame that indictment on the validity of their own isolated judgment.

It may be that in part our beliefs are connatural to our being, that they are partly inherited, due partly to early training, affected by our surroundings, and only partly the result of our own disconnected and half-unconscious reasonings. But when the results arrived at by innumerable intelligent beings, of various generations, climes, and circumstances, establish a general conformity of conviction, none but a madman or a God would dare to impeach the conclusions; and, unless the negation be accompanied by credentials of superhuman inspiration, it simply assumes the proportions of sublime impudence.

That is the position of the Agnostic in regard to the great spiritual truths which his gospel of vacuity and barrenness assails: a gospel without even courage to destroy, and without power to create; a gospel logically without fruit and without future—*the gospel of unreason.*

ERRATA.

On page 307, line 12, for Marius read Manus.
On page 314, line 36, for Britannica read Britanniæ.
On page 315, line 30, for anonymous read eponymous.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY, who has come into literary prominence within the past seven or eight years, especially in the important and difficult field of juvenile literature, is, like Blanche Willis Howard, Louise Imogen Guiney, Agnes Repplier, and other well-known women of letters, a pupil of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

She is a native of Boston, and had the good fortune to be born of scholarly and cultured stock; her father, John C. Crowley, being an alumnus of Harvard University; her mother, Mary Cameron, a graduate of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville—later the daughter's *Alma Mater*.

MARY C. CROWLEY.

With so favorable home and school influences; a large circle of travelled and book-loving relatives; a host of family friends among the clergy; and, in due time, a broad and varied social life, Miss Crowley's literary gift made rapid and symmetrical development.

Her early work, chiefly poems and stories, appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide-Awake*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Irish Monthly;* and it says much for the impression which it made, that the respective editors of these representative magazines have continued to take the most friendly interest in her literary progress.

In 1889, still very diffident of her own powers, though with a steadily widening circle of admirers, she yielded to the urging of a friend, who committed her to the book by announcing it as in press, and brought out her first collection of stories for young people—*Merry Hearts and True*. It went into its second edition the first week following publication. Through the same vigorous insistence, its companion volume, *Happy-Go-Lucky*, came

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out for the following Christmas, and had an equally favorable reception.

Two other volumes have followed these, *Apples Ripe and Rosy, Sir*, and *The City of Wonders*, the latter a souvenir of the World's Fair.

Miss Crowley went abroad in 1892, visiting Rome, Paris, Dresden, London, Dublin, and other famous old world cities, and meeting socially many people distinguished in literature and art. She has been always as devoted to art as to literature; and her fine taste is evident in the sketches "In Hoffmann's Studio," "The City of St. Anthony," etc., contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the *Ave Maria* on her return.

Other literary fruits of this European sojourn are the serials, "A Family Holiday in Europe," and "The Colvilles in Ireland," soon to appear in volume form, as sketches of travel written for boys and girls from the Catholic stand-point, and to offset various popular books, etc., which are unfortunately pervaded by a very different spirit.

Among her serials still uncollected are, "The Experiences of Elizabeth," "Holidays at Hazlebrae," "The Fortunes of a Runaway," "Tramp and Trinkets," "Joker and His Relations," and "Frolic and His Friends," the three last named having been written for *Little Men and Women.*

But, as manifest from our previous mention of a few of her other magazine articles, Miss Crowley is not restricting her pen to the "juvenile" work in which she has been so signally successful. Her contributions to general literature are always appreciatively received. Her "Romance of a Man of Business," lately published in the *Ave Maria*, where many of the serials already spoken of have appeared, is a delightful love-story. "The Sentinel of Metz," "Fra Lorenzo," and "Clifford Abbey" are of dramatic interest, and we hope to see them followed by a succession of others equally bright and good.

She has published many sweet and graceful poems, which will ere long be collected into a volume.

Miss Crowley's work is characterized by great fidelity to life, sympathy, and refinement.

She takes high rank particularly among writers for the young; and thorough American though she is, touches the child-heart universal; some of her stories having been translated into French, and one finding its way into a school-reader published in India.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

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KATE VANNAH was born in Gardiner, Maine. The original family name was Werner, and through various gradations of Warner, Verner, and Varner it has come, during the last two generations, to its present form.

Miss Vannah's paternal ancestors came from Saxony; her maternal, from Ireland. Her full name is Letitia Katharine Vannah, but for the past decade of years every production, either of a musical or literary nature, is known by the name of Kate Vannah. Her mother, who is still living, has always been a Roman Catholic, as has the daughter. Her father became a member of the Catholic Church in the year 1872, and until the hour of his death, which occurred in 1895, he was a very devout adherent thereto.

Miss Vannah was educated in the public schools of Gardiner until she reached the age of fifteen, when, immediately upon graduating from the high-school there, she was sent to St. Joseph's Academy at Emmitsburg, Md., under the management of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. There she remained for two years, at the expiration of which period she graduated. Shortly after her return to her home in the East she began to write for the press.

KATE VANNAH,
Gardiner, Me.

This work was continued, intermittently, until five years since, when musical composition demanded her attention to the exclusion of regular journalistic work, and, in fact, all literary effort save the publication of an occasional poem in some periodical. One of the first kind and encouraging letters that she received, by the way, came to her from George Parsons Lathrop when he was literary editor of the Boston *Traveller*. To him Miss Vannah sent a sonnet entitled "A Flower's Name." It was a great pleasure to her to have the editor send to her for more, after paying her work a pretty compliment. It may not be out of place to mention right here that she had not abandoned journalistic work when she wrote and published the song which made her so well known, and whose sale is

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still unabated, viz., "Good-by, Sweet Day"—poem by Celia Thaxter.

Her early poems were finally collected and published under the title of *Verses.*

In 1893 a second volume of verse appeared from her pen, entitled *From Heart to Heart.* The poems are deeply personal, as the title would indicate.

Besides her poems, she has written several short stories, and made a good many translations from the French. In journalism her work has covered a wide range of subjects, from book reviews, musical and dramatic criticisms, to personal sketches of interesting personages in the literary, musical, and dramatic world.

Her musical compositions are now, and have for three years past, been done in collaboration with Miss Elinore C. Bartlett, a native of Minneapolis. Often they write their own words for a song. Miss Vannah's poems are nearly all far more grave than gay. The same may be said of her songs.

CHARLES A. L. MORSE was born in Waterville, Maine, and is of Puritan lineage, his paternal ancestor being Anthony Morse, who came to America from Wiltshire, England, in 1635, and who was one of the founders of the town of Dedham, Massachusetts. On his mother's side he traces his descent from one of the *Mayflower* pilgrims.

CHARLES A. L. MORSE,
Jacksonville, Ill.

During Mr. Morse's early childhood his father moved with his family to Illinois, where he had accepted the office of superintendent of a railway. The subject of our sketch received his early education in a private school in Jacksonville, Illinois, and afterwards attended Illinois College, located in that town, being graduated from that institution in his nineteenth year. The following year he entered the Boston Institute of Technology for a course in higher mathematics and the sciences.

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During his residence in Boston he became interested in the study of the claims of the Catholic Church, and two years later he became a Catholic, having been before that time a member of the Episcopal denomination. Mr. Morse believes that his conversion was due, under God, to the effect upon his mind of Cardinal Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, although from his early boyhood he was conscious of a more or less vague attraction to Catholicity—an attraction which dated from a certain morning in Montreal, when he was taken by his father to witness a Solemn High Mass in the Church of Notre Dame, the effect of which upon his youthful sensibilities was so intense that he ever afterwards regarded it as one of the white lights in the shadowy memories of his childhood.

After his reception into the church Mr. Morse attended a post-graduate course of lectures upon history, philosophy, and literature by the Jesuit Fathers of the University of St. Louis, in which city he resided for four years, going from there to Kansas City, where he was engaged for some years in the real estate business, and devoting his spare hours to reading and to the collection of a library. Two years ago he was called to his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, by his father's advancing years and precarious health; and in the quiet atmosphere of that college town he has spent his time in study and in writing. Besides his contributions to THE CATHOLIC WORLD he has appeared in the secular magazines with some success as a short-story writer, publishing his sketches under a pen-name which for personal reasons he desires to keep inviolate.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A SAGACIOUS friend has discovered many historical side-lights on social problems of the present day in the four volumes written by Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., which contain a luminous review of the history of Europe from the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789 to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. The following passage has an interest for members of Catholic Reading Circles who may not have access to the original work. It shows how the evidence of history may lead an impartial mind to form correct conclusions. Alison, by his studies, reached the decision that the great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a portion of the property of the Catholic Church for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition and the enriching of the nobility who had taken a part in the struggle. When that great convulsion broke out nearly a third of the whole landed estates in the countries which it embraced was in the hands of the regular or parochial clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. What a noble fund was this for the moral and religious instruction of the people, for the promulgation of truth, the healing of sickness, the assuaging of suffering! Had it been kept together and set apart for such sacred purposes, what incalculable and never-ending blessings would it have conferred upon society! Expanding and increasing with the growth of population, the augmentation of wealth, the swell of pauperism, it would have kept the instruction and fortunes of the poor abreast of the progress and fortunes of society, and prevented in a great measure that fatal effect so well known in Great Britain in subsequent times of the national church falling behind the wants of the inhabitants and a mass of civilized heathenism arising in the very heart of a Christian land. "Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now laboring may be traced to this fatal and most iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion, of the patrimony of the poor on occasion of the Reformation. But for that robbery, the state would have been possessed of lands amply sufficient to have extended its religious instruction for any possible increase of the people; to have superseded the necessity of any assessment for parochial relief or general instruction; and to have provided without burdening any one for the whole spiritual and temporal wants of the community. When we reflect on the magnitude of the injustice committed by the temporal nobility in the seizure at that period of so large a portion of the funds of the church, and observe how completely all the evils which now threaten the social system in Great Britain would have been obviated if that noble patrimony had still been preserved for the poor, it is impossible to avoid feeling that we too are subject to the same just dispensation which has doomed France to oriental slavery for the enormous sins of its Revolution; and that if our punishment is not equally severe it is only because the confiscation of the Reformation was not so complete, nor the inroads on property so irretrievable."

"This is but another example of the all-important truth which a right consideration of history so uniformly demonstrates, that communities and nations are subject to moral laws; and that, although inconsiderable deviations from rectitude may be overlooked as unavoidable to humanity, yet outrageous sin and irreparable evil never fail to bring upon their authors condign punishment even in this world. Individuals have souls to receive retribution in a future state of existence, but nations have no immortality; and that just retribution, which in the former case is often postponed, in appearance at least, to another world, in

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the latter is brought down with unerring certainty upon the third and fourth generation. How this mysterious system is worked out by Supreme Power, and yet the freedom of human action, and the entire moral responsibility of each individual are preserved, will never be fully understood in this world. Yet that there is no inconsistency between them is self-evident, for every one feels that he is free; and the history of every nation, as well as the general progress of mankind, demonstrate the reality, both of the moral retribution of nations, and a general system for the direction of human affairs. And without pretending entirely to solve the difficulty, the mysteries of which, in all its parts, are probably beyond the reach of the human faculties, a very little consideration must be sufficient to show what in general is the system pursued, and how the Divine superintendence is rendered perfectly reconcilable with justice to individual men and nations." (Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. iv. page 572, edition of 1867, published by Harper Brothers.)

* * *

In the volume lately published on *The Philosophy of Literature* Dr. Condé B. Pallen makes a strong defence of the theory that the critic should be the watcher upon the tower to proclaim the glory of the dawn, the harbinger of good tidings, and the herald to the people who await the word of his judgment. From this high standard there has been sad decline in later times. M. Ferdinand Brunetière delivered a lecture in the French language to over 1,500 persons recently at the Lenox Lyceum, New York City, in which he dealt with the influence of criticism, and gave some information concerning his own work in contemporary literature. His definitions of a critic's qualifications were especially interesting. The manner in which he treated his subject demonstrated that it was pre-eminently his sphere. He did not spare himself or others of his craft, and his exposition of the art of criticism was thoroughly appreciated. The entire lecture, however, was more or less a defence of his methods, and without a sufficient acquaintance with his writings it was somewhat difficult to understand.

"For twenty-five years," said M. Brunetière, "I have been trying to get out of myself and to become oblivious to my own impressions. We must not under any circumstances judge works of art by our own impressions. Criticism is virtually the science of the general process of art and literature, and the main factor in its proper handling is the method of comparison we employ. What disastrous effects individual impressions have on literature is amply demonstrated by an analysis of English literature, which fairly teems with the weather and fogs of the British Isles. The English critics have simply allowed their impressions to permeate their work, and as a matter of course their judgment has been impaired.

"The most prominent two critics we have in French literature are undoubtedly Sainte-Beuve and Taine. Both of these adopted a system of dividing varieties into groups and families, and then by comparing these groups and families arrived at some definite line of criticism. Taine, however, made men the results of their surroundings and the creatures of circumstances, and it is this that I would most emphatically object to. Man is neither the result of his surroundings nor the creature of circumstances; for were he that, how could he be criticised? How could he throw individuality into his work? In fact, how could he be distinguished from others surrounded by the same environments and influenced by the same circumstances? On the contrary, the literary man influences his surroundings, and himself brings about, or is at least a potent factor in bringing about, circumstances.

"The only way to gain a scientific theory for criticism is to learn how literature is divided from age to age; to study the lines of demarcation, and then

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institute the inevitable comparisons. In other words, literary criticism is the study of exceptions that occur in every age. To be able to define these exceptions and know in what points they differ from the rule, is to be a critic. For example, Victor Hugo was an exception in his age. He founded a new school and literally created a new species of literature, which many others have endeavored to follow. From him, then, emanated a class to which others could be compared, and thus it is with every writer of extraordinary note.

"Anatole France makes the remarkable assertion that a critic never knows any one but himself. That in the usual run of criticism there is no depiction or reflection of the thoughts of the subject under discussion, but merely an expression of the thoughts of the critic. 'You do not tell,' he said to me, 'what Victor Hugo thinks, but merely what you think for Victor Hugo.' Jules Lemaître regards criticism as a good thing, and wishes that we might have ten thousand different opinions on one thing because he regards it as amusing.

"D'Haussonville condemns the theory of evolution, and calls it an empty, though dangerous, word. The danger, he says, which it is to literature arises from the fact that it seems to say to every one, 'You cannot do anything yourself. All your actions, all your thoughts, are borrowed or inherited.'

"Happily for us much-abused critics, people are beginning to realize the influence of criticism on art and literature. Every day they are beginning to feel that they owe something to the critic, if for naught else but his attempts to bring before them careful comparisons between the different schools and writers. One is not compelled perforce to accept the critic's dictum as final. The evidence is before him, and he can weigh it according to his judgment, but surely the study of the critic, if it be but impartial, must be a help to him."

M. Brunetière stated very forcibly his conviction that art, when compared with nature, must be considered as being merely the creation of man, a thing that does not exist in itself, and, therefore, cannot exist for its own sake. Art, whether literature, painting, sculpture, or music, would disappear were mankind to become extinct on the earth. A work of art is classed more highly the more complex its nature is. It must express permanent feelings, and besides represent the life of the time and contain some moral sentiment and lesson. To have æsthetic value art must have some sociological coefficient.

An obscene book or picture he defined as one whose object is to disintegrate society, or which in any way attacks what society has agreed to respect, or, at least, makes believe it respects. The true basis of criticism is the comparative method, which has worked wonders in anatomy, philology, history. The study of comparative literature, which in French universities alone is neglected, is the foundation of all sane criticism. He then made a plea for the utility of criticism as an auxiliary to history, as an aid to artists of all kinds, and showed that in two instances it had brought about a revolution in literature—once in the sixteenth century, when Ronsard and his colleagues introduced classicism, and again at the end of the eighteenth century, when Lessing and Herder overthrew classicism. M. Brunetière thinks that criticism has a useful function nowadays in keeping artists in the right path in spite of fashion and advertisement, especially as the ability to judge is becoming rapidly the part of the few. He thinks a new literary revolution would do no harm.

Columbia University deserves honorable mention for arranging the course of five lectures by M. Brunetière covering the French literature of the past twenty-five years. His audiences contained a large representation of men, including the faculty of Columbia and many professors from colleges at a distance from New York City.

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They came to hear the man who is at the head of French literary critics of the present day, and who, through his position as editor of the powerful *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wields an extraordinary influence in the literary life of Paris. The *Revue* is the broad gate through which the French Academy is entered, and the editor holds the keys admitting to the "Immortals." He may not always succeed in getting the *Revue's* candidate in; he can, however, usually keep an undesirable candidate out. The *Revue's* influence is believed to have much to do with M. Zola's exclusion. M. Brunetière has been director or chief editor of the *Revue* since the reorganization in 1893, when, after the husband of Mme. Buloz, the proprietor, had nearly wrecked the review financially, the chief contributors, MM. Cherbuliez, Brunetière, and others, took charge of the property themselves. Before that he had been for many years the chief literary critic of the review.

M. Brunetière is a spare, dark man of medium height, with closely-cropped beard and mustache, and a rather nervous manner. He is not yet fifty years of age. He speaks in a natural, conversational tone, with a clear, resonant voice that becomes somewhat shrill at times. He talks slowly and distinctly, and can be understood easily by any one who understands spoken French at all. His manner at times betrays the professor, for in addition to his other duties M. Brunetière is a professor in the Collége de France. He maintains a strictly impartial attitude towards authors, and refuses to belong to any clique, believing that the critic must never follow his own tastes, and must be on the lookout against things that give him pleasure. The necessity of guarding against mere pleasure in moral matters holds good for intellectual matters, for literature and art as well. Though art and morality may not be the same thing, they are yet not entirely distinct. It is not true that there can be beautiful crimes or beautiful vices, as the Greeks of the Decadence and the Italians of the Renaissance held. Art has a social or sociological function in assisting the development of human progress, so that the cry of art for art's sake is inhuman. He also holds that the critic should have a thorough knowledge of the history of art or of literature—that is, the laboratory of criticism. We can understand nothing of the present unless we know the past, and no amount of literary instinct can take the place of historical knowledge.

It is a new experience to find a man of such prominence in the literary world of France who seems to be entirely free from the taint of infidelity and agnosticism. While at Baltimore M. Brunetière was the special guest at a dinner given by Cardinal Gibbons. He was also honored in a similar manner by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University; President Eliot, of Harvard, and the French Minister at Washington.

* * *

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, in a letter to the *Pilot*, states that after examining a great number of works dealing with American literature he has come to the conclusion that "Catholic authors, *because they are Catholic authors*, have been systematically ignored in the pages of nearly every text-book on American literature." He finds slight justice shown to a few Catholic writers in a little primer by Mildred C. Watkins.

There is still need of doing missionary work among publishers. Every intelligent Catholic should adopt the plan of writing to the publisher calling attention to such omissions. The Columbian Reading Union has already secured some practical results by appealing to the commercial desire to gain Catholic readers, as well as to the innate love of justice which every publisher should possess.

* * *

It is claimed, as a result of the numerous clubs formed in recent years, that women are doing more solid reading than they have ever done. The public libraries show interesting statistics in regard to this, and the calls for trashy fiction and the lighter styles of literature have given way to demands for history, the arts and sciences, and household economics. Club-women are becoming students, serious and reflective, and are beginning to appreciate the value of the public libraries, with their varied collections of the world's best-known writers. The day of superficial reading seems to be growing shorter, and in place of the flippant discussion of trash and exaggerated sentiment women are becoming thoughtful readers and helpful interpreters of the best and highest thought.

M. C. M.

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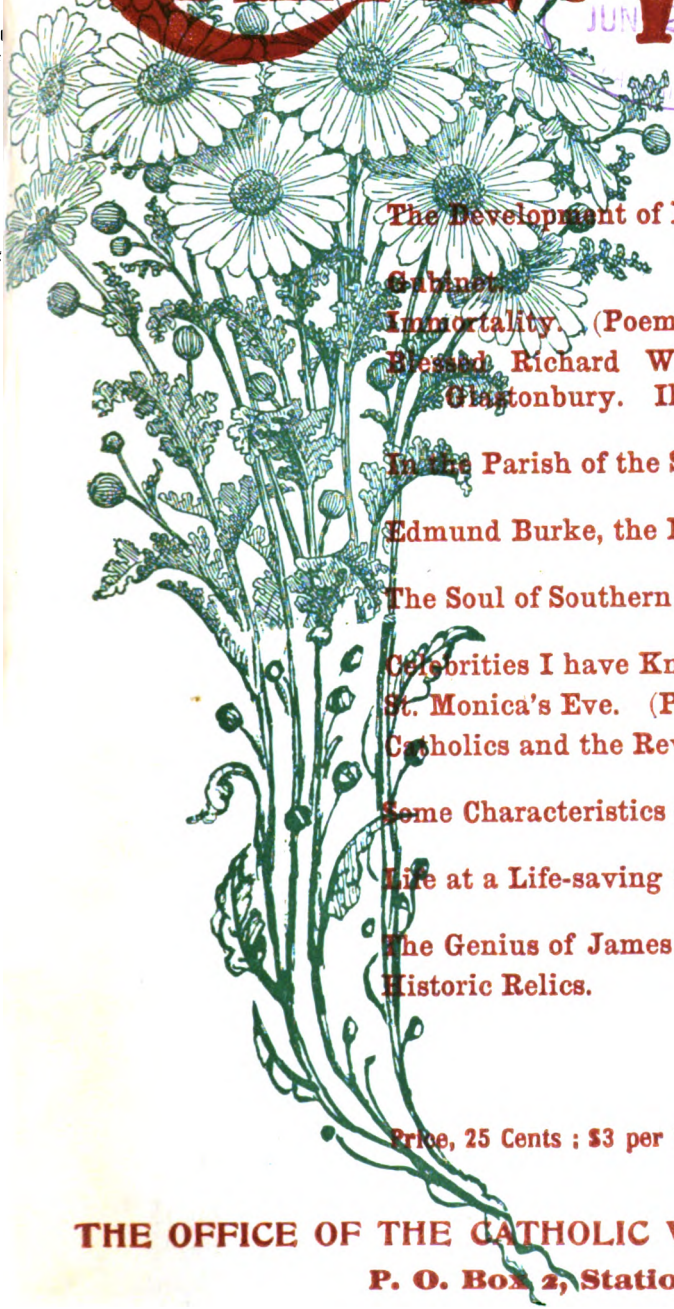

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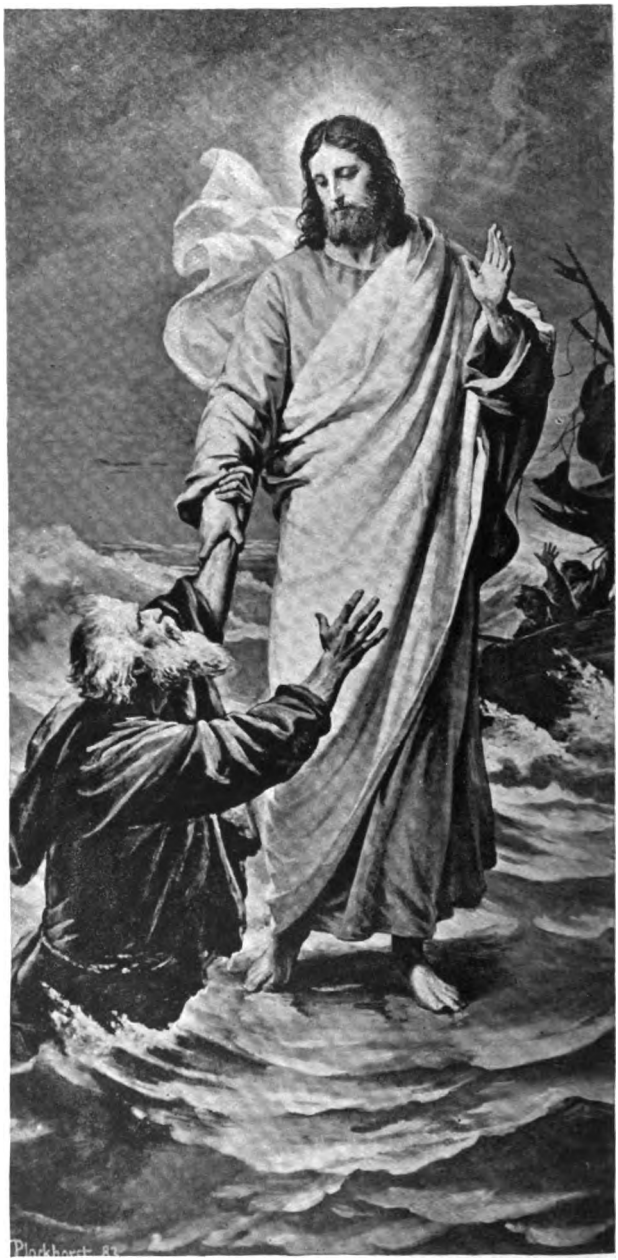

"And immediately JESUS stretching forth his hand took hold of him, and said to him: O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"—*St. Matthew xiv. 31.*

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THE

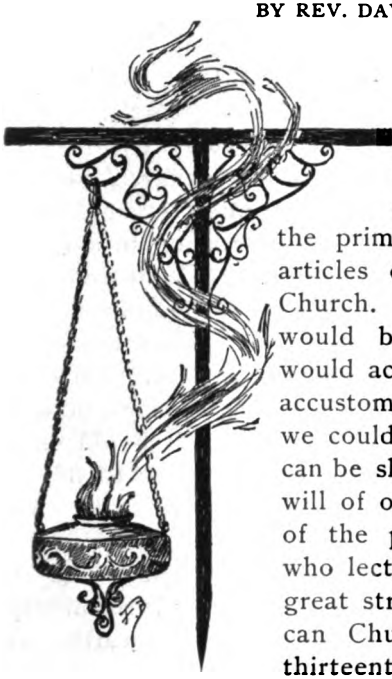
CATHOLIC WORLD.

JUN 26 189?

VOL. LXV. JULY, 1897. No. 388.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOGMA.

BY REV. DAVID MOYES, D.C.L.



THE late Archbishop of Canterbury, in an informal answer to the Pope's encyclical on Unity, appealed to the primitive church against the modern articles of faith defined by the Catholic Church. His Grace writes: "While it would be vain to expect that England would accept the Papacy as we have been accustomed to have it presented to us, still we could never hesitate to admit whatever can be shown to be in accordance with the will of our Blessed Lord and the teaching of the primitive church." Canon Mason, who lectured recently in this country, laid great stress upon the fact that the Anglican Church was about to celebrate the thirteenth centenary of its foundation, and dwelt with complacency on the fact of its unbroken continuity from that time. For him the standard was the primitive church, or the church as far back as he could find it in England. The schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople appealed likewise to the primitive church in his reply to the same encyclical. All these represent to themselves a fixed and immovable church, and seek to impress upon the minds of their followers the concept of such an one, exclusively corresponding

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to the ideal conceived by the Saviour and constituting for us a standard of comparison in estimating other claims. For such thinkers everything as it existed and appeared in the beginning of the Christian Church, with its outward shape, its restricted formulas, its condensed symbols, its simple government, its undeveloped belief and its fundamental theology, should remain always as it was at that early period; in fact, the primitive church should be the unalterable criterion of religious truth and the enshrinement of that divine idea to which every doctrine of faith or precept of morality, liturgy or discipline, must conform as its prototype and exemplar. The church must never change, but preserve both its spirit and outward form down the ages and so on to the close of time.

THE CHURCH IN SOME THINGS IS STABLE.

Every error is the shadow of a truth, and the thesis as it stands contains both truth and error, according to the principles of doctrinal development put forward by us.

The primitive deposit of faith and form of church government fixed immutably by Christ and by the apostles, under the dictation of the Holy Spirit, must assuredly remain untouched by the hand of man, and must possess the same objective elements through all time. But this appeal of the Anglicans and others to the primitive church means something more than this objective immutability of doctrine and government. They go much further, and would insist that the church once founded by Christ should not only preserve its truth but should likewise preserve its embryo state; that it should refuse to fall in with the general movement of nature and to develop by that process of evolution which we find characterizes the progress of human thought. There is a germ deposited by God in nature, and this germ, quickened by natural and secondary causes, unfolds into the matured beauties of the earth. If this were not so in nature, what kind of a world would this be? Not even a paradise run wild with weeds, but a dreary wilderness.

THE EMBRYO MUST DEVELOP.

So it is with the church. The truth planted in germ by Christ was to be developed by the Holy Ghost, not by strange accretions, but by the unfolding of itself in its own unity. Its outward form would thus go on adapting itself to the increasing needs of successive generations. Thus generations seek for

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further and more explicit knowledge. The directive assistance of the Holy Ghost, operating through a living church, and exclusively upon the germs of the primitive deposit of revelation, supplies this natural, legitimate, and imperative demand. The church of the catacombs was not in a position to manifest in all their explicitness and detail the truths of this primitive deposit, nor could it possibly have deployed its central authority in all its completeness of organization before material conditions permitted its exercise. It was, however, the same church then as it is now; the very same doctrines, explicitly or implicitly, were proposed to the early Christians as are proposed to us to-day.

What, then, is the meaning of Anglicans and others appealing to the primitive church? They do not comprehend thoroughly that the immutability of Christian truth and the identity of church government remain untouched by this evolution of dogma and this exercise of the divine power committed to the church.

The early church was made the depositary of all that Christ taught in germ, either by himself or by the Holy Ghost. Christian revelation was complete from the beginning. The consciousness of this sum of religious truth on the part of the church, combined with her actual preaching of it to others, is what we call Tradition, which also dates from the beginning.

But the truths which the church thus hands down to succeeding ages, or the revealed truths objectively considered, constitute, like any other truth, a source from which many other truths can be drawn. Revelation is the wisdom of God, and who shall sound its depths? The highest order of angels has not fathomed the unspeakable abyss of the divine essence, nor has man here below yet penetrated to the last truth contained in Christian revelation.

THE SCIENCE OF THEOLOGY IS CREATIVE.

Again, the human mind is always seeking for truth, and its very nature demands that it shall advance in the practical and speculative knowledge of religious truth.

Man is called upon to know and appropriate that moral perfection which his religion holds out to him for his observance; and society must follow in the train of the individual and perfect itself by adopting the Christian spirit.

What is to prevent reason from operating on the revealed data? Leaving the dogmas of the church aside for the

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moment, cannot the mind take the germs of the primitive deposit as so many primary truths and draw from them their consequences, place them in order, and create theological science?

Scientific progress in religion would consist in this: that all which is contained in the sum of revealed truth should be known more distinctly and understood as far as possible; that the innumerable questions which the human mind may ask, both as to the dogmas themselves and their mutual relations, their consequences and antecedents, the truths which they presuppose and those which they logically bring after them, should receive an elaborated answer; so that faith, which is simple and direct, which perceives its object in one synthetic concept, may become a grand sum of coherent truths, displaying more fully the inner working of the divine economy and opposing a stronger bulwark to the assaults of error. The Apostle Paul spoke of this subjective development of doctrine when he prayed for his brethren "that they might walk worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work, increasing in the knowledge of God."

While this progress in the knowledge of God is thus inculcated by Scripture, we see its necessity from the nature of things and the natural condition of things; from the faculties and tendencies of the human mind; from the necessity of adapting one's self to the capacity of others in the duty of teaching, and especially from the obligation of refuting error; and, not least of all, from the diversity of the minds which are destined to receive religious truth. All these things show us clearly that it is in accordance with human nature and with our present conditions that there be a subjective and practical progress in the knowledge of religion—that is, a progress in the human mind becoming more and more distended with the truths contained implicitly in the primitive deposit.

WHILE EVERYTHING ELSE DEVELOPS, MUST TRUTH ALONE BE STERILE?

And now, coming to Christian dogma as given to us in the beginning and considered as a sum of truths, we inquire, Are they to remain sterile and inactive? or are they to be placed in the category of truths acknowledged as fruitful, and as containing in germ many other truths necessary for us and others to know in the succession of ages?

While the above progress is destined to take place, it is to

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be observed that the truths in themselves never change. The deposit of faith as given to the apostles remains objectively the same. They are fragmentary gleams from the countenance of God, and he never changes. Moreover, the apostle, alluding to this primitive and unchangeable revelation, says: "Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid: which is Christ Jesus" (I. Cor. iii.) The revelation of Christ, such as he gave himself or through the Holy Ghost to the apostles, is complete, and no man must add to it or take away from it. This is what is called the objective immutability of Christian dogma, which is Catholic teaching in its most authoritative form.

To suppose that the doctrines of Christ could, in themselves and objectively, change, is to subvert the fundamental notion of the Christian Church, which must preach the unchangeable truths of the unchangeable God.

But, on the other hand, it is evident that to deny to the mind the right to meditate upon the primitive deposit and to draw from that inexhaustible source the implicit truth contained therein; to refuse to it the privilege of picking up the golden grains that lie buried in this precious mine, is the same as denying to the human mind the exercise of its natural power of progressive thought.

We have seen, moreover, that this natural aspect of the question is confirmed by the positive teaching of Scripture which, in proclaiming unalterable and imperfectible the foundation of religious truth as laid by Christ, enjoins every one to meditate upon the law and increase in the knowledge of God.

Thus we see the nature of true progress, which consists, not in changing the deposit of truth but in unfolding its truths. It is a change in the mind, and that by the extension of its knowledge and its outward formulation.

LEGITIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF DOGMA.

The church has a knowledge of the deposit of faith from the beginning and in its general entirety. But we ask again, is this subjective faith of the church, this consciousness of the truth delivered to the apostles, ever to remain sterile and dead—shut up like the seed in the earth and all sunshine and nourishment refused it? Shall it remain unaffected by the laws which govern other truths? And as error will undoubtedly develop, is there no corresponding development of dogmatic truth to meet those successive and increasing assaults? If this were so,

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dogmatic truth would find itself at a disadvantage, and these undeveloped primary truths of faith would never, humanly speaking, make head against the elaborate and detailed reasoning of false scientists.

There is but one legitimate development of dogma, which consists in this: that the dogmas made known in a condensed and summary manner to the primitive church should, while immovable in themselves, be evolved under the directive assistance of the Holy Ghost and through natural means of information at the disposal of the church; so that the innumerable truths contained implicitly in this summary or sacred deposit should come to be known explicitly, and when need demands it authoritatively proposed to the belief of the people.

Thus, the Immaculate Conception and the papal infallibility, and other definitions of doctrine recently proposed to the faithful, were contained in the former explicit truths which constituted the primitive deposit.

It is for want of comprehending this harmonious growth and unfolding of the Christian Church that the late Archbishop of Canterbury, alluded to above, and other Anglicans reverted to the early Catholic Church as being more perfect than in its present modern condition. To transport the early church forward through the ages and plant it, in its swaddling clothes, among us now, would be to contradict the natural and the positive law of God; and, moreover, we should find that this violation of God's law would be punished by the human inadequacy of the church to maintain its position, as it should be able to do, on parallel lines with the advance of error.

THE IDENTITY DESTROYED.

The above archbishop enjoyed his title in the Anglican Church. He was referred to by the Dean of St. Paul's as the ninety-third titular of the See of Canterbury. All of these archbishops, before the period of the Reformation, were Catholics and believed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church on the motive of the inerrancy of the church, secured to it by the permanent indwelling of the Holy Ghost. They adhered to the primitive deposit, proportionately unfolded to the needs of their age and upon the above formal motive, which preserved for them the identity of their faith in the course of its true development. This was a perfect evolution, and thereby was introduced nothing substantially new.

But the archbishops of the Reformation broke the continuity

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of this evolution, for, besides casting off many essential doctrines from their code of belief—or, as we say, from the material object of their belief—they ceased to regard the divine authority of the church as their formal motive; they denied this, and in its stead substituted another standard. We observe here two essentials to be wanting to the continuity of faith, whereby the Anglican faith can be assimilated to the ancient creed, namely, the same material object which they believe and the formal motive why they believe. The church of Canterbury is not, then, a true evolution from the church of St. Augustine, or a development in the unity of doctrine from that professed by the predecessors of Cranmer.

Moreover, it seems strange that Anglicans should dwell so much upon the pre-Reformation church and upon the continuity of succession, and then stamp out its very life by adopting a confession of faith which is not evolved from the doctrines of this pre-Reformation church, but which is their contradictory, both in many of its essential doctrines and in its motive of belief. A true union of churches must repose upon the basis of a confession of faith which shall be a true evolution from the primitive deposit, and shall preserve the unity of doctrinal development. Accordingly, Bishop Potter, of New York, is far from understanding the case when he affirms that "the long-looked-for union will not be in answer to the beckoning of an Italian prelate." It was an Italian pope who consecrated St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE CHURCH NOT INSPIRED.

But to continue: the church is not inspired. The directive assistance implies activity on the part of the teaching church in searching out religious truth. The use of reason and the study of the sacred deposit, the word of God as committed to writing, the sentences of the Fathers, suggestions of the sciences throwing light upon the meaning of historical facts; everything, in fact, that can enlighten the mind of the church is brought into requisition, so that it uses natural means to arrive at the truth, previous to its solemn pronouncements. Thus everything develops naturally; for institutions, we have an example in the episcopal authority; for logical development, in the subsequent and more detailed conclusions on the nature of Christ; for the psychological, in the gradual development of a thought which had been divinely infused into the primitive deposit, emerging, through extrinsic causes and more ample materials for judg-

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ment, from a state of obscurity into a lucid and more definite concept; for critical development of knowledge, in later and more extensive facts explaining the hidden meaning of the meagre facts of the apostolic or early times. A simple seed put into the ground will not of itself give the botanist any idea of its later development and beauty. It cannot be expected either that the teaching of the church or her powers of government could from the beginning have manifested themselves in all explicit form, or in all completeness of organization, before the conditions of the world rendered it possible or opportune for either element of the Papacy to expand according to its intrinsic and divinely communicated essence.

The action of the church upon dogma may be reduced to giving precision and clearness to what before was unformed and obscure; confirming what was openly expressed and completed, and preserving what has been confirmed and defined. And now to recapitulate and sum up: the Holy Spirit is the principle of this gradual formation of dogma, hovering over the primitive deposit like a dove, while the germs have expanded into more definite form. The sphere within which this development takes place is the church, the teaching body to whom was confided this primitive deposit; and thus the church goes on for ever, unfolding truth from this inexhaustible source and increasing her explicit knowledge of the faith.

BUT GROWS THROUGH HUMAN MEANS.

But the church uses ordinary and human means to extract from the deposit the implicit truths which are contained in it, for the Holy Ghost does not inspire the church, but simply gives to it its directive assistance. These human means are the natural causes of the development of doctrine; they are instrumental causes, but it is established that the Holy Ghost is the main efficient cause of this doctrinal progress, and it is upon this foundation that its infallible certainty reposes.

Controversies arise and error is proclaimed, opposition is raised, and sects are formed; while, on the other hand, the growing intelligence of the world is elevating the mind of the church to those serene and lofty regions in which it beholds the rays of truth in a clearer atmosphere; great schools in the East and West spring up and exert an influence, according to their peculiar genius and philosophic caste, upon the studies of the age; men arise like stars of the first magnitude, exhibiting colossal intellects and vast erudition, and edifying the world

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with their sanctity; orders and communities of men assume the names of these great spirits and emulate their qualities. All of which prepares material for the church and affords human means for arriving at those authoritative decisions on dogma which are so many landmarks in the history of religion. It has entered into the designs of God that the mind of the official church should be thus prepared and enlightened, but the final decision is pronounced under the directive assistance of the Holy Ghost. The church is guided in teaching not only the truth but also in teaching simply what is in the primitive deposit. The injunction of the Apostle to increase in the knowledge of God explains that marvellous and subjective development of Christian truth; while the injunction of the same Apostle not to build upon the foundation laid in Christ Jesus is fulfilled in the identity of doctrine preserved, in the explicit unfolding of the truths contained in their supreme source.

This progress will go on to the close of all earthly things. We are, as it were, ascending the slopes of Mount Thabor together with the favored apostles, and when we shall have arrived at its summit we shall behold Christ transfigured into all the glory of his godhead. But until that term is reached we must be satisfied to make one step at a time.

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GUBINET.

BY J. M. CROTTIE.

AT high noon in Innisdoyle the old Main Street looked seedy enough, with the sad Irish sunshine showing every scar and wound that time had dealt it. There were gaps in the shabby shops where the houses were left tenantless by their former occupants, who had found shelter in the grave or the work-house, and these shattered, mouldy old houses served the townsfolk, who remembered the sad histories associated with them, as *memento mori* of a peculiarly gruesome kind. But in the spring evenings, when the white glare was softened into a delicious combination of sunset and early moonlight, and the whole place was steeped in the scent of the gardens—of wall-flowers, lilacs, violets, and hawthorn; when the children came out to play, and the townsfolk walked up and down the street in neighborly groups, chatting peacefully of things remote from all the ugly close-of-the-century topics that distract and sadden people elsewhere, it had a charm of its own.

The children's game was the time-honored one of "pickie," of which they never seemed to tire. It is a game requiring much hopping and skipping over chalk-lines, great watchfulness, and a loud and insistent voice to claim one's rights. The Innisdoyle pickie-players were an alert lot, but the loudest and most active one among them was Gubinet Bree. Strangers thought it a very queer and remarkable thing to see the little, withered old woman hopping and yelling and quarrelling with the children, and the unconsciousness of the latter, as they skipped and yelled and fought back, that Gubinet was not really one of themselves. The game almost invariably wound up with a violent squabble, the hasty obliteration of the chalk squares by Gubinet, and her angry withdrawal from the play.

"I'd sooner," she would cry disdainfully, "go breaking stones by the side o' the road than be playing pickie with such a set o' ch'ating villains." And resuming the cloak which she had thrown down on the foot-path earlier, she would stalk away with her nose in the air. "I'll have every one o' ye down in my Black Books!" she would scream back, by way of a parting arrow. Where she went on these occasions her companions

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did not care or inquire. They considered her a "cross-patch" whose absence was very good company.

One evening an amused lady tourist who had seen the pickie-playing and its winding up from the hotel-window, and was interested in the queer old woman, was told her history. She had been sketching all day up the Knock, and on her way back to the town met Gubinet marching sturdily towards the mountain. The latter was passing on, but the lady spoke.

"Good evening," she said pleasantly. "It is beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"'Tis well enough," said Gubinet, with a dubious glance at her interlocutor—"if you could call anything well enough in such a desaving rogue of a world. There's a great lot of chates in it entirely. I'm fairly torminted from 'em in Innisdoyle."

"You're a skilful pickie-player," said the lady.

"But what's the good of it? They're able to bother a Cork lawyer. What vexes me entirely is that I haven't a single one o' my own to back me ag'in 'em. An' look," she said, growing a little confidential; "'tis the same thing that bothers me out at the little house on the Knock beyant. Not one of 'em—father, mother, the boys, or Norey—ever comes next or near me, an' every door an' windy in the place wide open. Isn't that terrible for a crature—to be getting such a quare reception every night—not one of 'em to come near to me? An' to hear me calling 'em every one by name, out there some nights, sure you'd think 'twould wake the Seven Sleepers!" The bleak look in her poor old eyes touched the lady. "That's the worst of that ould church-yard beyant. When one o' your people goes there, the rest follows in a hurry; an' you might as well try to coax the plovers out o' the rushy bog as to win 'em home ag'in. An' they were so fond of it for a little old house!"

"Perhaps it is happier in the church-yard than it was in the little house before they left it," said the lady.

"Well, sure, that's what I do be thinking too," she said. "An' that 'tis fun for 'em to be having p'ace an' aise now after it all—oh, an oceanful of p'ace an' aise was wanting to 'em! But, sure, couldn't they come of an odd night an' let me ketch even one glimpsh of 'em? I wouldn't care which; for, don't you see?"—cunningly—"if 'twas only Norey even, or one o' the boys, I could be axing 'em about the rest an' find out how to get at 'em at all. But there's not a move in 'em, an' if you don't call it a grievous ould rogue of a world, I don't know what name you have for it."

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"Is it long since they went to the peace of the church-yard?" asked the lady.

"Long?" repeated Gubinet, questioning herself. "Well, it must be, for the slip of ivy I put at my father's head has a stem as thick as a young oak; but, on the other hand, if it *was* long, sure I'd be growing up an' getting sense an' studdiness! I'm not studdy someway"—with, for a moment, a thoroughly sane expression—"but"—the elfin look returning—"would you wonder at that, an' me having to stand the roguery of them pickie-players? Woman, dear, they'd chate you if you had eyes in your poll even! Fyeh, an' me without one o' my own to ax what the crying an' bawling is about that I have by myself up there on the Knock every night."

"'Crying and bawling' are of so little use, poor thing!"

"But sure that's the r'ason that I cry an' bawl. If 'twas any use, if one of 'em ever came to me, I'd give it over. But they don't." The outbursting tears, so strange and woeful to see in eyes so old, rolled down her withered face, and the lady, with a pang at her own heart, turned the conversation back a little.

"Then there was a time when you were 'steady,' wasn't there, Gubinet?" she asked gently.

"Ah! but that was when we were all together. 'Twas nothing but Gubinet here, an' Gubinet there; an' I was like a bee working from morning till night—we were all great at the work, for 'twas a fight ag'in the bog with us always. 'Tis a great rogue, the bog—a sch'aming, st'aling rogue that if you wouldn't be for ever with the spade an' the lime an' the clay, turning and drying an' filling the places up there, the rushes an' *fraigh* would be down on it in a hurry, an' there wouldn't be enough to give a living to the snipes. But a good ould fight is a fine thing, an' we were as happy as the days were long, for we kept the bog masthered well. What did we mind the big creels of lime an' sand that we had to drag up from the other side o' the Knock, or for the rain an' the mists an' the snow that we soaked in, in the bad weather all day?—we had always the little snug house to face to at night, and its four walls held everything that the hearts in us axed for. The boys an' little Norey an' myself had no time to play at all—we were like fathers an' mothers for sense an' understanding—an' so everything went on till one night, a close, heavy, eerie night, a poor wayfaring woman walked in to us an' asked for a bed an' supper, that she got, for 'twas never in us to refuse

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anything of the kind. She had bad news, for lower down the Knock the people were in a great state of unaisiness after discovering that their potatoes were all turned suddenly black. My father went out quietly an' dug up a few stalks in each o' the fields, an' behould you! when he brought the basket in we found that they were nearly all black. That was the first rale fright I got in my life, an' I shook like a lafe, for I knew that black things like 'em weren't wholesome, an' we had nothing in the world planted that year but potatoes. On the sale of them we depended for everything else. Well, the times we put over us after that! The poor boys took sick in the winter, an' even with the fever on 'em, they used to try to keep on with the work; but they had to give in at last, and then my mother and Norey were taken down.

"Oh, my! oh, my! We used to be up all night with 'em, poor father an' I—an' during the day he'd take care of 'em still while I'd go to the town to work for enough to keep the life in 'em. The dispensary doctor after the first visit never went near 'em—he was too hard-worked, I suppose, with all the sickness that was going, an' 'twas a big distance out to the Knock; he'd only give me tickets for the Relief porridge. How could I go for public relief—my father's and mother's child? I couldn't do it, and so I worked away for the little things I could bring to 'em. It wasn't much, for in town and country every one was poor; but it was *my own*, don't you see? Between the staying up at night and the long walk in the morning, an' the trouble o' mind I was in, I used to fall asleep over the tub o' clothes often; but 'twould be only for a minute, for 'twould all come back on me in a flash—the five of 'em sick up there, an' poor father, spint an' patient, fighting with Death for 'em, an' he broken-hearted between everything. I used have to hould on to something to keep me from racing home; and then when I was free an' I'd be running back, there would be a kind of a cowld shiver through me till I saw 'em all ag'in. . . . Some nights now, when I'm out in the little house, sitting on the floor of the empty room where they died, with the light o' the moon streaming down through the broken roof, an' the four winds gallivanting through the place, 'tis just as if 'twas yesterday that I used to be coming in an' helping father with the drinks, an' we'd be talking together an' trying to put courage into each other's hearts. 'Twas hard work then; it was harder by-an'-by. One by one they left us; there was no houlding 'em back. . . . In that time it was a frightful thing to

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see the dead pitched out of the 'sliding' coffins into the pits that did be kept open till they were full. That came to be the biggest dread we had—afraid they'd be taken from us an' buried that way. 'Twas father's hands an' mine that made the coffins for 'em, out of bog-dale; between us we carried 'em to Innisdoyle church-yard, to our own corner where the trees are. It tore the hearts in us, but some way I didn't feel killed entirely while father was with me. But after Norey's burying—she was the last of 'em—his courage all seemed to go out of him of a sudden. He'd stay out on the road for ever, gazing down where you could see the top of Innisdoyle Abbey steeple. One day they brought him home to me—they were after finding him in the bog. I suppose his heart broke. Wasn't it an unhuman thing for me to see father—*father!* put in the sliding coffin an' buried in the pit?"

The agony of it all came over her with fresh force again. She flung herself upon the ground shrieking "Father! father! father!"

The lady, her own tears falling, tried to soothe the afflicted creature, and was at length partly successful. She made her seat herself beside her on the roadside bank, and then talked cheerfully to her.

"You know you were the 'right-hand' of him, and all of them, Gubinet. That is a grand thing to remember."

"But that's what kills me entirely now," she replied, between her sobs; "see how continted they are without me! If they'd ax me to do anything—anything—anything! But not a move or a word from 'em, whatever ails 'em at all. They weren't so cowld and distant entirely when I was beyant," with a quick pointing motion and furtive look over her shoulder.

"Oh! at the asylum?" said the lady.

"With thim with the Sthraps," she whispered, "an' Miss Mary Ann and the Black Books, where they put the names in."

The lady nodded understandingly.

"Well, would you doubt that little Norey, but at night when I used to be half-desthroyed from the way I had to keep screeching all day, she'd stale in to me, an', sitting there on the pillow, the little cr'ature, she'd commence *crownawning* an' singing one o' my mother's old songs, the 'Lake of Coolfin' it was, till some sort of a happy feeling would come over me an' I wouldn't care an atom for the lonesomeness, or the sthraps, or the Black Books. Oh, my! oh, my! I followed the ballad-

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singers the last wet day from morning till night—I'd folly 'em for ever, listening to it."

"I'll sing it for you, Gubinet," said the lady.

Overhead the stars were glistening in a sky of almost summer blue; the glen waters, inside the bank where they sat, fell musically over the weirs; there was the faint perfume of primroses in the air, and through the larch-tops high up the mild March moon was looking sadly down, as the sweet voice was uplifted in that most plaintive of airs. The singer heard short, sobbing breaths beside her as the song went on; an elfin, withered hand stole into hers, and she felt her fingers raised and passionately kissed; then the old woman, gathering her cloak about her, fled into the now dark road that led mountainward. The lady listened to the desolate crying and hand-clapping until distance blotted them out, and then turned sadly to the town.

IMMORTALITY.

BY BERT MARTEL.

ALAS! from out the shade
Death's coward hand is laid:
A blow he gives.
Still, like the starry way,
Invisible by day,
Though dead, she lives.

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BLESSED RICHARD WHITING, THE LAST ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY.

BY VERY REV. F. FELIX, O.S.B., V.G.

THE close of the nineteenth century evidently points towards a religious reaction. Our Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., has immortalized his glorious pontificate by his noble attempt to reunite Christianity. Repeatedly he invited the nations of the earth to the One Fold of which Christ is the Shepherd. His voice is heralded in the East and in the West —pre-eminently in the British Isles. The recent encyclicals to the Greek schismatics and to the "People of England," as well as the recent renewal of exhortations to pray for Christian Unity, are sufficient evidence to convince even the sceptic that a sublime ideal possesses the mind of the "Common Father of all Christendom." The final decision recently rendered regarding the validity of the Anglican Orders should be an additional moral impetus to that religiously inclined people to return to the Faith of their forefathers, who by their prayers and virtues sanctified the soil upon which they tread.

Most significant in this respect is the beatification of the so-called English Martyrs, which took place a short time ago in the Sixtine Chapel in Rome. The blessed martyrs are, Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury; Abbot Hugh Cook of Reading; John Beche, Abbot of Colchester; and four of their monks, all of the order of St. Benedict. Christ's Vicar has by this act of supreme power again stigmatized Henry VIII.'s action in extirpating the English monasteries and executing many pious abbots and priests, as an act of vandalism and tyranny scarcely equalled in history. "There is no darker spot in the annals of the English Reformation," says a prominent Protestant authority, "than the execution of Richard Whiting, a man so learned, holy, and pure." The Catholics of the English tongue in both hemispheres received this generous act of the Supreme Pontiff with universal applause. Yet amidst this joy arises a deep, an earnest sigh from the heart of every Catholic Englishman. Behold the ruins of many great British abbeys, cathedrals, and churches, and the desecration of others!

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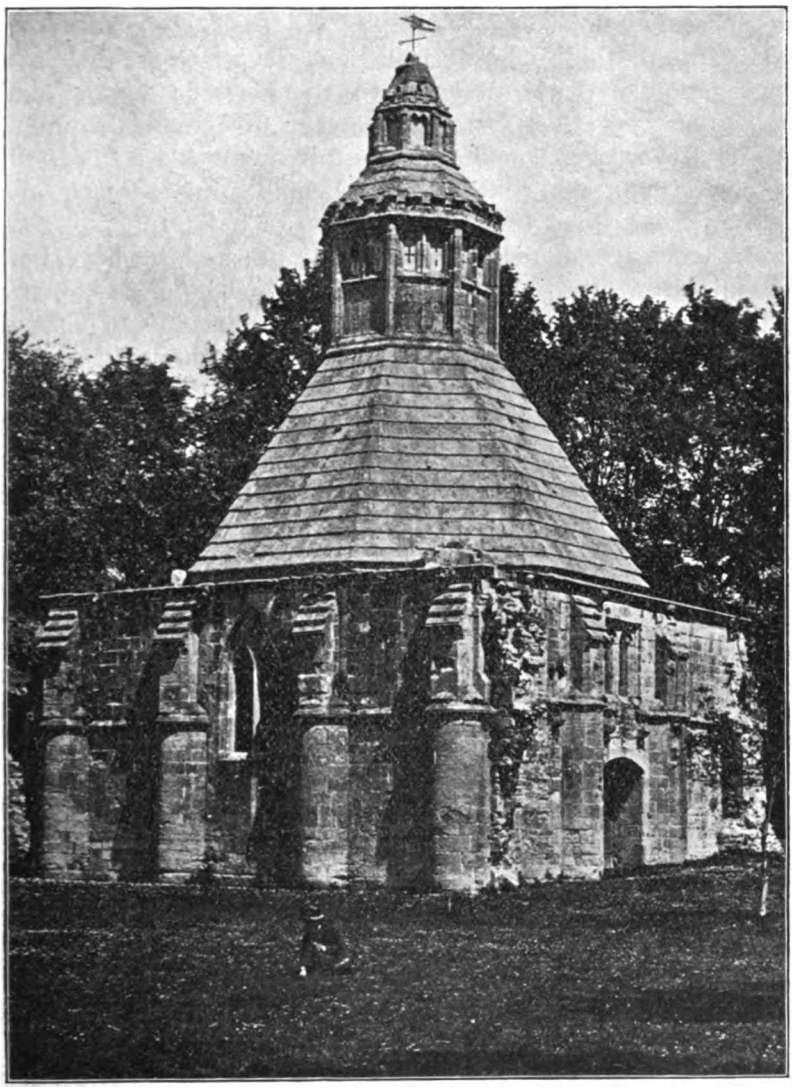

THE RUINS TESTIFY TO THE PITILESS INGRATITUDE OF MEN.

Each stone of these hallowed walls could proclaim the piety, zeal, and learning of their former inmates. "Those fair and dear churches," says Count de Montalembert, "where so many of our fathers resorted to receive consolation, courage, and strength to strive against the evils of life, are fallen. Those cloisters which offered a safe and noble asylum to all arts and all sciences, where all miseries of man were solaced, where the hungry were always satisfied, the naked clothed, the ignorant

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enlightened, exist no more except in ruins stained by a thousand ignoble profanations."

Mindful of these many sacrilegious devastations, the Sacred Congregation of Rites assigned to the Mass in honor of the English martyrs this sorrowful passage of Jeremias' Lamentations: "Recordare, Domine," etc.—"Remember, O Lord, what has come upon us; consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to aliens, our houses to strangers. . . . Our fathers have sinned, and they are not; and we have borne their iniquity."

The recent historical researches of Francis Aidan Gasquet, the eminent and learned Benedictine, brought to light the rapacious iniquity of Henry VIII. in suppressing the English monasteries. To him the writer is principally indebted for this historical sketch of Blessed Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury.

ST. PATRICK THE FIRST ABBOT.

The ruins of Glastonbury Abbey are located in the town bearing its name, twenty-two miles to the south-west of Bath, on the Somerset and Dorset Railway. The spot occupied by the town is, in geographical formation, a peninsula, formed by the winding of the river Brue, which flows west to the valley between the Peldew and Mendip Hills. Its churches to-day bear the names of St. John the Baptist, built in perpendicular style with towers of fine proportions, and the church of St. Benedict, dating back to 1493. The Abbey of Glastonbury is without doubt one of the very earliest ecclesiastical foundations in England, and the most famous monastic institution of pre-Reformation times. It existed long before St. Boniface crossed the English Channel to bring the Gospel of Peace to Germany, as evinced by his letters and those of his noble companion, St. Willibald, the son of King Richard of West Saxony. There is a pious tradition still extant that Joseph of Arimathea, who buried our Saviour, was sent by St. Philip the Apostle with twelve companions to England, and found here his last repose. An ancient author says, however, concerning this: "We know not whether they really repose here, although we have read that they sojourned in this place for nine years; but here dwelt assuredly many of their disciples, ever twelve in number, who, in imitation of them, led a hermit's life until unto them came St. Patrick, the great Apostle of the Irish and the first abbot of the hallowed spot. Here, too, rests St. Benen, the disciple

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of St. Patrick; here St. Gildas, the historian of the British; here St. David, Bishop of Menevia; and here the holy hermit Indractus with his seven companions, all sprung from the royal race. Here rest the relics of a band of holy Irish pilgrims who, returning from a visit to the shrines at Rome, turned aside to Glastonbury out of love to St. Patrick's memory, and were martyred in a village named Shapwick. Hither, not long after, their remains were brought by Ina, our glorious king."

ROMA SECUNDA.

St. Pauline, previous to his apostolic labors, dwelt within Glastonbury's walls, and St. Dunstan gave it fame by his virtue and learning. There was a succession of great and influential abbots, among whom are especially known Herlewine, from 1101–1120, who laid the foundations for the majestic abbey buildings of a later period, and Henry of Blois, from 1126–1171, who built the bell-tower, chapter-house, etc. Glastonbury was always considered by the pious inhabitants of the Isle the "Roma Secunda" for its many relics, pious traditions, and great influence in religious affairs, even prior to the arrival of St. Augustine. King Arthur and St. Dunstan were buried in the vaults of the abbey church, which was dedicated to our Blessed Mother, and usually known as the "Virgin of Glastonbury." The sixtieth and last Abbot of Glastonbury was the illustrious, now blessed, Richard Whiting.

HIS EARLY LIFE IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

At the birth of Richard Whiting civil strife between the Houses of Lancaster and York was desolating the broad acres of "Merrie England." Carnage and all the attendant evils of war, and the varied fortunes of Edward IV., plunged the country into the wildest excitement, the Red Rose now being in the ascendant and again the White triumphing. The day and the exact year of the birth of Richard are not known. However, he opened his eyes to light in the second half of the fifteenth century. His boyhood, therefore, must have been passed as a spectator of the vicissitudes of party principle, and the dangers of civil contest stamped themselves indelibly upon his youthful mind.

His family were West Country in their origin, and distant relatives of Bishop Stapledon, the generous founder of Exeter College, Oxford. Its principal member held extensive estates in Devon and Somerset, but the younger branch of the house,

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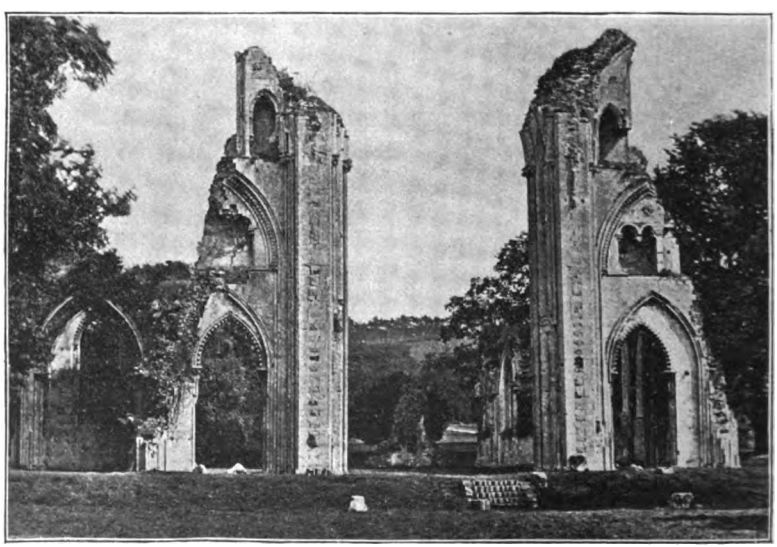
to which Richard Whiting belonged, were tenant-holders of Glastonbury possessions.

Their name was of some prominence in religious communities, for at the time of Richard's birth another Whiting, probably an uncle, held the office of camerarius in the monastery of Bath. Again, many years later, at the commencement of the troubles which threatened to obliterate all religious houses by the extortions of Henry VIII., a Jane Whiting assumed the habit and veil of a nun in the convent of Welton; and again, when religious foundations were transferred to the Continent, two nieces of Abbot Whiting became Franciscan sisters at Bruges.

CONSECRATION IN RELIGION.

There is no certain knowledge of the character of Richard Whiting's boyhood and youth, but it may be safely conjectured



RUINS OF THE ABBEY CHURCH, GLASTONBURY.

that his education was received within the walls of his future monastic home. The monks of Glastonbury conducted a free institution in which instruction was imparted to the sons of rich and poor, and all classes fitted for a university career. Thus from some meagre accounts it is inferred that, under the gentle surveillance of the Glastonbury Benedictines, Whiting was given the foundations of virtue and knowledge. His training in the cloistral school was succeeded by the discipline

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of the novitiate, for in his early youth, as was the custom, he joined the community of St. Benedict at Glastonbury, under the administration of Abbot Selwood.

From Glastonbury Whiting was sent to Cambridge, where his name appears among those who took the degree of M. A. in 1483. It was here he formed a friendship with several who were likewise to sacrifice their lives in the cause of Catholic unity and the spiritual sovereignty of the successor of St. Peter. It seems that he spent fifteen years at the university, during which time several important events occurred.

The first was the death of Abbot Selwood in 1493. The monks, having obtained the king's permission to proceed with the election of a successor, met for that purpose and made their choice without the approval of the diocesan bishop. Perhaps this breach of form may be ascribed to the continued absence of the bishop from his see. Bishop Fox, hearing of the nomination, applied to the king for its cancellation. This being granted, he claimed the right of appointing to the office, and through his commissary installed Richard Bere in the abbatial chair.

During this abbot's rule Glastonbury was the rendezvous of armed soldiery. The royal troops, opposing the stand of the insurgents against King Henry VII.'s authority, disturbed the peace of the cloister. The poverty of the army was distressing, and although the undisciplined band perpetrated no acts of violence, still their support entailed a large expenditure from the monastic treasury. This uprising quelled, another speedily followed, when Perkin Warbeck marshalled his rabble forces, and in the autumn of 1497 the advance troops of the king reached Glastonbury and were sheltered in the monastery. Warbeck fled, his forces scattered, and the royal standard was displayed from the towers of Glastonbury. Later Henry himself followed, and, passing through Wells, reached the abbey and was lavishly entertained at the abbot's expense. Richard Bere was a prudent and wise administrator, a man of virtue and foresight. By him the work of improving the monastic territory was carried on, and under him Glastonbury attained its greatest glory. The church received additions of many chapels, and its decorations were enriched by princely donations. As a man of letters even the great Erasmus submitted to his judgment, and as a prudent legate he was commissioned by the king to convey congratulations to Cardinal Medicis, who at this time ascended the Papal throne under the name of Pius IV.

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HIS PRIESTHOOD.

As a punishment for its endorsement of the Cornish cause, the royal officers levied taxes upon the entire country. Glastonbury escaped, yet its district felt the oppressor's heavy hand. The country was steeped in misery and the people groaned under the extortion of the king's commissaries. These were the troubles which Richard Whiting beheld whilst he was now preparing himself for ordination at Glastonbury. The Bishop of Bath and Wells had relegated his power to a suffragan, Thomas Cornish. From the hand of this prelate he received minor orders in September, 1498. In the two succeeding years he was ordained sub-deacon and deacon, and on the sixth of March, 1501, was elevated to the holy priesthood. The ordination was conducted at Wells by Bishop Cornish, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, long since destroyed. During the twenty-five subsequent years we hear little of the priest. Doubtless his time was spent exclusively in the cloister. In the year 1505, however, the university records show that the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred on him. In his own monastery he held the position of camerarius, or chamberlain.

In February, 1525, Abbot Bere died after an administration of thirty years. A few days after his demise the monks met in chapter to elect his successor, and at the proposition of the prior it was agreed that five days were to be given for consideration and discussion. On the sixth, after the solemnization of the Mass "De Spiritu Sancto," the capitulars again convened and took the oath to choose him whom they deemed most worthy. William Bennett, the canonical adviser of the community, explained to the brethren the various forms of election. Thereupon it was determined to proceed by a method called "Compromise." This consisted of placing the election of the abbot in the hands of a person of prominence. Consequently Cardinal Wolsey of York was selected by a unanimous choice. The prior informed his eminence of their desire, and in obtaining permission of the king suffered a fortnight to elapse, at the termination of which the cardinal announced his choice of Richard Whiting. A deputation from the abbey hastened back to Glastonbury carrying the documents, which spoke in the highest terms of Whiting. Immediately on their arrival the "Te Deum" was intoned, and the newly elected abbot was conducted in solemn procession from the chapter to the church.

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HIS ELECTION AS ABBOT.

Standing to-day upon the site of that ancient splendor, our pulses thrill at the recollection of the solemn scene enacted upon that March morning so long ago. The news had spread, and thousands upon thousands filled the mighty nave, anxious to show reverence to their future spiritual and temporal father. The great edifice glowed with the priceless gems of ten centuries of beneficence. Prominent were the lavish adornments of Abbot Bere, so lately laid to rest under a simple marble slab, an unpretentious monument to him who, by the many chapels, the vault of the nave which re-echoed with the chants of the monks, the jewelled antipendium, evinced his veneration and love for the glorious sanctuary of Glastonbury.

Into this noble temple the people crowded, and as the last notes of the "Amen" trembled and died away in the forest of marble columns, through the terrible silence the voice of the notary public proclaimed the election of Brother Richard Whiting. In order to conclude the formalities his consent was necessary, for as yet he had not intimated his acceptance. At first he demurred, demanding time for deliberation; but, after a lapse of a few hours spent in prayer, he offered no resistance to the will of God and took upon himself the dignity and burden.

The cardinal having been notified, appointed two commissaries to proceed with investigations into the character of Richard Whiting. It was requested that all impediments be brought forward; but upon the third day, none appearing, the decree was published abroad and at length affixed to the great doors. Those who offered testimony to his age and character spoke in highest terms of his exemplary career, and those who knew him best found no flaw in his unblemished life.

HIS ADMINISTRATION OF OFFICE.

Richard Whiting took the oath of obedience to the bishop of the diocese and received the abbatial benediction in his own abbey church from Dr. William Gilbert, Abbot of Bruton and Bishop of Mayo in Ireland. Thus, with the applause of the populace, with the sanction of Cardinal Wolsey and the king, was inaugurated the rule of the last Abbot of Glastonbury. Hitherto his name had been little known. He had lived in seclusion, as becomes a true monk. Office and rank offered no attraction. He rather shrank from popularity, and, like the

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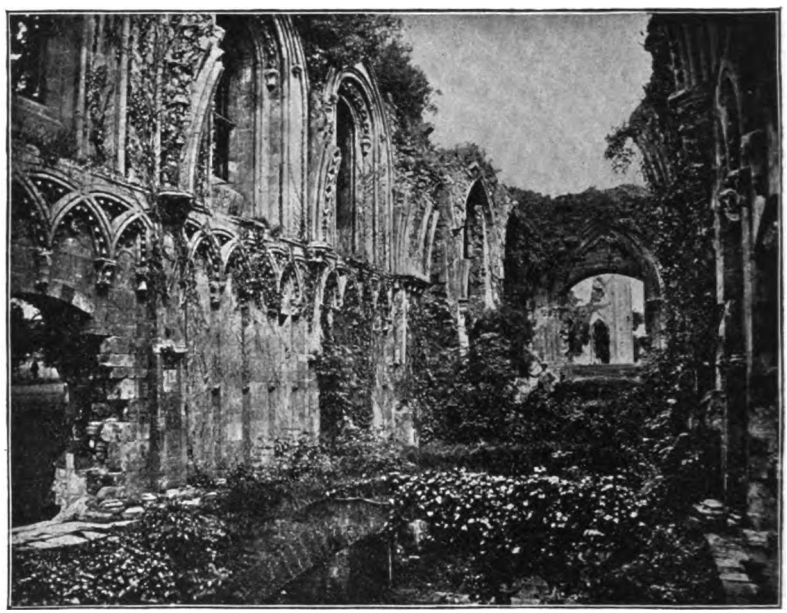
long line of his predecessors, he too might have passed into oblivion; but God had other designs. True, as abbot of the grand parliamentary abbey, he could have taken his place among the peers of the realm in the House of Lords, but his simple religious spirit sought no such distinction. His joys and



CONSIDERABLE PORTIONS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL CAN YET BE SEEN.

happiness lay in fulfilling the duties connected directly with the abbey and its district. Fidelity to his imposed trust, allegiance to the church, devotion to her vicar, loyalty to her tenets, fortitude in temptation, have brought the reverence of generations upon him and immortalized the name of Richard Whiting.

The administration of Abbot Whiting was begun in troublesome times. The flower of English chivalry had been swept away by the feud of the Roses, and their places filled by a throng whose primary considerations were political preferment and financial gain. Little regard had they for ancient traditions and the country's advantage. Suffice it that ambition be gratified and their greed for power satiated. As political adventurers they might profit by the disturbance of social order, and self-interest prompted them to range themselves in the ranks of the party of innovation. To attract the notice of the king, to bask in the royal smiles, to be patronized by his

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caprice, to vie with one another in gratifying his whims—these were the points of competition; and worthy indeed was the monarch for whom they bartered every principle of honor, and even rejected the code of right. Henry VIII. was then their king. By him Sir Thomas Boleyn was created Viscount Rochford, and this favor marked the beginning of the king's illicit affection for the new peer's daughter Anne, and the subsequent troubles in the church and state.

THE BEGINNINGS OF TROUBLE.

Abbot Whiting had ruled for five years at Glastonbury, when the fall of Cardinal Wolsey paved the way for the elevation of Cromwell, the chief contriver of the religious changes in England. Subservient to the whims of the king, he maintained his power and he ingeniously managed all affairs to master parliament and to adapt the action of convocation to the royal pleasure.

Henry determined that his divorce from Catherine should be recognized, and finding the papal disapproval an insurmountable obstacle to his unbridled passion, he conceived the expedient of throwing off the ecclesiastical authority and instituting himself the supreme head of the church. This step had long been threatened, yet had received no reproof, and now, when it reached the point of culmination, there was no demurring.

Although the act was hurried through parliament and all opposition stamped as treason, the intriguing party did not receive the reward expected. Many were caught in the cunning contrivance and took the oath of supremacy. After the lapse of centuries, it is not possible for us to condemn and pass censure on such compliance, nor is it for us to wonder that throughout the realm only a few brave men, with Fisher and More, did not waver. There were many reasons for temporizing, and what we judge as weakness was perhaps the only hope left of bringing the trouble to a happy termination. Henry's early life was edifying in its piety. The Pope had conferred upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith." Was this not sufficient ground for hope that the present indiscretions would speedily end and the king again return to his former virtuous path? Such, however, was not to be. The sequel is known only too well to the student of history.

Evil succeeded evil, and as his guilty passion for Anne Boleyn is the key to half the extraordinary acts of Henry's

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reign, so need of money to gratify his other appetites is the key to the rest. It has been well said that the suppression of the monasteries was simply an "enormous scheme for filling the royal purse," and the truth of the assertion is beyond dispute. With the humblest of the religious houses, up to the dismal hour when Glastonbury's noble walls were left untenanted, Henry and his courtiers sought every device for appropriating the lesser and greater bounties to themselves.

SCHEME FOR FILLING THE ROYAL PURSE.

Glastonbury under her noble administrator, retaining still the title of the grandest abbey in the realm, did not yet experience any very definite discomfort; but from the tidings which now and then reached the cloistral precincts, Abbot Whiting realized that at no distant day the storm would burst upon his great sanctuary. Under his prudent and gentle guidance discipline was well maintained, and his kindly relations with his neighbors bespoke a happy and prosperous government. The revenues of Glastonbury exceeded those of Canterbury; the endowments of Westminster were only slightly in excess, and in the West Country, since the death of the Duke of Buckingham, no prince nor prelate dispensed such power as the Abbot of Glastonbury.

With all his magnificence a certain simplicity and stateliness characterized the rule of Abbot Whiting. In himself and in his spiritual children he fostered the spirit of poverty and every attribute of a true religious. Hospitable to all classes, the distinguished were entertained in hundreds at his table, and unnumbered poor flocked to the monastery gates seeking the alleviation of their needs.

One year after the conclusion of the king's divorce case, when Cromwell realized they had not obtained the hoped-for result, the fertile brain of the minister organized a visitation of religious houses. The real object was the destruction of monasteries under the cloak of reformation.

The authority of the superiors was torn from them; the abbeys reduced to prisons; and all with the show of zeal for religion. Armed with a commission to enforce the injunctions, Doctor Richard Layton, "the most foul-mouthed and foul-minded ribald of them all," visited Glastonbury on Sunday, August 21, 1535. So blameless were the lives of the monks, so minutely were the details of their monastic profession carried out, that even this inquisitor could extract no guilt. He was forced to

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admit that the severe discipline exercised would necessarily prevent any evil.

After their departure the severity of the financial injunctions imposed led Abbot Whiting to solicit some mitigation, but to no purpose. Under the guise of requests, which were really demands, possession after possession passed into the hands of the extortioners, until the abbey alone remained. Parliament had deeded to Henry *only* those communities whose income amounted to £200 per annum. The dissolution of larger communities was left for subsequent years.

THE ROYAL WRECKERS COME TO GLASTONBURY.

For this state of affairs, which was not to the king's liking, provision was made in the act of April, 1539, which included a retrospective clause covering the illegal suppression of the greater monasteries already completed, and granting to Henry "all which shall hereafter happen to be dissolved, suppressed, renounced, relinquished, forfeited, given up, or come unto the king's highness." There was likewise an ominous parenthesis referring to such other religious houses as "shall happen to come to the king's highness by attainder or attainders of treason." Here, then, was the decree which opened the noble and revered houses of the monks, and this was the measure by which their power was usurped. Even the enemies of Abbot Whiting could offer no testimony against the simple perfection of his life; yet, defending the possession of his abbey and denying the spiritual sovereignty of Henry VIII., he could be branded a traitor of the realm, and made an example of to deter others from resisting the king's will.

In 1538 rumor had spoken of the approaching dissolution; and the fact that religious houses, both great and small, were falling into the king's hands gave color to the tales. Therefore the dissembling of the royal commissioners gave no assurance to Abbot Whiting. By the beginning of 1539 Glastonbury alone remained in the whole county of Somerset. During the days of suspense which followed the abbot cheerfully performed the daily calls of duty, and awaited in patience the final doom. Monks, driven from their homes, wandered through the country seeking shelter and food. The poor, deprived of their traditional alms in monasteries, crowded to Glastonbury during the last few months of its existence. For eleven weeks the royal wreckers swarmed through the country dismantling the churches, selling vestments, breaking bells and tearing away

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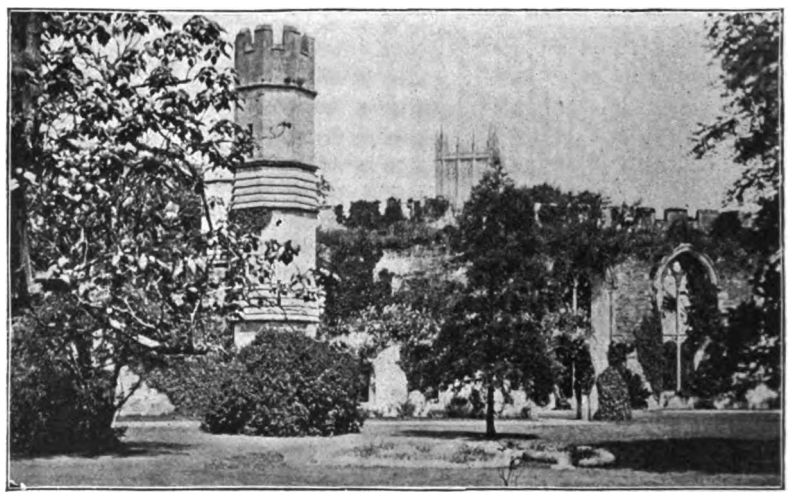
the lead from the roofs, defacing and destroying the monasteries, and carrying away their plunder. Tin chalices were to be substituted for the gold and silver vessels used at Mass, and many other such sacrilegious enactments were to be enforced without regard to the conscience and will of the people.

It was not until the autumn of 1539 that the final steps were taken towards the destruction of Glastonbury. On September 19 the royal commissioners arrived and commenced the work of search. Among the abbot's papers were discovered a book of arguments against the king's divorce and a counterfeit life of Thomas à Becket. Here was the required evidence. The abbot was verily a traitor, and the monastery's wealth must



RUINS OF BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS, WHERE WHITING WAS CONDEMNED TO THE GALLOWS.

pass into the king's coffers. From letters exchanged at that time we have accounts of the quantity of plate and valuables which were handed over to the royal treasurer as the possessions of "attainted persons and places." Abbot Whiting was imprisoned and sent to the Tower of London. Here he was subjected to the most searching queries. According to the law of the land, the abbot should have been arraigned before Parliament, as he was a member of the House of Peers. But no such bill of attainder was ever presented, and the execution had taken place before Parliament had come together. Cromwell, acting as prosecutor, judge, and jury, arranged the condemnation of Whiting and his two companions, the abbots of

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Reading and Colchester, and they were to meet death without a trial.

Whiting knew only too well the path which led from the Tower. More and Fisher had trod it before, and, like them, he could offer no satisfaction. He hoped, however, his age and weakness would exempt him from extremities; but Henry and Cromwell had decided that he should suffer before the eyes of the world the most shameful indignities.

Dragged back to Wells, in sight of his life-time home, in the presence of those whom he had befriended, he was subjected to a mock trial in the episcopal palace and condemned to die on the gallows. His physical suffering must have accounted not in comparison to the pain of seeing Glastonbury polluted by the vandal's touch, stripped of her treasures and uninhabited.

HIS CRUEL MARTYRDOM.

Cromwell's captive reached Wells on Friday, November 14, and there was no delay in his execution. Father Gasquet describes the last moments of the great abbot in the following terms: "At the outskirts of his own town his venerable limbs were extended on a hurdle, to which a horse was attached. In this way he was dragged, on that bleak November morning, along the rough, hard ground through the streets of Glastonbury, of which he and his predecessors had so long been the loved and honored lords and masters. It was thus among his own people that now, at the age of well-nigh four-score years, Abbot Whiting made his last pilgrimage through England's 'Roma Secunda.' As a traitor for conscience' sake he was drawn past the glorious monastery, now desolate and deserted; past the great church, that home of the saints and the sanctuary of his country's greatness, now devastated and desecrated, its relics of God's holy ones dispersed, its tombs of kings dishonored; on further still to the summit of that hill which rises yet in the landscape in solitary and majestic greatness, the perpetual memorial of the deed now to be enacted. His last act was simple. Now about to appear before a tribunal that was searching, just, and merciful, he asked forgiveness first of God and then of man, and even of those who had most offended against justice in his person, and had not rested until they had brought him to the gallows amidst every incident that could add to such a death ignominy and shame. In self-possession and patience the great man followed the footsteps of the Lord

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and Master in whose service he had spent his life. There is no need to dwell on the butchery which followed, and to tell how the hardly lifeless body was cut down, divided into four parts, and the head struck off. One quarter was despatched to Wells, another to Bath, a third to Ilchester, and a fourth to Bridgewater, whilst the venerable head was fixed over the great gateway of the abbey as a ghastly warning of retribution which might and would fall on all, even the most powerful and the most holy, if they ventured to stand between the king and the accomplishment of his royal will."

Of all the atrocities perpetrated by Henry VIII. and his correspondents, the execution of Abbot Whiting stands foremost, an indelible stain upon a blackened character. Those who have been robbed of their faith preserve the memory sacred of good Abbot Whiting, and even to-day it is a household word in every hut and mansion in Glastonbury and surrounding country. May the venerable, *now Blessed, Abbot Richard Whiting intercede for us and his country!*

The work of destruction began at Glastonbury shortly after the death of Abbot Whiting, and has descended to the very foundations of England's most famous abbey. Of the vast range of buildings constituting the abbey proper nothing remains. Considerable portions of St. Joseph's Chapel can still be seen. The grand church itself was a cruciform structure, with a choir, a nave, and transepts, and a tower surmounting the centre of the intersection. Its length was apparently four hundred and ten feet and its breadth eighty feet. The remaining ruins give evidence of the grandeur of this once illustrious ecclesiastical structure. "Nature has pity upon these ruins now, which testify to the pitiless ingratitude of men. She has wrapt them as in a shroud with her immortal robe of ivy and eglantine, with creeping plants and wild flowers. She attracts to them thus, even from the most indifferent, a sympathetic and attentive gaze."

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IN THE PARISH OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

I.

A SNOW-BIRD.

SILENCE in the snowy streets and darkness, save for the trembling morning-star. Silence in the little church, as the congregation waited for Father Salvator.

The warmth of Christmas candles opened the lilies and drew the fragrance out of their chaste hearts. It mingled with the incense, and, sweeping down the aisle, seemed to touch the faces of the people with murmurous, living tenderness.

There was little Margaret Kilduff in the first pew, her dream-like child-beauty almost lost in her white hood; and next to her, her brothers, four little Scots, and then one or two other little girls like Margaret.

Behind the children knelt John McClosky, the marble-cutter, who seemed to have carved his own rude image as a first attempt, and his fat little wife, on whose winter bonnet the same gray dove had fluttered for twenty years, and over whose pudgy knees one or two sweet-faced Marys or Kathleens must always climb to get into the pew. Mrs. McClosky knew something about war, and her own face confessed it as truly outside the confessional as her own lips confessed it behind the crimson curtain. From time to time she looked at the crimson curtain and sighed.

Mary Kilduff, the noble Scotchwoman, gathered her plaid shawl closer about her gnarled form, and her eyes burned with love as she watched the tremulous fire in the altar lamp. Between her and Kathleen McCoy was an empty seat, which Kathleen kept for her runaway boy, if he should come back. Mary longed to speak some word of comfort to the poor, fragile woman, this Christmas morning; but she knew she could never trust herself to speak it, so she had tenderly laid one red rose in the empty place between them. Kathleen McCoy was the parish Mater Dolorosa. The time was coming soon

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when she would be judged by her sorrows, and meanwhile, when she knelt in the little church, there was a beatitude in her eyes.

Rory McCarthy was with his sister Madge close to Kathleen—so close that he could see the purple and gold crosses from the stained-glass windows glance upon the pallid cheeks of the bereft mother. His heart was full of pity for her.

A long row of old women in black bonnets knelt in the back of the church, with their beads in their trembling fingers and holy water glistening on their brows. A little boy nestled close to his mother, and played hide-and-seek with her crêpe veil. A scarlet ribbon dangling from some young girl's golden hair made the faded shawls and alpaca bonnets look old and sad; a white straw hat bobbed like a little spectre of summer in one of the middle pews; a child coughed or the leaves of a prayer-book fluttered in the turning.

Such was the congregation which waited for Father Salvator. He came at last, his black curls and eyes shining above his white vestments.

The organ murmured a spring song, which had its own beautiful significance, since Jesus was the Violet who lived and died in loneliness, for our love!

In the midst of the soft music the latch of the little church-door lifted and fell, and the people in the church—human on Christmas as on Calvary—turned their heads.

A girl entered. She was wrapped in furs, but there were chill, crimson spots in her cheeks. She paused a moment, looking about with startled eyes. Finding no place, she knelt in the crowded aisle. When she felt herself forgotten, she looked about the little church, and her eyes came back from the blazing altar and rested in humility on the great mission cross which hung between the windows. They were a child's eyes in a woman's face; and yet, as they gazed on the cross, an anguished penitence burned in them.

The sexton watched her from behind his straggling lashes. When he passed around the box she dropped in a little gold-piece, which made her very interesting to Michael Cumisky, whose Christmas coat was patched with six colors. When the crimson left her cheeks he got up noisily and put coal in the stove. He left the stove-door open and went back to his place, watching for the glow on her cheeks. It came no more.

Her fingers travelled her amethyst rosary. It seemed a long journey for those trembling fingers. They paused sometimes, a tear fell on them, and then they went bravely on.

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The Christmas music folded the flock in an ecstasy of peace.

"Watchman, tell us of the night!"

The world was forgotten while that contralto voice of divine passion and pathos filled the silence with its sweetness.

When Father Salvator turned to speak the eyes of the congregation rested on him with a spirited, sweet impatience. But at that moment the latch lifted once again and harshly fell.

Father Salvator blinked his black eyes.

"On Christmas morning," he said, "there is always a contingent of snow-birds. People who never come when there is a place for them, come then to crowd others out. They come from no good motive either—come, perhaps, because there is a little more style then; come because it is the one day in the year when it may be a credit to them to be of this humble parish.

"We do not want them. There is no room for them. They have denied us all the year. We deny them now—snow-birds! We want the little brown and blue coats that are ours in summer and winter too. To them I offer my Christmas greetings. To the snow-birds I say, Make your own reflections as to whether you deserve any Christmas greetings!"

The sexton looked at the girl. Her head was bowed, but her fingers pressed her beads until they were pink, and tears ran in scalding haste over the silver chains.

When Mass was over Father Salvator lifted an arresting hand. "My good people," he said, "I was disturbed by those persons at the door, who irreverently went out when I was about to preach. I spoke in wrath.

"There was not room for Jesus Christ in Bethlehem on Christmas morning. I should be sorry to make the least of you feel there was not room for you here. What is the blue robe of Mary for if not to huddle snow-birds?"

The congregation smiled and crowded out into the aisle.

The young girl kept her place in the shadows under the gallery. The sexton toiled for fifteen minutes with the fires and came back to find her still kneeling there. There was a stillness over her young figure that was more like death than devotion. He went to the sacristy.

"Would your riverence come down into the church?" he said. "There is a young lady still in the cold near the door. They say she belongs to the company at the theatre."

Father Salvator laid his breviary down and followed him. The girl was still there.

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The handkerchief at her lips was stained with blood and the tears on her cheeks were frozen. Father Salvator took her in his arms to the fire. He worked over her until the sweat rolled down his cheeks, but the glow from the stove fell upon her face only as fire falls upon marble.

"Who are you, my child?"

"Just—a snow-bird," came the whisper; and as she smiled, he said in anguish:

"Oh, will you not stay with us, dear little snow-bird?"

His tortured heart beat in his hand as he laid it on her icy cheek. There was silence—a silence in which Father Salvator could feel his suspense seemingly bending his shoulders and whitening his black hair. Then she said:

"Yes, father, I will stay"; and her smile had a faint valiance that was not like death.

"God be praised!" said Father Salvator, when he felt her cheek warming under his hand, and Michael Cumisky saw the tears glisten on his furrowed face.

It was thus that Angela Menterro came into the parish of the Sacred Heart, and she did not leave it till she was a sweet young saint!

II.

A CROSS OF PEARLS.

Mary Kilduff was a tall woman, with a gnarled, ugly figure, and no more could be said of her face than that it was Scotch and sweet. All bleached it was and tremulous with little blue veins, but when she smiled—when Mary Kilduff smiled . . !

After many years in America she still spoke with an accent, with a sweetness in the words which triumphed over her own sad lot and filled one with the sense that she was whispering in church. Yet Mary Kilduff would be the last in the Sacred Heart parish to whisper in church.

All the parish knew her struggles—a drunken husband, a large family of little bairns, a pitiful income from two crumbling cottages. Though young, poor Mary was already old, and there was nothing left of the blithe Scotch girl but the smile, which was sadder than death because it was so gay.

Father Salvator looked on with something near to reverence in his eyes when, after a long day at the tub, Mary came down to the church fair and, rolling the sleeves away from her willing red arms, worked and worked and worked. In his heart he blessed this strong, silent woman. Duty had become pleasure

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to her—the duty of paring potatoes and washing dishes at the fair.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" she said, when some one demurred at her having always this work to do. In truth, these fifteen years had seen her doing it.

Once, at the fair, a strange thing happened.

A cross of pearls was raffled and Mary Kilduff's little Margaret won it. She ran to her mother in the kitchen with the purple velvet box. A red rose blossomed in the mother's pallid cheeks. Margaret hovered around her, on tip-toe with joy; but Mary said never a word. It was soon time to go home. Through the rainy streets the children trudged after her in trembling excitement, four sonsie boys and Margaret. They could not understand their mother's silence, but they respected it.

Once in the house, she washed each little Scot's face and kissed him good-night. Last she kissed Margaret. The white mother lips pressed the pink lips of the child in an agony of love.

"God be wi' ye, little Margaret!" she said, with a smiling touch at the flaxen hair.

Then Mary was alone. Sitting in her little, low chair, she gave herself up to a dream, the first dream since her wedding-day. She felt her youth return in warm blushes. She went to the glass to look at herself, almost crying out at the picture she saw there—the Mary of long ago, pink, seraphic, smiling. She took the purple box from her great pocket and, opening it, watched the light kindle on the pearls. In her dream they were little Margaret's wedding jewels. For herself it mattered not; the wind and the rain might beat on her for all future, as they had done all the past. Her fortune was made; but Margaret! Pearls, great glowing pearls, as pure as her mother's tears, should glorify Margaret's wedding-day, and change her from a peasant to a princess.

"*Mary Kilduff, is that you?*" said a voice in the stillness; "*you who have struggled all your children's lives to keep them in their places, their bonnie little Scotch places, with a little loaf and a great love?*"

Mary let the cross fall, and slowly looked about her. The candles shone with cruel certainty upon the poor furniture in the little chamber. An empty bottle stood on the window-shelf. From this, daily, Andy drank his wine of life—her wine of death. Almost from the first the children and the mother played a game of hiding bottles from the father. It was the

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first game they learned; it was the one they would never forget. She heard them breathing in their cots, the little beggars! She cried out in anguish. An angel heard her, and coming, carried away the truth of life and the tears, and she fell asleep. Now a real dream touched her blue eyes.

The church-bell was ringing, with a world of joy and love in its human tones. Mary was on her way to the church, Margaret walking blithely before her, in a white muslin gown, with a sprig of orange-blossoms at her breast. A young man walked at her side. The pearls were years back in the past, but as the mother thought of them now she felt the warm tears tremble on her cheeks.

She started from her dream. The red of dawn flashed across the frosty window and wrapped itself like a flag of victory around her little iron crucifix. She rose and kissed it.

A thrill of joy and fear went through her at the thought of the Holy Communion she was that morning to receive.

She bathed her face and brushed the rough hair swiftly from her temples.

Little Margaret crept to her in her night-gown. The memory of her mother's silence shone like the wistful morning-star in her eyes. She was old for her bonnie years, this Margaret.

"Margaret, bairn, I will gie back the pearls to the church. I canna keep them. I want only one pearl—*Margaret!*"

III.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

When Rory McCarthy had first come back from Paris, with his palette and brushes, he had painted a picture of his young sister Madge, as she appeared to him then, with a face all pure and eyes as bright and holy as a seraph's. The picture had brought a little fortune, and he had made his mother glad with a black silk gown.

A black silk gown made a queen in the parish of the Sacred Heart. Rory's heart was in his throat when, on Easter morning, he saw his mother dressed in hers the first time. To him she was as blushingly beautiful as a girl. But when she went to the shelf to take down her old Irish prayer-book she trembled and sighed.

"What is it, mother?" said Rory, as he stood waiting for her, with a white flower in his coat.

"Rory, boy, you will not be angry with your poor mother;

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but this fine dress and Gran's prayer-book can never be friends. All her silks went into the poor-box before the scissors saw them, and God knows I want but to imitate that dear old saint. Let me wear my old cashmere. Then, if she hears the Alleluia in heaven and looks down, she will know me in the crowd. I am old now, Rory, and not very pretty, and all I ask is that I may live long enough to say these dear prayers as often as Gran said them."

Rory looked at her a moment, awed by these simple words and touched to sudden tears. He wound his arms around her waist and his cheek sought hers.

"I worship you for those words," he whispered. "You need never wear the gown if it hurts you, little mother; but you are not old, and if you have not the beauty of earth you brought the beauty of heaven with you from Ireland, and

"God bless the green flag,
We must have old Ireland free!"

sang Rory, as she went out of the room, unbuttoning her dress.

There was ample time for his mother's second toilet, for she always went early to Mass; and to-day, when she came forth in the faded cashmere, they walked slowly and joyfully down the street, separated only for a moment by the huge silver maples that stood in the sidewalk. In the cool church, Rory knelt beside her and peopled the sunshine and the shadows with wistful memories.

How serene Gran had been in her smiling piety! She had even laughed in church once when his little black dog had promenaded innocently up the aisle, and some one had whispered, *Granny, will your dog bite?* and dared to laugh again when Father Salvator had called out, "This is neither the hour nor the place for mirth."

And when Rory had asked her why the Irish letters in her prayer-book were so large, she had said, with twinkling eyes: "Acushla machree, the Irish are such sinners that they have to talk louder to the dear Lord than other people!"

She had often told him that the blue wind-flowers which clouded the hills in April were the prayers which the tired angels let fall from their wings as they were going home at night-fall. It was her voice that Rory heard now in the Easter music.

The parish was happy to have Rory back again—none happier than Father Salvator.

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"Do not work too hard, my boy; your mother is not a poor woman, and you did not receive as a birthright any great share of good health. Paint when it is stormy; and when it is sunny go out and ramble over the hills and bring home wild flowers and chestnuts, as you used to do before Paris laid siege to your heart."

Seeing a shade in Rory's eyes, Father Salvator added: "Paris has not changed you, my boy; you are still, still Rory."

And Rory, who had known three home-sick years in a strange country, gave himself up to the joy of being with his mother again. But in one short evening his roses were changed to ashes.

At the fair it was that he first saw Madge in her own startling colors. She flitted here and there amongst the pretty things, and with her smiles bewitched every young man in the room into buying her something. When the evening was over, in the place of the placid, empty-handed little girl Rory had loved—loved unto death, as is the way of these shy natures—Madge stood at the door with a new blue shawl over her shoulders, a bunch of red roses in her belt, a coral brooch at her throat, and a little pearl ring on her finger.

Mrs. McCarthy had gone on before. She would not have felt as Rory did. She was so unworldly that she did not know worldliness when she saw it. To her Madge had never ceased to be a baby, and she did not dream that any one in the parish regarded this slender, golden-haired young woman as more than a guileless child. Rory's love was hurt and a storm of words rose to his lips, but did not pass them. He waited till they were alone in the darkness.

"Madge," he said then, "it was wrong of you to accept gifts from those men?"

"Why?"

"Does not your own heart answer? You stand in the place of a lily to me, and I feel to-night that I have seen that sweet blossom rudely jarred, its perfume scattered."

"I've been taking gifts from young men this long time, Rory McCarthy, and you needn't imagine because you've been off in Paris, living in the company of angels and Madonnas, that you can come home and rule me. I'm not like you, and I don't want to be."

"I do not ask you to be like me, Madge"—oh! there was white passion in Rory's voice. "Do you think mother would ever have behaved as you have to-night? I know she would not.

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I know there is not one of those young fellows who would have dreamed of urging such attentions upon her, when she was a girl, as you have courted to-night. Send back the ring and the pin. Tell Dick Hardesty and Jack Fleming that you did not realize the impropriety of accepting such costly trinkets—tell them that your brother does not approve—tell them anything, but, for God's sake, be the little Madge of old, and not a parish scandal in the way of flippancy and conceit!"

They had stopped at the gate, and as Rory finished Madge struck him with the roses. It was a fierce lash and the roses had terrible thorns. He could feel the blood purl over his cheek, as she laughed and ran to the house.

His knees trembled under his slender weight and his heart bounded and stopped. He would have made himself believe that Madge had only brushed his face lightly with the roses but the blood was a witness against this, and he plucked a red thorn from his cheek. The truth deepened upon him, in the hush of the starry night. The world's beauty was gone. His little sister had put out the joy of his life as lightly as she would presently put out her candle and lie down to her foolish dreams.

When the house was dark he went softly to his room. He was painting a village child—little Margaret Kilduff—with her hands full of violets. For many nights he had fallen asleep thinking beautiful thoughts of his little model, of the divinity of art, of the Madonna whom he loved, with the love of a man and a child. Now all was changed, and he could not close his eyes. At sunrise he went into the garden, to breathe the morning air.

Margaret was already there, her little white bonnet swinging by its strings around her throat, her blue frock fresh from her mother's iron, and her bare feet wet with dew.

"I'm gatherin' the violets for the picture, Mr. Rory," she cried, the laughter rippling from her blue eyes, in tears.

"Yes, Margaret," said Rory.

He walked down the garden path and leaned over the gate. He was too sensitive for this great world—this tender Rory. Even as he watched the morning march along the hills, he saw the dream die from the sky, the mist break into blinding sunbeams. And as the sun dried the dew from little Margaret's face and bare feet, she changed from an angel to a child.

Rory wrestled with himself.

Would it be better—he asked his loyal heart—to paint when

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the divine hope had gone once and for ever from his brush, than to disappoint little Margaret? Would it not be a sacrilege to paint Madge as the Madonna on the altar-piece he was planning for the village church, now that he had seen beyond the seraphic eyes into the barren little soul?

A young lady came down the village street. She was in white, and Rory made out her identity by her delicate tread. She walked as if it would hurt her even to crush one little star of dog-fennel by the way.

It was Miss Agnes la Garde. There was a certain royal-heartedness about this girl, under which her frail form seemed to tremble and grow more ethereal every day. Her self-effacing sweetness made an atmosphere in which anger could not live, and sorrows changed to joys.

"Rory, Rory, why are you sad?"

"Miss Agnes," he said, "I can never paint again. I have lost my sweetest ideal."

"Ah, I am sorry, Rory; but ideals are not of this earth, or we should never wish to leave it. And for you—you must not expect the world to live up to your exquisite standards. You must not expect it even of the parish of the Sacred Heart. Don't you know, Rory, that you are the flower of the flock?"

"No," he said, and his mouth closed and quivered. But Agnes smiled.

"You have suffered, I know," he said, reading the writing on the pale face with his pure eyes. "Tell me how to bear it."

"I have suffered—yes. When I lose an ideal, I go out and look for it, as children do for wild flowers. If I cannot find it, sometimes I hear the song of a bird in heaven or breathe the fragrance of a flower, and that takes its place. The birds and flowers are close to God, Rory, and they never disappoint us, though we must often disappoint them. If I find my ideal, I carry it home, like a flower—in my hands, near my heart—and place it at our Lady's Shrine in the church. If it is dying, her smile restores it. If it is dead, sometimes—sometimes our Lord brings it to life. If he does not, I say a *De Profundis* with my lips, or sob it with my soul.

"Come with me into Mass now, Rory. Leave your lost ideal there. Perhaps when you come out you will bring a Mater Dolorosa in your heart, or an Ecce Homo."

Rory followed her silently, and little Margaret, with her apron full of violets, sat down on the steps to wait for him, with a patience half Scotch, all sweet!

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EDMUND BURKE, THE FRIEND OF HUMAN LIBERTY.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

A HUNDRED years ago this month Edmund Burke died. Death came as a relief to him. His son Richard, in whom all his hopes centred, had died a short time before. He himself had ceased to be a power in the great Whig party with which he had acted all his life, and which owed to him more than to any other public man its influence with all that was respectable and talented in English political circles. He saw it allied with the crimes of the French Revolution, and lost the hope that it would ever again be an instrument to advance true liberty. Mr. Pitt was leading the government in the path of despotism which seemed to many wise men safer than the atheism and license to which French principles were hurrying the friends of progress in England. Between the reactionary Toryism of Mr. Pitt and the fury of the Age of Reason there seemed no place for the constitutional principles which combine liberty with order. He passed from this world with a sense of defeat upon him; but with the consciousness that in his own public career he had been actuated by the purest motives; that he had advocated no cause which did not seem to him just, assailed no man whom he did not consider an enemy to personal and public liberty.

A FRIEND TO THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

In no part of the world should his name be held more in honor than in this country. He was among the earliest, as he was the greatest, of the defenders of the rights of the American colonies. He gave to the cause of the colonies all the powers of his intellect, and the resources of his peculiar and unapproachable knowledge of their affairs and the interests of the empire. No one in England knew the colonial side of the question as he did; few understood as he did the dangers and difficulties of a vast colonial empire; no one could unite as he could the interests of the colonies and of the mother country

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in one comprehensive view, in which rights upon the one hand and duties upon the other would be harmoniously blended. The War of Independence vindicated his statesmanship.

There is no question but that Burke suffered for his advocacy of the claims of the Americans. Two powerful influences were directed against him, if not in avowed alliance at least with effective hostility. He was regarded as a rebel by the great landed interest, which could see nothing treasonable in Chatham's advocacy of the cause of the colonists. The commercial classes, which found a profit in the subjection of the colonies, hated him because his views would deprive them of a field of investment which the support of ministers rendered favorable. To one who understands the cares of public life it must be plain how greatly they are aggravated by the injustice of interested criticism and the undefined ostracism of social opinion. Burke was described at that time as the greatest living Englishman; and yet he had less influence outside the House of Commons than any of the Whig leaders—less weight even than any place-expectant who followed Mr. Fox. To a man of his haughty and sensitive nature this invisible but potent weapon of exclusion was in the last degree trying. Whether it impaired the quality of his work it is impossible to say, for no one has ever spoken as well, no one written as well on political affairs; but that it made his life unhappy in a great measure there is no doubt. He said, with a touch of pathos, that the moment he entered his own house all the anxieties of public life vanished. It was a refuge from misconstruction, from the malice of imputed motive, from the want of sympathy which damns with faint praise the greatest achievements, from the want of appreciation that renders the greatest exertions vain.

A MARTYR FOR HIS AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

Whether this aspect of his career has been presented or not, there can be no question of its existence; and if so, such a shadow upon his life gives Burke a claim upon Americans for especial veneration. It was no less a martyrdom in their cause that the wounds were only those of the heart, the torture of a proud and affectionate nature, in its very affluence craving for affection, but so strong that the sense of honor and the dictate of duty sustained it when affection was denied. He was isolated not because he was an Irishman, but because he was the friend of America; but this isolation fretted him, made him irritable, jealous, and exacting, and in its turn the consciousness of these

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moods, at times almost childishly displayed, rendered his life miserable.

It is true that the War of Independence let in some light to the rulers of the British Empire. It went before them in their dealings with colonies since; but the judgment of Burke, which predicted the result, and his policy, which would have averted it, have not made and cannot make him a favorite with the ruling classes. "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar," says the French proverb. Under his liberal skin you will find the Englishman a tyrant. Under his talk of the finest constitution in the world there runs the spirit of the master who oppresses India, and the tone of the jingo who construes conventions with weak nations into treaties for the concession of territory. The flag that protects the slave on the high seas waves over the slave-owners of the Chartered Company, and even the great colonies which are called the jewels of the Empire would have broken away if imperial officialism had not been compelled to put its insolent aggressiveness in the limbo of defeated policies. Concession to Australia was granted before it was too late, though even then not graciously; concession was obtained by Canada only when there was a rising that might have ended in union with America; and any man even to-day who advocates the cause of a dependency or of a protected people has to pay the penalty in the black looks of royalty and the frigid courtesy of Belgravia. It is no wonder that in the last century Burke should have incurred a similar dislike until the attitude he took on the French Revolution in some degree removed it.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

It is somewhat difficult to find in the birth and early life of Burke the influences which shaped his mind and career. Born in 1730 in Dublin, in a respectable but not a distinguished position, public life would not appear open to him. It was a time that even in England persons of small means and without influential connections did not dream of serving their country in Parliament. At that time there was something like a national life pulsating in Ireland; but the Nationalists, take them for what they were worth, and that was not much, were great lawyers or great country gentlemen. The son of a Dublin attorney would be only the son of a gentleman by act of Parliament, as I heard an attorney once described. The descendants of the Puritans planted in Ireland by the Commonwealth, though an aris-

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tocracy of only eighty years' standing, were the haughtiest, fiercest, and most irresponsible oligarchy that history records. The only good blood among them was derived from intermarriage with the daughters of dispossessed Catholics; and though they quartered the arms of their mothers' houses on their appropriated or invented paternal shields, they treated the Celts and Normans, of whose blood they were secretly proud, with an arrogance which might have its parallel in Norman England when a Saxon franklin appeared before a Norman baron, or in Turkey a century ago when a Servian land-holder sought favor from the pasha of his province.

In his very early childhood Burke was sent to the County Cork, to his mother's family, in order that he might have the benefit of country air needed to give strength to a delicate constitution. He remained with those relatives until he was twelve years old, and insensibly imbibed that sympathy with the weak and oppressed which in later years launched him on the policy of justice to America, and caused him to spend a great deal of time and labor and anxiety in his efforts to bring to justice the great delinquent Hastings.

OF CATHOLIC ORIGIN.

Those who charged him with dishonesty in his policy of conciliation with regard to the North American colonies because he attacked with a passion verging on fanaticism the Revolutionists of France, can only be excused on such grounds as I have already mentioned—namely, an utter intolerance in the British mind of any man who would restrain its land hunger. Those who now think it was the influence of party feeling, intensified by personal rancor, that moved him to impeach Hastings, cannot have considered that Burke was in all except the accident of Protestantism the son of an oppressed race. His relatives on the mother's side were Catholics, and many of his relatives on his father's side. It was very little more than a century before that a great estate belonging to a family of which his father's was a younger branch had been confiscated on account of religion. Relatives on both sides had suffered in the civil war of Charles I., and their losses had been infamously confirmed by the Court of Claims. Some of them had lost their all when James II. lost the crown of Ireland, and he had relatives in every army of Europe giving their valor and their blood in foreign service because in their own country service was denied them. As he grew on in boyhood fuller opportunities

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came to estimate the bitterness of slavery, even though, thanks to his creed, the iron had not entered into his own soul. But there are men not altogether compact of thankless clay; men who, because they escape the evils themselves, do not think that they are free to disregard common humanity outraged, injured, and oppressed in others; and Burke was one of these.

While he was an undergraduate in Trinity College an officer in the service of Maria Theresa had come home to see his friends, and while at home attended a hunt with the other gentry of the county. Attention was called to the exile, and there was a movement made to arrest him by some few of the Ascendency gentry; but well-disposed persons among the sportsmen rode in between them and the officer.* The latter rode off, chased by those who desired his capture, but escaped over a stiff country which tried the courage or horsemanship of his pursuers. This incident marks the spirit of the Ascendency as distinctly as any of the strange, wild stories that are told of Catholic gentlemen compelled to embrace the state religion in order to save their estates, and selling them that they might return to the creed of their fathers in some land not cursed by tyranny like Ireland. These and such as these were the considerations that induced him to shake the dust from his feet against his country and carry his future to England. The decision cannot be regretted. His name became known over the whole extent of the British Empire; and his spirit survives in every act that has since enlarged liberty, improved the administration of justice, and contributed to the purity of parliamentary government.

HIS OFFICIAL CAREER.

His first appointment was as private secretary to the chief secretary of Ireland, known as Single-speech Hamilton. The sobriquet was earned by one good speech which this gentleman is said to have delivered. For some years government in Ireland had been carried on by a combination of great Irish nobles, who were called The Undertakers. They were so called because they undertook to provide a majority in the Irish Commons, provided that they should enjoy the whole patronage of the country and that the viceroy should be simply a figure-head, with no functions other than the ornamental ones of performing the duties of the court at levee and drawing-room. It would appear that a change of system was attempted to be in-

* Praed's Jacobite ballad, "Sir Walter," was probably suggested by this incident.

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troduced by Lord Halifax, the lord-lieutenant, on the advice of Mr. Hamilton, who certainly must have been indebted to the advice of Burke. But it could be only an attempt. To-day the traditions of Dublin Castle are too strong for reform. Archbishop Whately's Diary contained an entry in the generation just past, to the effect that the business of the lord-lieutenant was "to do the dancing," and that of the chief secretary "to do the hunting." When Drummond, as under secretary, a very little earlier, endeavored to carry out a policy of justice, the official class was too strong for him. He died broken-hearted at the close of a hopeless struggle. Instances of the solid, unassailable corruption of Dublin Castle could be multiplied indefinitely; and so it could not be expected that a man in Burke's very subordinate position, and so far back as the beginning of the reign of George III. would be able to effect anything. His connection with Ireland may be dismissed in a few words. From time to time in his early manhood he used to go down to his mother's place for relaxation. He saw there how the rulers of the country lived. Of the great landlords we have a specimen in Lord Eyres, as described in Mr. Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century.* The small landlords and the cadets of the great houses lived like garrison soldiers in a conquered country. Riot and debauchery filled their days and nights. They oppressed the people by every form of wickedness and wrong. The forms of the law were constantly violated. Any man who made himself obnoxious by sympathy with the wretched people was unsparingly hunted down, justice itself being made the instrument of his ruin. Only a few years before the "old arches of Irish oak" that span Westminster Hall echoed to the closing words of the impeachment of Hastings. Burke had subscribed to the defence of an Irish priest whose crime was having spoken of the hardships of his people arising from famine and the exactions of their landlords. He possessed in this transaction, which took place in the County Tipperary, a county adjoining that in which he had spent his childhood, and where so many of his relatives lived, an epitome of the rule of Hastings. Sir Thomas Maude's galloping into Clonmel at the head of the Protestant gentry of the county, assassinating the priest's witnesses, overawing the judges, and compelling the attorney to fly for his life, were incidents similar in spirit to the judicial murder of Nuncomar, the outrage on Cheyte Sing, the whole system of violence, robbery, and murder by which Hastings extended the Indian Empire.

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In his childhood Burke heard from the nurse and servants at Castleton Roche tales of real life that would affect his imagination more powerfully than stories of goblins and giants would the minds of other children. There were fearful characters who could only be spoken of with awe by those women, as if in so speaking they ran the risk of summoning them. The informer or priest-hunter or spy appearing to a group of peasants in 1740 appalled them as if an incarnate horror or some embodied crime or visitation stood amongst them. The fear and bewilderment which fell upon them in the presence of those ill-omened and dreadful ministers can hardly be realized.

A great Irish advocate once described the wave of people dividing at the approach of an informer—some nameless dread producing on the multitude an effect which the arms of the soldiery had failed to accomplish. In such sources we may in part discover the working of memory and imagination all through the impeachment of Hastings. The testimony which the apotheosis by the natives bore to his humane rule was handled by Burke in a reply that Macaulay properly regards as the best ever made. He was not surprised—he said—that the Indians had raised a temple to Hastings; he knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear; they erected temples to small-pox and famine, as well as to the beneficent deities that preside over light and plenty. Now, in his own country some effects of fear, similar to this deification, could have been heard of by him from those entitled to his affection and respect; and I think he would be destitute of the heart he is credited with by those who knew him best, the sense of justice and regard for the dignity of human nature which his whole life and works display, if he had not considered Hastings' entire rule one continued and infinitely varied political and social crime against the vast population then living, and whose effects, if ever effaced, would continue through many succeeding generations. Burke saw all this, and when he impeached Hastings in the name of human nature, it was the memory of his own poor countrymen and countrywomen that went like a cloud of fire before the processions of his fancy.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Who with recollections such as these on the horizon of his mind, and darkening over all of it at times, could tolerate the dancing and the fires, the blood and madness, of France let loose

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—of bedlam let loose? There was not a single grievance of the French people that would not have been redressed if the good and unhappy king were allowed time. Those who infer from the excesses of the Revolution the depths of debasement into which oppression had plunged the people, suggest an explanation plausible but false as anything can be. An outbreak in Paris to-day would be attended with the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The license or liberty Frenchmen have enjoyed since 1793 has not made them wiser, more just, more stable. If the Commune by some chance displaced Freemasonry, which is my equivalent for the French Republic, there would be paper constitutions from the Quatier Latin enacting "inalienable rights of man," creeds, philosophies, and economics. These documents would display the young student's acquaintance with classic literature in trite quotations and familiar names, and the final amendment, in the name of some Proudhon, would decree that property is robbery, and, in the name of some new Marat, that good birth or piety is reprobation from the religion of humanity: To the lamp-post with the priest or gentleman!

If Burke saw such things he was justified in declaiming against them. His passion did not obscure his judgment. Before the Revolution attacked Europe, he predicted that it would do so; that it was a necessity of its existence that it should do so. He alone saw that it was not a policy—that it was an irruption systematized. His fire no more diminished the value of his foresight than a prophet's denunciation of iniquity should blind him to its doom. He saw that in no sense of the word could the Revolution be regarded as the rising of an injured people; in every sense of the word justice he saw that the movement in America was the action of people insisting upon their rights, and determined to maintain them without wrong to others. It is not necessary to point out here that his views on the question were sound—every American admits it—but the most remarkable thing about them is, that they embraced the whole bearing of American interests; that he explains the causes of the growth of the colonies in wealth; that he was able to predict, at least within measurable distance, the marvellous advancement of them since they became the United States. It would be hard to find a more just estimate of the spirit of the people to-day than a word or two he said in his great speech in 1775 on conciliation. If he had before him the future unrolled, if he saw the steps by which the colonists went on until they declared themselves independent of

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the mother country, if he possessed prophetic knowledge of the gravity of the counsels which guided the action of Congress and the government, the solemn earnestness which hung over the acts of the leader of the national army, if he had before him the growth of civil and religious liberty within each of the States from the termination of the war until the present time, the provision for all the resources and hopes of the highest civilization in the educational system of the country, the incredible increase in the population, and the unexampled development of material wealth, he could not have possessed a truer perception, by the aid of such illumination, than he exhibited in that speech. It is in matters of this sort one discovers the superiority of Burke to all statesmen, ancient or modern. His judgment of affairs went for its materials to the depths of the national character, and searched all the avenues of national progress and all the by-roads of difficulty and danger. He arrived at conclusions which resemble in their exactness the results of deductive reasoning. Unlike the speculations of Bentham and others, they never "travel from the record" of things as they are, and as they must be in the future, owing to permanent conditions founded in human nature, the laws of physical geography, and certain unalterable economic facts.

Consequently he brought to practical politics the gift of a philosophical statesmanship which saw things not merely in accidental and temporary relations but in their permanent and essential ones. Like that justice of which he had so passionate a love, his policy was not measured by a party triumph: by a centralized interest on the one hand, or a provincial one on the other. It embraced the whole empire and went on far into the future. Fervid and impulsive, he was free from prejudice; an Irish Protestant, which meant an acrid bigot, his toleration was as wide as the world; devoured by an enthusiasm for imperial greatness, he gave his powers to the service of black men in India without a thought of acknowledgment, as he had given them to his countrymen in North America with the certainty of earning hatred and obloquy from their enemies.

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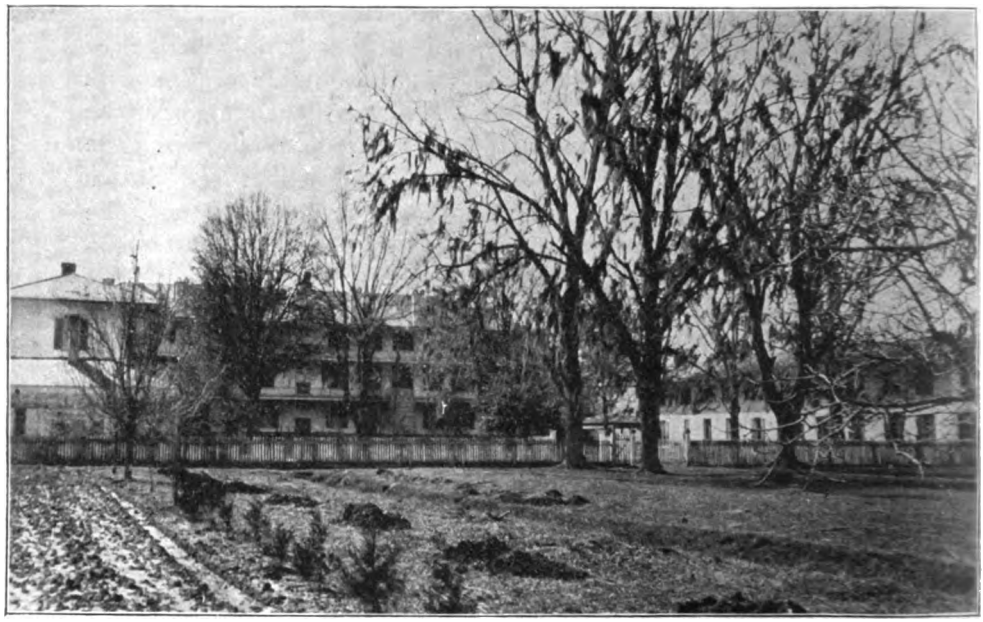

AN ENCHANTING PICTURE IN ITS FRAME OF GREEN TREES.

THE SOUL OF SOUTHERN ACADIA.

BY COLUMBA C. SPALDING.

"PARDON et bon jour, Mademoiselle! We will soon reach St. Michael's. Did you not please to be called?"

"Bon jour, indeed!" I said, opening my eyes on the darkness in answer to a rap at the door of our state-room. "Can it be morning?"

"It is minuit and one-quarter, and the convent lies only three miles distant, around the bend of the river. Vous comprenez, n'est pas?"

"Yes," I answered, for I was growing used to this delightful mixture of English and French, and our party hastily followed the gallant captain on deck. We were on board a large boat on a trip from St. Louis to the Gulf, and, having passed Louisiana's plantations of cotton and sugar-cane, neared the City of New Orleans on the 15th of April. Our interest was not unusual. There is a general curiosity among travellers on the lower Mississippi to view the castle-like structure of St. Michael's, so long a land-mark and now entitled to a place in history.

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It was a glorious night, calm, clear, star-lit. Balmy air soft as summer-breeze of Southern climes, Southern moon, water splashing on the vessel's prow—were not all these inviting to a crowd of merry tourists? Finally a long, low whistle gave warning, and the exclamation was heard: "Oh, there it is—the beautiful Convent of St. Michael's!"

Yes, there it lay asleep in the moonlight; an enchanting picture in its frame of green trees covered with a grayish-green moss called "Spanish Beard." The vast building shining in its whiteness, with projecting wings and wide galleries supported by massive columns, looked like a typical Southern villa and recalled good old days "befo' de war," when peace and plenty reigned in "Dixie." And there it has stood unchanged amid all the changes of half a century. In this secluded spot, so beautiful in the silent watches of the night, the gentle yet potent influence at work attests the glorious record of full fifty years.

Shall not the sun of a Golden Jubilee cast its bright gleams

AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY.

far and wide, revealing to the world the history of this grand old home of the Sacred Heart? Histories of many convents grown old in service have found their way into print of late. They are much alike, inasmuch as their chapters alike record

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THE TREES COVERED WITH "SPANISH BEARD."

deeds of heroism and holiness, humble beginnings and glorious endings; but a peculiar interest seems to attach to this institute, founded long ago in the quaint parish of St. James, among a population composed chiefly of French emigrants, who, after the treaty of 1754 delivered up Canada to the English, left their Northern homes, and took possession of the tract of land in Louisiana called by them the "New Acadia." Fifty years ago, when Monsieur le Curé Delacroix raised a subscription of $7,000 among the people and invited the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to found an establishment, the village of St. Michael's numbered about 4,000 inhabitants, French or semi-French. They remained so long and so faithfully attached to their mother country that the Indians said: "When the Grandfather (the King) of Spain gave the land to the Grandfather (the King) of France, trees were cut down and fires lighted in token of joy; but when the Grandfather of France gave the land to America we saw no trees cut down, no fires lighted—only ashes!" France had given all her colonies in the New World to Spain; Spain to France again, and France to the United States, so that even to-day we find foreign customs and hear the sweet accents of strange tongues among the Creoles of Louisiana.

As early as 1818 the saintly Madame Duchesne, worthy daughter of the Venerable Sophie Barat, commenced her apos-

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tolic work in America, the vast valley of the Mississippi being the scene of her labors. She founded houses of her order at St. Charles, Mo.; at Grand Côteau, an estate sixty miles south of New Orleans, and in 1825 sent Mother Eugénie Audé to lay the first stone of the Academy of the Sacred Heart known to-day as St. Michael's. "Four hundred and fifty dollars," wrote Mother Audé to her superior-général, on reaching the scene of her new apostolate, "is all I have wherewith to feed nine persons until we get pupils, to furnish the house and to buy a negro; little indeed, but with God it is enough." Then she adds, alluding to the magnificent boarding-school at Paris: "St. Michael's will yet be the Hôtel Biron of America." The prophecy begun to be realized in 1848, when the religious with two hundred pupils took possession of the large and commodious building occupied at present. Mother Audé's work was blessed with singular success, though while she was superioress, in 1853, yellow fever devastated the South. Then the religious of the Sacred Heart became Sisters of Charity, ministering to the sick and dying. Among the victims of this fearful scourge may be mentioned the heroic Mother Gallitzin, sister of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, the Russian missionary priest of America.

Madame Aloysia Hardey's life-work commenced at St. Michael's. Her name now recalls the foundations in the East, those of New York, Philadelphia, and Rochester, to whose welfare she devoted her remarkable talents. Under Mothers Bratz, Shannon, De Sartorius, and Boudreaux, who in turn have governed at St. Michael's, it has continued its mission, and in 1897 is ready to celebrate with rejoicing a fiftieth anniversary.

One can hardly rest satisfied with the mere mention of those who have identified themselves with the educational interests of the South and endeared themselves to its people. To Mother Anna Shannon's able guidance St. Michael's owes its preservation during the Civil War. Her administration, from 1856 to 1872, was a continuous chapter of brave deeds. No military threat, no tyrannical proclamation, daunted her courage when an oppressed or suffering creature appealed to her noble heart. Mother De Sartorius, for two years superioress of St. Michael's, was afterwards elected Mother-General of the Sacred Heart Order. Mother Susanna Boudreaux ended a long and useful career at a foundation in New Zealand of which she was pioneer and superioress. In the cemetery at St. Michael's unpretentious crosses mark the resting place and

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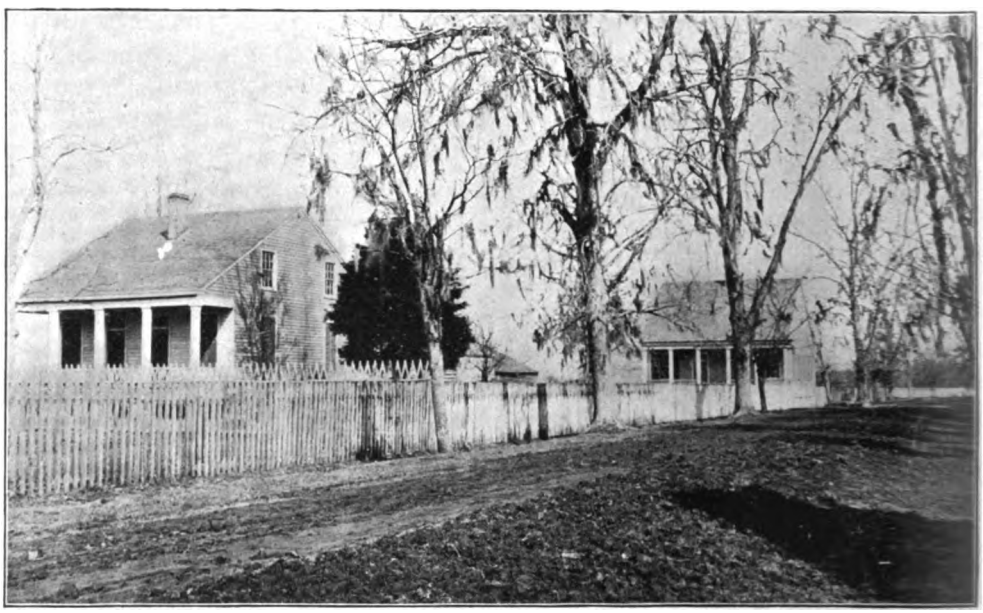
bear the names of heroines, and, as if to help immortalize their memories, flowers bloom in bountiful profusion over their graves, making everything beautiful at this dear old place the whole year round, for the Sunny South is the land of endless



THE CHAPLAIN AT HIS QUIET HOME.

bloom. True, the winter of 1895 brought a rare visitor to St. Michael's—a snow-storm. How the children danced when they saw the white flakes fall, and how gratified when they were allowed to see, touch, and taste the curious snow! "How softly it falls!" one little one said; "it does not hurt at all. I always thought snow fell in balls."

The genial sun hardly allowed the photographer to take the photograph of St. Michael's lawn. To the front of the picture may be seen the levee, which holds in bounds the mighty Mississippi. At the present season the avenue leading to the main entrance of the convent building is bordered by rose-bushes in full bloom. To the south lies a spacious park, where white-oaks bend over a bright green turf. The happy-hearted Southern girls love to flock to the Pecan Grove when a long-looked-for *congé* permits extra hours of recreation. Each Wednesday afternoon brings the pleasure of a promenade to the railroad or a far-away stroll in the woods.

To the north of the main building is the parish school, where

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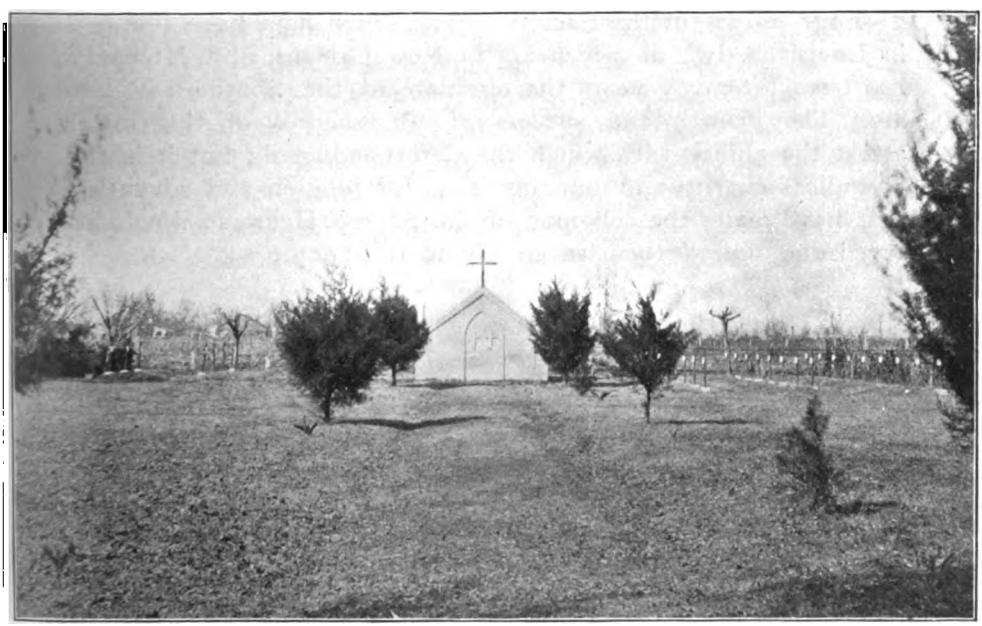
the French and English languages are taught. The house is substantial, airy, well built, and accommodates about eighty-seven pupils.

Not far distant is a new frame building to whose erection Miss Drexel contributed, proving herself interested not only in the Indians of the Western missions but also in the colored children of the South, for whom the Ladies of the Sacred Heart have conducted a school on their grounds since 1866.

Entering the Academy of St. Michael's, one is impressed with the idea that the architect of St. Michael's knew well that light and air are essential to life and health, for high ceilings, long galleries, wide, deep windows and doorways, make a cheerful, sunny home. Nowhere, in spacious corridors or cozy class-rooms, does one lose sight of soft skies, waving boughs, or



AT THE CEMETERY UNPRETENTIOUS CROSSES BEAR THE NAMES OF HEROINES.

vine-covered trellis; never can the sweet-scented breeze miss you as it makes its fragrant pathway through the building.

In fifty years more than 2,600 names have been inscribed on the register, and pupils of this institute dwell in every part of the land. The refined and gentle-natured Southern girl has been the especial care of this academy. To those

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whose names could be secured, and to all other friends, cordial invitation is extended to be present at the jubilee celebration. Who among the invited that can be present will be missing on July 1, 1897, at the gathering and at the imposing religious ceremonies of July 2? In the beautiful convent chapel, lately improved by a handsome altar of carved oak, raised to commemorate the jubilee year, Solemn High Mass will be celebrated. The convent, linked to the world through the hearts of devoted children, will echo with their voices that day, when countless blessings will be implored in the name of gratitude. A spiritual retreat will be given for those who care to follow the exercises.

After a valiant struggle through times of disease, flood, and war, St. Michael's rises exultingly. There have been dark days for her since 1865, but the clouds have passed away and the sun of peace is smiling upon the land.

Four houses of the Sacred Heart Order have been founded in Louisiana, two of which are in New Orleans. St. Michael's has been for many years the novitiate of the Southern Vicariate. The growth and success of the schools of this order attest the ability with which they are conducted; but it is the boundless charity and untiring zeal for religion and education that have made the religious of the Sacred Heart so much beloved and united them so closely to the people.

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CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

BY "ALBA."

IT is not to be expected that the intercourse of a very young lady with the owners of the great names I am about to cite could supply either voluminous or important reminiscences. The lively interest which clings, and will long cling, to those names is my inducement to retrospection, as it must also be my excuse for the same. It is scarcely necessary to say that in these few pages I shall treat exclusively of the impression those celebrated personages made upon myself, and of the mostly trivial circumstances which constituted what I may call points of personal contact. To present the portraits on a larger scale is for better qualified pencils.

At the time I was received into the church the Catholic partition of Scotland was into three districts, each under a vicar-apostolic whose see was *in partibus*. Of these the Western District, of which Glasgow was the centre, was the most important and populous, both as regards priests and people. But the Eastern, with Edinburgh for "cathedral city," took precedence of the other two; and to it belongs the first of my great names—that of the Right Reverend James Gillis, Bishop of Limyra (wherever that may be), and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland. To Bishop Gillis, under Providence, was mainly due the restoration of Catholicity in the North. The spiritual destitution of the adherents of the old faith at the time he came to the front can hardly be exaggerated. It does not belong to my programme to depict it, or to enumerate, even if I could, all the noble works he carried out. A most interesting account of them is given in the *History of St. Margaret's Convent*, published about six years ago by that community. My remarks concern only what I personally remember of him. He was a little, dark man, with a very peculiar but rather pleasing face. Two characteristics dominated him. One was an intense sense of humor. It actually brimmed over from every pore, and underlay almost every expression of countenance. The other was a wonderful zeal for the glory of God and of his church. Full of plans to achieve these, and of great energy in carrying them

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out, he gave himself no rest. It was no more for him to set off for France, Spain, Germany, Italy, on some mission or quest of importance to the church, than for another to cross the street. Of his great talent and fine preaching, both in English and French, I need say nothing; they are widely known. But it may not be so widely known that he possessed a highly cultivated ear and taste for music, and a most beautiful bass voice. To hear him sing the part of our Lord in Palestrina's *Passion*, or chant certain portions of the *Tenebræ*, was a thing never to be forgotten.

For myself personally, I owe Bishop Gillis a literary debt of gratitude. I had written a somewhat lengthy poem, which, notwithstanding the pressure of engagements which left him, like the apostles, hardly time to eat, his lordship most kindly consented to look at. It was written in the octosyllabic measure, of whose "fatal facility" Byron so feelingly speaks, and I was rather proud of the rapidity with which I composed. On returning the manuscript the bishop said: "Tell Miss A—— that there are a good many *prosy* bits in it."

The remark opened my eyes to the dangers of the "fatal facility," and the lesson was never forgotten. Needless to say, the "prosy bits" were promptly overhauled.

From Bishop Gillis to Miss Trail is hardly a step, since she became, under his lordship's direction, the foundress of the first religious house in Scotland since the days of the "Reformation." Miss Trail—in religion Sister Agnes Xavier—was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and became a convert at a time when such were almost unheard-of. Being a person of strong character, and prominent in certain circles, her conversion made an extraordinary sensation. I was often told by my governess, when a child, about the Miss Trail who went to Rome to convert the pope, and lo! the pope converted her. She was held up to me as an awful example—I presume, of rashness or something. I little thought, at that time, she would one day be numbered among my dearest friends; but so it was. We became very intimate and mutually attached; and many a laugh we have had together over the version of the story given by poor Miss B——. In point of fact, Miss Trail went to Rome in company with Sir David Wilkie and other friends, not to convert the pope but to study art, she being a professional artist. There is, in the History of St. Margaret's above mentioned, an autobiographical account of the whole affair, written by Sister Agnes Xavier under obedience. Most

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of the incidents recorded in it I had from her own lips. I received beautiful letters from her while in London, and after I came to Canada.

Very shortly after my mother's reception (my father had been dead for several years) our family removed to London, in the interests of my second brother; the eldest was already in France, studying for the priesthood at St. Sulpice. It was intended to make it our permanent home; but at the end of four years our plans were changed. We went to the great metropolis fairly well supplied with introductions. One of these was to his lordship Bishop Wiseman, shortly afterwards cardinal; another to the Reverend Father Brownbill, provincial superior of the Jesuits; and a third to the Reverend Father Dannel, afterwards Bishop of Southwark. In presenting the last two I accompanied my brother. Father Dannel was at St. George's-in-the-fields. He showed us every attention, took us all over the church, and pointed out whatever was of special interest, notably the splendid marble pulpit covered with *alto-rilievo* sculpture, and the beautiful blue Lady Chapel. He also showed us through the large sacristy with its treasures of ecclesiastical silver-ware, all of the most orthodox design. "We are all Gothic here," said Father Dannel in his cheery voice. We did not find Father Brownbill at home when we called at Hill Street, Berkeley Square; but the very next day he called on us at our lodgings on the Vauxhall Road, and won all hearts by his quiet, kindly manner. On taking his leave he would not permit any one to see him to the door, but insisted on piloting himself out in the humblest manner. I was struck by the studied secularism of his dress. He wore a brown swallow-tail coat, a stand-up collar, and a colored vest and neck-tie. I have since learned that from the days of the persecutions the English Jesuits have always appeared in secular dress. It may be different now, but such was the case up to a few years ago.

Our speedy removal to the northern part of London prevented our cultivating these two friends, as we should have desired to do. It was somewhat different with the cardinal. Of course it could not be expected that a great dignitary, absorbed in the most important matters, should cross half London to call on a very unimportant family; he sent his carriage and his card, which, from some points of view, amounted to the same thing. But he was very kind to my brother, and at once invited him to attend the levees which he held every Tuesday evening at his house in Golden Square. So long as my brother remained

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in London he missed very few of those Tuesday evenings. The cardinal introduced him to all sorts of celebrities, both native and foreign. In connection with these levees I may mention what I think a charming incident, in which the late Mr. Ward was a central figure. My brother was one evening conversing with him, when a priest approached and entered also into conversation with Mr. Ward. Ecclesiastics of every degree, it may be remarked, had the *entrée* in virtue of their character; and, as may be supposed, they systematically utilized it to further their various schemes for the advancement of religion. The begging was carried on skilfully, and with a delicate perception of the probabilities in the matter of responsive power. On the present occasion the priest was not long in dropping a hint that he was on the look-out for subscriptions towards an organ for his church.

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Ward.

"About five hundred pounds," answered the priest.

"Well," returned Mr. Ward, "call on me to-morrow and I will give you a check for the amount."

Cardinal Wiseman, like Father Dannel and Father Faber, was a man of splendid presence, and his manner was delightful —so simple and so hearty. I had once the honor of breakfasting in his company, on the occasion of a *prise-d'-habit* at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, to which, with my mother and eldest brother—over from France for the vacation—I had been invited. Father Newman preached on the occasion; but, owing to some mistake about our conveyance, we did not arrive in time for the sermon, which was a great disappointment. After the ceremonies breakfast was served in the convent, on two long tables; at one of which sat about twenty gentlemen, the cardinal presiding, and at the other about an equal number of ladies. After breakfast we enjoyed a stroll in the grounds, accompanied by one of the lady visitors and one of the religious, Miss Baimbach—in religion Sister Mary Joseph—authoress of the beautiful story entitled "The Home of the Lost Child." Miss Baimbach, herself a convert, took us to all the points of interest mentioned in the story. But the point of greatest interest was Father Newman, standing in his Oratorian's habit, conversing with a small group of gentlemen. His tall, spare figure, and sharp, sallow, but very pleasant face, are to this day a cherished memory.

Another celebrity of the day, Canon Oakeley, was *parochus* of St. John the Evangelist's Church at Islington. He was a

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little, plain-looking man, slightly lame, and somewhat irritable; but with large sympathies, a heart of gold, and the zeal of an apostle. He made a lovely confessor, and was, without a peradventure, the finest preacher I ever heard. Many preachers of world-wide fame visited St. John's from time to time. The cardinal came often, always attended by Father Dannel and by Mr. Richard Doyle, caricaturist of *Punch*, looked upon as his eminence's *enfant chéri*. Then there were Father Faber, and Father Ferrara of the Roman *Gésu;* and once Archdeacon Manning—then a recent convert. He gave us a splendid sermon, but I never saw or heard him again, as he left shortly afterwards for Rome. Father Faber and Father Ferrara were sublime, given a sublime subject; but ordinary topics did not call them out. Not so Father Oakeley. Whether he tackled the great dogmas of the faith or the commonplaces of the parish, he was always at high-tide. Depth of thought, clearness and simplicity of expression; above all, a self-forgetfulness and absorption in his subject whatever it was, such as I have never seen in any other, marked his preaching. Only those who, like myself, listened to him from right under his pulpit, Sunday in and Sunday out for three long years, can realize the perfection to which he brought these qualities. As he hobbled around the church to make sure that every detail was attended to, preparatory to solemn functions, one could not miss seeing that the last man in the world of whose very existence he took thought was himself. This utter self-effacement, and a corresponding fervor, gave to his preaching an appearance of inspiration, and invested his otherwise plain face with a supernatural beauty.

Apropos of Father Oakeley, I may be pardoned for mentioning that I once had the honor of being in some sort associated with him in a small literary matter. Father Louis di Lavagna, a Genoese Franciscan who, subsequently, became parish priest of St. Mary's, Toronto, and who left his bones there, had improvised at Islington a temporary novitiate for the benefit of four postulants, preparatory to taking them over to France. These postulants were converts, young gentlemen of good family; and one of them occupied a portion of his time in translating from the French a Life of the Saint of Assisi. At the end of the volume there were some poems in honor of St. Francis—some in Latin and three in Spanish. Not being a poet himself, Brother Francis prevailed on Father Oakeley to undertake the translation of the former, and entrusted the latter to me.

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An amusing anecdote may wind up this short reminiscence. One Tuesday evening my brother set out, as usual, for Golden Square, and reached the "Angel" Inn, whence started the omnibus for that neighborhood, just as a contingent bound for the same terminus came up. It consisted of Father Oakeley and several other priests, secular and regular, in their respective clerical garbs, Father Louis and some of his postulants in the hooded brown cassock, hempen cincture, and uncovered head of their order, and one or two prominent laymen of the congregation. As the *cortége* filed into the omnibus the conductor stared at them in open-mouthed amazement; then, slamming-to the door with a bang, he called to the driver: "Push along, Jim. *We've got a queer covey inside!*"

Were any of these I have mentioned still on earth, it is hardly possible that one among them, with the exception of Sister Agnes Xavier, would have any remembrance of me. But now they are all "gone home for the Holidays," as the cardinal said when taking his leave, I may fairly hope they sometimes offer a little prayer for me and mine, seeing I have not failed to remember them, especially when kneeling in St. Mary's on the grave-stone of Father Louis di Lavagna.

ST. MONICA'S EVE.

BY F. X. E.

I HEAR the whispered music, sweet yet sober!
—The angel-music shed at Life's October—
As now a seraph flees the clasp of clay,
Wherein the Lord hath made her spirit stay
To test a mother's love.

O rhapsody of grace! but calm, her brow
As stills, a twilight wind the willow's bough!
No more the pang of woe is hers to share,
For now the Raven thing she bore, through prayer,
Hath proved a spotless Dove.

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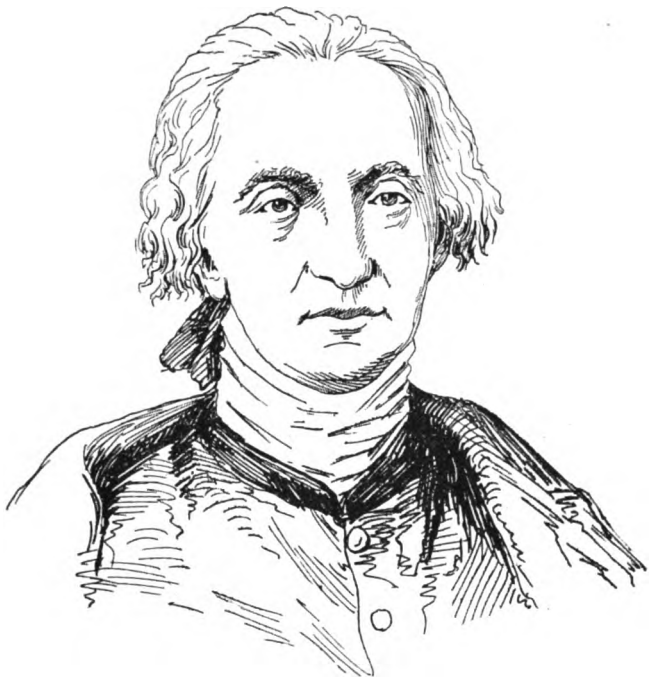

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

CATHOLICS AND THE REVOLUTION.

BY FRANCIS T. FUREY.

THE relation of Catholics to the American Revolution is peculiar. In its origin and early stages anti-Catholic feeling fanned the flame of revolt, and before its close Benedict Arnold alleged, as an excuse for his treason, that it would be beneficial chiefly to Catholics, and prepare the way for their ultimate domination in the country. Its success certainly marked the dawn of an era of religious liberty. Was there a special providence in this reversal of its original spirit and bearing, a providence which, in spite of the prejudice and intolerance officially declared against them, from the start enlisted in its support the vast majority of the Catholics then living in England's American colonies? This question I do not pretend to answer, but will confine myself to the leading facts, leaving the hidden reason to those who delight in speculation. The writer's aim is to give an historical outline, not to indulge in fancy; therefore another difficulty has to be encountered. Two extreme

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views have to be avoided, namely, that of the enthusiast, who finds an ardent and active patriot in every Catholic, and that of the iconoclast, who would demolish patriot idols only to substitute for them a Tory collection, exaggerating the few American Catholic Tories of the War of Independence into a representative body. That they were comparatively few is easily ascertained from an examination of Sabine's *Loyalists* and other records of the time and the events.

CATHOLICS IN THE COLONIES.

The Catholics who aided in the achievement of American liberty may, for the sake of convenience, be divided into four classes: those residing in the Colonies, the Catholic Indians of the North and North-west, Canadian volunteers, and the French and Spanish allies. With the class first named we are more concerned than with the others, for it is their position that has mainly been the subject of discussion and controversy, the others serving only as strong corroborative evidence, not so much in support of the patriotism of our coreligionists who were inhabitants of the Colonies when the war broke out, as in establishing a claim in favor of Catholic citizens of the Republic. It must be borne in mind that Catholics were very few in number in the Colonies compared with the total population, and even much weaker in wealth and social prestige. In 1775 there could not have been more than twenty-five thousand of them in the thirteen Colonies—that is, about one per cent. of the entire population; and nearly, if not quite, four-fifths of these were to be found in Maryland, almost all of the other fifth residing in Pennsylvania—all, in fact, except two or three dozen families scattered through New Jersey and Delaware. From the other Colonies they were excluded by penal statutes, for the most part of prohibitory severity. And what was their status before the law even in the Colonies in which they were to be found? In New Jersey they were not supposed to exist. In Maryland, the colony which they had founded and had made the cradle of religious liberty on this continent, the public exercise of their worship

STEPHEN MOYLAN, BROTHER OF THE BISHOP OF CORK, COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF WASHINGTON'S ARMY.

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was suppressed, so that they were obliged to hear Mass in private houses; but in Pennsylvania and Delaware they enjoyed almost complete freedom, being debarred only from holding office and bearing arms, and those of them who were not born under the British flag, from acquiring title to real estate. Though not allowed the full enjoyment of civil liberty, they were almost universally unmolested on account of their religion, and had their houses of public worship, not only in Philadelphia, but also at Goshenhoppen, Reading, Concord, Lancaster, and Conewago. When we come to consider the anti-Catholic feeling accompanying the Revolution in its origin, this explanation will enable us to understand why the Maryland Catholics were patriots to a man, and why in Pennsylvania such was naturally not the case. A few prominent Catholics in the latter colony, and their retainers and personal following among the lower orders, took the side of England, but yet by no means as many in proportion as of the other elements of the population; for, outside of the city of New York, Pennsylvania was the stronghold of Toryism. Its patriots, indeed, were mainly made up of Irish Protestants, Ulster Presbyterians for the most part, driven hither by England's commercial oppression and rapacious Irish landlordism. No less than thirty thousand of these people had settled in the colony during the four years preceding the revolt, and from among them came most of the recruits who, from Pennsylvania, enlisted in Washington's army. Events proved that they were little better than mercenaries; for in the days of reverse around New York, amounting almost to disaster, they were at home in mutiny for their pay, while the non-combatants, the merely talking patriots, were engaged in bringing about a revolution in the State government.

COMMODORE "JACK" BARRY, FATHER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

BITTER FEELINGS AGAINST THEM.

East of Pennsylvania the feeling against Catholics had always been bitter and vindictive. The liberty guaranteed to the Catholics of Canada by the treaty of cession from France to England, in 1763, and constitutionally sanctioned and ex-

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tended by the Quebec Act passed by the British Parliament in 1774, intensified this feeling. Ere long, the anger of New York and New England Protestantism at this establishing of religious liberty along their northern frontier found official expression in a resolution adopted by the Continental Congress, in session in Philadelphia, and forwarded as an address to the people of Great Britain. The author of this document was John Jay, of New York, afterwards Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the direct ancestor of his equally bigoted namesake of our own day. In this address we read:

COUNT D'ESTAING.

"We think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the Constitution to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, and to erect an arbitrary form of government, in any quarter of the globe. By this the Dominion of Canada is so extended, modelled, and governed as that, being disunited from us, detached from our interest by civil as well as religious prejudices, by their numbers daily swelling with Catholic immigrants from Europe, they might become formidable to us, and on occasion be fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves."

JAY PREVENTS CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

Yet only a brief interval was to elapse before the same Congress, in alarm, would ask the same Canadians to join in the rebellion, and would meet with refusal because of the intolerant address formulated by Jay. This is one of the paradoxes of history, as is also the Revolution itself, which, begotten in intolerance, brought forth religious liberty. The rebuke administered by the Canadians may have been one of the causes of this change; but it will be seen that there were others. At a time when Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland were still amenable to the Penal Laws, described by Edmund Burke as the most perfect system ever devised by the perverted ingenuity of man for the degradation of his fellow-man, under similar circumstances here, it would not have been easy for Catholics on this side of the Atlantic to choose sides in the nascent contest, if it were to be conducted

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by the Revolutionists on the religious principle enunciated in the address issued by Congress. But, as has been seen, freedom was secured to the Catholics of Canada, and in Pennsylvania their co-religionists had always enjoyed a large measure of liberty. It is not, then, to be wondered at that the Canadians were repelled by the action of Congress and declined to enter into an alliance with the revolted Colonies, though among those sent to entreat their aid were the illustrious Marylanders, Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his cousin, the Rev. John Carroll, afterwards the first Bishop and the first Archbishop of Baltimore; and for the same reason it was not strange that Catholics in Pennsylvania should hold aloof. Yet the majority of the more prominent among the latter imitated the example of the Carrolls, and of all the Catholics of Maryland, who, having no choice between the state of affairs under which they had lived and that which was threatened in the new order of things by the Jays, took their chances of the charter of the latter becoming a dead-letter. And this inspiration guided them aright; for New York and New England bigotry was soon to receive a rebuke which announced the dawn of religious liberty, ere yet the revolted Colonies had determined to strive for complete political independence.

WASHINGTON'S REBUKE TO BIGOTRY.

Late in the autumn of 1775 George Washington went to Boston to assume the chief command of the Revolutionary forces, and at once embraced an excellent opportunity for rebuking the bigotry that was injuring the American cause. In many of the New England towns an old custom was still in vogue of celebrating the anniversary known in England as Guy Fawkes' Day, November 5, as "Pope Day," by indulgence in unmeasured abuse of the Catholic Church and in vile orgies of rant. The Quebec Act had intensified the feeling that entered into these un-Christian scenes. Finding unusually active preparations being made for the commemoration in Boston, he resolved to stop it, and to that effect issued the following order:

REAR-ADMIRAL MEADE, GREAT-GRANDSON OF GEORGE MEADE.

"As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish cus-

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tom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy in Canada."

DILLON.

Here, then, we have the highest authority for asserting that our co-religionists had already rendered signal service to the cause of liberty. And this was before Captain John Barry began his glorious career on the seas, a career which almost eclipses that of Washington himself. But even Barry had predecessors in his special field, for the Catholic O'Brien brothers had already won the first American naval victory over England, "the Lexington of the seas." Nor is their glory the less illustrious because they were only privateers. But it was especially to the Catholic soldiers from Maryland that Washington here paid tribute. He could even have said more, for General Stephen Moylan, of Philadelphia, was already on his staff, and he knew that at home in the same city George Meade, one of its leading merchants, the grandfather of General Meade of Gettysburg fame and of Commodore Meade of the Mexican War, and great-grandfather of the latter's son, the recently retired Rear-Admiral Meade, had not only signed the non-importation resolutions of 1765, but was now one of the most active leaders of the patriot cause. Living as he did on the right bank of the lower Potomac, he must have been well acquainted with many of the old Catholic families of Maryland, occupying the part of that colony that was first settled; and on his own side of the river he had as a near neighbor one whom he had long since learned to esteem so highly as to have taken him into his most intimate confidence.

ADMIRAL DE GRASSE, WHO RECEIVED THE SURRENDER OF THE BRITISH VESSELS OF WAR AT YORKTOWN.

COLONEL JOHN FITZGERALD, OF ALEXANDRIA.

"Washington," says Dr. Richard H. Clarke in a recently pub-

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lished study on the religious life of the "Father of his Country," "had no more devoted friend, or one whom he esteemed more highly, than Colonel John Fitzgerald, of Alexandria. It was Colonel John Fitzgerald who, in 1774, first introduced Moylan to George Washington, at Mount Vernon, where they were both welcome guests even before the war. Again, we find Fitzgerald a guest at Mount Vernon with Dr. Diggs, a Catholic gentleman of Maryland, and again with Daniel Carroll; and on the latter occasion Fitzgerald offered his services to the newly appointed commander-in-chief, and they were accepted on the spot. Appointed an aide-de-camp to Washington, Fitzgerald served him gallantly to the end. He was the intermediary and medium of communication and information between the general in the field and Martha Washington at Mount Vernon, and was thus the confidential friend and aid to Washington."

DE ROCHAMBEAU, CO-OPERATED WITH WASHINGTON'S ARMY.

And as time wore on he was to be enabled to speak with vastly more favor of Catholics than he had done at Boston. A few months later the Declaration of Independence was signed and promulgated; and among the signers was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who, by attaching his signature to that document, risked more than all his colleagues combined, for he was one of the very richest men then in America; while Barry had already won immortal fame by his earlier naval exploits, which, however, he was to surpass as the war progressed. But the times that tried men's souls were approaching. It was mainly the Maryland regiments that saved Washington's army from annihilation on Long Island, and by their bravery enabled him to retreat to Manhattan Island, where again they distinguished themselves by winning on Harlem Heights the only success of that retreat. The story of the further falling back to White Plains and the reverse of fortune there, of the evacuation of Forts Washington and Lee, the retreat through Jersey, the crossing and recrossing of the Delaware at that bleak Christmastide, and the victories of Trenton and Princeton are too familiar to be dwelt on here. But every reader of these pages may not be aware that it was a Catholic, Patrick Colvin, who conveyed Washington across the river; that Captain Barry temporarily gave up the sea to bring his sailors to the aid of the

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American Fabius, and that Thomas FitzSimmons, another wealthy Philadelphia Catholic merchant, rushed at the head of a cohort of his own enlisting to assist in obtaining those victories. The list of names of the Maryland officers who were Catholics is a long one, and that of the rank and file of course very much more so; but the name of one of the bravest of those soldiers is worthy of special mention here. This was Thomas Lloyd, a native of England, who had been educated at St. Omer's. He afterwards taught and published a system of shorthand, and became the first official stenographic reporter to the Federal House of Representatives organized in accordance with the Constitution of 1787. At Trenton no one made such strenuous efforts to save the day and Washington's life as Colonel Fitzgerald, and it was he who first carried the news of that victory and of Princeton's to Mount Vernon. In that glorious campaign Captain John Barry also was specially honored by being appointed to serve on Washington's staff. But he soon departed to win fresh laurels in his special field.

THE GALLANT KOSCIUSZKO.

In the following summer the British changed their plan of operations, and moved upon Philadelphia from the south. The battles of Brandywine and Germantown were fought and lost by the Americans, and Philadelphia was occupied by the invaders in the autumn of 1777. They held it until the following June, the remnant of Washington's army in the meantime encamping and suffering great hardships at Valley Forge. It was during this time that a reputed Catholic, Alfred Clifton, whom Sabine describes as "an English gentleman of an Irish mother," entered the service of the British and organized the so-called Catholic Tory regiment, into which, despite the gloom then overhanging the cause of American freedom, he was able to muster only nine score men of all conditions. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, in the following June, Clifton and his band went with them, and we trace them as far as the battle of Monmouth, in which Washington might have annihilated the British but for the treachery of that other Benedict Arnold, General Charles Lee. But Clifton and his handful of mercenaries were an insignificant band compared with their Tory fellow-townsmen; for over four thousand other Philadelphians departed with the enemy, never to return. Then, too,

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came the great financial crisis of the movement, when Irish and Catholic credit gave so much help towards saving the infant government. Robert Morris is called the Financier of the Revolution; but it was on the money staked by Thomas FitzSimmons and others of his circle that Morris made his reputation; and when Morris failed financially, FitzSimmons likewise suffered financial ruin. It was also during the British occupation of Philadelphia that Barry achieved one of his most brilliant exploits—his famous night-raid on the English vessels lying off Port Penn.

FATHER GIBAULT, PATRIOT PRIEST OF VINCENNES.

But from the Americans let us now turn to their allies. It has been explained why the Canadians did not join with the English colonists in revolt; but neither did they fight against them. There is no record of any Canadian regiment, or even company, enlisted under the British banner. On the other hand, however, two regiments of volunteers from Canada joined the Americans, and were known as Congress' Own on account of the valuable services they rendered. With them we may group the Catholic Indians of the North and the North-west, especially those under the celebrated chief Orono, and following the guidance also of Father Gibault. Orono bore a Continental commission and led his tribesmen to the field of battle. And it is to the exertions and services of Father Gibault, the patriot priest of Vincennes, that we owe the raising of the American flag over the stations of the North-west, which gained for us a vast territory now divided up into several powerful States. By the aid rendered to General Clark by this priest and by Francis Vigo an empire of States was saved to the new Republic. He led the Catholic Indians as well as Catholic white men into the patriot cause; and later on, in 1790, Washington's own State, Virginia, recognized his services by a public resolution of its legislature.

LAFAYETTE.

And what of Catholic France? Before uniting with us in a treaty of alliance, and sending an army and a fleet to fight for American liberty, she had furnished many officers of scientific as well as military accomplishments. Mention need be made only of Lafayette, Duponceau, Conway, Dugan, Arundel, Arnaud, De Fleury, Du Portail, and Ducoudray, with whom may be joined the brave Pole, Pulaski. Later on, the French

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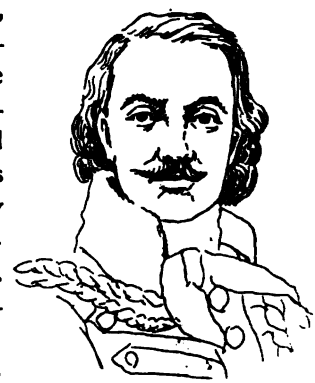
alliance led to the first religious celebration of the Fourth of July—that in the Catholic church in Philadelphia, in 1779, attended by the members of Congress and the army officers then in the city. The two resident priests, Fathers Farmer and Molineux, and the chaplain to the French Legation, the Abbé Bandol, officiated, the last named preaching. Historians admit, indeed, that had it not been for the services rendered by the French on land as well as on sea, the achievement of American independence was impossible. And at the same time Catholic Spain drew the other continental nations of Europe into an armed neutrality which defeated England's machinations; nay, further, she finally drew the sword in behalf of the new Republic, operating from the Gulf of Mexico. The war was virtually closed by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and that result was brought about by Rochambeau's auxiliary army and De Grasse's fleet, though the Americans did their full duty. And there, as in Boston six years before, by Washington's side stood General Moylan and Colonel Fitzgerald, along with the Catholic troops from Pennsylvania and Maryland. Two weeks later, on November 4, another solemn thanksgiving service was held in the same Catholic church. But the glory of the Catholic record in the war was not yet completed; for, just as the treaty acknowledging American independence was being ratified, Captain Barry, off the coast of Florida, won one of his most brilliant victories. His whole career, indeed, compelled universal admiration of his abilities, and led to his being chosen by President Washington, nearly a dozen years later, to organize and command the navy that was to maintain the honor of the new Republic. And, as already intimated, a new era had now dawned for freedom, religious as well as political and civil. The anti-Catholic spirit which characterized the Revolution at its beginning had passed into history, owing to the fact that without Catholic aid the Revolution could not have been successful. At the same time with political liberty that of religion was won—and won not only in America, but in Great Britain and Ireland as well; for it was under the pressure of the American war that Parliament was first prevailed upon to relax the Penal Laws.



THE BRAVE POLE, PULASKI.

This hurried, cursory, and superficial sketch may appro-

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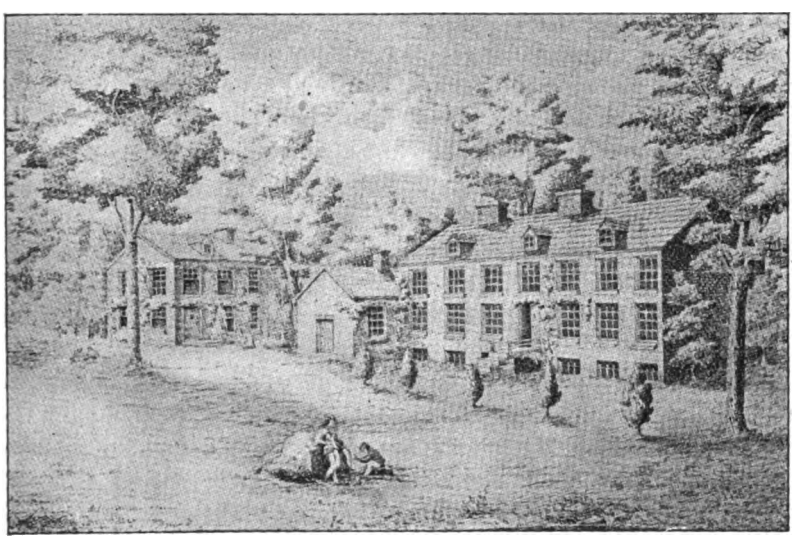
priately be concluded with a reference to the first loud echo of the signal service that Catholics had rendered during the Revolution. In New York, on March 3, 1789, while Washington was preparing to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States, an address of congratulation was read to him on behalf of the Catholics of the new Republic. It was signed by the three illustrious Carrolls, namely, John, who was soon to become the first bishop of Baltimore, Charles of Carrollton, and Daniel of Duddington, and by Thomas FitzSimmons of Philadelphia and Dominic Lynch of New York. In the reply which the President made to it he used these words, which should be committed to memory and treasured for life by every American citizen:

"As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy mem-



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, 1757–1821.

bers of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of your government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

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SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NORMANS.

BY CHARLES GIBSON.

IF we pause for a moment upon the threshold of Normandy, before landing at Havre or Caen, the thoughts which this country calls up to mind seem at once to savor of the picturesque, the mediæval, of yesterday. With the very sound of its name rises before the mind a picture of domestic scenery. The rolling country is wonderfully green and fertile. The hill-sides are cut by hedges, or dotted with apple-orchards. The roofs of miniature cottages, showing here and there above the trees, are covered with deep plum-colored tiles, or overgrown with moss. An old ruin rises upon the summit of a hill and overlooks a little valley twisting and turning at its feet, while a blue mist overhangs all and gives to the landscape a faint tinge of the ideal. In many respects the country reminds one of the County of Kent in England, only, as a witty Frenchman once remarked, "The trees here look less self-conscious." And, indeed, it is true in a certain way. Everything *is* unconscious, informal, domestic in an almost idyllic state, unaffected by the affairs of the rest of the world, and contented with its own simple life.

But if we go farther into the country, we are at once interested in the character of the Normans and the part which they have played in the history of the western world. To all those who have even the most primary acquaintance with history the name of William the Conqueror is inseparably associated with Normandy. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more correct exponent of the force, the shrewdness, the prudence, or the calculative self-interest of the Norman people than in William, their seventh duke.

The stormy atmosphere in which his childhood was spent, and which first developed those qualities "which were to aid him later in life to defend his birth, his title, and his throne," seems to have left its effect of sternness upon his descendants. The force and power which circumstances rendered necessary to the character of the Conqueror appear to have been so grafted into the Norman that even now, after many centuries, we may

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trace their existence. In fact, this influence of character, exerted by William the Conqueror, has gone far beyond the shores of Normandy; for had he never crossed the English Channel and sat upon the throne of England, the character of that country—as well as of a large part of America and the other nations which have been the offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race—would have been, doubtless, very different. It is, therefore, not remarkable that the Norman of to-day contains many qualities to be found in other countries so closely allied by blood, and many characteristics which are different from those of the rest of the French nation.

In the first general view of the Normans, their manners and their customs, almost any one would be impressed immediately with two great facts. He would find in Normandy the hyphen between France and England, and in the Normans the link between the different temperaments of the French and English.

As we look at the almost hopeless differences between the manners, the temperament, the point of view, of these two great nationalities, we hail, as an oasis in the social desert, the point where the two seem to meet upon common ground. For it is in Normandy that we find the scale upon which to gauge these national differences. It is in Normandy that we find even the country and its scenery changing from the romantic type of France into the rustic character of England.

Upon a closer acquaintance with Normandy, the fact of its being a stepping-stone between two great races shows itself in every one and every thing that one observes. The temperament of the people, though warmer than the English, is cooler and more temperate than that of the rest of France. The excitable manners and violent gesticulation of the people of the Southern countries—of the Midi, as it is called—are excessive and wearisome to the Normans. And, on the other hand, if we go a step farther and cross over into England, we find the same effect produced there by the Normans.

An amusing story is told by a French lady, as an example of this difference of manners.

Whenever she visited London from her château in Normandy, she was continually finding herself holding both her hands in order to prevent the gestures which she feared would have caused her hosts to think her crazy. One might well smile at the picture of this lady, sitting at a London dinner-table, with her fists clinched beneath it, or at the probable expressions of

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her companions if she gave way for a moment to her natural inclination and indulged in gestures which to them would have been little more than a gymnastic exercise. But this example is not an exaggeration, and only shows the more clearly the part which Normandy plays of a medium between the unfathomable differences of France and England. It is shown as plainly in the lady from Bordeaux who arrives at a château in Normandy, and insists upon throwing her arms about each member of the household and embracing them then and there. Though unpleasant to the Norman, it is the most natural thing in the world to the lady from Bordeaux. And so we should find if we took a hundred other examples through the rest of France. Everything bears testimony that, as we move northward, temperament and manners change from the warmth and effusion of the Italian and the Spaniard into the reserve and calmness of the English. And the country where this change is most noticeable is Normandy.

That vanity which is so visible a quality in all their countrymen is not absent in the people of Normandy. But in them it has taken a more temperate, perhaps a deeper, form. With them it has lost much of the French character, and in many cases is almost entirely Anglo-Saxon. Again, the Norman pride, stronger and more inborn than anywhere in France, partakes of the same elements, to a great extent. In many cases it becomes but a false pride, so far-reaching is it in the lesser as well as in the greater things of life. Among the poorer classes, where it is more predominant than elsewhere, and where it is fanned by ignorance and superstition, it will often prevent them from receiving charity, though they may be penniless. In the country this does not often occur, for the Norman peasants are a thrifty and prosperous people, and there is little or no poverty among them. But there is one case which we are tempted to mention here as illustrative of the extraordinary pride of the Norman peasant.

There was a château which had been in the family of the lady who lived in it for a hundred years. Wishing to do some good in the village which was built about the gates of the park, she carried a basket of fruit one day to an old woman who was very poor. She found the old woman knitting in front of her cottage door, and as she offered her the fruit, slipped a gold-piece of twenty francs into the basket. The thatched roof of the cottage, which evidently had not been repaired since it had been built some two centuries before, was

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little more than a ruin. One window even was without glass, and had been allowed to overgrow with ivy. Everything bespoke the need of money. But the old woman replied to the lady's "Bon jour" with a suspicious glance, and continued knitting. The half-dozen steel needles continued moving as the basket of fruit was set down beside her.

"*Tenez, ma bonne femme*," said the lady, "I have brought you some fruit."

"Ah!" was the only reply. And then the old woman looked up and added, still suspiciously: "Madame is very kind—very kind. But how does madame know that I like fruit? Perhaps I never eat fruit. Perhaps I never eat fruit," she continued, as if to herself, but keeping one eye upon the lady to see the effect which her remark might produce. Suddenly she caught sight of the gold-piece which was lying in the basket, half hidden by the fruit; the knitting was cast aside, the old woman seized the basket, with the fruit and the money, returned it to the lady's hands, and was knitting again—all in a moment. The lady endeavored to insist, and to persuade her to accept the fruit, if not the money; but it was useless.

"Madame is very kind,'" returned the old woman. "*Ah, madame est bien bonne.* But I never eat fruit. I do not need money. Madame is not of this country. *Madame est une horzains.* Why, madame's people have not been at the château even a hundred years—only since 1802."

And as the lady moved away she could hear the old woman saying over her knitting: "*Ah, madame est bien bonne.* But we do not need help. We do not need money."

The lady concluded her story by saying: "If my people had owned the château for *two* or *three* hundred years, and if I had 'been of the country,' as they express it in Normandy, not only would the old woman have accepted the fruit, but she would have taken the money without thanking me. She would have considered it as due to her, and not as charity. The Comtesse de N—— had just such an experience the other day."

Another characteristic of the Norman is his fear of committing himself. This non-committal principle regulates every action of his life. Indeed, it is said that a Norman would rather lose father, mother, children, and wife than allow his real opinion upon any subject to be known. The Norman peasant would rather lose his life, we believe, than allow his thoughts to be known by a neighbor upon the other side of the garden

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fence. He is miserable for a week if he thinks he has said a word too much, for which he might be held accountable, and he is out of sorts for a month if he has said too little and given a wrong impression. Although this non-committal quality is perhaps more Anglo-Saxon than Latin, still it often assumes that amusing character which the French temperament naturally lends to everything. This is especially so if one is anxious to obtain a direct answer from a Norman peasant.

One day a number of French and English gentlemen were sitting about the "table-d'hôte" of a small inn, in a Norman village. A peasant chanced to be sitting near one of the gentlemen, taking his glass of cider, and eyeing the rest of the company somewhat suspiciously. The gentleman leaned over to one of his companions and whispered in his ear: "I am going to try to make this peasant answer me a question: 'yes' or 'no.' Listen to our conversation and see with what success my efforts are crowned." But although the gentleman in question was not without experience in debate, and although he cross-questioned the peasant for more than three-quarters of an hour, he failed to obtain an answer of either 'yes' or 'no,' and he would doubtlessly have failed as signally had he continued his efforts for the rest of the evening.

Another anecdote occurs to us, as illustrative of this trait so accentuated in the Norman peasant.

One day a lady met one of her peasants on his way home from the market-day in the village belonging to her château.

"*Eh bien, le maître,*" said she, "for how much did you sell your calf at the market?"

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse," replied the man, "I cannot tell exactly; my wife took the money while I had gone to the *café*."

"But," pursued the comtesse, "you must know the amount; you would never have sold it if you had not. Was it one hundred francs, or two hundred?"

"Ah, madame, I really do not know exactly," answered the man. "It may have been more than one hundred, and it may have been less. I really cannot tell."

Although he knew the exact amount, and doubtless had the money in his pocket, it was impossible to obtain the desired information from him; and the lady was obliged to content herself with the rather indefinite amount of either more or less than one hundred francs.

The Normans are always suspicious, and at times defiant,

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of the rest of France, and especially of England. Full of deference, and even obsequious in conversation and argument, they are the first to take advantage of any opportunity when the back is turned. They are prompted ever by self-interest, and in all their dealings show that inborn shrewdness for which they are so noted. The following anecdote is an example of the suspicion, and at the same time of the servility, existing between the Norman tenant and his landlord.

A gentleman had just bought a château not far from Rouen, and had requested the tenants upon the estate to sign a paper stating that they intended to retain their farms. On the day appointed all had come to the château to sign the paper. The notary was seated at a large table writing with the quill of a goose, and the farmers, standing in a group at one end of the hall, came up to sign as their names were called. Our friend could hear them muttering to one another, and eying both himself and the notary with suspicion.

"Ah, ha!" said one, pointing to the notary, "so he is writing with the quill-pen of a goose, is he?"

"Yes," said his neighbor. "I wonder if he knows that I bred that goose, and gave the quills to the château only the other day?"

"*Ah, mon ami*," said the first man, coming close to his neighbor, "nobody thinks of it; perhaps nobody cares to think of it; perhaps they do—I don't say which. But it's we who raise the goose; it's Monsieur le Vicomte over there who eats the goose, and it's Monsieur le Notaire there who robs us with the quill. For he *is* robbing us, I am sure."

And the two old farmers fairly glared at the notary and the quill-pen of the goose. But just at this moment the speaker's name was called out in a loud voice, and, changing his air immediately, he marched up to the table as readily as any and signed his name. He was doubtless looking out of the corner of his eye the while to see if any one had overheard his remarks. For the Norman is as time-serving as he is shrewd.

This same suspicion not only exists among the Normans themselves, as regards one another, but extends to any stranger whom they may chance to have among them. It will cause the inn-keeper of a country village to think twice before he opens his door to the visitor arriving without warning. It will prompt the tradesman to turn over the gold-piece in the palm of his hand, and eye it narrowly, before accepting it as good. Nobody is received at first sight without the feeling that he or

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she may have some evil intention. Nothing is accepted as fact without the certain proof that it is so. For the instinct of the Norman is to suspect and doubt, until something may occur to change his opinion and assure him of the honesty of a person, or the true value of a fact. Upon the other hand, this quality of suspicion, when not too strongly influenced by prejudice, is not without its beneficial effect. It has served to make the Normans one of the most successful people in affairs and business of all kinds. And it is a significant fact that in Paris alone many of the largest and most influential commercial establishments have been founded and are now controlled by Normans. In all branches of industry the Normans excel, from banking to farming; from the enormous establishment of the *Bon Marché* to the tiny shop in the Rue Cambon. His suspicion adds to his natural shrewdness, and his care of self-interest increases his caution. He never spends more than a certain portion of his income, and never risks more than he can well afford to lose. With such qualities, it is not surprising that his efforts in business are crowned with success, and that in town, as well as in country, the average man lives in comfort and prosperity.

It would be impossible to conclude even this slight *coup d'œil* of the Norman character without a word upon the women of Normandy. Here, as in many other countries, their virtues are inextricably blended with their faults. They are handsome, as a rule, in comparison to the other women of France. But they cannot be called graceful; nor are they endowed with those charms which are peculiarly attached to the weaker sex, and characterized as feminine. Indeed, they are very awkward in their movements, so that they have at times been compared to the movement of a wind-mill in the way they walk. They need several generations to acquire either the *piquante* manners of the Parisian or the dignified bearing of the Englishwoman. Still, they combine many practical and excellent qualities with a character that is full of force and perception.

In the different departments of Normandy the women of the lower classes vary oddly with their occupations. In the agricultural counties—such as Le Calvados and parts of La Manche and l'Orne—where the women are much in the fields, they are more masculine in appearance, in manners, and in size. About Rouen, where the religious and artistic instincts have been so strongly developed by the influence of its beautiful monuments and buildings, the refinement of their feminine

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qualities is noticeable in the women. At Caen the delicate features and expressive faces of the women recall the personality of Charlotte Corday. At Bayeux the women are remarkable to the observer for their dignity and reserve—always in comparison to their neighbors in France. For it is at this point that they seem nearest to approach the personality and appearance of the English. At Vire they are prettier and more coquettish. In La Manche, toward the west, is the greatest charm of manner and appearance, and at Granville, near the Mont Saint Michael, there are said to be the most beautiful women of France.

As a rule, the Norman woman is hard-working, level-headed, and practical in everything which enters into every-day life. If she is a good housekeeper, she is a still better shopkeeper. And if she has a more artistic temperament than her husband, hidden under her practicability, she balances his shrewdness by her wit and her decision. In all questions of the family it is to her that the husband looks for the answer. And in marriage she shares with him an equal division of duties, of powers, and of interests. Though she may lack either the quickness, the *finesse*, or the charm of other women of France, she has perhaps a truer worth; for her character is made up of more lasting qualities. Though often practical to the expense of the poetic and artistic sides of life, she is made for high ambitions and is capable of great things.

In a word, the character of the women of Normandy has proved it no idle boast, that they are all "daughters of Corneille and sisters of Charlotte Corday."

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GOVERNOR WILLIAM A. NEWELL, FOUNDER OF LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

LIFE AT A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

THE Life-saving drill on the Lake shore was always a popular exhibition at the White City during that summer of '93 which so many American citizens now recall as the most memorable conjunction of pleasure with education they ever managed to effect.

Again, at the Atlanta Fair that drill was watched day after day by hundreds of interested visitors. It was a drama in one short act, played to an orchestral accompaniment from the neighboring Plaza or the more distant Midway, the sun beaming joyously down on the man who was pretending to be wrecked, while shouts of laughter and applause attended his jumping into the "breeches-buoy" and his safe convoy, with dangling legs, across the sparkling waters. All went merry as a marriage-bell in that fleeting semblance of danger and of rescue. But to the finer ear and sense of many a spectator ever and anon there came an echo, as it were, from a storm-tossed midnight ocean; and then the little play became a curtain-raiser to a great transformation scene, and the boom of the toy-like cannon, as it shot the line out to the mimic wreck, resounded with

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the soul-stirring reality that belongs to human needs and the issues of life and death.

Every line of effort which requires prompt and courageous action in an emergency exacts a painstaking routine as a preparation for it. The Life-saving stations must be object-lessons of order and cleanliness. The Life-savers themselves must make them so, no matter what else they have to do; and Saturdays are always devoted to house-cleaning. On all other days except Sundays there is professional practice of some kind: either the boat, the gun, or the gear drill, a lesson in the international signal code, or one in the resuscitation of drowned persons. Every rule and every regulation of the service is calculated to develop manly virtues and to repress vices; for constant, hourly fidelity to duty cannot fail to operate favorably on character. To a great extent, however, character must have been already formed before a man can become a "Knight of the surf." The experts among boatmen and surfmen along the coast who present themselves as candidates for the service must have not

THERE ARE 251 STATIONS ON COAST-LINE OF THE GREAT LAKES AS WELL AS THE OCEAN.

only strong muscles and hardy frames as their physical endowment, but a mental and moral capacity for dangerous self-abnegating work, without which the strength of Samson would not constitute a vocation, for the staying quality would be lacking. It has been noticed by students of physiognomy that every business or calling has a tendency to produce, after a time, a certain distinctive look in the human countenance. The faces of most keepers and surfmen in the service are character-

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MAJOR HORACE PIPER. SUPERINTENDENT KIMBALL.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, IN TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

ized by an expression of fearlessness and kindness, by a thoughtful gravity and a rough-and-ready philosophy.

While turning over snugly in bed, under several blankets, on a winter night, few of us think of the brave patrolmen who only once a week have a chance to spend a night of unbroken rest. They have to wade through shifting sands and cold breakers along an uncertain coast-line, one guard standing ready to relieve another, in order that an ever-watchful eye may question the dark, unknown deep and flash back an answering beacon to a red danger signal from the water. In the day-time signalling is done by flags.

A patrolman always carries, slung across his shoulder, a small satchel containing four Coston lights. If he has been signalled, and has answered according to the international code, his next duty is to return to his station as quickly as possible and report the occurrence, so that the crew can go to the aid of the ship in distress. Should he be wool-gathering, and fail to notice a signal from the sea, or neglect to report it, not only would he be discharged on the spot, but he would forfeit all pay due him from the last quarter. Worse still, he would be a disgraced man in the eyes of his comrades and all the coast people. There is little danger of such a catastrophe.

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The mental attitude of every man in the service, so far as can be ascertained, is one of eagerness to be on the spot if a wreck occurs within reach. These unpretending heroes long for action. They like to feel their mettle, to realize that their chosen profession means help—life-saving; that their every-day monotony of discipline leads up to deeds of prowess in supreme moments.

Two men from each station are kept out on watch all night; a patrol consisting of four consecutive hours. When the distance is not too great, the patrolman goes to a half-way house,

CAPTAIN VALENTINE AND HIS CREW, MONMOUTH BEACH.

waits there for the watch from the next station, and exchanges tickets with him as a proof that the full letter of the law has been fulfilled.

Summer visitors to many of the popular beaches have no adequate idea of their condition in the winter season. Patrolmen have to wade through places where wind and tide are so high that in their struggle to keep a footing they do not even

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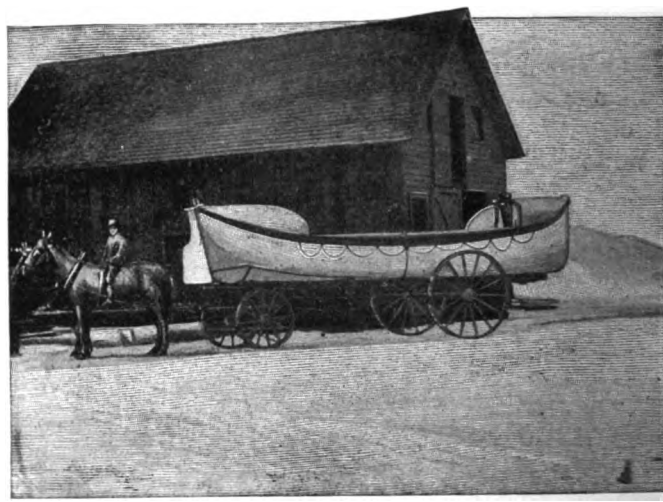
know when they are passing the deserted hotels. If they carry a lantern, it makes misleading lights and shadows, and most of them prefer to accustom their eyes to the darkness. Men who



LIFE-BOAT MOUNTED ON CARRIAGE.

have had experience at sea before entering the service consider shore work more detrimental to health, owing to the continuous wading through sand and water, and the excessive perspiration induced by the oil-silk suits which have to be worn as a protection to clothing.

It is always the aim of a keeper or captain to retain at his station enough men for a boat-crew, in case there should be a danger-signal from the water; six being usually sufficient. The life-boat in which they respond to any call, at any hour, in any storm, is self-bailing and self-righting. Two valves underneath it are opened by the pressure of the water which gets in from above, and closed again by the pressure from without. The crew provide themselves with lights, which may be burned either to facilitate the work of rescue or to communicate with the party they have left on the shore.

If the signalling when the wreck is reported shows it to be within six hundred yards and in reach of the Lyle gun, a saving-line is fired to it and recourse is had to the famous breeches-buoy before mentioned; this consists of a circular cork life-preserver attached to a pair of canvas knee-breeches. Three ropes are used in the relief of a sinking ship—the hawser and the whip-line connected with the shot-line. A small wooden

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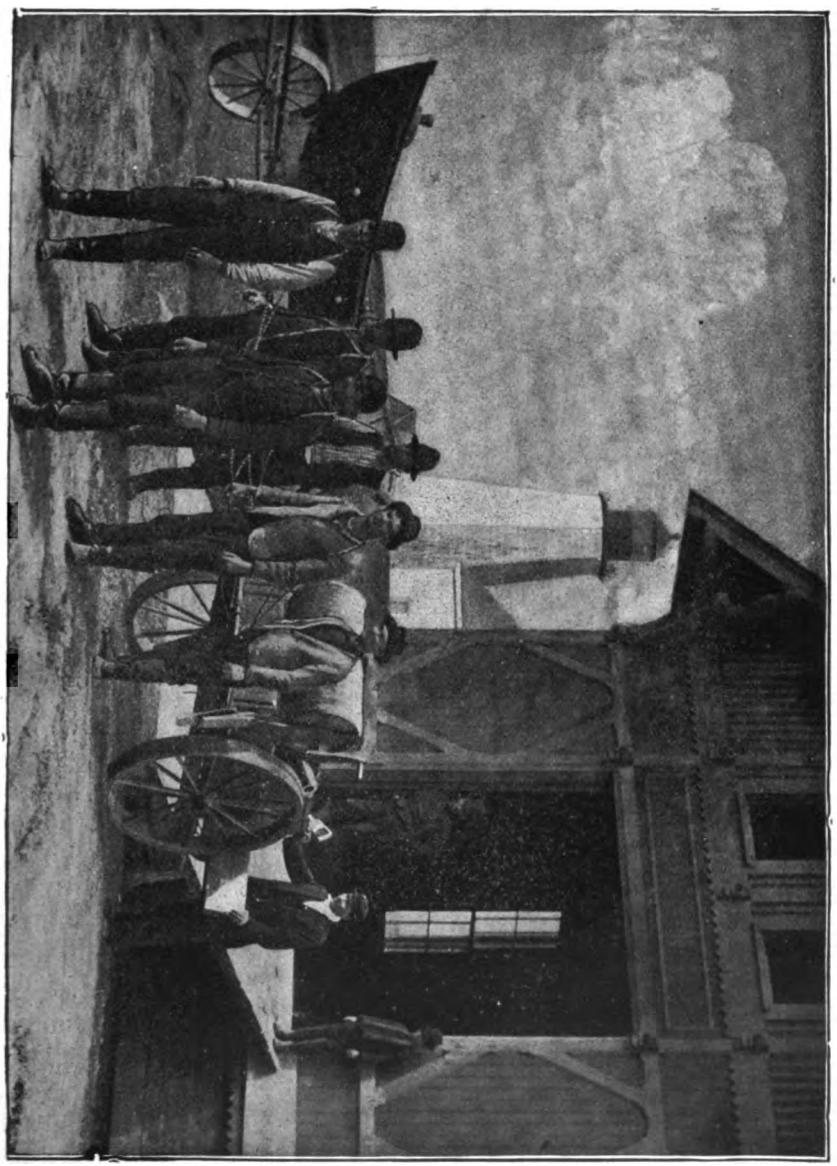
tablet, called the tally-board, is always fastened to the shot-line and fired along with it, having on one side directions in English and on the other in French for securing the rope to some part



HAND-CART MANNED BY LIFE-SAVING CREW.

of the vessel. The fiery trail of rockets reveals the measures taken by the life-saving crew, and if the crew in distress is equally alert and present-minded, one by one they will be trans-

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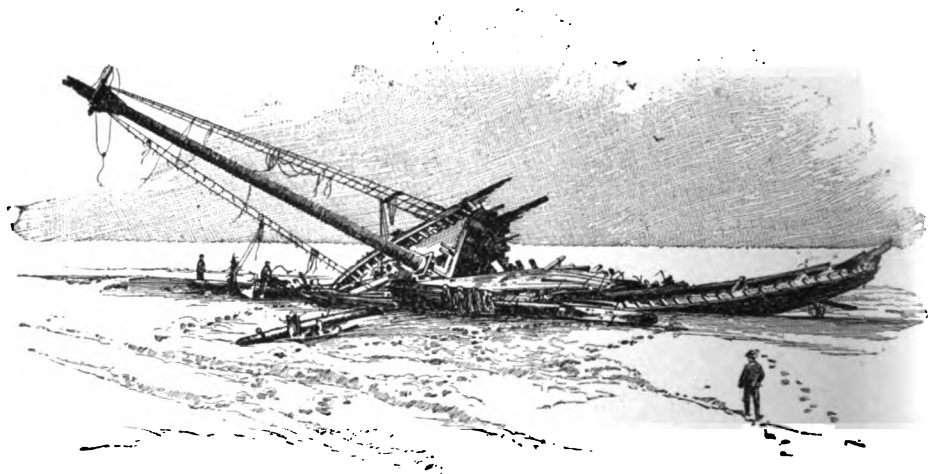
ported to dry land by means of the breeches-buoy, each trip taking little more than three minutes.

If the ship is sinking too fast for her passengers to be taken off singly in this way, a more ponderous arrangement, called



WRECK OF FISHING SCHOONER "FORTUNA."

the life-car, is brought into service. This is a large cylindrical boat, closed at the sides, something like that of Captain Nemo in Jules Verne's story, *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*. There is an opening on top large enough to admit one person at a time, and five or six can be stowed away in it together, and the lid tightly closed down on them. They obtain air enough to breathe by means of some finely-drilled holes, as they go across the lines, bumping up and down in the raging surf for five or six minutes, until they are hauled in by the powerful set of arms on the shore.

The almost superhuman efforts that have been made by these crews will never be known. Many a brave, unselfish man has gone to the verge of death, and then across the verge, so simply, so quietly that his name remains unhonored and unsung outside of his own limited circle. Like those priests and sisters who live and die among lepers, with only an occasional Father Damien brought to the knowledge of the world, they accomplish everything as a matter of course and in the ordinary line of duty. In one case, after a preternatural struggle in the life-boat with a fearful sea for seven consecutive hours, when the shore was regained at last, and all the shipwrecked saved, the captain merely turned to his crew and said pleasantly:

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"Now, boys, straighten up the house and let's get out a patrol!"

It is gratifying to know that the "boys" do have occasional diversions in their hard lives. About once in a fortnight each member of a crew has a chance to spend twenty-four hours with his family, if he has one near by. The keeper may have his with him in the summer at the station, where *he* is obliged to reside at all seasons. In the long winter evenings there is

WRECK OF GERMAN STEAMSHIP "GLÜCKAUF," 12 MILES FROM FIRE ISLAND, 1893.

considerable time for reading, and the mess-room is kept warm and comfortable, the Seamen's Friend Society providing books. The boys have many a hearty laugh over impossible sea-tales of wrecks and rescues; the accounts of damsels who remain beautiful with water dripping from their hair and their noses; of sailors who swim with them through holes in coral reefs to tropical islands, where obliging monkeys wait at table and chocolate caramels drop from overhanging trees. These

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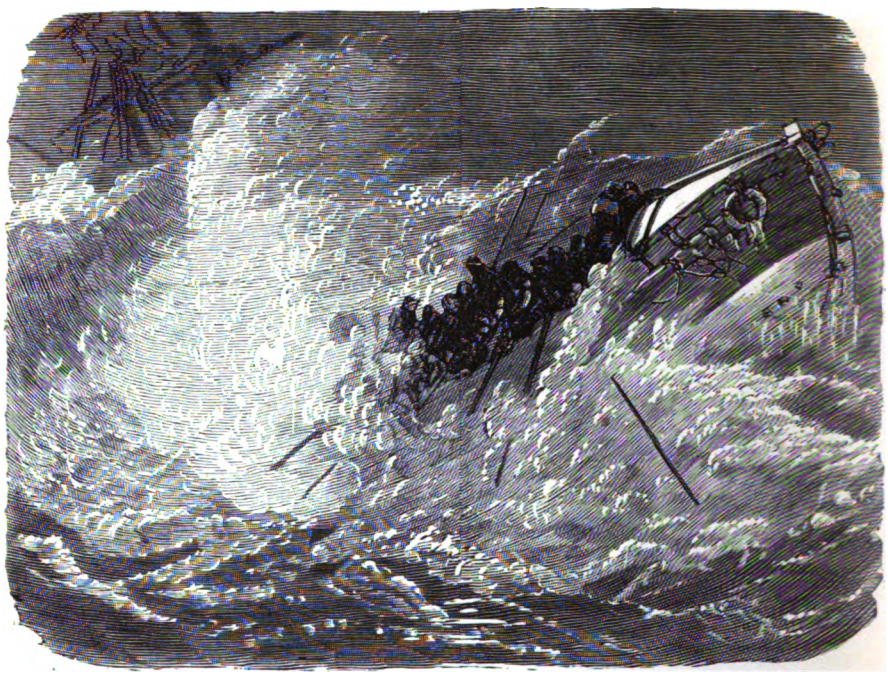

LIFE-BOAT RETURNING FROM WRECK.

readers know how to appreciate the forethought of that heroine of Frank Stockton's creation who wore a flannel petticoat to keep her warm in the water, and the adroitness of her companion, who extracted a bologna sausage from her pocket at a hungry moment, while her life-preserver kept her from sinking. The novelist can perform feats which are beyond even the Life-Saving Service.

About Christmas-time the neighbors around some of the stations give the men a party—not wholly a surprise, for the boats and buoys must be moved out before the musicians can take possession of the boat-house. After a rousing dance they all repair to the adjoining mess-room to partake of the supper which the guests have provided.

By an act of Congress of August 3, 1894, the term of active service on the Atlantic coast was prolonged. It now extends from the first day of August until the first day of June, the pay of surfmen being sixty dollars per working month; the seventh man, brought in the first of December for the worst months, getting sixty-five, and the keepers, or captains, receiving nine hundred per annum. These are appointed from the crews,

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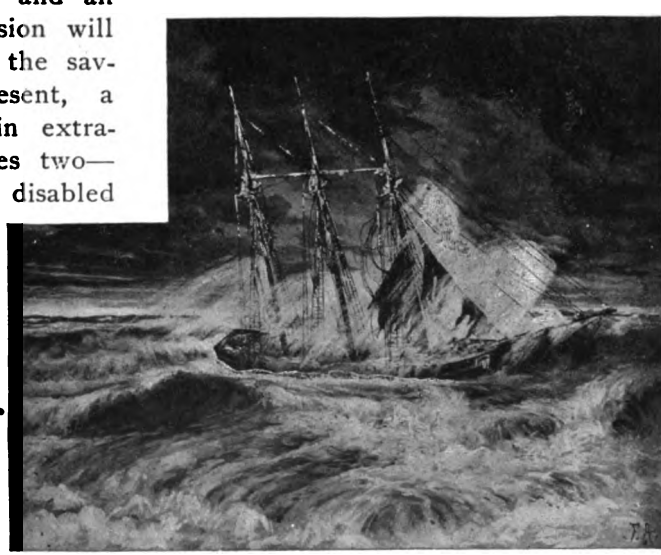
solely on their merits and record of usefulness. On the Pacific coast and on the Great Lakes there has been no change in the term of active service and wages.

All the men have the expense of their three uniforms—the thick blue one with overcoat, the white duck suit for domestic purposes, and the oil-silk overalls; an entire outfit costing its owner thirty-five dollars. His mess costs him eight dollars a month, and he shares the expense of a cook. Sometimes he gets a chance to go fishing on his own account. When the shipwrecked have to be entertained at the stations, government allows twenty cents a meal for their board.

Uncle Sam is proud of his Life-saving Service, but he is still disposed to be economical toward it in some directions. He has spent millions in pensioning those who helped him to destroy life, but he hesitates to show equal consideration for those who have helped him to save it. Perhaps when arbitration takes the place of war civilization will take another great leap forward, and an ampler provision will be made for the savers. At present, a year's pay—in extraordinary cases two—is given to a disabled surfman, and two years' salary to his wife or children if he dies in the line of duty.



WRECK OF "LOUIS V. PLACE" OFF LONE HILL, L. I.

The service is the product of evolution. It became the admirable, far-reaching organization it is to-day by the fidelity and breadth of vision of its superintendent, Sumner I. Kimball, and by the persistent advocacy of large-hearted congressmen who, for once in their legislative careers, worked together irrespective of party affiliations and prejudices. A moment of divine inspiration seems to have marked its inception, like the fall of the apple to Newton, the motion of the pendulum to Galileo.

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In the winter of 1839 a young medical graduate, William A. Newell, afterwards governor of New Jersey, saw a party of villagers dragging from the surf the bodies of thirteen drowned

WRECK OF BRITISH STEAMSHIP "LAMINGTON" OFF LONG ISLAND, 1896.

persons, their wrecked brig being in sight on the bar only a few rods from Long Beach. It came to Newell in a flash that the disaster might have been averted if communication could have been established between the shore and the brig at the critical juncture. He began a series of experiments by firing strings of different lengths from an old blunderbus; the very first attempt demonstrating to his satisfaction that a ball would lead a string beyond the surf, and that when it had sunk the line could be pulled taut. About nine-tenths of the wrecks have always taken place within three hundred yards from shore. This young man was not destined to renown as a physician; he was to labor in another sphere of humanitarian effort. From that initial hour he never rested until he had matured a scheme for the saving of life and property, and his election to Congress gave him the best possible opportunity. The first resolutions he offered were for the benefit of his native State, New Jersey, asking for an appropriation for surf-boats, mortars, rockets, and other apparatus to be kept at designated stations. As might be expected, Mr. Newell had to go through a stage of

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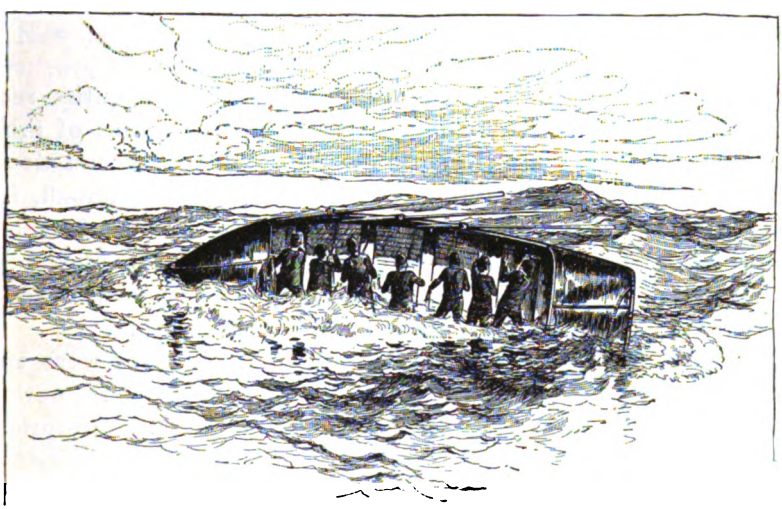
being considered chimerical and quixotic, but eventually his theories were so well exemplified that, after locating stations on the Jersey and Long Island coasts, appropriations were made for placing life-boats on parts of the coast of Rhode Island, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Texas—eighty-two in all, and providing for their preservation. Honorable William A. Newell has the distinction of being the father of the Life-saving Service, not only in America but on this planet. In centuries to come historians of every race and country will trace it back to his name and give him its glory.

Much of the early success of the service must be attributed to the suggestions and labors of the officers of the revenue marine; but, unfortunately, a series of appalling disasters had to convince our nation that its scope and usefulness must be enlarged—in short, that Mr. Newell's achievement could not be allowed to stand still. As time went on, the widely separated sta-



DRILL WITH LIFE-BOAT.

tions on the coast became dilapidated, and the apparatus incomplete, rusty, and ineffective for want of proper care. The keepers, receiving salaries of two hundred dollars a year, were usually appointed for services rendered the party in power, and lived away from the stations under their charge; consequently they were oftener a disadvantage to the shipwrecked than a help, for they kept the keys and could not be found when the call for aid came! Nobody else had any authority, and finally some

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intrepid volunteer would have to break open the door in order to obtain a boat and life-preserver to use in the rescue he had undertaken.

It was Samuel Sullivan Cox, of New York, orator, statesman, and humorist, who first turned the attention of Congress and the public to the rescue of the shipwrecked by means of or-

WRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ganized concerted help from the shore, urging an entire reconstruction of the service, with adequate appropriations of money for that purpose. An important step toward the end desired was taken by the appointment of Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, from the Bureau of Revenue Marine, to the position of General Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service. He at once began to apply practical business principles to the revised code and *morale* that Cox and his *confrères* were inaugurating.

And so the work of evolution went on. Politics were eliminated, regular crews appointed to assist the keepers, new stations built, improved appliances furnished, one appropriation after another made by Congress.

Throughout his long term of twenty-five years in Congress Mr. Cox never ceased to bear it on his mind and heart. His memory is cherished by the "boys," and among the older ones many a lonely patrolman on his trackless midnight beat thinks with gratitude of the long, hard fight for his welfare waged by the genial humorist, who could be so deeply in earnest when occasion moved him. In the later years of his busy life, Mr. Cox said, in one of his most eloquent speeches: "What little I have accomplished in connection with the Life-saving Service is sweeter than honey in the honeycomb. It is its own exceeding great reward. It speaks to me in the voices of the rescued—ay, in

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tears of speechless feeling; speaks of resurrection from death—

"'In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights from the shore.'"

A number of other congressmen from both Houses are on the roll of honor as workers for the service: Hamlin, Frelinghuysen, Stockton, Thurman, Hale, Dawes, Lynch, Hooper, and Conger were some of the most prominent.

It is a grand, heroic subject. Most writers who begin with praises of it are content to end with statistics as a more forcible appeal to the mind of the reader than any rhetoric of their own. A recent chronicler has estimated the present ratio of the efficiency of the Life-saving Service as follows:

"The average loss of life per annum throughout the entire domain of the service along the Atlantic and the Gulf from Maine to Texas, along the Ohio River and the shores of the Great Lakes, from California to the Strait of Fuca, is equal now, with our increased commerce, to what used to occur on the New Jersey and Long Island coasts alone, during the twenty years preceding its organization. Formerly one out of every twenty-nine on wrecked vessels perished; now a hundred and twelve out of a hundred and thirteen are saved. An amount of property is also saved annually that exceeds many times the cost of maintaining the whole service."

LIFE-BOAT GOING OUT.

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THE GENIUS OF JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, POET.

THE knight on the title-page seems riding to the "battlemented castle by the Maine," where the "queenly," "lovely," "stately," "haughty," "noble," "hapless," and finally "wooden" Lady Eleonora von Alleyn lived, moved, and became transformed. The mockery of this production, or translation, is very happily suggested in the picture, which in its manner is a Mangan-like, saucy imitation of mediæval painting. Perspective is unnecessary, and this, oddly enough, appears to be the editor's estimate of Mangan's presentation of the world within him, which reflects the world without behind a magic vapor all his own. There is some incisiveness in her analysis of his work, and much kindness—some sharp sayings proceeding from the judgment of artistic sense with its responsibilities, but softened by the graciousness of other sayings which a woman's taste knows how to utter. The Study deserves great praise for placing before us a singular conception of mind embodied in a vesture and linked to accessories inseparable from it for evermore. The poet Mangan, the soul Mangan, is cloaked, hatted, spectacled, and umbrella-armed before us, moving like a shy ghost in daylight streets, or hanging over books as he stands on the top of library ladder-steps. So we have him in the memory henceforth, as we have Don Quixote. Thriftless poet with thine umbrella, immortal knight on Rosinante, let them meet in that ideal world which Berkeley's portcullis guards for the illustrious dead, and the not less illustrious—the "athanatoi" born of poesy!

But the fair editor does not seem quite to have grasped all the qualities of Mangan's work, and this we think is due to some theory about his translations, genuine or feigned; namely, that he supplied to genuine translations embroidery of his own, and that he palmed upon a much-enduring public his own inventions as the renderings of other minds. If he did the latter, barring the immorality, we say with Ned Poins, concerning his

* *James Clarence Mangan.* Selected Poems, with a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

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sister's marriage with Prince Hal, we "wish" the many-headed "no worse luck."

It seems, on the surface, strange that verses of such power and truth to life as "The Last of the Barmecides" should not have the small foundation in fact of an adaptation. Imitations of Schiller, Heine, and Goethe under the title of "After the German" or "Translations from the German," have been sent into the world and unmasked; the first having nothing German about them but mistiness, the last untraceable beyond an image or a line which in more honest work would be called piracy. "The Diver," by Lytton, is called a translation, yet it is said that Lytton's characteristics are there and nothing else. Now, on the contrary, there are lines, good judges say, as distinctly Schiller's as any line in Coleridge's great translations of his plays. Pope's *Iliad* is said to be by the author of "The Essay on Man" himself, and not a rendering of Homer; that it belongs about as much to the Heroic Age of Greece as Addison's Cato, in a bob-wig and knee-breeches, is Uticensis himself, who, in early days in the Senate, when Rome was quivering with excitement, threw back the *billet-doux* to Cæsar with the word "Sot."

In fact, Pope's Homer recalls, with a good deal of spirit, Homer's characters and the scenes in which they moved, though Pope himself might seem his least fit interpreter. The baldest translation of the letter by which a school-boy ever "cribbed" his class-work cannot kill the deathless, the "swift-footed," the "king of men," the "man of many wiles." Thirty centuries have decreed their apotheosis, and thirty more shall see them living. We may not hear in "the loud resounding deep" the onomatopeic boom of the sea, or see how Homer saw its dark waves riding under their white crests at the summons of "Thracian winds," but in men there is the reality of action and the truth of passion, and these can never be totally obscured even by a translation. If this be correct, it may, moreover, be suggested that ideation from book-images is not the same as the idealization of facts of experience, or the results of introspection, preceding the work of that shaping spirit of imagination which lifts individual feelings and emotions to the universal and eternal, to the sympathy of all tongues and times. No better illustration of the two processes can be had than in the Saturnian Age of Keats, and the Greek cast of thought in Shelley's rendering of the "Cyclops." We shall say a word on this presently, but applying the principles suggested, which are the true canons of criticism to be used here, we think Mangan's

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versions, if they carry the spirit of the original, are translations in the truest sense—the poetic one. We are not speaking of mere paraphrases; we distinctly mean poetic equivalents in the relation of original and version.

It is not the same—though the editor says so—as if Mangan had laid laces, gold, and jewels on cloth of frieze. The figure of Christopher Sly, with his shock hair, face and hands of tinkerdom, revealed in the dress and amid the surroundings of a man of the highest rank, is sufficiently incongruous, and may serve to illustrate such performance as this would be. But such work is not art in any sense; it cannot be understood why it should be attempted, unless on the theory that Mangan's taste was so debauched that all that was spiritual in him had been extinguished. The editor has justly seized on the quality of his work in cynical moods, when she praises Lady Eleonora von Alleyn. Even the subtle mockery hinted in the variations of epithet—though a mere perfume, a breath of other quality than the words teach,—even this intangible mockery has not escaped her; then why not infer a purpose in similar work? He is not laughing at himself, not poking fun at the enlightened public; but there is a sort of Mephistophelean joy in his conception of this German Clara Vere de Vere, and he does her more than poetic justice—such justice as Puck would execute by command of Oberon. She is a real object to him; she is so peculiarly unamiable, cross as a disappointed vestal who would be queen of hearts, he cannot tolerate her, and so with a narrowness of heart, like the schoolboy who is cruel through love of mischief rather than knowledge, a sort of childish petulance, sweetly unreasonable, he delights in crystallizing her, immortalizing her, by a punishment not exemplary, but simply suitable in his mood. At the same time this punishment is in keeping with the inner meaning of Rückert, even though the latter should be disposed, as the gifted editor thinks, to hand the fine ballad to his "friend Mangan." Would he also hand him "Nature more than Science?" in which Mangan so beautifully renders his shepherd whose

> ". . . pipe is but a leaf,
> Yet there, above that stream,
> He plays and plays, as in a dream,
> One air, that steals away the senses like a thief."

Where did Mangan get the fury that rages in "The Kara-

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manian Exile," mingled with undertones of home-sickness almost Swiss in their softness? Is it asking Mangan: What is Hecuba to him that he should weep for her? when the exile tells us:

"Troops were few in Erzeroum,
Karaman, O Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzeroum;
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome;
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death my spirit's home,
Karaman, O Karaman!"

We think not. There is the note that tells of wrong; it cannot be mistaken, it is not a fancy like "A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century"; it must have sounded from some heart before it was echoed in Mangan's verse. Like "Dark Rosaleen," it is idealized experience and not mere fancy moulding book-impressions or pale reveries, or conjuring up, by a dramatic charlatanism, the spectres of men and the stage properties of dress and scene. The pun on Hafiz proves nothing, or perhaps rather proves our contention that the poems purporting to be translations from Oriental languages were at least adaptations.

To return to what we have been drawing from the instances of Keats and Shelley to serve as canons for examination, we at once say that such reality as we find in Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" we have in the "Cyclops" translated from Euripides; such unaided operation of fancy as the "Vision of Connaught" affords we possess in the Greek life and scenery reflected in the poems of Keats. We think every reader has experienced the distinction. In the "Cyclops," however free the rendering, we sit down and listen under Sicilian skies to the cynicism of Silenus, about whose unadulterated selfishness there is no mistake, but which is perfectly amusing at the same time. We see the Satyrs watching

". . . the Mænades whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet."

We enter the cave with Ulysses; we realize his danger from the Cyclops' fury and strength, and can only hope that his pro-

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found craft will open a way for his escape. This vivid sympathy is not felt with the purely imaginative characters of "Prometheus Unbound," in which Shelley tries to imitate Æschylus; but such a sympathy would accompany the action through every scene of "Prometheus Bound," if he had translated it. A great poet is the best interpreter of a great poet, no matter how unliteral he may be, if he has taken the mould and form of the time from his original. What is missed in Keats is the indwelling in the old world of the golden age. Beautiful as Endymion is, life and all about it is plastic art set in scenery; brush and chisel peopling the young world of the golden age. He does not dwell in that young world with the beautiful shapes amid the groves and by the streams of which he speaks. They are before us as though we were passing through a picture gallery dedicated to them, or, it may be, standing on the steps of a temple placed in the wide open of a forest, and saw in the glades the flash of flying fauns or the slow, solemn pace of a procession of virgins with Diana at their head, coming up a vista.

All this we get and more, for Keats surrounds one with the matchless blue of the Grecian sky, the russet richness here, the olive-green there in the forest shade. We feel with a keen pleasure the things around us; we cannot quite articulate our longings; there is something we want which picture or statue will not give, not even the air with which he surrounds us, as, save Homer, no other poet does—which Tennyson tries and fails to give. There is a touch of sadness over the repose, beneath the shaded brightness of the blue sky, and folded round as we are by the lucent softness of an atmosphere of illuminated shadow while we gaze on figures of Greek grace and beauty—grace and beauty and a strange solemnity as well. The charm is wonderful, but there is no life of human passion in this beauty and grace and awe; it is the same wherever we see man or maid: we can only think of them as hero and nymph, whether they are near us, leaning against white pillars of the shrine, or some way off in front of a giant oak of far-spreading branches, standing in the penumbra where the white light upon the sward begins to darken toward the inner depths of shadow; but there is nothing of the joy, the passion, the sorrow, and the love that make the moods of life.

It does not meet the point to say Keats lacks the self-revealing power, and so his characters are not vivid in the energy of feeling, like those of Homer or Æschylus or Sophocles, of

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Dante and Shakspere and Scott; but they have a reality of their own, a truth of the highest character in their appeal to cultivated taste.

The explanation lies, as we have already said, in the different sources of impressions. No one will deny that Shelley was more purely imaginative than Keats, but Cenci is as terrible a reality, though of a different order, as Œdipus. The parallel between both is sufficient for our purpose—the power of projecting a being upon the stage which fascinates one by its incredible wickedness and daring, so that you mentally look down from the honored gray head to see if the feet be cloven, while the face wrinkles with a sneer at your disappointment. It is a great creation, whose place in the life of the other characters, amid the accompaniments of scene and time, is set with the inspiration of genius. The same horrible fascination is exercised by Œdipus, though the moral significance is as far away as pole from pole from the hideous tragedy of Cenci. Cruel and capricious gods, or blind, inexorable circumstances moving from a Fate which, like Nature, knows no remorse, are the cause of an agony Titanic in intensity and struggle; but at the moment when our strained sympathy is about to give way, from the desolated heart goes forth solicitude for his children so pathetic that heart and imagination are taken captive.

Then it is not so much in qualities of the fancy as in the source itself of the impressions which are the poet's material, that the difference of effects is to be sought. We could hardly find anything more apposite to this than Mangan's translation from Goethe, "The Fisherman." The higher azure of imagination that belongs to the supreme art that has its inspiration in nature knows no difficulty. Ages, cities of men, antres vast, and the green caves of the sea are equally accessible. Mangan translates this poem with an ease and power which we doubt he has ever used in original work, as may be judged from one of the verses in which the "woman" of the sea lures the fisherman to her arms:

"The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to sleep in ocean caves;
They reascend their glorious thrones with doubled beauty from the waves."

There is a gem, "And Then No More," from Rückert, others from Körner, the well-known "Mariner's Bride" from Camoens, and one we miss from Heine, a clause of a line from which, as

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we remember well, rang like the clash of swords in a speech in the House of Commons some years ago.

We close this notice by again thanking Miss Guiney for the study she has presented. Though we thought that she judged Mangan by principles of criticism of an arbitrary rather than a fixed character, resting on facts of human nature and the theory of the beautiful, we still were bound to admit the taste and skill with which, according to her own canons, she judged his work. We cannot agree with the opinion that Mangan was no translator, though probably he was unduly guided, or rather ruled, by a sort of reckless spirit which might be started by some chance association in the work he was translating. Her complaint, that he could not rein his drolleries even in the presence of Goethe, may not be quite so just as would appear at the first blush. If we do not mistake, there was in Goethe at least the suggestion of wild humor familiar in German drinking songs and students' ways. This would account for the seeming irreverence towards Goethe, as it would for the sayings and doings of very great people indeed. The whistling of "At the Death" by Bismarck, as the method of keeping his promise to Thiers that he would not communicate the treaty for the surrender of Paris for a few days, offers a specimen from real life of the moods that find expression in Mephistopheles, and of which, we fear, queer, erratic, half-despairing child of genius, Mangan, had a sort of diabolic appreciation that gave zest to life.

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HISTORIC RELICS OF THE "LOST TEN TRIBES."

ANY one attempting a study of American antiquities will discover many ill-defined and ill-classified curiosities, whose origin and significance are alike obscure. We have many sketches of notable localities and historic events, whose interest is due to almost incessant wars between civilized adventurers and savage tribes, for possession of the land; or between rival colonies, for the sovereignty of a country which neither of the contestants could justly claim. These are historic places and events because their story has been told. But there is another and more numerous class of monuments, relating to remoter periods of time, whose authentic history can never be rehearsed, and whose significance is subjected to preconceived and very doubtful theories, or left to vague conjecture. Their origin and historic relations are uncertain or unknown. Yet we have descriptions of such prehistoric monuments extending, with frequent intervals, from north to south, and from east to west, over the wide territories of North and South America. In New Mexico and Arizona, old Mexico and Central America, and the northern countries of South America, architectural remains of prehistoric time have long been known. The well-known ruins of ancient cities, as well as those more recently discovered, in Arizona, are as remarkable for the massive blocks of wrought stone of which their temples or palaces were built as for the grand proportions of the structures themselves.

WHO HOLDS THE KEY?

Who were the builders? Who can tell their story? The colossal ruins of Mexico, Central and South America, afford examples of sculptured effigies and emblems which explorers have, more or less accurately, described. But the descriptions are like those of long abandoned islands in unfrequented seas, whose geography is undetermined, and whose old ruins are only monuments of the unknown. The names of those to whom such relics are ascribed are *only* names, unless we have some clue to their connection with historic events, or with the tribes that occupied the country when European adventurers first came to America. To say that "the *Chickemecs* and *Nahuas* were the first inhabitants of America; that the *Toltecs* preceded the

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Aztecs and built the massive structures whose ruins are so numerous in the central regions of the continent; that the *Olmecs* and *Xicalancas* migrated to Mexico from the direction of Florida, about eighteen centuries ago," tells very little of the affiliations of historic to prehistoric times; or of the relations of the builders of pyramids and temples to the Pueblos and the nomadic tribes that yet linger on the confines of modern civilization.

Writers of American archæology give many imperfect accounts of curious antiquities; of ancient mounds and fortifications, and of the ruins of massive structures which challenge admiration. And from such incomplete and questionable *data* they form crude theories that multiply the perplexities of those who grope among old ruins to learn something of their builders —of the races that peopled our continent before the discoveries of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci.

BACK TO THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

It is easier to talk vaguely of the Mound-builders, the Chickemecs, Toltecs, and Aztecs, as successive races dominant in the central region of America, than to trace the obscure vestiges of prehistoric peoples to their origin; or to compile a true history of tribes whose genuine traditions are involved with the fables of imposture and superstition. We have fragments of history, or tradition, relative to tribes who came from the North, the North-west, and "from the direction of Florida"; as if, like swarms of insects from stagnant waters, they had risen from earth or sea in some far distant regions of the north, and, for reasons unexplained, directed their nomadic march toward Mexico. These historic fragments note specific differences of tribes rather than the evidences of their generic unity. We are confused by a multitude of names—unconnected and disordered links of history—instead of an unbroken chain. Incidental facts and observations which might afford a clue to the labyrinth of ancient monuments are, perhaps, deemed too insignificant for even a passing notice. The observer who poises over or above the earth may see its oceans and continents; its great lakes and rivers; its mountains, and the wide valleys through which the rivers flow to drain the lands of half a continent; but he will fail to discern, from so great a distance, the little fountains from which divergent streamlets run, or the thousand rills that swell the streamlet to the flowing river. He sees the round world; but not the silent actions of that creative power that, in the beginning, "gathered together the waters of the sea into one place, and made the dry land appear."

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The turbid Mississippi, and the clear, cold waters of the St. Lawrence and the Red River of the North, are as unlike as the brutalities of savage life and the amenities of civilization. The mouths of these great rivers are more than a thousand miles apart, and each more than that wide space from the high plateau from which their waters flow south, east, and north, to the Gulf, the Atlantic, and the Arctic sea. The Indians called such localities—at the head-waters of divergent rivers—"Mini, Akapan Kaduza": or, where the waters run different ways.

Only the Tower of Babel, in the valley of the Euphrates, could be, for the different races of man, what *Mini, Akapan Kaduza* is to the rivers of our western land. But here we have no Babel whence the tribes diverged; and so we search among ancient ruins to find such shreds of history as may yet cling to broken monuments of the past, and multiply classes of historic or prehistoric peoples whose end and origin are alike obscure. We have Mounds and the Mound-builders; pyramids and temples of the Toltecs and Aztecs; relics of the Chickemecs and Nahuas; who all came from—nowhere; built cities whose colossal ruins challenge our admiration; and were succeeded by the Pueblos and the nomadic, savage tribes of the mountains and prairies, who also came from nowhere, and will soon disappear before the advancing tide of Christian civilization!

WHY CHRISTIANITY HAS NOT MEANT CIVILIZATION.

There is something more curious than even the indications of Indian relics in the fact that Christian nations, in four centuries of contact with these savage tribes, have failed to induce them to adopt the habits of civilized life. Catholic missionaries—Franciscans and Jesuits, and, in later years, the Oblate Fathers—had notable success in effecting their conversion; and their ultimate civilization seemed assured. But the rivalries of discordant creeds weakened and, in great measure, destroyed their influence and left the poor Indians a prey to the rapacity of those who sought to *civilize the land*, by exterminating its savage occupants.

The signal failure of a government claiming to be the guardian of the Indians to effect their civilization, may well be reckoned among historic relics of the land, and the war of races for its sole possession. Our philanthropists excuse the futility of their pretended benevolence with the oft-repeated falsehood: "The Indian cannot be civilized; he is not only untamed, but untamable."

To class him with the wild animals of the forest and the

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prairie may seem to excuse our cruel injustice in his regard, and to facilitate the acquisition of his lands; but a race that has produced such men as Tecumseh, King Philip of the Pokanokets, Red Jacket, John Ross, and hundreds of whom these were the types, is as capable of civilization as were our Celtic and Saxon ancestors, or any of the hordes that overran the Roman Empire and became the founders of modern Europe. Well may the remnants of the race be classed with our historic relics!

Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that the tribes which peopled America when Europeans began to colonize the country were never civilized. They had no literature, no historic records, no general traditions to supply their place. Our own history gives no authentic account of permanent colonization prior to the sixteenth century, nor of English colonies before the beginning of the seventeenth. Whatever may be learned of the origin of the Indian tribes must depend, in great measure, on other evidence than that culled from their vague and mythical traditions; though the concurrence of what is evidently the basis of some vague tradition with authentic fact, may sometimes be accepted as historic truth. That other evidence may be found in physical characteristics, languages, usages, and habits of life, *combined;* but cannot be developed by their elaborate discussion because it is not contained in either, but in the concurrent evidence of all.

WILLIAM PENN'S CONJECTURE.

When William Penn first came to America he was so struck by the Jewish countenances of the Indians, and the resemblance of some of their customs to those recorded of the Jews, that he conjectured—as have many others—that they might be descendants of the lost Ten Tribes. "An Englishman," from whose *Account of a Journey in the United States*, about seventy years ago, this statement is taken, "failed to discover their facial resemblance to the Hebrew race," though he saw a youth among the Seneca Indians whom, if he had met in Houndsditch, or any other street of London which they haunt, he "should have taken for one of them." Penn mentioned certain prevalent Indian customs as similar to those of the Jews; but "An Englishman" discredits the inference from this, "because the same customs are found in one district of Africa." He seems to overlook the fact that many Jews are found there too.

There are other indications of the affiliation of the Indian tribes to the Hebrew race.

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HEBREW CUSTOMS IN NEW MEXICO.

When going up the valley of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, many years ago, my attention was drawn to the flocks of sheep and goats, and their *pastores*, or shepherd-boys. These little shepherds wore neither hats nor shoes. Their only garment was a tunic, reaching a little below the knee and confined by a girdle, from which depended a small pouch or scrip. A quiver, with bow and arrows, hung athwart the shoulders; and the right hand held a sling. Presently, a stone from the scrip was hurled forward toward the right or left, to make the flock swerve to the left or right. It was impossible not to recognize little "David, the son of Jesse"; and one might have almost expected to behold Goliath, the Philistine, coming to defy the children of Israel. The portraiture of the scene described in the Book of Samuel was too exact to be ascribed to accident; and, for the first time, it occurred to me that David bore a sling, not for the purpose of slaying bears or lions—or even Philistines—but to guide and control the flock; and that these little shepherds, of a kindred race, dwelling in a country not unlike the pastoral regions of Judea, very naturally continued to re-enact the scenes described in sacred history.

When one is persuaded to accept some definite theory to harmonize passing events with historic legends, he is prone to find "*tongues in trees, books in the running brooks*," to attest its truth. So, on leaving the little *pastores* and their flocks in the upper valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, I was prepared to view other incidents of travel in the light of Bible history.

Those acquainted with the topography of New Mexico are aware that its only arable lands border the Rio Grande, its tributaries, and some smaller streams. Even there, crops are grown by means of irrigation, because the growing season is absolutely without rain enough to moisten the soil, and in those high altitudes—seven to eight thousand feet above the sea—there is very little dew. The inhabitants, a mixed race of Indian and Spanish blood, and Pueblo Indians, depending chiefly on the products of the soil for their subsistence, were confined to the valleys. Near every ranchero dwelling, or farm-house, there was a circular enclosure some fifty feet in diameter and fifteen to twenty feet in height. It was formed of round timber, or very stout poles, set firmly in the ground, making a rude stockade. I supposed these enclosures to be defensive works provided against incursions of hostile Indians from the mountains; but they were *threshing-floors!* The wheat, when

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fully ripe and dried in the rarefied atmosphere of New Mexico, was thrown into these circular enclosures, where the trampling of goaded cattle did the work of the threshing-machine or the flail.

"*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

The Indians, both in the East and the West, were accustomed, at a certain season, to leave their villages or towns, and congregate in some appointed place to indulge in unlicensed revelry. In the East it was the Green-Corn Dance; in the far West, a saturnalia under some other name; in both, a perversion of the Feast of Tabernacles, in which only its gross abuses were retained.

INDIAN PHARISAISMS.

There is, or was, another observance of some Indian tribes that seems like a curious relic of an ancient rite whose significance, long forgotten, might help to trace a degraded people to their origin. There is one tribe—perhaps more than one—among the Indians of the far West which, with abundance of food, has been known to fast for two or three successive days because, while crossing an arid desert, it had barely enough water to allay thirst, and its people *would not eat with unwashed hands!* As they were not a cleanly people—in fact, they were noted for personal filthiness—one may well conclude that some religious sentiment, real or superstitious, was the motive of such rigid abstinence. They observed a tradition of their ancestors. What was its origin?

When, many years ago, I was stationed at Detroit, the late venerable Dr. Pitcher, formerly a distinguished surgeon in the army, but then an old resident of that town, knowing that I was interested in local antiquities and other curious relics, brought to me for inspection an old coin or medal, then recently discovered somewhere in the interior of Michigan.

In sinking a well the workmen had dug through strata of loam and gravel, and come upon a bed of dry, compact clay. They had reached a depth of some forty feet when a large lump, tossed from the mouth of the well, was broken into several pieces by its fall, and exposed a small disc of metal adhering to one of the parts. The disc was the old coin, or medal. It was rather smaller than a silver half-dollar; but of what metal I am unable to say. For, though not corroded by rust, but as smooth as when it came from the mint, it was blackened by long contact with the clay in which it had been embedded for centuries. I did not feel at liberty to test it with the file; but, from its weight and blue-black color, suppose it was of bronze. The raised letters or characters on either face were

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thought to be Hebrew—which I was unable to read. When shown to the rabbi of the synagogue in Detroit, he pronounced it to be "ancient Hebrew—or Hebrew before points were used." And he was unable to explain its legend. But he was sure that it was a Semitic coin of great antiquity. Its great antiquity was certified by the evidence of geology.

WHENCE CAME THEY?

We would not hastily accept any theory concerning "the lost tribes." Nor can it be supposed that every tribe that helped to people America before the sixteenth century was descended from the Jews. But we may well suppose that a contingent of the Hebrew race passed from Asia to America ages before the date of its discovery by Columbus or the Northmen. Some accident, or some great convulsion of terrestrial nature, such as, perhaps, changed the earth's axis of revolution, and buried the living mastodon and the bones of animals indigenous in the temperate and torrid zones beneath the frozen earth of the Arctic region, might well account for more wonderful discoveries than that of an old Semitic coin beneath the drift of southern Michigan.

But it was not a convulsion of nature that gave to some of the Indians the facial outlines of the Semitic race, that induced them to endure long and painful fasting in observance of a Jewish custom or religious precept, or that made the rude agriculture of the Pueblos, and the pastoral care of their flocks, only a repetition of the labors of the husbandmen and the shepherds of three thousand years ago. Any one of these incidents that indicate a possible relation to the Hebrew race might occur from some accidental cause. But their concurrence under changed conditions of life, at periods so remote, and in countries so widely separated, should exclude all reasonable doubt.

WELSH REMAINS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

There is, or lately was, about the head-waters of the Missouri, a small tribe of *Mandans*, whose language, knowledge of certain arts unknown to other tribes, and some vague tradition of their origin, distinguished them from their neighbors. As a distinct tribe they no longer exist. The few remaining Mandans are merged in other tribes to which they were allied. Their language contains many words which are distinctly Welsh. Their tribal name—Mandan—is Welsh, and signifies color, or red color. They have always been skilled in the production of

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brilliant dyes, and in the manufacture of those glass beads with which the Indians decorate their persons, and ornament their moccasins, and pouches for holding tobacco and kinnikinic. A bunch of Mandan beads was worth five times as much as those supplied by white traders among them. These people had a tradition to the effect that their fathers came over the great lake, and were cast upon its shore far to the south-west of their country; and in the course of years made their way to their western home around the head-waters of the Missouri. Though allied by intermarriages with different tribes, they always have preserved distinctive traces of their Celtic origin.

There is historic record of the sailing of two Welsh ships (*sic*), that were driven by violent winds far to the south-west from the British islands, and never returned. This was about eight or nine centuries ago—or about the period of the Norman conquest of England. In effect, the Mandan tradition of the time and place of landing of their fathers who came over the great water, would at least offer no contradiction of the theory that the stranded Welshmen were the progenitors—the Pilgrim Fathers—of the Mandans.

Words and phrases of Welsh or Manx cannot have been formed by chance in the language of an Indian tribe two thousand miles west of the Atlantic; nor need we suppose that one of those freaks of nature to which some people are prone to ascribe what they cannot explain, gave to the Mandans an intuitive knowledge of arts, and a language to which the neighboring tribes were utter strangers.

Some of the idiosyncrasies of particular tribes are, in fact, characteristics of the race from which they sprang. Could we trace them to their different ancestries, as in the case of the Mandans, the Mexicans of Spanish and Indian blood, or those of French and Indian descent in the North, we should, perhaps, find the Hebrew element as widely diffused among the Indian tribes as among the civilized nations of Europe and America.

A POSSIBLE MAGYAR KINSHIP.

In the straight, black hair, the high cheek-bone, and olive complexion we recognize the marks of kindred between our savage tribes, the Tartars of northern Asia, and the Magyars of Hungary. And here, if physical resemblance be deemed inadequate proof of kindred, a comparison of the languages of North American Indians, eastern Siberians, and the Magyars

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of Hungary make doubt almost impossible. An intelligent English traveller, Paget, in his account of travels in British America, Siberia, and Hungary, gives a long list of words in the languages of those countries so widely separated. I think he has given nearly a hundred words of the same meaning, and so nearly identical in sound that to doubt their common origin would be absurd. A single example of a word in common use in our Northern and New England States may not go far to prove our theory, but will serve to illustrate its argument.

We have on our tables, in summer, a preparation of Indian corn and beans, called "succotash." All New-Englanders know it; and that the name, as well as the dish itself, is derived from the Indians. During our Civil War a Hungarian captain of artillery, serving with my commander in Florida, chanced to dine at my mess. Hearing some one ask for "succotash," he almost jumped from his chair, declaring that the word was the Magyar name for precisely the same preparation of maize and beans. "Well, captain," some one replied, "I always suspected that the Magyars and our Indians were kindred peoples—cousins at the least; now I know it." The facial evidence is too strong to be doubted by those familiar with the lineaments of the Tartar races.

Two or three years after the arrival of Kossuth and other Hungarian refugees in this country, I was on a visit to my brother, then a practising lawyer in Chicago. A room adjacent to his private office was occupied by his son and a Latin tutor. The latter was introduced as Major B——, a Hungarian officer who had served on the staff of one of the Hungarian leaders. When we had left the room, one of our party jestingly asked if the tutor might not be an impostor. "For," he added, "if he is not a half-breed Ojibway or Ottawa Indian, I never saw one."

LIKENESSES AS IMPORTANT AS DIFFERENCES.

To suppose that our Indian tribes are all descended from Hungarians, Tartars, and Jews would be as absurd as to deny the essential unity of the human race; yet our archæologists are sometimes so intent on the classification of tribes and families, in reference to such differences as time and the vicissitudes of human life have wrought, that they disregard the clearest evidences of their common origin. But no truthful history of a nation or a family could be possible if only the differences of its component members were of record. In some countries of Europe, where the peasantry rarely stray beyond the near

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neighborhood of their birthplace, those dwelling in districts ten miles distant from each other speak different dialects; this is notably true of Belgium. In England, the dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Devonshire differ so widely from each other that they might well be counted as different languages. If classified by their differences, they are three nations; if by what is the common characteristic of the three, the roots of significant words and their arrangement, they are one people.

TALLAHASSEE RELICS.

In a brief sketch of service in Florida in 1838–9, published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1892, there is a partial description of prehistoric remains then existing in the neighborhood of Tallahassee. An old fort and covered way, and traces of a large town buried, but preserved, under what seemed to be the "forest primeval"; bits of ancient pottery—sometimes unbroken—resembling the old fabrics of Mexico and Central America, were discovered by the plough. And reference is made to other relics, of ancient but unknown people, found at intervals between Florida and the Mississippi valley; and thence to the country of the Aztecs and Toltecs, where massive ruins remain to serve as monuments of races which, else, were known only by the narratives of their Spanish conquerors. These scattered relics might be of more interest to the collector of curios than to the historian, but for their accordance with the Mexican tradition, that the Xicalancas and Nahuas contributed to swell the population and power of Mexico ages before its conquest by Hernando Cortez. "They came from the direction of Florida about eighteen centuries ago."

Among the monuments of ancient occupation, such as the pyramids and massive ruins of the central regions of America, the mounds and old earth-works in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries—notably in the Ohio valley—as well as in isolated places on the sea-coast and the shores of the great lakes, we have found inscriptions upon the rocks, and elsewhere in sheltered positions, which, could they be deciphered, would probably throw some light upon the history of the Indian tribes; and perhaps upon that of those early voyagers who, by accident or design, landed on our shores.

ROCK WRITINGS.

On the south shore of Kelley's Island, in Lake Erie, and some ten miles west of Sandusky City, there is a large sienitic

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rock, two of whose faces are nearly covered by an incised inscription in characters more like alphabetic writing than what are called hieroglyphics. Whatever they are in form, they doubtless had some meaning, which, by comparison with similar inscriptions in other localities, and with those ancient records which the learned antiquaries of other countries have been able to decipher, might prove a key to some of the obscurities in the history of the Indians; or, perhaps, tell something of an antecedent people.

Such inscriptions on the rocks are not of frequent occurrence, but are found on the sea-shore of New England—where they have sometimes been credited to the Northmen, who have also left such evidence of their visits to our coasts—and on the shores of the upper lakes, where our Indians have dwelt for ages, and where their predecessors wrought implements of native copper ages before our people knew of its existence. As the frail vessels of Thorfinn and Eric the Red could not have ascended the falls of Niagara, whatever inscriptions may be found on the shores of the great lakes must be credited to other hands.

NOBODY CARES!

In north-western Texas, a few miles east of the Rio Grande, are several caves whose walls are partially covered with rude inscriptions in colored earths. They may have no historic significance, or they might afford a key to some of the obscurities of Indian history or of prehistoric peoples. How long they have existed on those sheltered walls, where neither rain nor wind could efface their record—if, indeed, they have any significance—we cannot tell, for no one has yet attempted to explain their meaning. My guide said, in reply to my inquiry: "I suppose the Indians who took the trouble to do all that writing knew what they meant by it; but they are all dead and gone—and nobody cares what that was." There spake the great American people!

Ceramic relics of those ancient tribes—possibly of those who "eighteen centuries ago came from the direction of Florida"—are lost or broken, and perhaps thrown upon a highway, or used to fill a ditch. They were relics of a people who had passed away; but "nobody cared for that." The well-marked site of an ancient city, and an old fort of prehistoric time, have been ploughed and planted with corn and cotton; for nobody cared for *them*.

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THERE is a mine of unused wealth for the novelist in the story of the trials and triumphs of the early missionaries among the savages. We wonder greatly that the Catholic story-teller has not drawn more from this source. The tales of woodcraft and warfare in the wilds gave the charm to Cooper's best novels, but what was wanting to make them perfect was the infusion of the lofty ideal and heroic devotion. In the *Romance of a Jesuit Mission** the author has utilized, with a high appreciation of its value, much of this material, and has given us a story of considerable interest. She selects as the special scene of her *Romance* the missions among the Hurons, and perchance in all the *Relations* there were no more brilliant instances of heroic devotion and single-eyed missionary zeal than those we find portrayed in the lives of the eighteen priests who were the master-spirits of that series of missions in what is now Simcoe County, Ontario. The martyrdom of the brave-hearted Brébeuf and the gentle Lalemant is well described in the book, and though the author is not a Catholic, yet she does not fail to measure with the proper standards the intense love of souls and the devotion to highest ideals that led these heroic men to sacrifice home and the refinements of civilized society and to embrace with courage, and indeed willing eagerness, the martyr's death in the wilderness.

But though there is, all through, an evident sympathy with her subject, and a desire to be honest and fair, yet it seems impossible for one without the faith to understand motives and to interpret actions at their real value. Leon de Charolais, the hero of the story, is an impossible character. His mother requires him to solemnly vow to her before her death that he will serve God in the sanctuary, rather than serve his country in the camp. In obedience to his vow he becomes a Jesuit,

* *Romance of a Jesuit Mission.* By M. Bourchier Sanford. New York: Baker, Taylor & Co.

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but all the time his heart is in the world; he, however, tries hard to keep his feet in the ways of rectitude. His superiors see his half-hearted service and send him to the wilds of America to get him out of harm's way. But even here a most beautiful maiden falls across his path, and the struggles of his heart to preserve its fidelity to its vows, woven in and out with its leanings towards the beautiful maiden, constitute the "romance." In the first place, no Catholic mother would exact of her son a solemn vow to be a priest, for she understands that no one can take on himself such a burden unless he be called as Aaron was, and in no case, unless there be a divine vocation, would the taking of such a rash vow be looked upon for an instant as the impelling motive to sacred orders. Moreover, Protestant as she is, the author does not appreciate the binding force of the vows of a Jesuit scholastic. They constitute a diriment impediment to marriage. De Charolais could never get into such impossible states of mind and still preserve his rectitude of conscience; so the chapter on the temptation, one of the strongest in the book, loses its *motif*.

Moreover, the allusion to the confessional all through the book is a misapprehension of the Catholic spirit. It is considered simply as a means, probably devised by human shrewdness, of worming out secrets in order the better to retain the mastery over confiding hearts, for some selfish purpose or other. It is easy enough for any non-Catholic to know that only sins committed are matter for the confessional, and the bare, bald sin stated simply, bereft of all personal allusion and particularly of any circumstance that would inculpate others, is all that is expected or can be demanded in the confessional; and, moreover, if facts of personal history are learned, of what service could they be? A confessor could never use such knowledge in any way outside the confessional. It does seem a pity that such intimate knowledge, so easily obtainable, is not acquired by Protestant writers of such good will as the author before they venture upon the ground of Catholic teaching and practice in writing fiction. Many other flaws could be picked in what is, on the whole, a very charming narrative. But, notwithstanding these, the class of readers among whom this book will circulate will be greatly edified by the recitals of heroic devotion of brave missionaries, and will learn that in the garden of the true church there grow some of the richest and rarest flowers that humanity can boast of.

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The second volume of the Letters of St. Alphonsus,* translated by Father Mullaney of his Congregation, affords still another proof of the fertility and power of this great saint. At the age of eighty he writes with the clearness and vigor of the prime of manhood. Taking at random from the volume before us some one or two of the subjects he discusses, the force and light we speak of are most evident in the manner of handling them. An instance of this is letter 309, defending his moral theology against accusations made against it to the Royal Chamber. He had to contend in this document against powerful prejudices of a political character as well as the charges of a lax morality. It was charged, for instance, that his doctrine endangered the authority and safety of the king, and was opposed to the morality of the gospel. We shall not enter into the defence; we only say that of course he completely refutes the charges, and his authority as a moral theologian ranks second to none. Letter 8 of the Supplementary Letters to a Religious seems to us a most masterly dissertation on the art of preaching. A critic on the *Selva* (which is a collection of materials for the spiritual exercises of priests) dissented from his view that all sermons should be simple and popular. St. Alphonsus fortifies his opinion by some twenty-eight texts from the Old and New Testaments, besides a vast array of authority from the works of spiritual writers and preachers. The principle on which he bases his view, and the spirit of which runs through the whole essay, for this is what it is in effect, is expressed in a quotation from St. Bernard: "I like to hear the voice of that teacher who seeks to gain of me, not applause but tears."

There is a good deal of variety in the matters appearing in these letters. Letters 324, 325 contain references to the death of Voltaire; Letter 372 is written to Ferdinand IV., defending himself against the charges of not residing in his episcopal city of Sant' Agata, and conferring canonries by preference on those who were not citizens of that city. There are letters to his publishers in which we see how particular he was concerning the correct printing of his works. Even saints must keep their eye on the printer or his devil.

The pile of children's books on our table demands a special word of notice in view of the coming holiday time, with its

* *Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.* (Centenary Edition.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

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empty hours. The special facilities now given to public-school children in most free libraries make it increasingly necessary for parents to keep a watchful eye on their book-straps for "Elsie Books" and "Pansy Books" and "Daisy Books," and all manner of gay-covered, be-pictured, storified false teaching. All that a boy wants in a book of adventure can be found in one or another volume of *Tales of Foreign Lands*, collected by Rev. J. Spillman, S.J. *Three Indian Tales* is vol. ii. of the series. *Jasper Thorn*, by Maurice Francis Egan, is "a story of New York life," which takes its hero from brown-stone front to tenement-house, and shows him most phases of working-boy life on the road there and back.

Benziger Brothers have issued four attractive volumes by writers whose names guarantee healthfulness, at least. We must, however, enter a protest against the language used by the children one meets in *An Heir of Dreams*, by Sallie Margaret O'Malley. The most orthodox sentiments could scarcely reconcile a mother of the least refinement of feeling to the vulgarity of these little paragons. The mind of the best teachers of the day is steadily set against slang and so-called "dialect" in books to be read by those in whose minds habits of speech are crystallizing. It is almost needless to say that *Nan and the Others*, by Anna T. Sadlier, is free from this blemish, as are *The Blissylvania Post-Office* and *Three Girls, and Especially One*, by Marion Ames Taggart.

Laughter and Tears, by Marion J. Brunowe, does not seem to have so presumptuous a title when one has read it through from a child's stand-point. "Grown-up" eyes might even moisten over some of the child-struggles with self and selfishness recorded in its bright pages, while we defy anybody of any age to peruse "How Jimmy got the Cholera" without laughter.

The Taming of Polly,* by Ella Loraine Dorsey, has had so unusual an amount of attention bestowed upon it, that we decided to put it into the hands of a reviewer who has only *just* entered her teens. Her opinion is as follows:

"I like the book most because it makes you *see* things. She (the author) doesn't just say a thing is so and leave it. She tells you a lot, and you know how it all was. The part about the Marquette relic is very funny. Of course, *I* understand it

* *The Taming of Polly*. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. New York: Benziger Bros.

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because I'm a Catholic. But if I weren't, I should think it was a bit out of a fairy story, and I shouldn't believe a word of it. I like Polly. But she got tamed too quick. I'm sure it really took her longer. Marie Van Houten is awfully natural. It's just like what a girl would do—to make up a fine name and pretend she is somebody great."

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Chautauquan*, with much good matter throughout its pages, contains a fairly good estimate, upon the whole, of Mirabeau's part in the Revolution. It is written by Professor A. M. Wheeler, of Yale University. Some views we have elsewhere expressed concerning the intention of the king to grant ample reforms are, to say the least, confirmed by implications contained in his view of the political situation. We should have been glad to receive an account of the scene in the National Assembly after the publication of the Great Treason of M. de Mirabeau. Mr. Wheeler does not allude to it, but it would have been the finishing touch of a picture accurate as far as it goes, and not without force. We miss the Titan in this portrait; we have a very capable man—more even, a man of genius possibly, but we have not the Mirabeau who was first of men with no second; the man who, if he had lived another year, would have made the history of France, and therefore of the world, different. He expressed the knowledge of this in one of the illuminating flashes in the intervals of terrible pain on his death-bed: "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions." There is an article on "France in the American Revolution," by Dr. Woodburn, professor of American history in Indiana University, in which he discusses in a tentative way the relations of France and the colonies, France and the States, during the war, and the measure of obligation of America to France. He seems to have reached the opinion that freedom would not have been obtained without the assistance of France; and yet, strangely, does not think that any gratitude is due to France because she was serving her own interests and gratifying her hatred of England. This view does not deserve much criticism even on the assumption of Dr. Woodburn, which amounts to this: that France, in acting her friendly part, was a mere money-lender putting out her cash at interest, and not a disinterested protector and ally. Even on that utterly false analogy, it would

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seem that France was the ally of America and that England was not; but we are not inclined to think France was solely gratifying hatred in these relations. We think there was some chivalry at the bottom of them. There are interests stronger than prejudices, take them one by one; stability in France was a more immediate interest than the prejudice or jealousy which would like to see England weakened; the right to tax was a more valuable inheritance of government in France than the vindictiveness which would delight in the separation of her own lost colonies and the purely English colonies from the power that had been an instrument of her own defeat and humiliation. The other articles are not without merit.

The *Review of Reviews*, as usual, is a great gathering and gleaning. Mr. Stead gives a retrospect of sixty years under the title of "The Queen's Empire." He considers the evolution of the police the most beneficent transformation effected in that period. We are disposed to say that it is not the least important expression of the transformation, an outward sign of the triumph of great principles, by which order and activity were united in society so as to make it the possession of poor and rich alike to an extent never before enjoyed by mankind. But the Victorian age is not the creator of the possession; it is the heir of the struggles of a thousand years. We do not quite follow the philosophy of his opinion that this era has witnessed two movements, the dispersion of the Anglo-Saxon race and the sudden revival of the sense of race unity, the latter the complement of the former and "rendered possible by the shrinkage of the world." He surely does not mean that the Anglo-Saxon empire is to inherit the earth. Yet if this bit of political philosophy be anything but verbiage, it means this and nothing else. It would look like it when he refers with emphasis to the fact that in North America and Australasia British possessions cover one-ninth of the earth, that in this reign one million square miles have been added to the empire in Africa, two hundred and eighty thousand in Asia, and so on.

I.—PIUS THE SEVENTH AND HIS TIMES.*

The history of Pius the Seventh, by Miss Mary H. Allies, has two distinct excellences. Treating as it does of the relation of Pius the Seventh to Napoleon, it is full of dramatic

* *Pius the Seventh, 1800–1823.* By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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situations. The two central powers of Europe are brought face to face. The self-crowned emperor is set against the sovereign who received his sceptre from on high. It is a battle of genius and diplomacy against simplicity and faith, terminating in the restoration of Pius and the exile of Bonaparte.

But with the interest of the narrative is combined philosophical depth. The author traces events to their logical causes.

"The eighteenth century, culminating in that awful crisis (the French Revolution), still clamors for its Catholic Gibbon. The philosophy of its history lies hidden to the superficial eye, and the ordinary historian of results, rather than of causes, is content to deal with the outcome, which was in reality the logical consequence of events. He points out tottering thrones and a chaos well-nigh universal, for there was one exception to the general instability; but he does not attempt an explanation."

A study of the ideas and customs which were in vogue long before the torrent swept over society affords the explanation. Universal insecurity was the result of contempt for authority. In France Gallicanism and Jansenism grew apace, and spread their influence far beyond the French boundaries. When the Christian spirit died, the "non serviam" first spoken to the church was said to the state.

In reading this book one is convinced of two facts. First, that the throne of the pope rests upon a foundation which neither the storms of time nor circumstance can shake; and second, that Pius the Seventh was a friend of humanity and a dispenser of justice to all men, irrespective of nation or sect.

"By a singular disposition of providence, the head of the Catholic Church had estranged the emperor of the French Democracy, because he had fearlessly defended the honor of a Protestant girl, the daughter of a simple American citizen. And now he was destined to witness the gradual deprivation of the remaining fragments of his temporal power, because, at a time of peace, he refused to close his ports against the English."

The book reads well. In style it is pure, strong, and progressive. It is brief; twenty-three eventful years are treated in three hundred and ten pages. Although there is neither preface nor introduction, the author's point of view is clearly stated in the first chapter.

The treatment is scientific. The sixteen chapters may be

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brought under three great headings: The Formation of the Concordat; The Workings of Gallicanism, and The Works of Peace. Whenever an authority is quoted the reference is given in full at the bottom of the page, and there is besides an alphabetical index to the authorities consulted.

Perhaps the magnanimity of Pius, on the one hand, and the selfishness of Bonaparte, on the other, are painted with too broad a brush, but the perfectly unbiased historian will come only with the millennium.

2.—COCHEM ON THE HOLY MASS.*

Father Cochem's work on the holy Mass was published for the first time in English during the year 1896. We must thank Bishop Maes for suggesting its translation, and the publishers for the simplicity, neatness, and care with which they have done their task. Nor must we fail to express our sense of gratitude to the unknown translator who has enabled us to read this two-hundred-year-old book in an English style that unites to the spirit of fervor and spiritual attractiveness the touch of variety and graphic narrative characteristic of the original.

Of the thirty-one chapters none will prove dull reading. Each has its doctrine, its well-chosen texts of Scripture and quotations from the writings of the Fathers of the Church, its little heart-felt prayer. And then the happy selection of anecdote—here it is a tale of some great saint; there, a story which tells of the soul-struggles of a hard-working laborer, or of a merchant, or of an obscure peasant—the hidden saints who have lived and wrought out their salvation in the heart of a work-a-day world.

3.—SOCIALISM AND CATHOLICISM.†

The excellent work of the above title, by Count Edward Soderini, the English translation of which has lately appeared, is pronounced by Cardinal Vaughan to be the "best and fullest commentary on the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* which has appeared in Italy." The importance of social problems in the present generation is obvious to all, and this work is a timely as well as a temperate and valuable contribution to the Catholic literature of the subject. Its appearance in Eng-

* *Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Mass.* New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *Socialism and Catholicism.* From the Italian of Count Edward Soderini, by Richard Jenery-Shee. Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. Longmans, Green & Co. Chap. xxvii. p. 335.

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lish is specially welcome, since the English literature dealing with these social problems from the Catholic stand-point is not abundant. Professor Niti's work on *Catholic Socialism*, which appeared some time ago, is an indication of the great interest felt in the study of the relations of the church to the great democratic movement of our times and the propaganda waged by the leaders of socialism. Count Soderini's treatment of this subject is likely to prove more satisfying to Catholic students.

The writer begins with a discussion of socialist theories, and pays special attention to the theories of Marx, who, in truth, was the founder of the so-called modern scientific socialism. The excesses to which anarchists and socialists have been carried in their activities are described with some detail. A discussion and criticism of some of the ground concepts of modern economic science follows, from which we might infer that the author is partial to the older views. The last part of the book, which comprises seven chapters, is devoted to "remedies."

The chief merit of the book consists in its sound ethical treatment of economic questions. To qualify himself for this task the author has made a study of economic literature, and his work derives its main interest from this circumstance. Too many writers who discuss economic problems have ignored their ethical aspects, and when they attempted to treat problems which at their core were questions of justice, their treatment of them was incomplete, unsatisfactory, and untrustworthy.

Many, if not all, of the leading economic problems of our day have important ethical aspects, and to strive after a solution of them while ignoring the ethical considerations involved, is much like trying to solve problems in algebra by mere arithmetic. On the other hand, many who treat economic problems from the ethical stand-point have failed to familiarize themselves with the economic conditions out of which these problems arise. It is an easy matter to announce a principle, but where a principle is discussed with a view to its application to particular conditions, it is essential to a just judgment that a study be made of these conditions. We so often find, again, that in disputes which arise between employer and employee each party looks at a different set of facts; and when both parties can be made to view all the facts, the application of the principle becomes clear. Ethical treatment of these matters is often accused of verging on cant, and the writer who wishes to be helpful in his discussions should not ignore the data given by economic science. Count Soderini has, as we have above

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stated, made a study of the conditions to which he applies principles; he looks at his subject from both points of view, and this is the special recommendation of his work to those who wish to study the relations of the church to this modern movement.

The most important defect apparent in the work is the lack of unity of design. A miscellany of topics enter into the consideration of the writer, and, as might naturally be expected, there is not that logical cohesion of the parts which would be expected in a carefully prepared scientific work. This same defect is found in greater degree in Niti's work above alluded to, which is in large part a series of historical references held together by the thread of a phrase. Count Soderini takes up too many important subjects for the compass of a brief volume, and in many cases the bearing of these subjects on that indicated by the title of the book is only remote. Naturally, also, when so many topics are touched on, the treatment of them in many respects is incomplete, and possibly in some cases slightly misleading. Thus, he tells us: "The rate of wages depends on the demand for labor, which depends on the amount of capital" (p. 191); and from this and other passages we are not sure whether he still adheres to the theory that wages are dependent on the amount of capital—a theory which is not held by any economist of note at the present time. Again, when he tells us (p. 220–1) that enough importance has not been attached to the relation of monometallism to the present economic crisis, and that the correlation of the depression in the price of cereals with the depreciation in the price of silver has not been perceived, we receive these statements with some degree of surprise. Other defects might be pointed out which indicate a lack of thoroughness, rather than a lack of familiarity with the subject. We might complain, however, that the author fails to give us as clear an account of the relations of the church to socialism as might be desired, and it is to be hoped that the writer will pursue his subject further. But these criticisms are of minor importance, since the book is not one for the special student, but for the general reader, though it may be read with profit by all who are interested in the subject.

The best part of the work is that which discusses the remedies. In this part Count Soderini closely follows the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Remedies, of course, are largely matters to be discussed in relation to the local conditions to which

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they are to be applied, and the point of greatest importance, as shown in this work, is, that good understanding and a mutual desire to promote the ends of justice are the essential requisites of healthy and effective social reform. The English of the work is, in some places, a trifle awkward, and the value of the work would be enhanced by a good index; but, on the whole, the work is one that may be cordially recommended. It will do much good and it deserves a wide circulation.

4.—HIS DIVINE MAJESTY.*

By various of his works, especially by his *Divine Teacher*, Father Humphrey has rendered great services to the cause of truth, and his name is deservedly held in high esteem. But of this, the latest, we are forced to question the usefulness. Those who are likely to be helped by it could read with much greater pleasure and advantage the originals from which it is derived; for, as Father Humphrey avows, the bulk of his material is taken from the lectures of Cardinal Franzelin and Father Palmieri. In those lectures the baldness and crudeness (if we may so speak) which is characteristic of text-books would be relieved by the oral explanations of the lecturer. In Latin, moreover, these defects are not so apparent as they become when literally translated (if it may be called translation) into English that bristles with technical theological terms, unillustrated and unexplained—we do not say undefined. What will the ordinary reader make of the following? which is a fair sample of the whole: "The metaphysical imperfection of being, which belongs to accidents, necessitates the exclusion of them from our conception of God. God is the sum of metaphysical perfection, and so in God there are not, and cannot be conceived to be, any accidents." What the English reader wants is that abstract technical terms such as these should (if it be possible) be brought home to him. In order himself to understand language of this kind, Father Humphrey was segregated from active occupations and cares; how can he expect to find readers living and working in the world capable of mastering matters of this kind put in this way? Our fear, therefore, is that, so far from attracting its readers towards the

* *His Divine Majesty; or, The Living God.* By William Humphrey, S.J. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Brothers.

Foundations of Faith. The Existence of God Demonstrated. From the German of Father L. von Hammerstein, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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truth, this work will repel all who have not already made a thorough course of scholastic theology. For such it provides a beautifully printed remembrance of what they have already by hard study made their own. Father Humphrey, of course, follows the beaten track of the writers of his society in such matters as the knowledge of God and the compatibility of faith and science. It might have been fairer to indicate that there exists an opposed Catholic school.

The other work mentioned at the head of this notice affords a very great contrast to that of Father Humphrey in its method and style. It is translated from the German of another father of the same society. The field it covers is not so wide, being restricted to the proof of the existence of God, and indeed mainly to the exposition of the cosmological proof. The work is thrown into the form of letters of objectors giving forcible expression to their difficulties, to which the author replies. The work deserves the attentive perusal of all, and is calculated to do great good. Its author is especially familiar with the works of biologists, chiefly German, and devotes a great deal of attention to the theory of evolution. To us he appears to be somewhat too unsparing in his condemnation of it, but this may be because he has devoted more attention to the subject than we can claim to have done.

5.—PASTORAL THEOLOGY.*

We gave a notice of this excellent book in our April number, and are pleased to see it has reached its second edition. This new edition is a decided improvement in size, shape, and print.

6.—LEGISLATION AND LIQUOR.†

Perhaps no subject has occupied more of the time and wisdom of legislatures, in modern days, than the drink-traffic, and probably no other has shown itself so elusive, so unmanageable, and so meagre in satisfactory results. As fast as laws are made to control the ubiquitous pest new ones are found to be needed to patch up the defective and unworkable parts. Still, we must not relinquish the struggle by any means, nor suffer discouragement to prevail over the imperative duty of the decent citizen in this most vital matter.

* *Pastoral Theology.* By Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects.* By Frederic H. Wines and John Koren. Report of the Committee of Fifty. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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The drink problem is one of those which have been taken into consideration by the social organization known as the Committee of Fifty. For the better examination of the question it was divided into four branches. To one sub-committee was given the study of the physiological aspect of the matter; to another the legislative; to a third the economic, and to a fourth the ethical. The work of the sub-committee on the Legislative Aspect has been the earliest finished, and its first conclusions are now embodied in a goodly volume. It consists mainly of two reports, drawn up respectively by Messrs. Frederic H. Wines and John Koren, while a general supervision over the work of investigation was exercised by three gentlemen of the sub-committee—Messrs. Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter. It is impossible to say that any certain conclusions or deductions have been arrived at on the general subject, when we consider the admissions made in these reports. The two gentlemen who have drawn them up have devoted a vast deal of time and patient labor in the search for reliable information, but it is admitted in the beginning that "it was impossible, with any resources at the command of the Committee of Fifty, to obtain satisfactory statistics on this subject for any State of the Union." Again: "The difficulties in the way of researches of this kind are enormous. . . . The effects of intemperance in promoting vice and crime are often mixed with the effects of many other causes, such as unhealthy occupations, bad lodgings, poor food, and inherited disabilities." Indeed, the chief benefit which the framers of the report expect from its publication is that it may give "an effective warning against the easy acceptance of partial or partisan statements on the subject."

The fields of study selected by the commissioners, as we may call them, were Maine, Massachusetts (chiefly Boston and North Adams), Pennsylvania (chiefly Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, and Reading), South Carolina, Missouri, Ohio, and Indiana. Many people judge of the effects of liquor regulation by the statistics of arrests for drunkenness. How fallacious and unreliable these data often are is shown by the recapitulation in this report of the means taken by the saloon-keepers to prevent arrests, and by the reluctance of the police in many places to make arrests unless in cases of absolute necessity. Thus, in Philadelphia since 1884 there has been a nearly steady decline in the number of arrests made for this offence, from 31.69 per one thousand of the population to 23.80. This

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might argue a great success for the policy of high license adopted in the city, but the commissioners do not attach much value to that fact. This attitude is justified by the reports of the prison authorities, who have no such decrease in crime to note, as might be expected from a real decrease in drunkenness, and by their belief that secret and untraceable drinking prevails in proportion to the apparent decrease on the surface. It is alleged that the smaller cigar-stores in Philadelphia are often the cover for the trade in illicit drinking.

It is the opinion of Messrs. Wines and Koren that no satisfactory survey of the whole situation regarding the liquor-traffic in the United States is possible while it is left to private and voluntary investigation. Such an inquiry, to be adequate and of service for philosophic purposes, could only be undertaken on a national basis. The Federal government is the only authority capable of dealing with an inquiry of such magnitude. The question is, then, is it one on which the government should be called to act? To our mind there can be but one answer to such a proposition. The inquiry has a relation, not only to the moral status of the people, but to what some consider the more immediate concern of a government—their physical welfare. In the case of an epidemic of any kind, prompt measures are usually taken to obtain the earliest and best scientific and medical knowledge on the subject by every means known to a government; the fact that the destructive processes of alcoholism are slower and more familiar to our experience is hardly sufficient reason why the evil should be regarded with the easy indifference which is the normal attitude observed toward it by governments which derive the great bulk of their resources from the consumption of fermented liquors.

It is idle to say that all improvement in the situation as regards drink must come from sources external to the State. The State is called upon to check many things which pander to the weaknesses of human nature—gambling, for instance—and does so successfully. It is quite feasible for legislation to diminish the volume of drunkenness, if not to eradicate the vice *in toto;* but we fear the temptations of alcohol as a source of revenue are too great for the State's power of resistance.

So far, the legislative side of the alcoholic question is a disappointing document, but it may negatively effect some good by setting people thinking over the defects it emphasizes.

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7.—ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS.*

One of the most noteworthy advances of education in this country is along the line of making readers. The close linking of free libraries with public schools has done much toward this, among the host of children living in cheap flats and tenements, who see books treated at home merely as stand or shelf ornaments, and who are wholly, so far as intellectual awakening goes, at the mercy of our public-school system. Mere flinging open of the book treasure-house is enough for the embryonic Webster or Greeley—for the quick-witted, strong-willed few who will collect the libraries and found the colleges of the next generation. Not for the rest. In private schools of the most expensive class teachers complain of the crass unfamiliarity with books and allusions manifested by students who come from homes where parents had neither time nor inclination to guide them around library shelves, or to select their mental food with half the care given to their nursery diet.

Few, nowadays, are the fathers who, like one we reverently recall, never allow themselves to be too busy to answer a demand for "a grown-up book I shall like"; whose cherished plates from Catlin or illuminated mediæval manuscripts are trusted to childish fingers; and who always know exactly on what pages of Dickens or Scott or Longfellow or Hawthorne will be found "something a little girl will like."

But the book-makers themselves are turning parents and teachers; and in the new Eclectic Series of School Readings issued by the American Book Company, and intended to be used as supplemental readings in schools, the art of skilful introduction of small minds to great subjects is wonderfully manifested. A full list of the series will be found on another page. One especial feature of *The Stories of the Greeks* and *The Stories of the Romans* is that they are told *as* stories, with especial intent to avoid that confusion of the child mind between myth and miracle which is often responsible later on for much of what has been aptly termed "sophomoric scepticism." *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* carries out its purpose of retelling those stories knowledge of which is an indispensable part of our education, in so racy a way that not a few adults may be glad to glance over a child's shoulder and refresh their minds concerning the origin of such phrases as "a Barmecide feast," or a "laconic answer."

* *Eclectic School Readings.* New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

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The naïve admission of one editor in this series of the intrinsic unpicturesqueness of American history is confuted by Edward Eggleston's contributions. In *Stories of American Life and Adventure* and *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans* he succeeds in his aim of setting forth "the characteristic folk-lore of America, . . . the quintessence of an age that has passed, or that is swiftly, rapidly passing away, for ever." He has done for American children, with respect to the history of their own land, what John Richard Green did for ordinary people, with no bent for historical research, in the matter of English history—so adjusted the focus of their mental glass that the stage comes near enough to be interesting. Even the story of *Washington and His Hatchet* has been so altered, thanks to a lovely illustration which throws a halo of cherry-blossoms over it, as to be readable. We can hardly say more in praise of the editor's skill!

7.—THE HARP OF MILAN.*

This is an extraordinary book. "The Great Æolian Harp of Milan" reproduced the dominant passions that had burnt beneath it"; so this lesser "Harp of Milan" portrays the poetic sentiment that stirs now and then the soul of the gifted author. The music of the harp in olden times stirred the heart of the warrior to battle and embalmed the stories of warlike deeds, and the long-bearded bards through its enchantments swayed the councils of the wise.

They knew the "mystery of touch," and from skilful thrumming they could easily sweep the heart-strings of their hearers. It was their "touch" that gave them their power. Another, with less skill, would call forth, not the soul of music but a chorus of complaint and fault-finding.

* *Harp of Milan.* By William Shepperson. Milwaukee: J. H. Yewdale & Sons Co.

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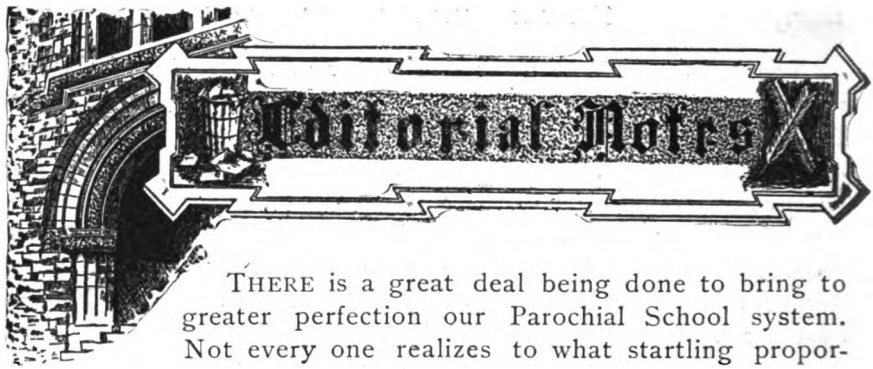

THERE is a great deal being done to bring to greater perfection our Parochial School system. Not every one realizes to what startling proportions it has already grown. There are now in the parish schools in these United States over a million of children. To gather this nation of children within suitable buildings and provide competent teachers, and supply an education second to none, has not been done without a tremendous effort on the part of the church.

But because the church has used her authority by entreaty and by command, and thus drawn unto herself, for conscience' sake, this million of little ones from the splendid facilities which the state provides for children, it would be a downright injustice not to give a training at least equal, if not superior, to the public-school training. Religious teachers owe it to their conscience, to the church, and to the children to make themselves perfect in modern educational ways. They must open the curriculum of their Normal Training School more and more to the study of pedagogy. They must train the younger sisters with greater exactness in the methods of teaching.

It is pleasing to note, in this connection, that the "Sisters' Institutes" are becoming very popular. Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, who has inaugurated this work, is engaged during the summer months in Burlington, Vt.; Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Sisters of Mercy, New York; Rochester, N. Y.; Scranton, Pa.; Springfield, Mass.; Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R.I.; Fitchburg, Mass.; Sisters of Charity, New York; Chicago, Ill. The future of this institute work is very bright.

The wisdom of the church is very evident in recent decisions concerning the relations of foreign national churches in this country to their young people. To attempt to keep alive a foreign nationality in the midst of the American people is like trying to keep snow on the ground all summer, and if churches lend themselves to this work they will lose their hold on the people. Still they must foster the faith among those who have learned it in a foreign tongue. But when this system has served its purpose, it must gradually be permitted to fall into desuetude, so the church says in her recent decisions.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

MARION AMES TAGGART was born in Haverhill, Mass. Her family on the paternal side was of Scotch descent, being originally MacTaggarts, and uniting to this the names of Gilchrist, MacDougal, and others equally Caledonian. On the mother's side she is of English descent, her great-great-grandfather being Captain Ames, who fought at Bunker Hill. On both sides the stock was New England Puritan—severe, upright, uncompromisingly opposed to the "Modern Babylon."

She was the only child of her parents, and very frail—a fact which kept her from school and childish companionship, and had great weight in forming her tastes and character. Her education was not unlike Bridget Elia's, for though she had tutors, and did tasks at home with such regularity as constantly recurring illness allowed, her real instruction came from reading with avidity everything that she could lay her hands on, and being "tumbled early into a spacious closet of good old English reading."

The little girl was what such a child would be likely to be: precocious, dreamy, imaginative, living in a world peopled by her favorite characters in history and fiction, and those of her own creation, far more real to her than people of flesh and blood.

Her family moved into Boston when she was a little child, and purchased a home on Dorchester Bay, where in her row-boat, through long days on the water, the child began to find health.

Serious reverses of fortune deprived her of her inheritance when she was in the beginning of the "teens," and showed her that life was not to be lived in cloudland. This, together with comparative health, changed the little girl from a dreamer to a practical young woman.

When scarcely ten years old she (M. A. T.) felt seriously impressed with the necessity of discovering which of the religious sects possessed the truth each boasted.

She was half convinced by the Anglican claims of Apostolicity and Catholicity, but soon felt, with the instinct of unbiased youth, that there was a lack of vitality and sincerity in that denomination. In this matter she was left entirely free; for her mother, who was her intimate playfellow, as well as guide, had nothing to offer her child, being herself revolted by the

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Calvinism in which she had been trained. Quite alone, and unassisted, the little girl read the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and became a Catholic. She was baptized in Boston College by Father Fulton, the Jesuit, who received her mother three years later.

From her babyhood Marion Ames Taggart wrote verses; they were of the melancholy, imaginative sort one would expect from a frail, precocious child. There has never been a division of her love; books held always the first place, though everything in life is interesting to her now, and the phase of dreaming and of the making of pensive verses is over.

J. ARTHUR FLOYD is the grandson of the late Rev. Joseph Floyd, a Wesleyan Methodist minister whose name was enrolled in the "Legal Hundred." Born in 1857, at Soham, a small town distant about six miles from the venerable cathedral city of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, he spent the first nineteen years of his life there, following the profession of his father as a chemist and druggist.

J. ARTHUR FLOYD,
Bury-St.-Edmund's, England.

There were only two or three Catholics at that time resident in Soham. Mr. Floyd became acquainted with one of these, and a result of the friendship then formed was that he began to suspect that the Protestant view of the Catholic Church was based on calumny, and would not bear inspection. The Catholic friend soon died, and, in 1875, Mr. Floyd left Soham. Ultimately he settled at Alcester, in Warwickshire, where, won over by its asserted identity with the Catholic Church of pre-Reformation days, he became a member of the Established Church of England. Four years afterwards he emigrated to Canada, and for some time officiated as organist at St. Luke's (Anglican) Church in Montreal. He made a point of seeing as much as possible of the Catholic churches in that city; in particular he frequented the church of the Jesuit fathers in Bleury Street. Father Ryan, S.J., was at that time preaching a series of sermons dealing with the "Book of Common Prayer." His reasoning and facts shattered Mr. Floyd's

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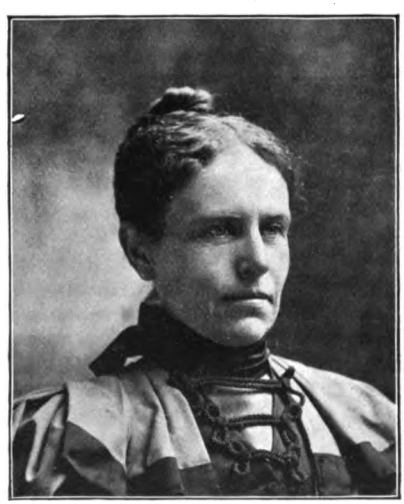
belief in the "continuity" theory, and at once he called on the good father for further instruction. Just at that time he was recalled to England, and, within three months, he was received into the church by Father Stutter, O.S.B., at Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. Floyd now lives at Bury-St.-Edmund's, and is organist at St. Edmund's Church in that town. He holds the "Minor" qualification of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and makes ecclesiastical history his great hobby. He is a contributor to the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, of New York, and is just now preparing a short *Life of St. Edmund of East Anglia* for the Biographical Series of publications of the Catholic Truth Society of London.

Mr. Floyd married early in life, and his wife has followed him into the Catholic Church. His thoughts often wander back across the Atlantic, and he would welcome an opportunity of returning to America.

MRS. FRANCES CONIGLAND FARINHOLT was born at Halifax, North Carolina, just before the great Civil War. Her father, Edward Conigland, immigrated from County Donegal, Ireland, in his youth, and, settling in North Carolina in early manhood, became identified with every interest of its people, and rose to eminence as a lawyer of profound ability and great eloquence, and of the most spotless integrity.



MRS. FRANCES CONIGLAND FARINHOLT.

Mr. Conigland married as his second wife Miss Mary Wyatt Ezell, of Northampton County, North Carolina, a lady of remarkable intellectual power and womanly grace. Frances and two other daughters of this marriage are his only surviving children.

Glen-ivy, the Conigland home, was a picturesque demesne. Broad acres yielded harvests of cotton, corn, and fruits, while beyond were miles and miles of beautiful woodland, rich in deep dells, rugged hills, and murmuring streams with miniature waterfalls. Here, from the spring-time, when arbutus, yellow jessamine, and creek ivy—from which last the place got its name—brightened the forests,

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to mid-winter, when the red berries of the holly glowed amid the dark grandeur of the pines, there was an ever-varying succession of beauty.

The influences of a home where harmony, intellect, and refinement made a triumvirate within, and Nature spread such charms without, were powerful in forming the character of the sensitive child, and were shown later in the high intellectual and moral development and enthusiastic love of nature which characterize the woman.

By her mother's death, which occurred when Frances was but seven years old, she became the little mother of her small sisters, who were commended to her care by her and their dying parent.

In the duty thus early assumed by her, as in every other of her life as a girl, she was aided by the teachings of a lady, a member of the only other Catholic family in Halifax, who took charge of the education of the Conigland children and those of her own family, and to whose instruction and example her pupils ascribe the faithfulness and devotion to their holy religion which is characteristic of every one of that little Catholic band.

When she was nineteen death once more entered the halls of Glen-ivy and took away the loving and beloved father, leaving Frances the sole protector of her young sisters.

Two years later she was married to Mr. Leroy A. Farinholt, a Virginia gentleman, and in 1888 they removed to Asheville.

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Farinholt found herself free to labor daily for those outside her home. Having no children of her own, she has devoted herself to the education of the children of others. To this cause she has directed every power of mind and body, all the strength of her sympathies, and she is an active member of the many societies and clubs in her town which directly or indirectly bear on this work.

Catholics are so few in Asheville that there is little distinctively Catholic work, but in whatever way Mrs. Farinholt is associated with those outside the church, an association for which by the liberality and charity of her character she is eminently fitted, she is known as a devoted Catholic.

She has found little time for writing, but she has contributed several excellent stories to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and articles on education and ethics to other magazines.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

(*From the Catholic Times, Liverpool.*)

CARDINAL MORAN pointed out that there are three great evils which menace society to-day and follow one upon the other—first, ignorance of spiritual truth and the teachings of Divine authority; secondly, the modern paganism of life; and thirdly, anarchy. To understand the priceless advantages derived from Christian truth we have only to compare Christian civilization with the highest developments of ancient paganism. Who that has studied the records of the Roman Republic, which show society so terribly corrupt at the very core, the family, does not recognize the blessings we owe to Christian enlightenment. By it man has been raised from debasement, woman from dishonor to dignity; and peace and virtue and happiness have been diffused throughout family life. But the pagan spirit is still alive. Nay, we fear it is making inroads in many Christian lands, for its fruits can be seen in the crimes so often brought to light in various classes of society. And the dangers to which it gives rise become a hundredfold more formidable in view of the social problems with which the age is face to face. Democracy is rapidly advancing, and if it is to be a democracy holding fast to Christianity and Christian ideals and unselfishly aiming at the elevation of humanity all will be well; but if it is to be a pagan democracy, without the fear of God, the belief in a future state, or concern for the Christian virtues, then woe to the world and alas! for Christian order. Let us not imagine that we have no duty in respect to the future. He who educates the young—above all, he who trains the destitute children of our streets, who saves them from becoming pests of society, sources of lawlessness and ruin, who develops their capacities and fits them for entering the struggle of life with sound Christian principles—is moulding the coming race, and what can exempt us from the obligation of lending him a helping hand?

Our Christianity must be something real if it be sincere. It must mean that we strive to free the sorrow-stricken from cares, to relieve the poor from the burdens that bear them down, to share our bread with the hungry, to clothe the naked. This was the lesson Christ preached by word and deed during his life on earth. Only on the condition of being merciful shall we obtain mercy. Moreover, those who enjoy the goods of this world must never forget they are only the depositaries of God's gifts. If a man is self-indulgent, may he not well ask himself whether he is not squandering on his own luxuries money that does not belong to him? If a woman rejoices in wealth, may she not put to herself the question whether, as Tertullian remarks, she does not carry in a single ring the patrimonies of many? The thought that at the seat of judgment Christ may charge us with having misused that which was the rightful property of his suffering poor is indeed one to inspire fear. But, on the other hand, when all that is earthly is for ever fading from the sight there can be no solace greater than that of having succored the indigent little ones, of whom Christ has said that what we do for them we do unto him.

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JESSE ALBERT LOCKE ON THE PASSION OF PITY.

(From The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly.)

BUT there is still another class of workers for social reform and charitable ends, one of far greater importance, and one whose influence is likely to be more lasting. I mean those intelligent and often very well-educated persons, of good social position and influence, who enter into this work as "altruists"—such is the popular term—and not at all or not primarily as Christian believers. We all know many such. We know how we esteem them personally; we know their willingness to sacrifice time and money and personal comfort for a good cause. It is, therefore, with no doubt of their good-will, and with no discrediting of their good deeds as such, that we are obliged to say that in the end, and on the whole, they will fail. For, though they think they see and easily avoid the obvious mistakes of the superficial giver of charity as well as of the devotee of visionary schemes, they are, nevertheless, tending really to the same results, the deterioration of character and the stirring of popular discontent. Their intentions are good, their charitable deeds relieve real distress; but the principles on which they are working are distinctly at variance with the truest, that is, with Christian charity.

To show this we must go back a little to things beneath the surface. We have seen certain results; we have seen that never, in modern times, has the popular interest in all forms of relief of poverty and suffering been so intense as at the present moment. What is the source of it all? With Catholics, alms-giving and deeds of charity are but the flowers and fruit of a faith which is rooted deeply in the supernatural. But with these altruists it is not so. On the contrary, their present zeal springs from the very decay of religious faith. It is partly a substitute for religious enthusiasm, partly a reaction against one-sided views of religion in which they were brought up, and partly an expression of their uncertainty as to any future life and their consequent determination to make the most of this. The passion of pity which consumes them has its source in that horror of pain which is characteristic of our day. With the loss of a supernatural faith has gone all sense of the reality of sin, and therefore of the meaning of suffering. Sickness and sorrow, suffering and pain are dark and inexplicable things to those who have suffered shipwreck of their Christian faith. This is largely a materialistic age, and the love of luxury grows with each generation. There are those who give relief to the poor partly for their own pleasure—as they might throw food to hungry animals simply for the delight of seeing them gorge themselves—and partly out of sympathy, because they feel that not to have material comforts is the greatest of all evils, and so they are willing to share with the poor wretches who have so little.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A JUST estimate of the splendid service which the late Brother Azarias was capable of rendering to the movement represented in two of its phases by Catholic Reading Circles and the Champlain Summer-School may now be formed from the story of his life as related by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Force and clearness are distinguishing qualities of the book, together with proofs of a wide range of information regarding the actual conditions that confront the literary workers of the Catholic Church in the United States. Whoever is interested in the career of an American scholar, an educator, a man of letters, a keen critic of the best literature of the world, will welcome the book in which Dr. Talbot Smith has displayed his well-known gifts as a writer to the best advantage.

The growing interest in the literary and educational work of Brother Azarias makes the appearance of this account of his career very timely. The subject of the memoir was a remarkable man in many ways. He was a leading authority on education in the Middle Ages. No American critic has surpassed his too few contributions to the literature of criticism. He was an American by adoption, who lived and died working for the higher education of the people. He devoted himself with all his powers to the work of reviving the forgotten spiritual element in letters. His place in American life and literature is unique. Hence the student and the reader will welcome this story of his career.

Reading Circles may order from Messrs. William H. Young & Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York City, the complete set of works by Brother Azarias, including the story of his interesting life. The complete list is here given:

The Life Story of Brother Azarias, by Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. 300 pages, elegantly printed, bound in extra fine cloth, with eight half-tone illustrations; price, post-paid, $1.50 net.

Essays, Educational. 290 pages, nicely printed and bound, gilt top; price, post-paid, $1.50.

Essays, Philosophical. 260 pages, beautifully printed and bound, gilt top; price, post-paid, $1.50.

Essays, Miscellaneous. 275 pages, elegantly printed and bound, gilt top; price, post-paid, $1.50.

Phases of Thought and Criticism. 280 pages, gilt top, beautifully bound and printed; price, post-paid, $1.50.

Philosophy of Literature. 290 pages, bound in fine cloth; price, post-paid, $1.25.

Development of Old English Thought. 225 pages, elegantly printed and bound, gilt top; price, post-paid, $1.25.

Books and Reading. With Memoir of the author by John A. Mooney, LL.D., and a Panegyric by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, A.M. 225 pages, bound in sage-green and neatly printed; price, post-paid, 50 cents.

A special offer is made to those ordering the entire set of Brother Azarias' books, either for library or home use: the seven volumes will be sent to one address for $7.25. To those ordering these seven volumes, together with *The Life of Brother Azarias*, by Dr. Talbot Smith, the price is $8.50 for the eight volumes.

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It is worthy of notice that this is the first publishing house that has put on the market the complete set of Brother Azarias' works at such a low price.

* * *

We are much pleased to get from Miss B. L. Noonan, the secretary of the Azarias Reading Circle at Bridgeport, Conn., an account of the origin and development of the work undertaken by seven young ladies, after attending the first session of the Champlain Summer-School. After returning to their homes they were so filled with enthusiasm, and so anxious to spread the good work, that they invited several of their friends to meet at the home of Miss O'Toole, September 8, 1893. Here they organized, in orthodox fashion, the Azarias Reading Circle, having for its object the intellectual growth of its members, and adopting as its motto "Lux fiat." The plan of work is as follows: The Circle meets semi-monthly at the home of one of the members. A lesson is assigned for each meeting. One member is selected to conduct a lesson at each meeting. Each member is expected to spend the necessary time in the preparation of the work. Previous to the meeting the conductor sends to each member a set of questions or topics based upon the work assigned. At the meeting she is expected to conduct the evening's discussions in a capable manner. At the close of the lesson light refreshments are served, and a social session indulged in, after which the meeting is adjourned for two weeks.

For the first year the Circle adopted for its work Studies in American History, Rhetoric, and American Literature. The members chose selected works from Irving, Prescott, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Emerson. Three receptions were held, to which the friends of the members were invited. At each of these receptions a lecture was given. The lecturers were: Mr. Thomas Cummings, of Boston; Eugene Bouton, Ph.D., Superintendent of Schools; and Jesse Albert Locke, of New York City.

The second year the A. R. C. read Brownson's Essays. The plan was then adopted of reading an epic of each of the great nations. Accordingly, Homer's *Iliad* was read during the remainder of the year.

During this season the society engaged Henry A. Adams to lecture. The subjects were, "Under Dog's Day" and "Napoleon." Tickets for these lectures were sold by the members and the receipts expended in charity.

The third year was devoted to the study of Virgil's *Æneid*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Goethe's *Faust*, and five of Shakspere's plays. A course of three (subscription) lectures was given by Henry A. Adams. Subjects: "Cranks," "Newman," "Shakspere."

This fourth year the society has been trying to make a systematic study of French History and French Literature.

Mrs. Agnes Hill, the librarian of the Public Library, has rendered invaluable service. At the beginning of the year the plan of work was given to her. She sets aside all the works bearing upon the subject in a certain part of the Reading Room. Here the members may have free access to them. She has also helped in many ways by her suggestions and kind efforts to help others in their search after knowledge.

* * *

The Syllabus of the Champlain Summer-School is now ready, and may be obtained by writing to 123 East 50th Street, New York City. It contains the information in detail regarding the subjects to be presented. The following list indicates the dates already assigned for the lectures to be given during the session of 1897:

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First week, beginning Monday, July 12, lectures by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry; Dr. C. M. O'Leary; Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey.

Second week, beginning July 19, lectures by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, A.M.; Hon. John Boyd Thacher, and the Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

Third week, beginning July 26, lectures by the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.; Mr. Michael J. Dwyer; Rev. James H. Mitchell.

Fourth week, beginning August 2, lectures by the Rev. Francis W. Howard; Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, S.T.L.; Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, and Hon. John T. McDonough.

Fifth week, beginning August 9, lectures by the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D.D.; Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.; Brother Potamian, D.Sc.

Sixth week, beginning August 16, lectures by the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D.D.; Miss Anna Caulfield, and Henry Austin Adams, A.M.

Seventh week, beginning August 23, lectures by the Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J.; Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D.; John Francis Waters, Ph.D.

Arrangements have been made for conference work on many important subjects; and for instruction in the French and Spanish languages, by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D. Lessons in German and Italian will be given by Barbara Clara Renz, Ph.D. The discussion of practical methods of advancing the teaching of Christian Doctrine in Sunday-schools will begin on Monday, August 2, under the direction of the Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D. The public aspect of Catholic Charities will be discussed by John M. Mulry and others, with a view to securing a practical plan of rendering the statistics of charitable work more available for general use. Reading Circle representatives will have many opportunities for consultation with the leaders of the movement from various parts of the United States and Canada.

A great popular demonstration in furtherance of the Champlain Summer-School and its objects was held recently in the hall of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club Theatre. The President, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, surrounded by a goodly assemblage of leading pastors and clergy from different parishes of the city, had the satisfaction of seeing the Most Rev. Archbishop himself, with Bishop Farley and Monsignor Mooney, take a leading part in the meeting.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan opened the proceedings with an eloquent tribute to the Summer-School and to the zeal of the trustees who were so well conducting it. He said that for those who desired to obtain a higher education, but who, on account of business affairs, were unable to attend a university proper, the Summer-School offered special advantages. It is also a great intellectual residence, a gathering of learned men and women from all quarters of the country. He also spoke of the beauty of the natural surroundings which greet the students, making study most delightful in this charming region.

Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., introduced the speakers. Judge Fitzgerald, Thomas S. O'Brien, Ph.D., General Frisbie of Mexico, and Judge Daly discussed the value of the Summer-School as a national institution, as well as an intellectual centre for the best Catholic thought among the clergy and the laity. Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, stated that he had been at every session of the Summer-School, and derived great benefit and pleasure. The social side of it was of the most attractive kind. But the intellectual side was exceedingly important. We had been accused of being a foreign element, an immigrant element that were merely to be tolerated. We shall make ourselves felt here as we become intelligent. But intelligence alone won't do; combined with it there must

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be morality, and morality taught under Catholic auspices and through Catholic education. The Catholic Summer-School is a great factor for the good of the country as well as for the good of the Catholic body.

But the lecturers do not confine themselves to religious matters. A certain non-Catholic said that he had learned more of English literature at the Summer-School than in a four years' course at college. Those who go to the Summer-School will learn something. They will make acquaintances of cultivated and good people. One need not attend all the lectures, but any one lecture in the week's course will more than pay. The Lake Champlain region is full of glorious reminiscences. The noble Champlain himself said that the saving of a single soul was of more importance to him than the conquest of New France. We are inspired and improved by everything around those glorious scenes. We must not remain silent and inactive. We must be active, and be in touch with the times in which we live. We must show our fellow-citizens that there is something in this old Catholic Church of ours that, after all, can preserve the best interests of the Republic.

* * *

Extensive notices have appeared lately of a library of the world's best literature, ancient and modern, edited by Charles Dudley Warner, assisted by Hamilton Wright Mabie, Lucia Gilbert Runkle, and George Henry Warner. It is to be completed in forty-five volumes, and is published by the International Society of New York City. One of our critical friends, who has given much attention to historical study, has sent for publication his strong objections to the article on *Abélard* written by Thomas Davidson for the first volume. The latter is regarded as one disposed to favor fair play and the honest writing of history, yet after lauding Abélard as a reformer (?) and characterizing the monks of St. Gildas as "violent, unruly, and dissolute," he ventured to write this perversion of facts:

"But to return to Abélard. Permanent quiet in obscurity was plainly impossible for him; and so in 1136 we find him back at St. Géneviève lecturing to crowds of enthusiastic students. He probably thought that during the long years of his exile the envy and hatred of his enemies had died out, but he soon discovered that he was greatly mistaken. He was too marked a character, and the tendency of his thought too dangerous for that. Besides, he emptied the schools of his rivals, and adopted no conciliatory tone toward them; the natural result followed. In the year 1140 his enemies, headed by St. Bernard, who had long regarded him with suspicion, raised a cry of heresy against him, as subjecting everything to reason. Bernard, who was nothing if not a fanatic, and who managed to give vent to all his passions by placing them in the service of God, at once denounced him to the pope, to cardinals, and to bishops, in passionate letters, full of rhetoric, demanding his condemnation as a perverter of the bases of the faith.

"At that time a great ecclesiastical council was about to assemble at Sens, and Abélard, feeling certain that his writings contained nothing which he could not show to be strictly orthodox, demanded that he should *be allowed to explain and dialectically defend his position, in open dispute, before it. But this was above all things what his enemies dreaded* (the italics are ours). They felt that nothing was safe before his brilliant dialectic. Bernard even refused to enter the lists with him; and preferred to draw up a list of his heresies in the form of sentences sundered from their context in his works—some of them, indeed, from works which he never wrote—and to call upon the council to condemn them.

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Abélard, clearly understanding the scheme, feeling its unfairness, and knowing the effect of Bernard's lachrymose pulpit rhetoric upon sympathetic ecclesiastics who believed in his power to work miracles, appeared before the council only to appeal from its authority to Rome. The council, though somewhat disconcerted by this, proceeded to condemn the disputed theses and sent a notice of its action to the pope. Fearing that Abélard, who had friends in Rome, might proceed thither and obtain a reversal of the verdict, Bernard set every agency at work to obtain a confirmation of it before his victim could reach the Eternal City. And he succeeded."

But Mr. Davidson is not consistent, and he places his hero in a very equivocal position. According to him, "*Abélard, feeling certain that his writings contained nothing which he could not show to be strictly orthodox, demanded that he be allowed to explain and dialectically defend his position in open dispute before it.*" In the next breath he goes on to tell us that Abélard, when given a chance to appear before this council, "feeling the unfairness" of it, appeared before it "only to appeal from its authority to Rome." So the great dialectician refused to plead before the court of his own selection.

Now, the facts in the case happen to be at variance with the statements made by Mr. Davidson in the handsome, *luxe* edition of *A Library of the World's Best Literature*. Abélard was summoned before the Council of Sens, where St. Bernard challenged him either to prove that "his writings contained nothing that was not strictly orthodox" or to recall them. St. Bernard did not propose to try the effect of his "lachrymose pulpit rhetoric" upon him, nor upon the "sympathetic ecclesiastics who believed in his power to perform miracles." On the contrary, he professed himself a "stripling too unversed in logic to meet the giant practised in every kind of debate." But, when forced into the field by the exigencies of the occasion, to the amazement of all present, when the combatants came face to face and all was ready for the intellectual fray, Abélard lowered his lance and refused to proceed with his defence. "After several passages, considered to be heretical, had been read from his books he made no reply, but at once appealed to Rome, and left the assembly. Probably he saw enough to assure him that it was a very different audience from those he had been accustomed to sway by his subtilty and eloquence, and had recourse to this expedient to gain time and foil his adversaries. Bernard followed up the assault by a letter of indictment to the pope against the heretic. The pope responded by a sentence of condemnation, and Abélard was silenced." (See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii.)

In conclusion, we have only to say, that if the rest of the articles composing the *Library of the World's Best Literature* are to be judged by the first of the series, the publishers acted wisely in limiting the edition to two hundred and fifty copies.

* * *

Mr. J. Brisben Walker made an address to the Drawing-Room Club at the Waldorf some time ago on The Church and Poverty. He said the teachings of Christ were very different from the practices of the church, which appears to be paying no attention to the progress society is making toward the divisions of "monstrous wealth and monstrous poverty." What can the church do, he asked, in the face of the corruption of political life and the practical sale of all privileges to the great corporations?

He argued that the only hope for humanity lies in the recognition that out of poverty springs all crime, and that the churches are not doing their full duty.

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"The difference," Mr. Walker said, "between the Church of Christ and the church of to-day is the same as the difference between the fire department and the salvage corps: the one extinguishes fires and saves lives, while the other only picks up the wrecks."

A wider knowledge of the actual work of the church at the present time would assist Mr. Walker in formulating a more correct theory of the great problem he has undertaken to solve. On account of the human defects of individuals the church may be in some places misunderstood or misrepresented. The most advanced and reliable methods of social progress for all nations are ably set forth in the official teaching of Pope Leo XIII.

* * *

Sociology in its practical aspects was the general title of a course of twelve lectures given in New York City by Mr. John Graham Brooks, which were attended by members of the League for Political Education and students of the Teachers' College. The introductory talk on The Art and Method of Reading the Best Books on the Social Question was divided under three heads: the poetry of the subject, poetry trying to realize itself, and poetry that has actually been accomplished. The literature of the social question began with Utopias, and that was the best place for the reader to begin, as one must get hold of the poetry of the question to protect one's self against the harshness of facts. Mr. Brooks recommended More's *Utopia* as a starting point, to be read with Gibbon's *Industrial History of England* as a commentary, and from this one might read backward to Plato's *Republic* or forward to Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, and Howells's *Traveller from Altruria*. Personally he preferred Morris's *News from Nowhere*, because if we were going to have a dream he did not see why we should not have the best dream there is; and the kind of anarchy that prevails in the land of Nowhere, where they have no law because they do not need it, seems the ideal condition of society.

The next step—that of the dream trying to realize itself—was explained as the effort of the poetic instinct to do or recommend something whereby something of beauty might be got into our ugly life. Of such literature the lecturer said that Ruskin was the best example, and that it included almost the whole of modern sociological writings. In such reading he recommended an antithetical process of placing against each other writers of diametrically opposite tendencies. Thus, Herbert Spencer has an individualistic temperament and believes in letting every man do exactly as he pleases, while the great German sociologist, Professor Scheffler, holds precisely the opposite view. For instance, in the question of immigration Spencer was inclined to let people go where they would, while Scheffler organized the social intelligence in such a way as to find out where labor is needed and then send it there. Therefore, Spencer and Scheffler should be read together, and from between these two points of view the reader must choose his own. Similarly Mallock in his *Classes and Masses* was opposed to Spahr in *The Distribution of Wealth*.

From this reading Mr. Brooks promised as much intellectual pleasure as from a course of selected novels. He warned his audience, however, not to make acquaintance with Henry George through his *Progress and Poverty*, but to begin instead with *Social Problems*. The conclusions reached by Mallock are not to be trusted by any Christian.

The literature of the dream realized is to be found in the collections of statistics regarding the social problem which all governments are now making. Such

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literature came into existence only five years ago, and Mr. Brooks considers that it marks an epoch in the history of the problem, for these statistics are collected by the many and not by the few, and therefore the masses believe them. He thinks they will inevitably do away with agitators, as a man cannot indulge in wild assertions when the means of disproving them are within the reach of all laboring men. The statistics for this country are to be found in the bulletins of the Department of Labor at Washington.

In conclusion, Mr. Brooks said that to understand the problem it was necessary not only to read, but to come into actual touch with it, since the end of all reading is to find our own proper relations to the great and coming art of making common life first tolerable and humane, and then hopeful and beautiful.

* * *

The late Professor George E. Hardy, A.M., whose sudden death occurred at Roselle, N. J., April 15, after an operation for appendicitis, was a devoted friend of The Columbian Reading Union. His work for the New York State Teachers' Association in preparing graded lists of reading for children has been noticed at length in these pages.

Professor Hardy was born in New York City in 1859. In 1878 he was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and shortly afterward received the degree of M.A. from St. Francis Xavier College. In 1886 he was made principal of the new Grammar School No. 82, then one of the largest in the city, and he thoroughly organized it. He was then but twenty-six years old, and was the youngest man ever selected as principal in a New York public school. In 1894 he was elected to succeed Professor Scott, whose death had left vacant the chair of English Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York, which place he filled until the time of his death.

Professor Hardy's services as a writer and lecturer on educational topics were in constant demand. One of his books, *Five Hundred Books for the Young*, has gone through several editions. He left unfinished at the time of his death, among other works, a *History of England* and a *History of English Literature*, adapted for use in schools and colleges.

He was one of the founders of the Champlain Summer-School, and at one time President of the New York State Teachers' Association. The faculty and instructors of the College of the City of New York published an expression of their deep regret in the loss of their colleague and friend, from which these words are taken: "Recently advanced to a new sphere of work, Professor Hardy had the promise of a long career of usefulness in the profession which he had chosen. His singularly elastic and cheerful temperament commended him to his companions and pupils, who were at the same time equally impressed by the force and vigor of his character. Many years of experience had qualified him to deal wisely with boys and with men. His success as a principal gave assurance of corresponding success as a professor. His enthusiasm for literature, and his firm belief in its elevating and ennobling power, were an animating influence in the department of English. In the prime of life, in vigorous health, and impressed with a serious sense of the dignity and importance of the work in which he was engaged, he had a right to expect that the coming years should bring him renewed opportunities for usefulness, ever-increasing respect and affection from his students, and honor from the community in which he lived."

M. C. M.

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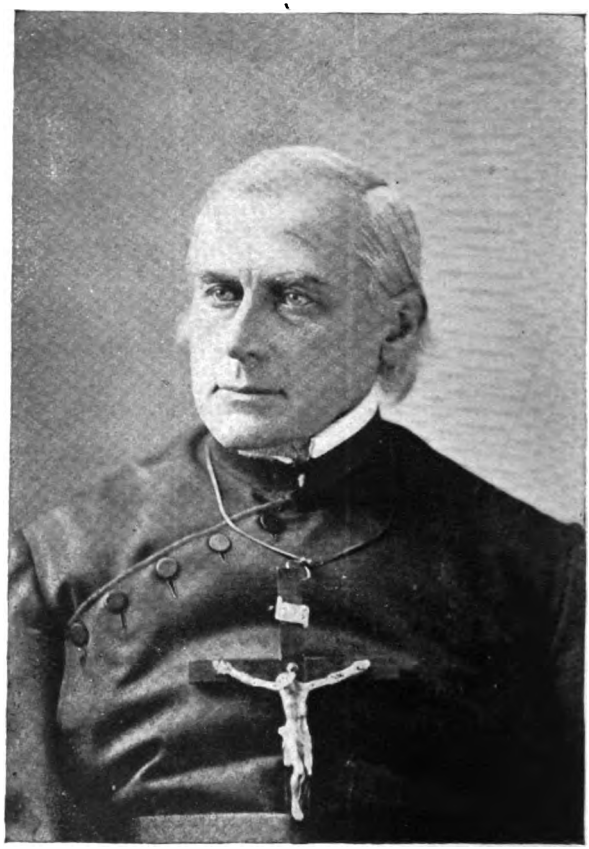

VERY REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT, D.D.,
Superior-General of the Paulists.

Died July 3, 1897, aged 77 years.

R. I. P.

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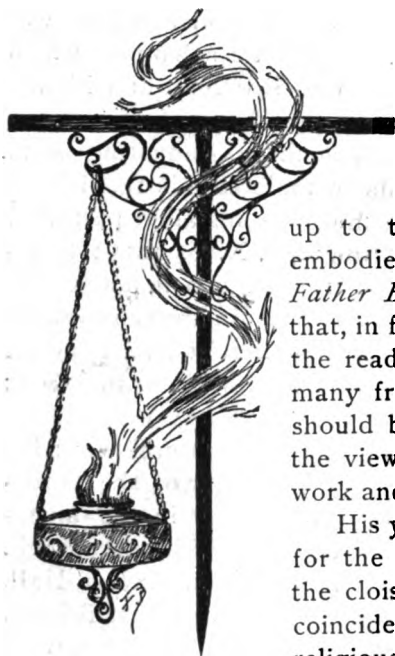

THE main facts of Father Hewit's life have been given to the world by the newspapers, and up to the year 1865 A. D. have been embodied by himself in his *Memoir of Father Baker*. Still, it is to be expected that, in formally announcing his death to the readers of this magazine, and to his many friends and admirers, these facts should be set forth in greater detail in the view of better appreciating his life's work and character.

His years, long and peaceful, spent for the most part in the quiet shade of the cloister, are not uneventful. They coincide with far-reaching changes in the religious thought of the world, as well as with an immense expansion of the Catholic Church in the United States, in which he had a distinguished and a meritorious part; they have rounded out into full perfection and patriarchal age a singularly pure, upright, and scholarly life.

Nathaniel Augustus Hewit, which given name on becoming a Catholic he changed to Augustine Francis, was born on November 27, 1820, in Fairfield, Conn. He was the elder son of the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit, D.D., and Rebecca Hillhouse his wife, one of four children born to them. Father Hewit was of American stock dating back several generations, though more remotely of mixed English and Irish blood. He was of ministerial lineage on both sides; on that of his father, from a parson of the Church of England dispossessed by Archbishop Laud for Puritan tendencies, who came to Connecticut shortly after its first settlement; and on the mother's, from an Irish Presbyterian minister, who had long previously settled in the same colony. These forebears con-

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nected him with John Mason, the famous Puritan captain; with John and Priscilla Alden, and others of the first settlers.

Dr. Hewit, his father, was one of the most prominent divines of the Congregational denomination in the United States during the earlier part of this century. "A man," says his biographer, "of imperial form and visage, in whom was blended a royal majesty and a prophetic solemnity which never failed to impress every one who saw him, and his appearance and proportions were but the index of the man—the outbeaming of his masterful soul." Graduating from Yale (1808), Dr. Hewit began and completed his theological studies at Andover about 1814; he was installed pastor of the Congregational church at Plattsburgh, N. Y., 1815; transferred to Fairfield, Conn., 1818, where he married, and where our Father Hewit was born. Dr. Hewit finally removed to Bridgeport, Conn., in which place he exercised an honored ministry for nearly fifty years; made Pastor Emeritus 1862; died 1869 A. D.

About 1828 Dr. Hewit interrupted his pastoral work for a few years to become the agent and promoter of the American Temperance Society, and thus a pioneer in the much-needed reform of what even then was a wide-spread evil. In this capacity he visited England, lectured in Exeter Hall, London, and in many of the principal cities of Great Britain, "producing upon all a deep impression of his great power, his splendid and fiery eloquence—the outcome of his deep sincerity, his opulent imagination, his logical force and power of generalization." From what I can gather from authentic sources, it would seem that considerable as were the oratorical powers of the son, he never was at all the equal of his father; for in the older man there was a surging-up of power, an intensity of character and magnetism, an output of fancy and depth that entitled him to a first place among his contemporaries.

Commanding as were Dr. Hewit's abilities for public life, I have reason to think they were such as to evoke fear and admiration rather than affection from his children. And the constraint, the gloom inherent in old-fashioned Calvinism added much to repress the kindlier feelings of intimacy and love. Nor was Father Hewit's subsequent career, as Catholic and priest, such as to commend itself to his father's approval. Filial respect and pride were ever manifest, and the

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son in later life visited his father when opportunity afforded, and he assisted at his father's death-bed in 1869. Even at the last Dr. Hewit maintained his stern self-command. At some manifestation of grief from the ladies of the family as his end drew near, he spake up: "I don't want this trapesing about, and whispering and crying. If there is anything to be done, do it; or said, say it; and don't whisper."

And turning to his son he said: "I wish you to pray for me." Father Hewit called for a prayer-book, and read the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition. "Thank you," he said: "they're good prayers." This circumstance of the use of a Catholic book gave rise to an unfounded report that Dr. Hewit had become a Catholic. Father Hewit was rather wont to dwell, briefly but feelingly, on the memory of his mother, whom he lost at an early age, and for whom he ever cherished a tender affection. This lady was the daughter of the Honorable James Hillhouse, a member of Congress in 1791, and later for sixteen years United States Senator from Connecticut;—who, by the way, was acting President of the United States for a day, the outgoing President having retired a day too early; and until his successor was sworn in Mr. Hillhouse, as President of the Senate, exercised for this brief space presidential power.

From conversations extending over many years, at times of community recreation, or during convalescence, we came to know many details of his childish years. His early precocity was such that he used to declare he could recall distinctly things that had happened when he was two years old; at four he asked his father if God could make a thing to be and not be at the same time, and he affirmed that at five or six he had a clearer apprehension of God than in the maturity of his powers. "I knew he was omnipotent and self-existent." His lively, mischievous spirit led him to frequent wanderings near a fascinating but dangerous goose-pond, and on one occasion to climbing the church-steeple, from which perilous place he was rescued by faithful Polly, his nurse, who declared herself as broken of heart by his wilfulness, and sore of arm by his insistent demands to be carried.

I think that Father Hewit's childish years were not so happy and joyous as his affectionate disposition craved. He was wont to speak of the gloom, the prohibition from play on Sundays, and his impatience to have that wearisome day pass. He lost his own mother when nearly eleven years of

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age, and his father married for his second wife a Miss Eliot, a lady of high family, very just and estimable.

At the age of six Father Hewit was sent to the town-school of Fairfield, and began the study of Latin; at eight he entered the well-known Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., and at fifteen he was entered at Amherst College, from which he was graduated in 1839, having had as class-mates Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn (who just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary), Henry Ward Beecher, the late Bishop Huntingdon.

From parents such as these Father Hewit inherited his physical and mental qualities. Well-favored and well-proportioned, and, in his old age particularly, strikingly handsome and venerable, he was about six feet in height and of a large frame. In his expression power and intellectuality were blended with kindness and distinction. Though accessible, and even at times affectionate, he was repressed, never familiar, both from native dignity and religious propriety; nor could any one ever presume on freedom or unguarded brusqueness towards him. Above personalities, not understanding gossip, he combined exquisite charity with a quick, strong anger for persons and principles really blameworthy; stupidity and inaccuracy were a trial to him not always borne with equanimity.

As to his mental qualities, they were of a very high order, yet so balanced and fitted one to another that his command of them gave every indication of ease, versatility, and depth. In many men, remarkable for talent or distinguished by intellectual success, there is too often a marked deficiency in one or other of the great and, as we consider them, distinct powers of the mind. Thus, a mathematician will have a high and special order of imagination, an accuracy of judgment, yet perhaps lack memory, or power of expression, or interest in other branches of study; or a poet may excel in creative fancy, or in a sense of harmonious and picturesque diction, yet be a pitiable creature in practical and speculative matters, or in both. But in Father Hewit there was a balance, an adjustment. To prodigious power of assimilation and memory he joined accuracy and aptness of use; the golden chain of principle, of relationship ran through his store of facts; to an aptitude for speculation he added facility and clearness of exposition. Well equipped at all points

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of controverted philosophy and theology, he was strong in theory, judicial in definitions and their application; versed in historical questions, he was familiar with objections and ready as well as convincing in answer. Add to this a quick comprehension, an appreciation of process and results in other fields of thought distinct from his own, an acquaintance with several languages, German, French, and Italian, a resolute application to reading and study, and I have given an indication of the scholar. Father Hewit had an inherited, if I may say so, and an acquired devotion to theology, and in it he spent the best and longest years of his life.

He began with and in Calvinism—the principles of which came to him by early training, and were afterwards mastered by more systematic study in the Congregational Seminary at East Windsor, with the view of fitting himself for the ministry in that denomination. He found, however, that in the light of historic truth the whole system, always repugnant to him, went to pieces; investigation showed that Presbyterianism was a radical departure from the Apostolic Primitive Church with its graded hierarchy, its authority, and its sacramental idea. He obtained a preaching license; but his first attempt was a wretched failure. His heart was not in it; he had left part of his manuscript at home, and the performance, done under the critical eye of his father, once over, he determined never to repeat it. By this time, 1840 A. D., the Tractarian movement had awakened great interest and was exerting influence in the United States; men were alive to the efforts of Newman and his associates in their endeavors to prove the identity and to bring about the return of Anglicanism to historic and patristic Catholicity. Coming under the influence of their teaching, young Hewit left the church of his birth and passed to the Episcopalian communion. To this allegiance he remained firm and true for six years—as long, that is, as his conscience permitted. He removed to Baltimore, became an inmate of Bishop Whittingham's family, pursued his studies, took deacon's orders, and in that capacity was put in charge of a small church suburban to Baltimore, at Govanstown. He came to recognize, however, that intellectual sympathy, moral accord, the acceptance even of Catholic truths, do not make one a Catholic; for this there must be submission to and union with that one ever-living, authoritative church in which Christ, by his promise, rules and teaches through his vicar, the successor of

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St. Peter. The process and successive steps of his conversion are best given by himself in the October number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the year 1887, to which we invite the attention of those interested. Suffice it here to say, that the whole article bears witness to the most admirable sincerity, to a readiness to follow the joint leading of reason and grace, to the convincing power of truth upon an earnest mind, and to a disregard of human judgment, to which he, having once changed his belief, was now the more subject as being restless and inconstant. He had no acquaintance with Catholics, nor with Catholicity in the concrete; no share in ultra and obstinate Protestantism, none of that bitterness which, unfortunately, too often is a characteristic of later Ritualists. His desire to follow conscience received an added force from the critical state of his health at the time. Threatened with acute pulmonary trouble and subject to hemorrhages, he had been forced to go South, to a plantation in North Carolina, to delay, if he could not escape, a fatal termination of the disease. Here, facing the prospect of death, he determined on the step which brought the fullest satisfaction to mind and conscience. He was received into the church early in 1846, and a year later, March 25, 1847, was ordained priest. One further episode of his years as an Episcopalian, and we have done with them.

High-churchmen had repeatedly shown an inclination to fraternize with, and to obtain recognition from, the Greek schismatics; feelings, as events have shown, not warmly reciprocated. These desires, however, took shape in a mission attempted by Bishop Southgate, at one time a missionary in Constantinople. He proposed to go thither with a small body of clergy and establish an Episcopalian church and college. This matter of union was formally presented at a convention held in Philadelphia about 1844, and young Mr. Hewit, then a deacon, was asked and consented to go to Constantinople. His name, however, was rejected by the committee on account of his Catholic proclivities, and the project as contemplated was changed and fell through.

Before going on to speak of Father Hewit's priestly life and work, it will not be uninteresting to consider, in a brief way, the state of Catholicity in the United States fifty years ago.

In 1840 the Catholic population was computed at a mil-

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lion and a half—about one-eleventh of the entire number of citizens. They were almost exclusively of Irish birth or descent, and for the most part poor, struggling amid surroundings strange and trying, but not unkindly. They were too few to provoke opposition, too loyal and self-sacrificing not to have merited open tributes of respect from all fair-minded Protestants since the time of Washington. But the very year of Father Hewit's ordination, 1847, marked a change in some important respects. It will ever be remembered in Ireland as the year of the famine, a blight having fallen upon the potato, the main staple of food; and in consequence a tide of immigration set in to the United States which grew in volume for three decades, and, I may say, revolutionized the state of American Catholicity—

In 1840, Catholics numbered 1,500,000—1-11th of entire population.

In 1850, Catholics numbered 3,500,000, or 1-7th of entire population.

In 1860, Catholics numbered 4,500,000, still 1-7th.

In 1840, 1 Archbishop and 16 Bishops.

In 1850, 6 Archbishops and 27 Bishops.

In 1860, 7 Archbishops and 42 Bishops.

This tide did not flow southward with any considerable force. Still, Charleston, being the great sea-port of the Southern Atlantic States, as well as the episcopal see of Bishop England, who made determined efforts to promote immigration—Charleston, I say, received a considerable number of these Catholic strangers. And it is pertinent to observe here that the illustrious Dr. England, first Bishop of Charleston, merits the title of pioneer in a work we have seen lately and successfully revived—the work of non-Catholic missions. His biographer, Dr. Richard H. Clarke, says that he labored for twenty years, in season and out of season, with his matchless, fervid, and ready eloquence, in Protestant churches and public halls, in school and state buildings, addressing non-Catholics at their own urgent request, and everywhere he conciliated respect for his co-religionists, won admiration for himself, and dispelled ignorance and prejudice against the church—prejudice more dense in those days than now.

When in February, 1846, young Mr. Hewit applied for admission to the church, the great Bishop England had

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passed to his reward and Dr. Reynolds ruled the diocese. He kindly welcomed the young neophyte and put him in the care of Dr. Lynch, afterwards the third bishop of Charleston and Father Hewit's life-long friend. Nor could any one have been better fitted than Dr. Lynch to give that complete and final assurance to a convert's determination. Gracious, humble, a finished theologian, an eloquent orator, a cogent controversialist, a distinguished scientist, he was such as to wake admiration for the church to which Hewit was impelled by the weightier force of conviction and the attraction of grace. Besides Dr. Lynch there was another remarkable scholar, a priest of the Charleston diocese, an inmate too of the bishop's house, whose later life is a part of the history of the Overbrook Seminary, and whose name is a glory of the American Catholic Church of our day—Dr., afterwards the Right Rev. Monsignor Corcoran.

Whilst pursuing his studies for ordination Mr. Hewit was engaged in teaching, conjointly with the above-named priest, in a collegiate academy, an establishment of merit, which owed its existence and success to the zeal of Bishop England. On March 25, 1847, he was ordained priest.

Shortly after this it was determined to edit the life and works of Bishop England, and though not nominally the editor and compiler, a great part of the real work was done by Father Hewit. In furtherance of this design he went to Philadelphia, became an inmate of Bishop Kenrick's house—the more distinguished of the two illustrious brothers, and afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. Here he became acquainted with the Redemptorist Fathers, who had a convent and parish in that city, and was greatly attracted by the strict, edifying lives of the fathers, and by the missionary work which is their high vocation. He applied for admission, passed successfully the probation required, was professed and then sent to Baltimore, then the centre of the Redemptorist mission work.

The labors, joys, the associates, and the success of this part of his career have been so fully set forth in his *Memoir of Father Baker* that we may hasten on with brief remarks. Despite his size and build, Father Hewit never was a physically powerful man, never enjoyed reliable and robust health; yet with his associates he did giant work. The mission band, composed of Father Bernard, Fathers Walworth, Hecker, Hewit, and, later, Fathers Baker and Deshon, has never had

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an equal in the mission record of this country. Less dramatic and incisive than Father Walworth, who was the great preacher, Father Hewit in his efforts was more sustained. Possessed of a powerful voice, gifted with sensibility, his cogent and finished discourses, his splendid appearance, his comminatory and vituperative force, made him a great and a successful missionary. I think, however, that mission preaching as such, though so well discharged, was uncongenial; that it did not afford the best outlet, the most natural manifestation of his powers and character. It was rather in the exposition of Gospel themes which involved dogma, in sustained reasonings, in the enunciation of Christian and Catholic principles, in their application to the circumstances of our own time, that the real man woke up and gave forth his message. In developing the meaning and relations of some revealed truth, its true contents, its rational and Scriptural warrant, its historic development or modification and its present application, its conclusions, clear, measured, binding—in such themes, and in panegyrics, in obituaries and sermons de circonstance, he was at his best. His serene faith, his tolerant charity, his logical comprehensiveness; his mental poise, giving place now and again to vehement and impassioned expression; his scorn of what was false, vile, unjust; his admiration of what was high, honorable, amiable, of good report; the uninterrupted but emphatic flowing forth of ideas in well-chosen words—these constituted the good qualities of his preaching. I do not maintain that his action was faultless; a neglect or ignorance of elocutionary canons, an overvehemence of feeling, at times marred the pleasure of his auditors. There was a lack of variety of tone, a yielding to too great development in some parts of his subject; but he was always convincing, forceful, instructive.

In order to give a connected view of Father Hewit's career as a preacher I have considered it in its entirety, until, owing to other occupations and his removal to Washington, it was brought to an end. A word further before I resume the course of events, and it concerns what, for a better name, I may call his private, as contrasted with his public preaching—in the way of conferences, or discourses on spiritual subjects addressed to a few persons. This custom prevails in religious houses, and among the Paulists the necessity of giving them frequently devolved upon him. Versed in the science of the saints and in the principles of

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the spiritual life, himself simple, exact, upright, he was the living exponent of what he uttered, and his conferences were a treat in the matter of exposition, a comfort and stay to the souls of his hearers at the time, and in days of difficulty and trial.

And now to take up again the chronological order of events. It will be remember that the brief of Pius IX., separating Father Hecker and his companions from the Redemptorist Congregation, was issued the 6th of March, 1858. The new Institute of St. Paul the Apostle was begun at once, and by the fall of 1859 the fathers, possessed of a parish and a convent which served the double purpose of a church and a home, had entered upon their work. In addition to missionary labors, they were further charged with parochial duties, and had, moreover, to meet and provide for the growth and stability of a new experimental religious organization. For the first years Father Hewit took his full share in both mission and parish duty; but as aspirants and candidates for admission came, he, as a matter of course, was named for the responsible place of teacher, and continued for nearly thirty years the work of training and forming the successive generations. As some one well informed has recently said in a Catholic newspaper, Father Hewit was always the scholar and theologian, Father Hecker the man of original inspirations, Father Deshon the man of practical affairs, among the Paulists. To Father Hewit the community owes its Rule, and that expresses at once its varied but cognate purposes and secures its stability, its quasi-canonical form, its distinctly religious but novel existence. To the general reader a brief summary of its features will be interesting, while to those whose privilege it is to live under its sanction its right understanding is at once its attraction, the stimulus of their efforts, the instrument of their sanctification, the manifestation of God's will and God's approval. The Paulist Rule reflects, as might be expected, the natural and spiritual characteristics of its chief framer. His aristocratic temperament, his appreciation of the religious virtue of obedience, are seen in the widely extended scope of its governing authority. While his hopeful trust in regenerate manhood and priestly consecration show forth in that liberty of truth granted the individual, his appreciative unutilitarian view of the purpose of common life is marked by the

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emphasis given its first end—sanctification, personal and collective; the broadness of his mind in its second and practical end—apostolic labors—whether in great centres of population by quasi-missions, exercises, preaching, music, ritual; whether and necessarily by what the papal brief creating the Institute called Expeditiones Sacræ—for increasing of Catholic life among the faithful; or more specially still, by labor for the conversion of those who know the truth, by written or spoken word—all these are equally legitimate and sanctioned ends, all have the promise of God's blessing and the Institute's approval. Father Hewit's mind was too broad for one single end, however laudable; his practical sense too supreme to count upon a support which would be a merit in mendicant orders; his acquaintance with the workings of Providence in our times too wide, for they have witnessed the multiplication of congregations for various ends simultaneously, and have seen the dispensations granted old orders.

We have now reached the period of Father Hewit's greatest, most congenial and meritorious work, viz., his years as a professor of sacred science and as an expositor of Catholic truth. It is true, indeed, that a chair in some great university would have better become his ability than the daily routine of class-work for a few students in a small community. But had he been thus occupied, we may well believe that he never could have found time for the many scholarly contributions to the cause of religious truth which have come uninterruptedly from his pen. As it was, the reiteration day by day in class of matters theological and philosophic, soaked his mind with the principles and developments of these great sciences, and enabled him to treat with sureness and fulness upon the discussions which have so largely occupied public attention. His teaching duties, constant rather than onerous, gave him leisure for study, and for reading and writing; and he exemplified Lord Bacon's well-known dictum. His zeal, his vocation as a Paulist, turned these opportunities to practical use. How many good and learned men would have, and have, contented themselves with the pleasure of mere acquisition, with the charms and rewards of learning; but Father Hewit's realization of the intellectual and religious needs of the day, his devotion to the church, did not suffer him to remain a passive and grieved witness of error, prejudice, and pretence.

The medium for the exercise and manifestation of his

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zeal was close at hand in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, specially founded in 1865 by Father Hecker as part of what is a recognized end of the Paulist vocation, viz., the exposition, dissemination, and defence of Catholic truth—the apostolate of the pen and press. In no spirit, then, of literary ambition, with no attempt either at original speculation or popular praise, but seriously, out of zeal for the truth, often under stress of physical pain, by the necessity of obedience and of position, by the requirements of truth, Father Hewit gave his mature and declining years to an uncompromising advocacy of Catholic principles. I shall not say that the form of presentation, the necessarily short and incomplete method of treatment, is the one he would have chosen, had a choice been given him. But in warfare and under attack one cannot always choose his weapons or his line of defence. If the field or the occasion do not admit of heavy artillery, one must be content with musketry and skirmishing. Though practical in purpose and given forth under the urgency of some particular need, Father Hewit has no room for any but substantial argument; his goal is truth, and accurate writing is his best way to it. His writings are extensive in range and considerable in bulk. Though written for monthly publication, they are cognate and subordinated to a full treatment of the matters discussed; and hence they would lend themselves, by an easy task of compilation, to an interesting and connected view. Treating as they do of subjects of philosophy, theology, church history, and Scripture, it will be my endeavor to make manifest the worth of these contributions, and for this I must ask the reader's patience while I present, first, Father Hewit's advocacy of scholastic philosophy.

Rejecting, as the Reformers did, the dogmatic theology of the church, it was but natural they should reject Catholic philosophy. The main opposition to it began in England after Francis Bacon had laid the foundations of the inductive method. I shall not assume to say that Bacon intended, nor that, rightly understood, there exists in his work any fundamental opposition to scholastic philosophy. He called attention to the necessity of observation, he insisted upon the importance of careful, patient search for recurring phenomena before arriving at a general statement, the promulgation of a principle, the enunciation of a law. But surely in beginning a course of investigation, and much more upon its completion, is

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there need of those universal underlying principles of cause and effect, of cognition, of those high processes of mind for the reception of truth and its scientific statement. Bacon was followed, but wrongly, by Hobbes and Locke in the development of sensism, to oppose which Berkeley landed in the other extreme of the denial of the existence of matter.

In France Des Cartes, rejecting the teachings of the past, declared that hitherto no one had succeeded in laying down the true principles of philosophy, and proceeded to make doubt and scepticism the basis of what is by its nature unchangeable and unconditional. As Des Cartes, in France, with well-meant but mistaken purpose, had started from the Ego to raise himself to knowledge and communion with God, so, in Germany, Kant and his followers proceeded from considerations of the same Ego to deny all objective reality, even that of the Ego itself, save as the sphere of subjective impressions and opinions; whilst the later and present school of Spencer, Virchow, relegate to the unknowable all that is supersensible, all that comes not under the ascertained laws of physical nature.

Moreover, the religious and political confusion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the acrimonious controversies, the blighting breath, the sneering wit of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had succeeded in heaping ridicule and oblivion on the schoolmen. In Catholic countries, indeed, the tradition and use of scholastic learning had not ceased, but had lost esteem and been somewhat pushed out of view. Moreover, the tide of battle for and against revealed truth had changed its direction, and with it the necessary equipment for those who would defend truth to good purpose. The far-reaching discoveries of modern investigation, the successful application of its theories to their proper subject-matter, had led men to dogmatize outside their proper domain and to create schools of philosophy designed to explain everything. So that now the Christian apologist has to contend for the most fundamental verities both of reason and faith, the spirituality of his soul, the validity of his mental operations, the objectivity of the supersensible, the existence of a personal God, the binding sanction of morality. To combat best these errors the Supreme Teacher of the Catholic Church believed that Christian apologists should return to the unequalled armory of scholastic philosophy and find there weapons most fit and sturdy.

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This return, urged by Pius IX. and made mandatory by his successor, fell in most opportunely with Father Hewit's wish and duty. Owing to the ill-health and absence of Father Hecker, the duties of Editor-in-chief of THE CATHOLIC WORLD devolved upon Father Hewit during the years 1874–75–76. A glance at the magazine during that period will show what considerable service was done in the cause of scholastic philosophy by him personally and by other learned men, notably by Monsignor De Concilio and by the late Father Bayma, S.J. Somewhat to his dismay, perhaps, the ordinary reader was invited to give his attention to considerations upon Time, Space, the Modes of Being, Essence, Substance, etc., and if the magazine was heavily freighted, it will be allowed that the cargo was valuable. His advocacy of this cause met its reward in the re-established and universal supremacy of St. Thomas in the schools, and in the wonderful awakening and recognition given to the vast, elaborated, and unanswerable system of truth of which the Angelic Doctor is the chief exponent.

In other fields of controversy Father Hewit's labors have been of singular and timely value, both to Catholics and to those seeking religious truth along historic lines and the pathways of authority. I refer to his studies in defence of the Scriptures and his expositions of early church history. It were superfluous, surely, to remark upon the varied and continuous attacks, whether of superior wisdom on the part of the higher criticism or the calm pretensions of Anglican controversialists. Dr. Harnack, whose return to saner views has lately given satisfaction, admitted the incontrovertible force of Father Hewit's logic as set forth in his refutation of the learned German's position; and Father Hewit's demonstration of the continuity, development, and identity of the Gospel Church in the existing Roman Communion has done much in effectually sweeping away the flimsy historical assertions of Anglican writers.

Time is wanting to set forth the variety, the appositeness and excellence of his theological writings, and the cause of truth would be greatly served by a uniform edition of them. Free from the necessity of a *parti pris*, from the obligation of having to adopt and follow any one of the great schools of approved orthodoxy, he was also free to choose and explain those arguments which afforded his own mind the greatest satisfaction—those which, in his judgment, best

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served the requirements of our times. Wisely conservative, and better, wisely progressive, he frankly accepted whatever investigation could present of real worth; he did not close his eyes or his mind to acquisition from any quarter that could serve the better understanding of God's truth, and as fear and doubt never disturbed the serenity of his faith, so prejudice and the *idola specus* never made him obstinate.

Above all, he was generously loyal to the living *magisterium* of the church, reverent and affectionately loyal to the Vicar of Christ, the uncompromising asserter of all the Holy See's prerogatives.

In recognition of his labors and merits he was honored, in 1885, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rome; however, before this time his Alma Mater, Amherst College, conferred the same distinction upon him—a tribute rather of personal than of sympathetic approval, and so gracefully acknowledged; for we can hardly imagine that the work of demolishing Calvinism, carried on for nearly forty years, would be rewarded by the upholders of that system.

Father Hewit was honored by the confidence and friendship of very many of the prelates of the American Church during the past fifty years, was named theologian several times at Plenary Councils, and appointed diocesan consultor of New York by the late cardinal-archbishop; but he declined this and the preceding honors on the score of his home duties. He was an honorary councillor of the Catholic University, to which great undertaking he gave early and most substantial proof of regard by transferring to Washington, at its inception, the Paulist Studentate, to grow in its light and rest in its shade; he was a contributor to the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair, Chicago, where he was represented and his paper read by Father Elliott; besides, was the author of several volumes.

It is now time to draw this sketch to a close. He was unanimously elected second Superior of the Paulist Institute in succession to Father Hecker, despite his own protest on the score of years and increasing infirmity. His last years flowed placidly on, useful in labor, edifying in example, and consoled, let us hope, by the increasing number of his brethren and children, and by the widening and successful prosecution of their aims.

Father Hewit experienced the severe but purifying ordeal

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of suffering, and awaited not only with calmness but with desire his final summons.

The celebration of his golden jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his priestly ordination, on March 28 of the present year, was an event that gave him great pleasure and called forth expressions of good-will and veneration from many quarters. He assisted, vested in cope, at the Solemn Pontifical Mass, received his friends for several days, and gave hopes that he might be spared yet many years to his own. But his disease, a kidney trouble, aggravated further by dropsy and eczema, began to manifest itself with increased force, one prostrating attack following another until his vital forces were spent, and on July 3 he calmly expired.

We have attempted nothing more than a presentation of Father Hewit such as might be gathered from a consideration of his external works. Of the man—his noble simplicity, his kindness, his high sense of honor, his literary tastes, his industry, his fine sense of humor, his apt and innumerable anecdotes, which brightened and seasoned his weightier discourse; of the priest and religious—his regularity and regard for observance, his love of his convent home and his brethren, his spirit of faith, which made him esteem, inculcate, and exact the careful performance of every religious rite; his exceeding devotion to our Blessed Lady, his singular purity of soul and hatred of what even savored the least of moral evil—of all these we have said nothing nor scarcely given an indication, trusting that a more competent and sympathetic hand may give a fuller delineation of him whom we have but just now lost, and upon whose like we do not hope soon to look again.

And so to sum up: genuine nobility distinguished the man, devotion of high powers to the most worthy objects was the stimulus of his life's work, and a beautiful and rare holiness of life gave a crown and a perfection to his priestly character.

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OUR BOYS.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. HEFFERNAN.

WHAT are we doing for our boys? A writer in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* some time since asked this question of his brother-priests, and called their attention to the necessity of giving more care to the boys of the parish. The particular class of boys referred to are those who have made their First Communion and have done with school discipline —boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, who, guileless and green in judgment, must now face the world with its manifold dangers to their souls.

As the article was broached with the view of eliciting discussion on this subject, I have since patiently watched and waited to see if some priest whose experience among boys had given him the knowledge and authority to speak on the subject, would propose any organization which had been fairly tried and proved to be practical, and by which all these boys of the parish could be united and be kept faithful to their religious duties during these critical years of their lives; but as no such organization has thus far been proposed, I venture to suggest a society which is, I think, well suited to keep the boys steadfast in their allegiance to their holy faith and willingly attached to their spiritual leader.

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A VERY NECESSITOUS CLASS.

The organization of our boys does not receive the attention which its importance demands. In every parish of any considerable size in this country various societies and sodalities supply the social and religious wants of the adult members of the congregation; the parochial school, or at least a well-organized Sunday-school, takes charge of the little ones; but no provision seems to have been made in the vast majority of our parishes for the boys who have left school. Thus there is a break in our line of defence of which the enemy of souls has not failed to take notice and advantage.

The interval in a boy's life between the age of thirteen, when most of our boys quit school, and that of eighteen is most important in the formation of his character. At this heroic time of life he begins to think and act for himself; he is besieged by a troop of strange and strong temptations hitherto unknown to him; he must form habits, good or bad—for to live, to act, is to acquire habit, and the habits now formed give a distinct color to his character; he is thrown among companions in the workshop and on the street who are hostile to his faith or dangerous to his morals, and unless he is strict in his religious duties he soon grows indifferent and reckless and loses that Catholic tone which is as important as it is indefinable. The course downward is short and steep—"facilis descensus Averni." The like does not happen to the girl, who with few exceptions remains faithful to her religion; she has not to meet the temptations which confront the boys, and the safeguards of home are sufficient to restrain in her any wayward inclinations which may appear. Father McDermott, of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, in his address before the Young Men's National Union at Albany, a few years since, very beautifully compares them to plants just taken from the hot-house and placed in the ground. He says: "Although these plants up to this time required constant attention, they were, comparatively speaking, safe. The gardener had sifted the soil in which they grew, he could at pleasure regulate the temperature and the moisture, he could shut out storm and sun. It is only when the plants find a home in the field that the gardener's anxiety and hard work begin, because the plants are, to an extent, subject to conditions beyond his control. He finds it extremely difficult to save them from the grub that may strike at their very life by

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gnawing off their tender root, and from the storm that may break them, and from the fierce rays of the sun that may wither them. The critical time is, then, that in which the plants are endeavoring to strike their roots into the new soil so deep and wide that the broiling sun only serves to make them draw the more moisture from the earth, and the storm only makes them take the firmer hold."

THE TRANSITIONAL PERIOD OF LIFE.

We have done much, very much, through our parochial and Sunday-schools—the nurseries where the young plants are cared for—to give our children a solid instruction in their faith and form in them habits of piety; but the good work must be kept up after the child has left school if we wish to have lasting results, otherwise it will be "love's labor lost." The school does not and will not suffice to keep the boy in the right path after he has left school, for the character of the boy is more developed and determined by the thousand nameless influences of the sights and sounds of environments and companionships during this, his transitional period, than by the past influences of his school-days; and to oppose only the training once given in school to these daily and hourly influences is to oppose the force of a torrent by a few helpless twigs. "We lose some when they leave school," a priest once said to me, "and our only chance is when they get ill and when they come to be married." Indeed, with all our teaching and all our schooling, we see too many grow up irreligious, regardless of decency and forgetful of God. And is it not sad and discouraging to find that, after so many years of toil and trouble in teaching and instructing them, after the expense and anxiety of building and maintaining magnificent schools, so many boys fall away? Is it not folly to lay a broad and deep foundation, and then have no care as to the edifice that is afterwards thereon erected? Must we follow the example of the father of the prodigal and give to each the share of his inheritance, and then let him go whithersoever he pleases to squander it in living riotously? Are we not rather commanded "to go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that our house may be filled"? We let go our hold of the boys at a time when we should hold them most tightly, and seldom, if ever, do we regain a like hold on them in after years. Why do we let them get loose at all? They need us more than we need them, and that is why we are solicitous about them; their

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care brings more work to us, and for this we were ordained. "Dost thou love me? Feed my lambs."

It is true that parents ought to keep the boy within the path marked out for him by the church, and see that he puts in practice the teaching which he received from us during his school-days. Indeed, there are some—nay, very many parents who do so, who by example and precept bring up sons who become an honor to the church, a blessing to society, and the strength and the hope of our parishes are in them; but, on the other hand, parents are not always alive to this duty, and some when the boy begins to work and contribute his share to support the home, grant him much indulgence and freedom of thought and action. Soon he becomes too big to be forced, and here it is that influences outside the home circle exercise their power. Some parents are very careless in this respect, and bring up their boys a nuisance on the face of the earth. We must look at things as they are, and not as we would wish them to be.

IN THE YOUNG LIES THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

"It is my profound conviction," says Monseigneur Dupanloup, "that the world would be saved if we devoted ourselves to youth." And certainly, if we expect much fruit from our labor, we must not be satisfied with the training we give the boys in school, but must make use of more efficient means to attach them to the church and keep them intensely interested in the well-being of the parish. Some of us do not seem to realize that boys and young men have souls as well as the most pious of the female sex. If we preserve and strengthen in the boys the high hopes and pious practices which they have acquired at school until they become mature men, we shall have a noble and loyal body of Catholic laymen, earnest co-operators in the progress of the parish. What we want at present among our laymen is Catholic union and concert of action in defence and promotion of Catholic interests—a true, earnest Catholic spirit which the unity of our faith and worship ought to inspire and sustain. This is our great need. Our Catholic men do not readily unite and concentrate their forces; they have never been accustomed to act in concert as one body. Hence the difficulty experienced in sustaining our Young Men's Literary and Social Clubs, which in some cases are nothing more than the most arrant humbugs that ever existed. We must train our boys up to organization. Many priests are anxious to organize our

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young men and keep them about the church; but do we start to do so at the proper time? Do we start early enough? Consider how many boys make their First Communion each year, and how few can be mobilized a few years afterwards to form a young men's society! If all these boys could be kept united for six or seven years from the time of their First Communion, what a strong society we should have! And what is of greater consequence, such a society would become a constant feeder to the other societies, spiritual or partly spiritual, attached to the church. Such a society among the boys is, to my thinking, the remedy for all our failures in maintaining our young men's organizations. How hard and faithfully many priests are spending themselves to gather the young men to the church, and in great measure spending in vain, because they labor amiss! As long as the boys' training is negative, fruits will continue comparatively small. Pope Leo XIII., in an encyclical issued about 1889, says: "Let the good unite in a vast coalition; let them become invincible through concord and union"; and there is no better and surer way of keeping our laymen united and bound together into an invincible union than by beginning with the boys and training them in that line. Moreover boys incline by nature to organization, more so than men. Do we not always see boys in a crowd? They naturally mingle and unite. But they demand one requisite, namely, that their association be interesting to them. Thus, boys form clubs of their own. Why not take advantage of this tendency and unite them to the church, rather than allow them to unite about the street-corners, where their good morals are destroyed? In the same encyclical our Holy Father says: "To your fidelity and watchfulness we commend, in a special manner, the young as being the hope of human society. Devote to them the greatest part of your care, and do not think that any precaution can be great enough in keeping them from the fraudulent snares with which the leaders of secret organizations are wont to deceive and entrap the young men of to-day."

No doubt there are parishes in which a society exists for the boys, and has already done good work. The boys' temperance society is well established in some dioceses, and very commendable. There are 14,624 Temperance Cadets enrolled in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, but this is only a small proportion of the number that should be enrolled. These cadet organizations are doing good work; but a society even without the restriction of the promise of total absti-

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nence may do a greater good. What we want is an organization which shall take hold of every boy in the parish as soon as he has made his First Communion and has left school, and keep him until he is old enough to join the Holy Name Society, or some other organization for young men attached to the church; a society purely spiritual in its first and fundamental principles, yet containing in itself such inducements as are likely to attract the boy and keep him deeply interested in it; a society which shall bring him willingly to his duty once a month, and offer the pastor or spiritual director an opportunity to give him, periodically, instruction specially suitable for him. The boys want not only light to see their way—they want strength to push onward; and hence the necessity of monthly Communion and stronger relationship with their natural leaders—the priests. Without the Sacraments all our preaching and all our so-called literary societies, amusements and attractions for the young men, are a beautiful bosh and waste of precious time.

ST. ANTHONY'S MILITIA.

Thus far, and somewhat at length, I have dwelt upon the necessity of looking after the boys. When we approach the discussion of a plan of campaign we are in wider waters. To those who think well of it, the writer would suggest an organization which seems to afford safe anchorage, and which may hold the boys together; one that supplies all the requirements of a sodality, and even more, as it is capable of expansion according to the circumstances of place. It is called St. Anthony's Militia, and has for its object to bring the boys to Holy Communion once a month. It purports to keep before the eyes of our boys the living example of St. Anthony, with the lily in his hand, as a model of purity, and on his arm the Child Jesus, the personification of simplicity. St. Anthony is always associated with the Divine Infant. And so shall the sons of St. Anthony, with purity and simplicity—the virtues our boys need most—inscribed upon their victorous banner, leave the world better than they found it. Our band are called Militia because, with the aid and under the protection of St. Anthony, the members are summoned to fight a dangerous sin—the demon of impurity. The military aspect of the society is given it to attract the boys. We are a militant people, and our boys are particularly so. Any playing at soldiers is almost sure to attract them and keep them interested. We must use natural

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means to keep the boy around us; the supernatural by itself makes no impression on him, as a rule. He is a difficult subject to handle successfully; as Plato says, "Of all wild animals a boy is the most difficult to manage"; but I think the difficulty is often exaggerated, and that boys may be easily moulded into any form with a little understanding and skill. Besides, the military aspect brings home to the boy's mind more readily his duties to God, his neighbor, and himself. Much as there is in military life which we cannot but deplore, there is no illustration more frequently employed in Scripture to set forth the duties and the character of a Christian boy; and it cannot be denied that most of the personal qualities that make a good soldier are just those which go to constitute an exemplary Christian.

THE MILITARY SPIRIT FOSTERS SOLID VIRTUE.

A man may be soldierly without possessing even a semblance of piety; but, all other things being equal, the more soldierly he is the higher will be the type of his religion. If godly men in the army are rare, they are generally exceptionally good. They have the courage of their convictions and are decidedly aggressive in their piety. When St. Paul exhorted his young friend Timothy to be "a good soldier," he gave advice which all young men would do well to lay to heart; and never, perhaps, was it more needful than in an age like this, when the prevalence of luxury and the appetite for pleasure are so apt to take all the grit and manliness out of the rising youth of our land. No priest laboring in our large cities will deny that the age of puberty to-day is fast losing the artless charm of innocence, since frightful corruption seems to sit by its cradle in order to watch its awakening. The boy of to-day appears ripened before his time by vice—precocious and damaged fruit which the enemy of souls gathers during the morning of life. Just as many a raw recruit has joined his country's service, tempted by the seemingly gay and easy life of a soldier, but has found, when called to active duty in the field, that the discipline was very different from what he expected, so it is with thousands of our young boys in their setting out in life—what promised to be almost a holiday proving a stiff conflict and demanding a "hardness" upon which they had not calculated. St. Anthony's Militia will act as a training-school in which they may be instructed for the first battles, which are the most trying and crucial ones. Many a young man suffers a

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moral collapse because he did not know of the dangers he had to face, the enemies he had to conquer, and the special qualities he needed to possess; whereas, had he been duly warned and counselled, he might have come out victorious. Therefore the Militants meet on the afternoon of their Communion Sunday and recite the little chaplet of the Immaculate Virgin, consisting of three Our Fathers and twelve Hail Marys, to obtain the grace of holy purity for themselves and all other members. They sing a hymn and recite a prayer in honor of St. Anthony, after which the priest in charge addresses them on a subject suitable to their age and surroundings. It is rarely amongst us that special instructions are given to our young men and boys. Here is an opportunity for the director to prepare the boys for their daily conflict; and here will be given what the few minutes on a Sunday morning or the slip-shod catechism lesson failed to give—more breadth and depth to the spiritual training of the boy.

The rules and regulations should be as few as possible. In regard to dress, it would be well to adopt a uniform. No doubt a uniform is a wonderful attraction. I think each boy should have at least a sort of military jacket, to be worn on Communion Day and at a special meeting or on parade. Base-ball clubs could also be encouraged; musical entertainments could be given from time to time; in fact, all the healthful sports and natural virtues of the boys should be in nowise restrained, unless they begun to run riot and to bring the society into disrepute.

THE MAGNETISM OF THE PRIEST IN CHARGE.

But as a preventive of all this an important consideration is that the priest in charge of the boys should be congenial to them. The success of a society among young men is very often due to the magnetism of the spiritual director. This is especially true of the Militia for boys. Its success supposes a strong bond of sympathy between the director and the members of the Militia. The director ought to be a man congenial to boys' societies; one knowing their follies and their virtues. He must know not only every officer, but must have some acquaintance with every member of the society, else his value will not be appreciated. I presume to say that almost everything depends upon the continuation of the harmonious relations between priest and boys. American boys require a certain amount of independence in any society to which they be-

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long, and the director ought readily to overlook many minor faults which do not require severe treatment.

I do not claim that this Militia is a panacea for all the spiritual ills of boyhood. It will not beatify boys or make saints of them as soon as they join it; but it will keep them united and interested in the church, make them proof against the many temptations which our boys have to meet and fight every day, and finally induce them to attend regularly to their religious duties, the fulfilment of which alone is a sufficient reward for all our labors, for then indeed shall abide in them a living faith not to be destroyed by the heresy and indifference which they must daily meet, and a strong character not to be overcome by the temptations they must endure. What a void the Militia will supply in the life of our boys! Moreover, St. Anthony is the popular saint of this age, and his prominent virtues are those which the youth of this country need most—simplicity and love of restraint. The youth of our day imagine that they know everything; they are filled with conceit, and their whole ambition is to parade themselves and to be talked of by everybody.

I have suggested this society to my brother-priests who are desirous of doing something for the boys; whether it meet their approval or not, I ask them to form some society among the boys. Keep a tight hold of the boys!

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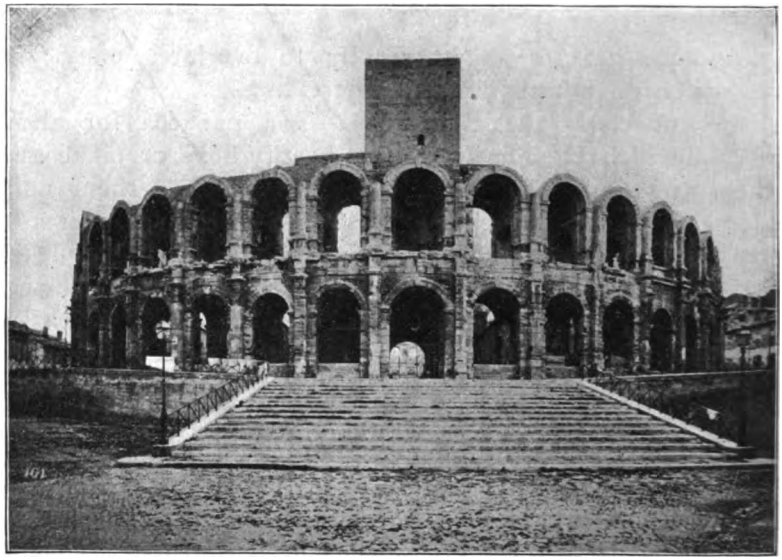

ARLES AMPHITHEATRE—SECOND ONLY TO THE COLISEUM AT ROME IN SIZE.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF ARLES: ITS CHURCHES AND ANTIQUITIES.

BY EMMA ENDRES.

EVEN so attractive a country as France soon palls upon the visitor, if he confines himself to fashionable centres. Of grand buildings, palatial hotels, and other manner of modern elegance he has a surfeit at home, and where there is only the novelty of change interest quickly wanes. To see sights worth the while, and to store the mind with impressions both pleasing and beneficial, he should seek out-of-the-way nooks and corners of this historic land—the ancient cities that still bear the feeble foot-prints of civilization when it was a toddling infant. And if he finds that Progress, in its long, weary march, has in some few material respects made little if any headway, the lesson will be none the less valuable because of a tinge of disappointment and the loss of a little cherished conceit.

To no more interesting city could he direct his steps than to the ancient town of Arles, situated in south-eastern France, on the banks of the Rhone, some thirty miles inland from the Mediterranean. Here we have a city that flourished in the time of Cæsar, that was a great port and commercial centre second only to Marseilles. Its ruined temples, theatre and

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arena, mutely tell of the invasion of the all-conquering Romans and of the paganism with which they inoculated the fair city—the Rome of Gaul, as it was called—while the grand old churches, still sublime in their decay, speak of the glorious triumph of Christianity, and stand a pleasing consolation to the artistic eye which would otherwise bewail the overthrow of heathen magnificence. Arles lost nothing of architectural beauty when the true God became the object of worship to its people.

Although its present population of thirty thousand is less than a third of what it once boasted, Arles is by no means a city in decline. It has had to give way before the development of more advantageously situated towns, but it is nevertheless full of life and industry, and bravely holds its own as one of the leading centres of Provence.

Apart from its Renaissance town-hall, dating from Louis XIV., the architectural attractions of Arles are confined to the ancient remains and old churches. The Roman Theatre, now a scattered wreck of hoary stones, attests by the vast area it covers the magnificent proportions of its original structure. Two lofty Corinthian columns rise up solitary and grand out of the confusion of ruins; and some of the main portals and stone seats remain intact. Beyond this, history and imagination supply its attractions.

Many of the costly marbles and beautiful sculpturings, however, are to be seen in the museum and in the churches. The theatre was begun in the time of Augustus, but did not reach completion until the third century. Some time in the fifth century it was pillaged and partly destroyed during one of the wars, and time has completed the devastation. It was here, in 1651, that the famous Venus of Arles—now in the Louvre—was discovered.

The Amphitheatre still retains its majestic proportions and is the most impressive sight in Arles, with its high walls, massive arches, and numerous ancient columns. It has the regular ellipse shape, measuring 460 by 350 feet. Its forty-three rows of seats are capable of holding twenty-five thousand spectators, making it the largest amphitheatre in France, and second only to the Coliseum at Rome. Seen from the outside, this colossal arena is most imposing. The walls consist of two stories of arcades, each of sixty arches, rudely sculptured in the Doric and Corinthian styles. The material used is stone in massive blocks, that in themselves give an impression of strength and immensity. Surmounting the edifice are three ponderous square towers, erected by the Visigoths when the amphitheatre was turned into a fort against the Saracens, in the eighth century.

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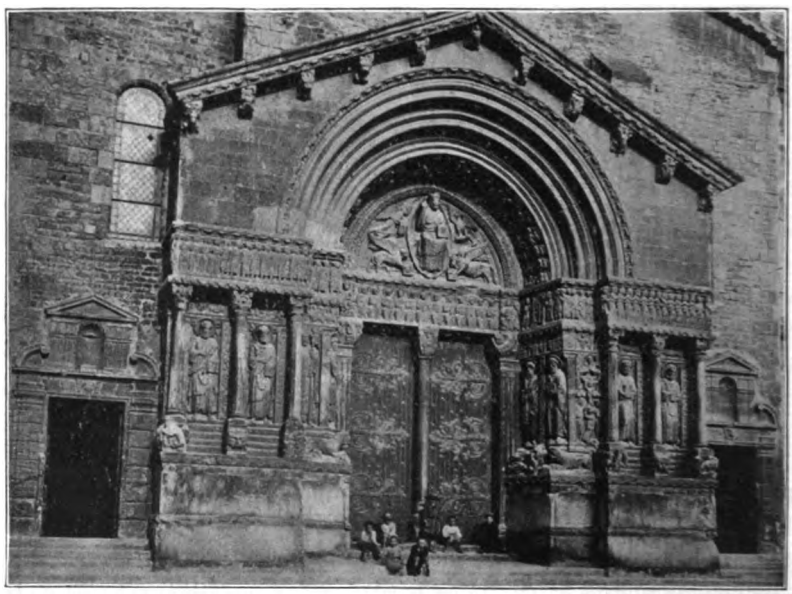
The interior, with its encircling marble-faced parapet, its successive tiers of stone seats and vast sub-structures, presents in form a perfect arena as in the olden days. Up to within recent times, the vaults and dens were the habitation of thousands of poor people, who took up their abode here in order to



GREAT PORTAL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. TROPHIME.

save rent. The ring also was choked with mean, wooden huts and other temporary shelters. These unsightly excrescences were finally removed in 1830, and portions of the building which had been buried for ages under the accumulation of dirt were once more restored to their original condition.

The tops of the towers afford an unrivalled view of one of the fairest of Provençal scenes. The eye rests on a landscape of rich orchards and emerald meadows, the majestic Rhone flowing peacefully through it, with the distant Alpine ridges as a background. In the foreground is picturesque old Arles, and immediately beneath is the hoary ruin—its extensive tiers peopled, in fancy, with a cruel mob who howl frantically as the subterranean doors are flung open and savage beasts spring out and proceed to make food of living men. How realistically we can imagine it all, looking down upon the very spot where such scenes have been often enacted!

In an open square, named the Place de la République, rises

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an obelisk of gray Egyptian granite—a single shaft fifty feet high. Till the Luxor obelisk was raised in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, this was the only Egyptian obelisk to be found in France. It originally stood upon the spina in the ancient circus, and is supposed to have been the gift of Constantine. For centuries it lay prostrate in the mud of the Rhone, but was raised in 1676 and placed in its present position. In this same square is the old Gothic church of St. Anne, now a museum, and celebrated as containing a collection of early Christian tombs second in importance only to that of the Lateran. One of the most striking is that of the priest Commodus, with a sculptured representation of Christ and the Twelve Apostles. Of the tomb of St. Hilarion, Bishop of Arles from 429 to 449, only a portion of the top remains.

There is also an interesting collection of Roman relics, statues and pagan sarcophagi, discovered in the vicinity. A marble frieze taken from the ancient Theatre is an exquisite work of art, as is also the head of Diana. A portion of an old leaden water-pipe, stamped with the name of the Roman maker, was found in the bed of the river and is now on exhibition here. The neighboring cemetery of Aliscamps (*Elisii Campi*) has contributed a great number of Roman monuments beautifully embellished with bas-reliefs, both pagan and Christian. Of the former, that of Cornelia Jacaea is undoubtedly the most perfect in design and execution. Among the latter are represented Adam and Eve, the Deluge, Jonah and the Whale, Moses striking the Rock, etc.

In a narrow street near the river are the remains of the palace built by Constantine the Great, who took such a fancy to Arles that he made it the metropolis of Gaul. He even thought of making it the capital of the empire, and Arles with flattering haste changed her name to Constantina. Later, the old city had its own sovereigns, who were styled Kings of Arles and received as visitors more than one emperor of Germany. It was not till 1482 that Arles was finally united to the kingdom of France. There are numerous other historical edifices about the town, but it is to the beautiful old churches we impatiently hasten.

No words can adequately describe the unique charms of St. Trophime. It has an individuality of its own, for many of its architectural features are not met with in any other church in the world. Its history might be said to embrace that of Christianity itself, for it stands on the spot where St. Paul's

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zealous disciple, St. Trophime, first planted the cross in this region. St. Trophime not only preached the gospel in Arles, but he founded a bishopric here; which, in the fourth century, was made an archbishopric. The church, now commonly called the cathedral, was dedicated to St. Stephen in 606, the act of consecration being performed by the great St. Virgile. It was reconsecrated to St. Trophime in 1152, when the body of this saint was moved hither from its original resting-place in St. Honorat's.

The main features of the exterior are the fine old Romanesque tower and the great portal, the adornments on the latter being among the finest specimens of twelfth century sculpturing in Europe. It consists of a deeply recessed semicircular arch, with noble mouldings resting upon a broad, sculptured lintel. The tympanum over the door-way shows a chiselled figure of Christ as Judge of the World, with symbols of his power and greatness. The lintel is continued from beneath the arch to the right and left of the façade, forming a sculptured frieze. Under the tympanum the figures represent the Twelve Apostles, and on the sides the Judgment Day—on the right are the good, serene and happy; on the left are the bad, bound by a rope and being dragged by devils. Truly an impressive lesson for the common people in the days when carvings and pictures were their only books! Supporting the frieze are slender pillars with exquisite capitals and bases of carved lions in various attitudes; and in the niches thus formed are statues of the Apostles. This grand façade combines several types of architecture, but the Byzantine and Romanesque predominate.

The interior is chiefly characterized by Late Gothic, especially the choir and apse built by Cardinal Louis d'Allemand in 1430. There are some very beautiful sarcophagi to be seen about the church; particularly interesting are those that have been converted into altars. In the transept chapels may be noticed the tombs of Adhémar de Grignan, Archbishop of Arles in the thirteenth century; Archbishop Gaspard du Laurens, and Chevalier de Guise, who was killed in 1614 at Baux.

But the glory of St. Trophime, outside of its grand portal, is in its chaste and graceful cloisters. No words can do justice to these exquisite galleries—the most beautiful in France. They are unglazed arcades built round a square, grassy courtyard, so that all the effect of a bright blue sky is had. Two sides are the perfection of Romanesque, dating from the twelfth century, with superb arches resting alternately on double

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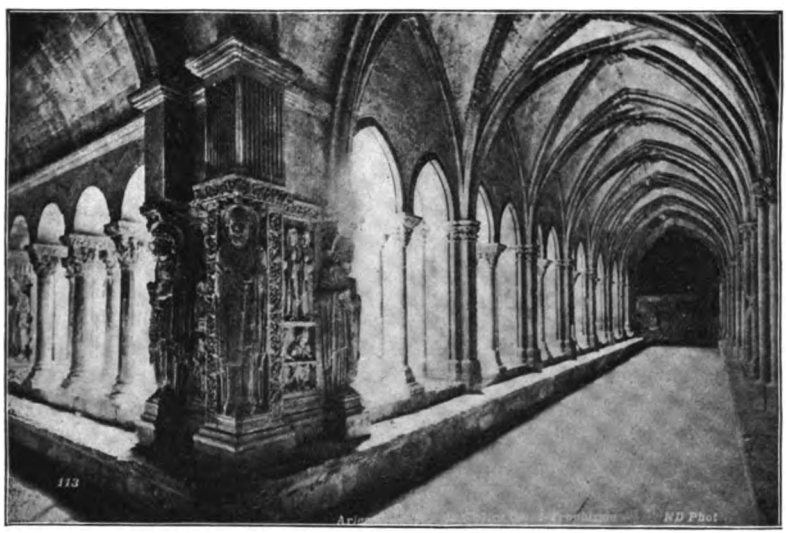
columns and square piers capitaled with delicate chiselling. The other two, equally beautiful, are of later construction and are in the pointed Gothic style. It would take a volume to describe in detail the profuse and magnificent display of figure-sculpture that embellishes these cloisters. The subjects are



A GLIMPSE OF "THE GLORY OF ST. TROPHIME."

mainly scriptural, but they vary in execution from crudeness to the highest artistic degree. The groups that adorn the respective angles, and of which the accompanying illustration gives some faint conception, are incomparably fine.

Of other old churches in Arles mention may be made of St. Marie Majeure, occupying the site of a pagan temple and restored in the twelfth century. It was here, in 314, that the Donatists were condemned; and among other relics which the church possesses are the strange pontificalia of St. Césaire. The ancient abbey founded by Césaria, sister of the saintly bishop, has disappeared, but two old eleventh century chapels still remain. Near by is an old house with an effigy of the Virgin in front, said to stand on the place where St. Trophime received St. Paul. Another interesting sacred edifice is St. Croix, now sadly dilapidated and crumbling to decay. The Tombeau de St. Césaire, noted for its broad Gothic nave and imposing tower, has also the proud distinction of being the oldest church in Arles. A short distance out in the suburbs are the romantic ruins of the once palatial and famous Abbey

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of Mont Majour, founded in the tenth century. It stands on a rocky island in the arid plain, surrounded by innumerable chapels, dwellings, towers, and fortifications. Excavated in the rock are hundreds of tombs, the burial-places of the early Christians.

Just beyond the town, eastward, is the celebrated Aliscamps, the Elysian Fields of the pagans. It is almost as intact to-day as eighteen hundred years ago. Lined on either side with tall, swaying poplars, its long avenue of tombs is infinitely more attractive than the Appian Way at Rome. A portion of the ground was used as a cemetery by the Christians; in fact, it became the coveted burial-place, by reason of a belief that Christ appeared and blessed the spot. The little chapel of La Genouillade enclosed a stone altar erected by St. Trophime on the spot where the Saviour left the imprint of his knees. The grounds are crowded with gravestones and monuments, for this was a veritable necropolis of vast dimensions in the thirteenth century, the remains of believers being sent hither for interment from far distant cities. Dante mentions it in the *Inferno:*

> *"Si come ad Arli ove l'Rodano stagna*
> *Famo i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo."*

The more beautiful of the sarcophagi have been removed to the various museums throughout France—those of the early Christians being mostly in the church-museum of Arles—but there are still many ancient stones and curious sculptures to be seen on their original site. During the twelfth century the cemetery contained nineteen chapels, of which number there are now not more than half a dozen, including the ruins. At one end of the long avenue of tombs is the chapel of St. Accurse with the old Arc de St. Césaire attached to it. This was one of the ancient gates of the cemetery. Other structures of interest on this street of the dead are the funeral oratory of the celebrated Porcelet family, the ruins of the tenth century church of Notre Dâme des Guerres, and a monument to the consuls of Arles who fell victims to the plague in 1720. At the further end of the avenue, situated in an open green spot and surrounded by hundreds of tombs and monuments, stands the ruined but still impressive church of St. Honorat. It is surmounted by a beautiful two-story octagonal tower with huge unglazed windows. Part of the edifice dates from the sixth century; the open nave was commenced in the eleventh; but

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ARLÉSIENNE BEAUTY IN FULL DRESS.

the rest of the interior has been constructed at various periods since the fourteenth century. The crypt is very ancient, and exhibits one of the most remarkable specimens of classical Romanesque architecture to be seen anywhere. There is a wealth of antiquities in the way of sculptures, stone coffins, and sarcophagi; and the nave contains some fine old Gothic tombs.

A story of sad romance connected with one of the stone coffins was told the writer on a recent visit. The *concierge* of St. Honorat is an old soldier, a Chasseur d'Afrique, usually reticent but that morning in a talkative mood. Pointing to the coffin, he explained that it was one of the most ancient in the possession of the church. It had been unearthed in the ceme-

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tery, and on being opened a perfectly legible parchment was found with the remains. The writing told of the manner in which the young Roman met death on his marriage night. It appears there was a festive gathering of friends and relations to celebrate the happy event, and one of the games of the evening was on the principle of hide-and-seek. The bridegroom successfully made himself invisible, but amusement developed into alarm as the night wore on and he failed to reappear. Search was unavailing, and it was not until some days later that his corpse was found in a chest. The lid had locked, and being unable to extricate himself the unfortunate young man had died of suffocation.

It was at this church, in 1770, that Philip Thicknesse saw the tombs of Saints Virgile, Hilaire, and Genet—Archbishops of Arles—and of the virgin martyr, Dorothy Concord.

Not least among the attractions for which Arles is celebrated is its beautiful women, and in this respect it stands unique among its sister cities. The type of beauty met with in the women of Arles is distinctly original and native, and is not to be found elsewhere in France. The reason of this is perhaps quickest explained in stating that it is not French. The Arlésiennes are of mixed descent—Greek, Roman, and Saracenic—and the blending of this noble blood under the sunny sky and genial surroundings of Provence has produced a perfection of female loveliness unrivalled anywhere in the world.

The Arlésiennes are gracefully tall and have the true Greek symmetry of figure, now so rare in the human female. Their dark, wavy hair is both thick and long, and is worn in the picturesque style of their ancestors, parted in the centre and drawn in loose folds behind the ears to a graceful coil at the back. Dame Fashion, in her mad flights about the world, deigns not to pause over Arles, knowing it to be an unpromising field for victims. Thus the women are left unmolested to their own instincts of what best becomes them. Their faces are usually oval in shape, and of a rich olive complexion peculiar to themselves. Their eyes are invariably dark, either black or brown, and are large and soft of expression, but not without a certain hidden fire to them.

The costume of the Arlésienne is uniquely picturesque and is eminently adapted to set off the peculiar beauty of the wearer. The ordinary dress is usually of some dark material, and the fichu plain cambric with an embroidered edge. The small cap is of the same material, and is worn at the back of

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CHURCH COSTUME OF AN ARLÉSIENNE.

the head, resting lightly on the coil of hair, with the ends twisted upward, resembling wings. Half the secret of the attractiveness of the Arlésienne attire is contained in this ingenious headgear, which is practically an evolution of the old Arab turban. Only the very old women wear the coif, which is invariably black.

In full dress the cap is of white mull, with a wide black silk or velvet ribbon covering all but the crown. Sometimes the ribbon is embossed, sometimes plain and edged with lace, but in the generality of cases it is beautifully embroidered with sprays and leaves in floss silk. The fichu is also very handsome in the full-dress costume. An under fichu of white, soft mull is covered, all but in the front, by one magnificently embroidered in colored silks.

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The Arlésiennes are fond of jewelry, but not in the ordinary sense. It is a matter of ancestral pride with them, and the ornaments they wear are generally family heirlooms. The earrings strike one as very peculiar and antiquated; they are large and heavy, with long gold pendants. They also wear massive gold chains at their waist, and golden, jewel-studded arrows and pins are employed to fasten the fichu and the head-dress.

A more stately and becoming costume could not be devised than that worn by the women of Arles on all solemn occasions, such as the Sabbath. It is on the same plan as the others, but the skirt is fuller and more sweeping, and is usually of heavy, rich silk or velvet. Possessing a queenly dignity, they look very beautiful when thus attired.

In disposition the Arlésiennes are happy and joyous, and share the true French vivacity. There may be shadows to their lives, but nothing is seen except sunshine. Next to their religious devotions they love the open air and the numerous forms of merriment of which it allows in that kindly clime. They are never so happy as when carried away in the whirl of the *farandole*. Young and old alike are devoted to that inspiriting dance, which ends almost in frenzied excitement, and it is to these innocent and invigorating out-door recreations that the women of Arles owe their superb health and their remarkably prolonged youthfulness. On the great *fête* days they are seen at their best; all thoughts except those of pleasure are put aside, and they devote their entire energies to the extraction of as much mirth as the moment can give. As is commonly the case, the handsomest types are among the peasant class, and it is at the *fêtes* that these are seen in all their natural glory and the brightest of their picturesque attire.

The Arlésiennes in play and in repose are quite different persons. The dance over and the streets forsaken for the home, they are again the paragons of quiet dignity and womanly reserve that wins for their character so universal an admiration.

No matter in whatever other instances amalgamation of race may have failed of improvement, it is unquestionably a noble success in the case of the Arlésienne. The classic beauty of the Greek, the regal deportment of the Roman, and the passionate temperament of the Arabian are so combined in this unique people that, though each asserts itself as a distinct trait, they together form a personality both imperious and winsome.

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THE LIFE-WORK OF A GREAT CATHOLIC APOLOGIST, AND ITS BEARING ON A VITAL QUESTION.

BY REV. M. O'RIORDAN, PH.D., D.D., D.C.L.

WHATEVER is to be thought of the present position of Christianity with reference to the world at large, it is certain that that limb of it which fell from the trunk three hundred years ago is dying a natural death. The process of decay set in as a natural consequence, once it was separated from the living root. Protestantism contained and cultivated the germs of disease from the beginning, and it was only a matter of time for its innumerable brood of sectaries to think themselves out into the naturalism which befitted the parent principle whence they sprung. Hence, the Catholic Church remains to-day, as it was before Protestantism arose, the sole representative of Christianity. It is so considered by the best and most consistent opponents of miraculous religion. Huxley says in one of his Lay Sermons:

"Our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—is the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist—and must as a matter of life and death—the progress of science and civilization."

"It is idle," Mallock writes, "to waste our arguments and our sarcasm on Protestantism only. If we think that Christianity is false and is doing an evil work in the world, let us meet and combat it in its strongest and most consistent form. The church will not shrink from these attacks. She will rather court them. Only see me, she says, what I really am, and then strike me as forcibly as you will or can."*

The future of faith will be the future of the Catholic Church. On it alone, therefore, devolves the task of nourishing the seed of the supernatural which its Divine Founder came to sow in the souls of men; and the enemy it has to reckon with is no longer Protestantism, but naturalism. The former was the *inimicus homo* who sowed tares and cockle which threatened to choke its growth; but the latter is trying to pluck it up by the roots. It is like fighting over again the battle which it

* "Dogma, Reason, and Morality," in *The Nineteenth Century*, December, 1878, page 1035.

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had won when Constantine Christianized the throne of the Cæsars. Paganism is trying to revive and return to the fight; and it is better prepared than it was before, for it has retained from Christianity certain truths and virtues which capture the natural man, and has cast aside those which would certainly ennoble him, but at the cost of an inconvenience which it is not the temper of our generation to bear.

THE EXPURGATION OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

One has only to read Lecky's two able and brilliant books, the *History of Rationalism* and the *History of European Morals*, to see how skilfully they set about their work. A thread of naturalism runs through the warp and woof of the argument of those two works. The supernatural has no place in them. The idea of it as a real influence in the world is set aside throughout; the purpose of the author is to explain Christianity without it. To give him his merit, he has done his work with singular ability and admirable calmness. But I dare say that what occurred to me has occurred to others. Whilst I was reading them I again and again thought within myself—"Only suppose the supernatural, put it into the argument as an element to be considered, and the whole fabric which Lecky is weaving with such consummate skill loosens at once and is reduced to threads again."

The thought which pervades Lecky's two works is wrought out in the lives and actions of multitudes. They are both in the world and of it. Individual, family, and national life goes on regardless of the supernatural, as if man himself were the sole measure of his duties and death the end of all things.

THE NEW PAGANISM.

Hence, what had to be done by the early Christian apologists against the pagan philosophers and paganizing Christians has to be done by the Christian apologist of to-day. It is waste time to argue with Protestantism as such. It has resolved itself into neo-paganism, for its principles, which gave individuals the right to define the meaning of Revelation, have now extended their rights to liberty to criticise and deny Revelation itself. Revelation, in the Christian sense, is not to be admitted; the supernatural is not a reality; religion may be allowed, but it is not miraculous, must not be imposed by an authority outside one's self, must not assume a definite form which one's changing humor cannot alter. They refer us to Plato for the principles of Christian theology, they find Christian metaphysics in Aristotle, Christian ethics in Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus

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Aurelius. It is quite true that some pagans, especially the Stoics, taught moral doctrines which the Catholic Church highly prizes. But we have no right to conclude that because paganism was before the church and possessed some truths which the church taught when it came, the church borrowed these truths from paganism and is, therefore, but a natural evolution of it. Christianity comprised both the primitive Revelation given to men and the doctrines by which Christ supplemented it. But men, however they wandered from that primitive Revelation, may naturally be thought to have retained some of it even in an obscure way.

THE COMMON GROUND OF ALL PHILOSOPHIES.

There would be common ground, therefore, for Christianity and Stoicism in those truths which, revealed in the beginning, were never entirely lost. Then, again, the human mind is formed for truth, and naturally it thought out some valuable truths for itself; the human heart is formed for virtue, and of course some natural virtues remained with it. These, again, would be common to Christians and Stoics. Hence, the coincidence of truths and virtues common to both is only what we might naturally expect. But the greatest intellects among the Stoics were deceived by many errors from which Christians, and even the common sense of rationalists, would recoil. Consequently, if we want to compare Stoicism and Christianity in their speculative and moral doctrines, we must consider not those in which they agree, but rather those over which they differ. In making the comparison we must also take each in its integrity. We must consider Christianity as supernatural, for Christians claim it to be so. Rationalists refuse to consider its supernatural character, but their refusal puts them out of court. I do not mean that they should themselves believe in the supernatural, but that they should take and examine Christianity as Christians expound it, not as its opponents choose to imagine it. Their method of attack is uncritical, both historically and philosophically. Christianity is a historical fact. Christians interpret it in their own way, and their interpretation of it takes in the supernatural element. It is uncritical, therefore, for rationalists to test it by a merely natural standard. To do it justice they should test it by the only standard on which it professes to rest. Christianity as a system is founded on the conception of a Personal God, the creation of the universe, the fall and redemption of man. All its doctrines turn on these cardinal points, and must be measured by them.

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It was built upon them, and those who undertake to argue Christianity out of existence by assuming those to be unreal simply condemn it without a fair trial.

Amongst the fruits which the Catholic University of Ireland produced was the first complete and systematic exposition of the change which Christianity wrought on the heathen world.

MR. ALLIES AS HISTORIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. T. W. Allies was one of those distinguished men whom Cardinal Newman, its first rector, gathered round him. He was appointed professor of the philosophy of history, and he delivered his first lecture in December, 1854. In that lecture he discussed the meaning of the philosophy of history. Although his connection with the university did not last long, he did not relinquish the work which he began there. During all these intervening years he has been developing the subject which he then inaugurated, till he completed it last year by his beautiful and fascinating work on *The Monastic Life*. Through eight volumes he traces the gradual growth of Christianity, from the sowing of the mustard-seed to the blossoming of the mighty tree which grew out of it. First came the planting of the supernatural in the souls of men, and the naturalism of the Stoics was superseded by Christian philosophy. That was the "New creation of the Individual Man," as Mr. Allies appropriately calls it. The family is as its members are, and so the spirit of paganism was cast out of the family. From the family is formed the nation; so the supernatural germ came in time to be sown in the community, and the national life was Christian. But, as it happens with the natural career of every man, family, and nation, during the process of growth, so was it with the church. Its growth was sought to be checked or disturbed from the cradle. First persecution tried to destroy it by force. Then pagan philosophy tried to wither it by logic. Next came the dissolution of the Roman Empire, while in process of being Christianized, and over its ruins were strewn rude materials from the North which the church had to Christianize in turn. And whilst it was reducing those chaotic elements into social order the fanatic followers of Mohammed arose, and did not cease their furious fight till they held sway from the Atlantic to Samarcand. Their rule meant "setting up, instead of Christ, a man of turbulent passions and unmeasured ambition; instead of the Christian home, the denial of all Christian morality; instead of a Virgin Mother placed at the head of her sex, and unfolding

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from age to age the worth and dignity of woman, the dishonored captives of a brigand warfare."* To use Mr. Allies' terse and truthful description, Mohammedanism was "a lie imposed by the scimitar."

ALONG THE LINE OF HERESIES.

Moreover, alongside those impediments to Christian civilization ran a series of heresies, from the First Nicene Council, which condemned the Arians in the beginning of the fourth century, to the Second Nicene Council, which crushed the Iconoclasts towards the close of the eighth. They were all directed against the Divine Person of our Lord. The Arians directly denied his divinity. The Nestorians, Monophysites, Monothelites, and the Eutychians did not attack his divinity directly, but their teachings involved a denial of it as a consequence more or less close. In the schemes of human perversity those were meant to poison or to destroy Christianity, but in the design of Divine Providence they occasioned the purifying of it from accidental stains which its human elements had gathered up; the systematic unfolding of the principles that should govern individual, family, and social life according to the model which Christ came to impress upon mankind, and the more timely fruit-bearing of the tree which was growing out of the mustard-seed. The process by which the church came to permeate the world, filtering philosophy as it passed and whatever of good and truth it found amidst the evils and errors of the natural man, is thus unfolded by Mr. Allies. First he shows the influence of Christian faith on the individual; next on the family and on society; then on philosophy. From this he goes on to show the relation of church and state, examining with great care the different points of contact and conflict between them. In his fifth, sixth, and seventh volumes he sets forth the action and influence of the Holy See both in fostering the mustard-seed and in hedging round the tree which spread out its fruit-bearing branches under its care. The first of these he calls "The Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son, the Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom"; the second deals with "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations"; the third shows "Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood."

* "Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood" (the seventh volume of Mr. Allies' *Formation of Christendom*), page 471.

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MONASTIC LIFE AND LABOR.

The eighth and final volume, on "Monastic Life," is an exposition of Christian holiness in its most perfect form. This highest type of Christian holiness, as set forth by Mr. Allies, does not make Christian monks appear to us like the monks of Buddha or the Quietists of a few centuries ago. He exhibits the monastic life, as Montalembert shows it, in action as well as in contemplation. The monasteries are the homes of science and the hives of industry. Through nearly four hundred picturesque and vivid pages he shows us one monk at his prayers, another preaching the Gospel, another catechising the faithful, another storing up in manuscripts the traditions of ancient learning, another clearing away forests and teaching the barbarian how to till the soil, another denouncing public scandal in high places, another treating with temporal rulers, etc. The contents of the eight volumes he unifies under the title of the *Formation of Christendom.* Over this wide field of literary labor no other writer of the English language has gone, and few have the philosophic insight into history and the literary power to traverse it if they tried. Whoever reads the work carefully through, will have seen the commission which Christ gave to his Apostles; the work of his church in the world—in the thought and action of the individual, the family, and the nation; its gradual development to the ideal of its Founder's design in spite of pagan philosophy, imperial power, heresy, and Islamism, till the Christian empire was formed and Charlemagne was consecrated in St. Peter's.

The work reads with the easy flow of simple historical narrative, and even where causes and effects are coupled the philosophical reflections are made by one who is evidently a master of his work, and who therefore satisfies the reader instead of perplexing him, as so many amateurs in the philosophy of history do. The first volume may not please the general reader so well as the others; nevertheless, it is, I think, in many respects the most important, having regard to the spirit which governs the world at the present time. The rationalists instance unbelievers whose elegant manners and winning ways are truly charming, whose philanthropy and sense of justice would put many Christians to shame, and they invite us to test things by results. They say these are natural virtues, springing by nature out of the human heart, and they ask, What need have we, then, of Christianity, which gives us no more? Is not the supernatural but an imaginary thing?

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At any rate, does it give evidence of its presence by producing men juster, meeker, more benevolent than men who ignore it and live without it? Or, is not Christianity but a phase in the onward progress of human thought and civilization, a passing improvement on the philosophy and ethics of Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, which is in its turn passing to the higher ethical ideals which positivist philosophy is striving after? Are we not Christians as well as you? Nay, more truly so; for, we honor Christ as the highest type of manhood, which he was; but you mistake him for God, which he was not.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF MORALITY.

Such considerations as these seem to involve the practical principles by which at the present day many who are under the influence of good and noble motives satisfy their sense of moral responsibility without taking account of the supernatural. It is a question of great delicacy and difficulty; but if it were explained with clearness and force, it would clear the way to the conversion of many without the need of introducing perplexing problems which do not come in contact with the final resolution of conscience. Evolution, Positivism, Agnosticism—these are but theories by which naturalism seeks to justify itself, and to solve the problem of life without the supernatural; but the fountain whence they spring is hidden behind the considerations I have just set forth. This is an age of commercial enterprise. Men are absorbed in worldly duties, and there is the disposition to test the value of all things in heaven and on earth on business principles. This accounts for the fact that the virtue of justice is so highly valued; because it is the nerve and soul of commercial life, and benevolence is proportionately prized according to its more or less intimate relations with the principles of commercial life. Whatever satisfies men's social and commercial relations satisfies their conscience and they ignore anything above or beyond it, whilst the severely practical and unsacrificing spirit which governs them will not let them bend to a yoke of which they do not feel the need. For that reason they are not disposed to consider duly the claims of Christianity. There are virtues as necessary as justice and benevolence, and more ennobling than either; but the Christian apologist has to face the men of whom I speak with the disadvantage of having to regard the claims of these virtues, and cannot, therefore, allow such virtues as justice and

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benevolence the monopoly which unbelievers claim for them. When only a few virtues are taken into account they, of course, appear to be the standard of human perfection; but for Christians who acknowledge the claim and need of many virtues besides, they must come down from the privileged pedestal on which naturalism places them and take their relative position amongst other virtues, natural and supernatural. Thus, whilst their absolute value remains the same, their relative value lessens. A man who has only one duty to do, thinks only of that and measures all things by it; one who has many duties, must give each a share in his thoughts.

MODERN NATURALISM NO NEW HERESY.

The question which naturalism raises now is precisely the question between the Stoics and the first Christian apologists. It comes before every one who studies the transition from pagan to Christian ethics. To that question Mr. Allies devotes the first volume of his great work, and he discusses it with a remarkable critical power. He shows that whilst ancient writers had in the Greek and Latin languages two instruments of expression "superior in originality, beauty, and expressiveness to any which have fallen to the lot of modern nations," and brought to their work singular literary and dramatic power, they were unable to produce a philosophy of history such as we find in the works of St. Augustine, Bossuet, Schlegel, or Guizot. What makes the difference?

"What had happened in the interval?" he asks. "Christianity had happened; Christendom had been formed; mankind had passed through fire and water—a delusion and a passion; the secret of its unity and its destiny had been given to it. The nation was no longer the highest of human facts, patriotism no longer the first of virtues. A reconstructed humanity towered far above the nation, and no one member of the human society could any longer engross the whole interest of man. There was a voice in the world greater, more potent, thrilling, and universal than the last cry of the old society, *Civis sum Romanus;* and this voice was *Sum Christianus.* From the time of the Great Sacrifice it was impossible to sever the history of man's temporal destiny from that of his eternal; and when the virtue of that sacrifice had thoroughly leavened the nations, history is found to have assumed a larger basis, to have lost its partial and national cast, to have grown with the growth of man, and to demand for its completeness a per-

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fect alliance with philosophy."* The reflections of the greatest pagan writers were circumscribed by the interests of their respective nations. There was wanting to them the apprehension of great first principles, of a universal human purpose, of an all-ruling Providence unifying mankind in a common destiny. Even men of modern times, like Gibbon, who discarded Christianity were under the influence of Christian principles, though they were unconscious of and ignored the fact. Principles which would have never been known but for Christian tradition remain even after Christianity itself has been rejected. Those elements of Christian teaching which are retained are looked upon by an unbeliever as the outcome of natural reason, but, judging from the shortcomings of the greatest pagan thinkers, we believe that unaided reason would never have found them out. It is the case of one ignoring the giver whilst enjoying the gift.

If any one wants a truly vivid picture of the Roman Empire, I would recommend him to read Mr. Allies' lecture on "The Consummation of the Old World," which comes after his introductory one on the "Philosophy of History." Having shown what man had become under paganism, he passes on to consider the "New creation of Individual Man." Having shown what each man, pagan and Christian, is, he compares them both. It is in this lecture he specially shows the difference between the pagan and the Christian even in those natural virtues which they held in common. Thus he contrasts Stoic pride and Christian humility, Stoic asceticism and Christian penance, Stoic apathy and Christian sympathy, Stoic philanthropy and Christian charity. In the next lecture he discusses the social influence of the Christian man, and in contrast gives an account of Roman slavery, full of life and power. The next lecture he devotes to Christian marriage and the foundation of Christian family life. Having drawn a contrast between the pagan and the Christian in their individual characters and in their influence on the family, their fellow-man, and on society at large, showing the superiority of the typical Christian to the typical pagan in each relation of life, he closes the volume with a lecture on the "Creation of the Virginal Life." In this there is no comparison made, for paganism had nothing to be compared with Christian virginity. It is like a crown placed on the head of the Christian when victory is won.

* *The Formation of Christendom*, vol. i.: introductory lecture, "The Philosophy of History," p. 11. Popular edition.

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IN THE PARISH OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

VI.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

FATHER SALVATOR leaned back in his chair before the fire, with the fingers of his right hand thrust between the leaves of a book. Night had fallen upon his page and he could not tax his failing eyes further. The fire in the grate was dying and all was still. How sweet stillness may be, and sometimes how sad! The stillness was sad in Father Salvator's smoky little study.

Across the street the new Church of the Sacred Heart lifted its superb white towers, and the birds were already making a trysting-place of the great gold cross. The doors of the old frame chapel around the corner were closed at last, for ever—the old chapel in which, as he told the people, so many good prayers had been said, so many sweet Communions received! The work of his life was done. He would never again have the chill task of lighting the fires and ringing the bell. A sexton was part of the new splendor. He would never again stand on that old sanctuary carpet, with its dim, perpetual roses; and on the spot before the altar where the patch had been set three times in thirty years. He had a new church. *Perhaps he had a new people.*

> "The new has charms which the old has not,
> And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot."

"Can this be true?" he said fiercely, aloud.

His thoughts travelled over the painful past. Life is not meant to be a bed of roses to a parish priest, but it need not be always a crown of thorns. It had been a crown of thorns to Father Salvator, and he could tell the story of each thorn. He did not know that when he was feeding the birds from his plate on Sunday morning, and thinking wistfully of the hardness of the parish hearts, some little child was watching him and learning of his loneliness how to live and die. He did not know that

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when his voice quivered and broke with his great weariness, as he intoned the Gloria of the Mass, a boy in the darkness under the gallery was choosing, once and for ever, between virtue and crime; and when he sang the Litany of Our Lady's feasts he did not see the pallid faces of the women touched with holy smiles—for they knew how warm his heart was to hers; but he did not know they knew—he did not know!

It was dark now. The red embers had burned out and he was too tired to rouse them. He seemed to himself an old man, bereft. He had put every pitiful penny of his savings into the new church—changed his life's blood to mortar and stone. He had given himself, body and soul, to his people: his body in its faded cassock and fringed linen; his soul in its tender purity. And they did not care; they only thought him a cross old man!

He was tired and blind, and he knew at last that he was old. The news had not been broken to him gently. It was so dark, and there was no one near to startle the coals into a blaze, to light the lamp with loving hands, and put his books on the wrong shelves and misplace his cherished correspondence. He would have loved these little awkward services, if only for something to quarrel about. One cannot quarrel with cold, black silence!

He did not think it was a cold world—this little world around him, busy with its christenings, its weddings, its deaths; but he thought the world thought him a cross old man, and of the two thoughts this was the most unkind. If he were dead, they would bury him—yes, and bring lilies. Alas! for lilies which come so late.

The wind grieved in the darkness. Without, the sudden flare of the street-lamp illumined the couch in whose hard embraces he had worn out hundreds of head-aches. He could hear his sad human heart beat, because he was listening!

How sweet if, to-night, some one had asked him to dinner; if he might catch the laughing children for just a moment in his arms; if, coming home by the light of his faithful lantern, he might find the fire bright, and perhaps a red rose, with its velvet face, brushing and blurring his half-finished page! But no—joys crowd as well as sorrows. The dinner and the laughing children and the dripping rose would come together on some happy day.

The book fell from Father Salvator's hand. It was a sad story between those gilt leaves. The heroine was a sweet young

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girl, who wore white dresses, like Agnes la Garde—he always liked to see Agnes in a white dress—but there was a storm, a storm at sea. The people were begging the priest's blessing, and the fugitive sunshine which at first flashed across the deck was gone!

The wheels of a carriage rolled over Father Salvator's dream. Some one knocked lightly. A sick-call! He started up and, groping his way to the door, pushed it open. A child stood there—a little boy.

"Are you the priest?" he said in sweet, fearless tones.

"Yes, I am the priest. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, padre."

"Your voice is strange to me"—Father Salvator knew the voice of every child in the town, whether of his flock or not—"but it is sweet. I would like to see the face that goes with that little voice. Come in and let us light the lamp. Don't be afraid. The darkness will not hurt you."

He lit the lamp. The light blinded them both a moment. Then the little boy saw the old man, with his black curls tossed as if in a storm, his black eyes wet from the tears in a dream, and his hands outstretched. And the old man saw the little boy, with a sadness in his eyes years older than his fragile face, with cheeks as red as frosted rosebuds and lips that seemed pitifully trying to answer the smiles of all the angels in heaven. A few sparkling snow-flakes lay on his shoulders, as if, to add to his woes, nature had hurried out a solitary snow-storm for him.

"Who are you, my little child?"

"I am Joseph Brunello."

"And I am Joseph Salvator."

"My mother has just been dead a week. I was on my way to the orphan asylum, but the train was wrecked and I lost my money. I had five dollars I got for our cow. I asked a colored man where the priest lived and he gave me a ride."

"That was right, little Joseph. I'm glad you've come." Father Salvator ran his fingers lightly through the boy's silken curls. "I will be a mother to you to-night. For this one night I will have a little boy. Are you hungry, Joseph?"

"Yes, padre."

"Very good. I'll tell Mrs. Quinlan to give us our tea together."

He went and came all in one moment. He stirred the

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ashes down and threw coal on the fire. It kindled quickly, and the room was so changed in the glow that it seemed another person had come into it. Father Salvator caught the boy between his knees.

"What do you see in the fire, my child?"

"A face."

"My face?"

Joseph turned round and looked into the priest's eyes.

"No, padre—a woman's face."

"Your mother's?"

"Yes."

Father Salvator's arms tightened around the boy and he thought of his mother, whom only he and the violets of springtime remembered.

"You must think always of that face, Joseph. If everything else is taken from you, keep the memory of your mother. It will be sun and moon and stars to you, in the darkness—in the darkness. Had your mother black eyes, like you?"

"Yes, padre—black and blue! At home in Italy they used to say she looked at the world through the corner of the Madonna's blue veil."

"And black hair, like you, with a little curl at the end?"

"Yes padre—only very beautiful."

They seemed to be tears falling from Joseph's eyes, rather than words from his lips. He looked out into the night.

"Padre, the stars are shining."

"Yes, little one, the stars!"

"When they come out, mamma used to say it was the angels lighting matches!"

Father Salvator laughed softly.

"Tea is ready, father," said Mrs. Quinlan at the door. A steaming fragrance came from the tea-pot. The cold meat was trimmed with lettuce-leaves. There was jam too, and brown bread.

"No, padre, no jam," said little Joseph.

"Why?"

"Mamma made all the jam I ever ate. I can't eat it since she died."

"Joseph"—Father Salvator had tucked the little boy in his own bed and was kneeling by him—"you have come as an angel to me this night. I am a lonely old man, and my sorrows fall thickly on me sometimes and chill me to the soul.

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This was the saddest night of my life, and the good God sent you to me, my child."

Joseph's eyes rested on Father Salvator, as if he quite comprehended the words. They were like the eyes of the Divine Child, wide-awake and wistful, and as the lashes rose and fell Father Salvator could even see their black shadows on the pale cheeks from which the rose-buds had vanished.

"Is it only for to-night that you will stay with me, little Joseph? I wish you might stay always. This is the sweetest valley in the world. The snow and the wind are very gentle with it in winter. There is hardly a month in all the year when violets do not bloom. In spring white flowers are sprinkled over the fields. You would almost think it was a piece of thread-lace—the long rows of little lilies, with the cobwebs between them, and the dew on the cobwebs and the sun on the dew!"

"Yes, padre."

"I have only half a loaf; but I would share it gladly with you, and I would wrap you in a sheep-skin if I could not find clothes for you, and I would buy back the cow you sold for five dollars. I would give the man a better price for it; and then, if we were cold, we could go to the stable and warm by the breath of that gentle beast. We would not be the first to take shelter in the stable?"

"No, padre—there were Mary and Joseph and the little Jesus!"

"Yes, and there are many lovely children here to be your playmates. Margaret Kilduff and Marceline Clark and—and when I am so deaf that I can no longer hear the birds sing"—a smile swept over Joseph's face and seemed to stir his curls—"you can tell me in some strange, sweet way, perhaps with the touch of your little hands, what it is they are calling to each other across the sunshine."

"Yes, padre."

Little Joseph smiled. Father Salvator knelt motionless in the moonlight. What had the coming of this child in the darkness not done for him? What was his loneliness compared with little Joseph's? Did not the dear Master, whom he served, always sweeten his sorrows?

How faithful the parish was, the sweet parish of the Sacred Heart, with its blithe faces and its holy hearts!

Every day Mary Kilduff brought him a basket of fresh eggs. At sundown Rory came in to talk Irish ballads and

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German songs. Had not the women remembered his feast, even though it fell in chill March, with flowers? Was not Agnes la Garde faithful to the little gift of violet water, which he so loved, ever since once she had caught the breath of it through the confession-bars? And his rosary of old men, were they not ever praying, praying?

When he crept into bed, the child, dreaming of his mother, wrapped his arms around the old priest's neck. Father Salvator drew him to his heart, and there was only room between them for the wings of their good angels.

V.

THE OLD BROWN ROSARY.

The sacristy was lighted by one little window. In the days before Mary Kilduff came to the parish the sacristy window was no stranger to dust and cobwebs. But now that it was remembered by Mary as faithfully as her prayers, old Mrs. Malone, who mended the altar-laces, could descry the figure of man or woman who went down the garden-path to the great house next door.

A strange garden-path it was; as dim as a church aisle under the mighty beeches, and never touched by bloom save in the soft southern spring, when violets came in purple and white hosts from none knew where, and went none knew whither.

By the window Mrs. Malone worked, day by day, with a silent patience which could only have been pressed with thorns into her wild heart. Father Salvator could not remember her youth, but there were traditions in the parish of a young Mrs. Malone who was more like a lion than a lady. Griefs had come to her, one by one, stripping her of her dark beauty and smiting her proud soul into silence. It was then she had asked for the altar-laces as a task, and she had never abandoned it. For twenty years she had worked by the sacristy window in solitude, breathing the fragrance of forgotten incense, and finding friends in the silent scarlet cassocks hanging in the press, in the dull silver candlesticks that were only rubbed at Christmas and Easter and All Saints, and in the little padded crimson collection-box into which she was always dropping a secret alms, perhaps of invocation, perhaps of reparation.

It was now long years since Mrs. Malone had been to the sacraments. Father Salvator had tried in various ways to

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bring her to penitence; but she would not be brought, and Father Salvator was not the man to strip her of her lonely prestige as mender of the altar-lace, arguing in his heart that it was better to have her thus close to the church than further away, and asking the good God to receive her faithful stitches as an expiatory work. But one day, when he found her leaning against the sacristy window looking out at the violets, all in a moment his patience ceased to be a virtue.

He spoke to her harshly.

"Biddy Malone, you will live on from day to day without the grace of God, and when you come to die, you will expect the church to give you the Viaticum and to bless your old bones in the graveyard. I tell you now, I will have no part in such a mockery!"

"I'm sorry, father," said Biddy.

She stood by the window until night fell. Then she went into the church. She paused, trembling, under the crimson sanctuary lamp. It flickered and throbbed in the loneliness, and to Biddy it seemed the Divine Heart had escaped its human prison in the Tabernacle and was burning with vengeance in the altar-fire, lighting the dark places of her soul!

She dared to bend her trembling knee. Over the wooden cross that surmounted the holy-water font a brown rosary had hung for years. From long swinging in the water, the crucifix on it was traced in rust on the marble. The night had no moon or stars, but a pale light from somewhere illumined the rosary for Biddy. Her old fingers swept it from its place and she clutched it to her breast. In a moment more she was in the street.

A light burned in Kathleen McCoy's window. Biddy travelled towards it. The spring-wind was cold. It froze the rosary in her frightened fingers. Kathleen, who had been dying so slowly these sad years, might die suddenly at last. Biddy could not pull the bell for fear; but Kathleen, hearing the shuffling of feet, called, in her beautiful voice,

"In the name of God, enter!"

And Biddy pushed the door open.

"Is it you, Mrs. Malone?"

"It is," answered Biddy Malone.

Kathleen was sewing the last stitch in a little gown for Mary Kilduff's new baby. In the light and dark of her tremulous candle her soul seemed to have pierced the pallid flesh and to smile on her white lips.

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"Is it to the lash of the wind to-night that I owe this kind visit, Mrs. Malone?"

"No; it is to the cry of an old woman's conscience." Kathleen gave her a startled look. The mark of the altar-lace seemed to be wrought upon her withered face in a thousand sinister threads.

"Do not fear," Kathleen said, stretching out her poor hands in pity.

"How can I tell you, Kathleen McCoy, what burdens my mind—you who have always seemed to me as black as the bad angels, who seem to me to-night as pure as the snow?"

Kathleen laid down the little white gown, with its tender edge of hard-earned lace. She rose. "Mrs. Malone"—the music ran off her words as the dew runs off flowers—"I am near to death, and my heart, which has known its own bitterness, knows now its own peace. You have hated me, and perhaps I have not loved you. But, the sweet Madonna is my witness, I bear you no unkind feeling. If you were hungry, I would put bread in your mouth. If you were sick, I would nurse you. If you were dead, I would lay you out and put the sweetest violets of spring in your lonely old hands. But you need not tell me now what troubles your soul. I doubt not it is some scruple; and has not Father Salvator told us a scruple is more cruel than the cry of the banshee? Tell it to Father Salvator, and if he sends you to me, tell him I forgive you without knowing; and he will give you back your lost peace, for the blood of Christ is in his hands to pour on our unholy hearts!"

"It is not Father Salvator can give me back my lost peace. It is you, Kathleen."

"Then speak."

"Ye mind this old rosary?"

Biddy drew the cold thing from her heart, and its shadow fell on Kathleen's white apron.

"Yes."

"It is yours, Kathleen. It was sent you as a message from the dead—from my boy. He loved you with his last breath, my poor lad, and he bade me give you the brown rosary and beg you to pray for his soul. It was a bitter day to him when you married Pat McCoy, an' he vowed he'd be revenged on the thing you loved the best; and when your little Pat disappeared, it was then Mike remembered his word. He knew where Pat was—to Kilkenny he went—but never a word would Mike say, an' he saw the heart-break in your face. 'Mother,'

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he said on his death-bed, 'tell Kathleen the whole black truth. Perhaps little Pat is still alive. She can write, and, mother, give her the old brown rosary and ask her to pray for me.'

"But I hated you, Kathleen McCoy. I was jealous of the dead love, as I had been of the living. I hung the old brown rosary on the holy-water font and asked Father Salvator to give me the mending of the altar-laces, that I might be there to watch it.

"Every Sunday and feast-day for fifteen years I have seen you touch it, when you dipped your fingers in the holy-water; and every Sunday and feast-day I have seen your face grow paler, paler. Every day of every year I have stabbed the heart in your breast, and watched you die. O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Kathleen fell on her knees. She dragged herself to Mrs. Malone, and, clasping her trembling white hands together, lifted her eyes to the old woman in unearthly glory and gratitude.

"To Kilkenny, did you say? God bless you, Biddy Malone, for telling me at last! My little Pat, my lost boy! Your mother is coming to you. She was dying, but now she will live. She will go after you over the sea. Pat, little Pat—your mother's eyes are blind now, but she can see you, darling! You have not forgotten the face of your mother?"

The voice diminished to a whisper, a tremor, a sigh, and then silence. The lashes fluttered for the last time over Kathleen's eyes, shutting out the dark world. Her death made the night holy.

The birds she had fed with her sweet hands waked in the darkness and sang their little songs, as if they knew that Kathleen's sorrows were already angels pleading for Biddy's sins!

VI.

TWO IRISH ANTIQUES.

A flight of doves floating in the clouds far above the green mountain once mistook the little white hut in the trees for a nest, and came down to seek shelter with their own kind; but only Mr. Cumisky was there.

They did not go away comfortless. He scattered the last crumbs from his pitiful table to them, and when he had no longer crumbs, he still had smiles; those strange, sad smiles which were the old grave-digger's only comment upon the bitterness of his lot.

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He was old and alone. He had a young daughter in New York. She was *worrldly*, he lamented to Mrs. Caraway. Mrs. Caraway had sorrows too. Her young daughter was dead. Molly Caraway's grave was the sweetest in the cemetery. Her mother kept long vigils there. Molly had been a sister to the flowers, a laughing, singing little sister, and it was as if they remembered her now. Mr. Cumisky remembered her too. In the sunshine or the rain, when Mrs. Caraway came up the mountain path murmuring her prayers, he was always near Molly's grave whispering to the roses, or listening to the birds. The birds were the only ones he would listen to! In the absence of Father Salvator from the lonely mountain-side, the roses—the dewy white and the sacramental scarlet—heard his confessions. What tender confessors—the roses which Heaven has predestined to silence, or given only sweetness for speech!

"Mr. Cumisky"—it was the voice of Agnes la Garde in the stillness of an evening in spring-time, and she had paused by Mary Kilduff's baby's grave, with her white hat in her hand and her brown hair ruffling in the breeze—"I should think you would get married. You are very lonely, aren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Agnes, it's the truth you speak; I do be lonely, but"—Mr. Cumisky puffed contemplatively at his pipe—"gettin' married 's one thing, and doin' well 's another."

Agnes was sorry for the withered old man; but if what Father Salvator said were true, she thought Mrs. Cumisky, dead and in heaven, must smile now the sweet smile of forgiveness and, if it were possible, celestial amusement. But Agnes did not believe that Mr. Cumisky had ever beaten his wife.

"Mr. Cumisky," said Rory McCarthy, who had been gathering violets for Agnes to lay on the baby's grave, "what bird is that? It has a high note that I do not know. It is a perfect Alleluia for joy."

"It's a t'rush."

Agnes and Rory laughed.

"Do you mean a thrush?"

"I do."

"Say th—r—r—ush," cried Agnes.

"Tr—r—ush!"

"Throw your tongue against the roof of your mouth and strike your teeth hard."

"Tr—r—r—ush!"

"It's no use, Miss Agnes," said Rory, wiping the tears of laughter from his cheeks. "If you never make any worse use

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than that of your tongue, Mr. Cumisky, you'll be all right. The thrush's enunciation is perfect anyway; and for my part I don't think it is a thrush. I think it is a red-bird, a wood-sparrow, a wren—anything but a thrush!"

"Well, now, I tell you, Mr. Rory—"

But Mr. Rory would not be told. He was talking to Agnes about the violets. In smiling chagrin the old man walked over to the roses.

"Father Salvator says that Mr. Cumisky wants Mrs. Caraway to marry him," said Agnes to Rory.

Rory smiled, the sweet smile which was so old on his white young face.

"Mr. Cumisky will do well."

"Mrs. Caraway will do well," retorted Agnes.

She slipped the violets into a glass vase on the little grave, and they said a prayer; not for the baby—its wings were folded about them as they knelt—but for the baby's mother, for the parish dead, for the world; one of those yearning prayers of which the angels must make an ineffable application. Perhaps this one would be cherished for Mr. Cumisky's nuptial blessing, if the day ever came.

Mrs. Caraway was a pretty picture as she went through the streets to Mass. Her great crêpe bonnet told its own tale. The soft white hair curled about her brow with an actual lovingness. A spotless 'kerchief was folded around her shadowy throat and there were always tears on her cheeks—one or two tears, that borrowed a twinkling brightness from her blue eyes.

Mr. Cumisky often dined with her. Her dinners kept his soul and body together. Catholic graves did not come fast enough. His coat was in threads, his shoes were broken, and he had used the tatters of his last muslin shirt to tie the tomato vines. Perhaps it was foreordained he should be poor; for when he had a penny in his pocket he was beside himself with joy, and joy in Mr. Cumisky was but pride in poor masquerade. He and Mrs. Caraway held deep religious interviews. While he drank her hot coffee with the cream from her golden little cow, while he spread the snowy bread from her weary arms with the butter which she churned, he shattered her idols into smithereens. His arguments had no especial point, but the words sacerdotal, ritual, ecclesiastical occurred frequently, and to Mrs. Caraway his freedom with the church was thrilling.

His eyes twinkled behind his straggling lashes, but he was an

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actor born. His expression was as easily diverted as a curl of smoke on a windy day. He was seventy-five and she was seventy-two. Her husband's grave was no deeper than the love in her heart, but Mr. Cumisky had survived his matrimonial bereavement.

Old women said it would be a neat thing, the uniting of the fortunes Cumisky and Caraway. Either it would bring Mrs. Caraway nearer to her dead or take Mr. Cumisky further away from his, for there was the rose-covered cottage in town and here was the tumbling hut near the graves! They would knit their Irish memories together. Mrs. Caraway had knitting-needles for two, two coins for the collection-box, two—but the sweet old woman could not see these things for the tears in her eyes.

He opened the gate for her one evening as she was going down to town. She passed out, and then he leaned over the fence, with his old straw hat in his gnarled fingers.

"Mis' Caraway," he said very softly.

"Mr. Cumisky?"

"I've been very good to the rosy-bushes on Mary's grave."

"Sure have you."

"Mis' Caraway"—Michael puffed at his pipe till the smoke rolled away from him and fell about Mrs. Caraway in shimmering clouds—"do ye think as ye could ever marry me?"

Mrs. Caraway turned pale and then pink.

"We are too near heaven, Mr. Cumisky," she said, lifting her face to the clouds.

"I thought we might go this last bit of the way together."

She glanced at him with her sweet blue eyes. Youth came back, fragrance, dreams!

"We might go."

"We might?"

"Yes."

Cumisky blessed himself; then, leaning over the gate, he kissed her on each pallid cheek, and the thrush sang its wild, sweet song.

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SEA-GRASSES.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

DOWN soft, velvet slopings impearled with the dew,
Toying with Wealth and her fashionings new,
Ever we mutter,
"Braver are ye,
O stiff, briny grasses that drink of the sea'

Weary of softness, of gold and of gain,
We catch a response from their station of pain:
"Lowly and lonely,
Blessed are we
Who stand in our lot by the brink of the sea."

"Sharp on your rocks ever beateth the foam;
Tender, the turf in the door-yards of home."
"Yea; but no murm'ring
Answereth thee!
Kingly our calm by the infinite sea."

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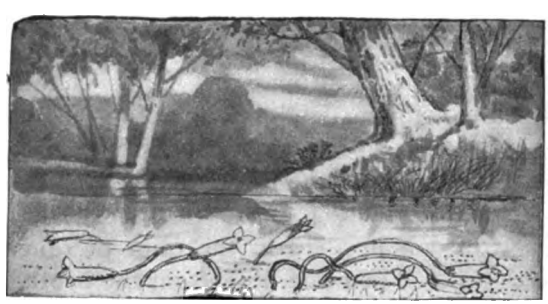
"Inland, the blue-bird his song doth up-raise."
"Better, to us, the surf-thunder of Praise,—
Near the Eternal
Chosen to be,
Facing the tides of a limitless sea."

"Bowed and brow-beaten, how may ye sustain
Daily the shocks of the pitiless main?"
"Nay! power hath pity;
Love-solaced, we!
Odors rise sweet from the infinite sea."

"Silent uplifting ye surely must know,
Bliss our best earth-love can never bestow."
"Soul! thou art lonely,
Even as we!
Come into the swell of the infinite sea!

"Softly its voices thy spirit shall greet,
Treasure of sea-bloom come up to thy feet;
Strength shall betide thee,
Sharp though it be,
Thy Priesthood of Pain by the Infinite Sea."



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MONSEIGNEUR D'HULST.

MONSEIGNEUR D'HULST.

MAURICE LE SAGE D'HAUTEROCHE, Comte d'Hulst, was born in Paris, October 10, 1841. Scion of an ancient house, he was nearly related, on his father's side, to Monseigneur du Bourg, confessor of the faith during the Revolution, and to Mother Marie of Jesus, foundress of the "Congrégation du Sauveur," both of whom died in the odor of sanctity. On his mother's, he descended in direct line from the brother of Blessed Urban V., the last pope but one at Avignon.

His maternal grandmother, the Marquise du Roure, as lady-in-waiting to Marie-Amélie, Duchess d'Orléans, had followed her from the Palais-Royal to the Tuileries. When, in 1830, the Duc d'Orléans was raised to the throne as Louis Philippe, Raoul and Maurice d'Hulst became the favorite playfellows of

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the king's grandsons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. Until 1848 the little boys met almost every day, either at the Tuileries or Neuilly or Saint-Cloud. Two sisters completed the family circle. One entered religion and is to-day the Mère Supérieuse of the Paris house of the "Congrégation de l'Adoration Réparatrice"; the other died prematurely.

The Revolution caused Comte d'Hulst to retire with his family to his château at Louville, not far from Chartres. There the village curé began the children's education. Soon after a tutor was chosen to prepare them for college. From 1856 to 1860 they followed, as day-pupils, the classes of Stanislas (Paris), where Maurice distinguished himself, carrying off prizes every year at the *Concours général.** He excelled equally in mathematics, rhetoric, and philosophy.

When Maurice was almost eighteen years of age it was considered time to decide his course in life. His mind was made up. From the age of twelve he had wished to be a priest.

Towards seventeen his vocation was tried by an uncommon temptation. He was then preparing for an examination, and the study of mathematics exercised a sort of fascination over his mind. When, alone in his room, he succeeded in solving a difficult problem, so great was his delight that he would clap his hands and jump with joy.

He thought of the École Polytechnique, and was haunted by a vague desire to devote his life to a study which gave him such pure pleasure; but a secret voice denounced this as being a temptation, and he felt he dared not turn away from the sanctuary, to which God had called him from his youth.

The 5th of October, 1859, he went to Issy, a college preparatory to St. Sulpice. There he found both peace of mind and happiness; and, as he himself tells us, from the day he entered the seminary never knew an instant's hesitation nor a moment's regret.

Maurice d'Hulst remained two years at Issy. Highly gifted and eager to learn, he gave himself up wholly to his passion for study. Then it was he became for a time a decided partisan of the doctrine of ontology.

He was a pupil of the learned and saintly Abbé Le Hir, and followed with enthusiasm those celebrated Hebrew lectures in which the incomparable professor "made even grammar enlighten Holy Scripture and sing the praises of God."

At twenty-three his ecclesiastical studies were ended; but as

* Examinations at which the best pupils of the principal educational establishments compete for prizes.

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priests are not usually ordained till they are twenty-five, he proceeded to Rome, where, after two years, he became doctor of theology and canon law.

Moreover, in the company of the illustrious De Rossi, he was initiated in Christian archæology, and conceived an affection, which years did not diminish, for the Rome of the early ages.

AT ST. AMBROSE'S.

The Abbé Langénieux, now cardinal, was then curé of the poor and populous parish of St. Ambrose. He was a zealous priest and excellent organizer, and had begun many new works which attracted earnest young priests to his parish.

He had at that time a young priest named François Courtade, who had been intimate with the Abbé d'Hulst at St. Sulpice. The former mentioned his friend to the curé, who asked and obtained permission to have him in his parish.

The Abbé d'Hulst was delighted to begin his ministry among a working population, and to be with his former comrade, who was still his most intimate friend.

They worked together more unitedly than ever, and their mutual attachment is a proof, if one were wanting, that resemblance is not necessary to friendship. For they were in no way alike. One, by birth and instincts, was a democrat; the other, an aristocrat in every sense of the word. Both were highly intelligent, but in quite different ways. The Abbé d'Hulst was a man of varied attainments and great versatility, whereas the Abbé Courtade knew nothing outside his own sphere, but in it yielded to no one in originality and boldness of initiative. Had he lived, he would certainly have ranked among the foremost workers of his day. The aristocrat expressed his thoughts with a natural distinction and a never-failing correctness. The democrat spoke badly, but what was wanting in his education was made up by the perfect equilibrium of his mental faculties and his great moral influence. Unhappily, he died when only thirty-four.

These two young priests founded a home for apprentice boys in the Rue Folie-Méricourt. "Christianity has raised woman," said the Abbé Courtade; "it is one of its greatest feats. But it is accomplished; it is time that it should work to raise man."

They chose about thirty children, belonging to the most respectable working people of the neighborhood. Their ambition was to make them good Christians, who should later teach

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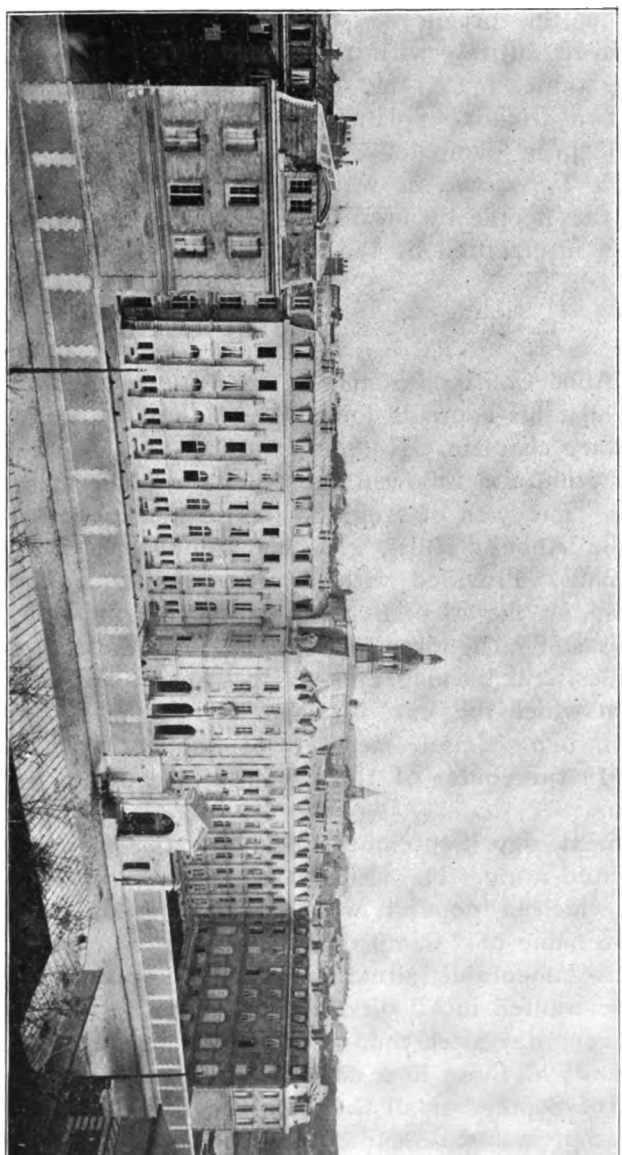
the truth and set a good example to the workmen among whom they would be thrown. The boys were lodged, fed, and clothed by the Abbé d'Hulst, aided by the generosity of a



THE COLLEGE AT ISSY.

few friends and the children's own earnings. Suitable occupation was found for them, and their employers sent weekly notes to the home, stating the time of their arrival at the

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workshops, when they left at night, and what their conduct had been. A sum was deducted from their earnings to be returned to them when they left the home. Evening classes completed their education; they were taught the catechism and carefully trained in the practice of their religious duties. The two priests lived entirely with the boys, sharing their recreations and their table.

The two friends explained to the public the principle of this work, in a pamphlet entitled *De l'action individuelle dans l'éducation Chrétienne*, in which they set forth a plan for improving the people by means of technical education; but the work was interrupted by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The Abbé Courtade remained in Paris to take care of the home, whilst his comrade joined MacMahon's army at Rheims as voluntary chaplain. He was attached to the Twelfth Corps under Lebrun, and followed the troops in their march through Argonne. The 30th of August a battle was fought at Mouzon, where the Abbé d'Hulst, with his ambulance, was taken by the Germans. Provided with a safe conduct from the Prince of Saxony, on the 2d of September, he tried to join the troops, whose disaster he ignored. On his way he crossed the hamlet of Bazeilles, still burning, and was present at the famous court-martial at which the curé of Balan was judged and condemned to death, being falsely accused of having fired on German troops. In the course of the day he heard of the capitulation of Sedan.

The next day (September 2) he saw the marching past of the defeated army. He visited the peninsula of Iges, the horrors of which a popular writer has so graphically described under the name of "Camp de la misère."

In this lamentable situation, after so great a battle, chaplains were wanted in all directions at once.

But every day after, thousands of prisoners were transported to Germany; all those in a fit state to travel were sent off. By the 11th of September all the wounded had left. As the chaplain's mission was now ended, he was anxious to know what was happening at home. He went on foot to Belgium, and entered Paris a few hours before the investiture. The siege began the same day.

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DURING THE SIEGE.

In Paris the situation was so alarming that the greater number of the children were sent back to their parents, only a few orphans remaining behind.

Present at several sieges, he assisted the dying, and, absolving their sins, spoke of hope beyond the grave.

The effects of the siege now began to be felt; they suffered at the home of the Rue Folie-Méricourt, as elsewhere. The children had what was strictly necessary. "We wanted for nothing," one of them, now a man, wrote. "As to our protectors, we indeed saw that they deprived themselves for us." However, by degrees their provisions were exhausted, and it was impossible to get more. In the month of January they were without bread, all suffering from hunger. But they suffered cheerfully, consoled as they were by the presence of the two good priests.

A WEEK OF DANGER.

The twenty-second of May the army of Versailles had entered Paris by the Porte Saint-Cloud, at the extreme west of the town.

On Tuesday, the 23d of May, the Abbé d'Hulst was called to a dying man. It was no longer possible for an ecclesiastic to pass through the excited populace, mad with rage and drink. The Abbé d'Hulst put on secular dress, and went to the sick man accompanied by the *suisse*, an old soldier and faithful servant.

On his way back he was recognized by a group of those wretched women who formed the advanced battalion of the Commune. "A priest! and still young; what a lucky chance!" exclaimed one. They immediately sought the militia of the Commune to arrest him. Happily for the abbé, none could be found.

An hour after his return the tocsin rang. The church and presbytery had just been invaded by an armed band, followed by a frantic crowd. An apprentice was luckily on the spot, and immediately broke through the infuriated crowd, and, running as fast as he could, arrived at the home in time to warn the servant of the danger which threatened her masters. At the back of the house a widow, named Chevalier, lived alone with her daughter. They asked her to receive them, not concealing the danger to which her charity would expose her.

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The excellent woman did not hesitate an instant, but opened her door to the persecuted.

At the same moment a corporal went to their house to arrest them in the name of the *Salut de la Nation.* He was baffled by the servant, who calmly replied, in her simple country language, "that the two birds had flown."

The two priests spent from Tuesday, the 23d, to the following Sunday morning in their hiding-place. There it was they heard of the assassination of Monseigneur Darboy and the first hostages, of the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, of the transfer of the Commune to the mairie (town-hall) of their ward. Their church was turned into a powder magazine, and wires connected it with an electric battery, which was to blow it up if the Versailles troops approached. Five long days they lived in continual dread of that explosion, which would have buried them beneath a heap of ruins.

Nevertheless the French army advanced, forcing back the battalions of the Commune. The two friends had to seek shelter in the cellar. There they lived three days and three nights in continual suspense. Projectiles whistled over their heads; the Commune, in despair, threatened to blow up everything before surrendering. Every moment they expected to be their last. They confessed to each other and calmly looked forward to death. For if they were assassinated, it would at least be in hatred of the religion whose ministers they were; and what could be better for them than to offer their lives to God, to sacrifice themselves for a sacred and beloved cause, to die like soldiers enveloped in the folds of their flag?

Four days and nights the cannon thundered without interruption, when on Sunday morning suddenly all was silent; the barricade in front of the house was abandoned, and at the entrance of the yard the two prisoners at last perceived the uniform of the troops.

They returned once more to life. To return to life was for the Abbé d'Hulst to return to his work. The apprentices went back to the Rue Folie-Méricourt, but not to remain there long. By the death of his father, the Abbé d'Hulst had recently come into possession of his patrimony. He at once bought a large piece of ground of three thousand metres in the working district, on the heights of Ménilmontant, opposite the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. To his home for apprentices he wished to join industrial schools, where every boy would learn a trade. The plan of the future building was drawn out, but

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so great was the distress immediately after the Commune that it was impossible to collect money enough to carry on so large a work. In the meantime the two friends took up their residence in a little house that already stood on the ground,

CARDINAL GUIBERT.

and the Abbé d'Hulst built a small chapel at his own expense, which they dedicated to St. Hippolytus, the patron of the new Archbishop of Paris. They preached continually; the chapel was always full to overflowing; it was a sort of permanent mission.

Soon afterwards the Abbé Courtade died, and his friend was called to the archbishop's house.

The work, however, did not cease; it was continued by the Redemptorist Fathers, to whom the Abbé d'Hulst sold the property for a nominal price.

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AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE.

Since the Abbé d'Hulst's return from Rome he had had no time for study, which was for him a great privation. He now wished to again take up mental work, and to devote his life to the study of sacred science, while reserving a part of his time for the poor. He even thought of a chair at the Sorbonne.

Just at this time Monseigneur Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, called him to the archbishop's house, where he received the title of *vice-promoteur*, and helped the vicars-general; but his principal occupation was to act as literary secretary to the archbishop. We remember those pastoral letters by which Monseigneur Guibert directed Catholic thought in France during the fifteen years of his episcopacy. When the cardinal had decided to publish one, he gave the outline of his ideas to his secretary and requested him to prepare a rough copy. But in that copy he saw at a glance the least omission. If the Abbé d'Hulst's rendering did not please him, he had to make a second copy, and sometimes a third, until he produced exactly what the archbishop required. Even when Monseigneur Guibert expressed himself fully satisfied, all was not finished. He, with his secretary, minutely revised the letter and struck out every expression which bore the personal mark of the secretary, and left only what was his own. With a spirit of self-abnegation, the more admirable because his intellectual gifts were exceptional, the Abbé d'Hulst so completely effaced himself that he at length succeeded in adopting exactly the ideas and the style of the cardinal, so that the first copy was generally the last.

A great friendship, which lasted till the cardinal's death, arose out of the constant intercourse between the young secretary and the old archbishop. But it was just this affection which, in a great measure, prevented the Abbé d'Hulst from following the path he had chosen.

Monseigneur Guibert did not at first intend to take up all his time, but he found his young secretary so indispensable that he gave him successively many other offices. In 1871 he was appointed honorary vicar-general; in 1872, vicar-general *titulaire* and *archidiacre* of St. Denis; in 1873, promoteur.*

It must be remembered that the Abbé d'Hulst was only thirty-four years of age when he was called to fill all these important posts.

* The promoteur has the general surveillance and placing of the clergy.

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THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

When, in 1875, the French archbishops decided to found a Catholic university, to meet the requirements of the time, a man of bold initiative, capable of overcoming all obstacles, was absolutely necessary to its success. Cardinal Guibert at once thought of the Abbé d'Hulst.

At that time the bishop-founders often held meetings. The Abbé d'Hulst was the soul of those meetings; it was he who drew up the report and saw that the plans were carried into execution. All this involved incessant labor.

In recognition of his services, which were crowned with success, the bishops from the first wished to appoint him rector; but he filled such varied and important offices that the cardinal was both unwilling and unable to part with so valuable a helper. However, in 1880 the Ferry laws changed all. The charter was withdrawn from the university, which now became the Catholic Institute. The bishops were alarmed, for the cause of higher education was in danger. They again asked the cardinal to give them the Abbé d'Hulst; he still hesitated, but at last consented, and then the vicar-general became rector of the Catholic Institute, for which post his devotion to sci ence so admirably fitted him.

The rector threw himself heart and soul into the work. No one has pleaded its cause with more eloquence than he. To those who would separate religion from education he replies: "It is grand and holy in every grade. In primary education religious teaching is essential, for the souls of the people are at stake. In secondary, it is still more so, for here it is the ruling class receive a higher culture and training; but I beg of you, do not forget the superior grade, in which are treated the principles that decide the fate of whole communities."

In this way he looked forward to the splendid results which must follow the highest possible education imparted to the upper classes of the Catholic body.

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

As we have seen while at Issy, the Abbé d'Hulst was a partisan of ontology; but he soon renounced all ideal dreams of ontologism, to embrace the more positive doctrine of St. Thomas of Aquinas.

This change dates from his sojourn in Rome. Before he left Paris he was certainly acquainted with the *Summa*, but

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owing to the influence of Cardinal de Reisach he made a deeper study of it, which proved fatal to his early ideas. He returned to Paris a scholastic, and remained so to the end. When, later on, Leo XIII. recommended the Thomist doctrine, and it became, as it were, the official teaching of Catholic schools, he had not to change, like many others.

Just at that time he was giving conferences on philosophy at the Catholic Institute. It was the first year of his rectorship. It is well known there are always people who are more royalist than the king, more Papist than the Pope, and more Thomist than St. Thomas. A fanatical scholastic denounced him at Rome, and accused him of Cartesianism.

It is said the Sovereign Pontiff viewed the charge seriously, and the Abbé d'Hulst went to Rome with the notes of his lectures. He easily justified himself to the learned Cardinal Zigliara, and to Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother. Leo XIII. graciously accepted his explanation, and, as if to remove all trace of the misunderstanding, raised him soon after to the dignity of domestic prelate.

ORATOR AND DEPUTY.

In 1890, the Père Monsabré having finished his exposition of the Creed, Cardinal Richard called Monseigneur d'Hulst to the historic pulpit of Notre Dame.

He began the following year a course of studies on the decalogue. As an orator he was remarkable for depth of thought, for vigorous logic, and for purity of diction.

In the beginning the press was unfavorable, and the public showed him little sympathy. It was only in the fourth year, when he developed the *morale de la famille*, that he was fully appreciated. Nevertheless we must admit he was not a popular orator; he did not possess the qualities which appeal to the masses; he had few of those brilliant outbursts that provoke applause. He was always sober. Even in metaphor one recognizes the logician, the lover of precision.

As deputy, he could do little to stem the tide of anti-religious passions. He rarely spoke in the Chamber, and only when church matters were in question; but by his courteous bearing he won the respect of even his political adversaries.

HIS DEATH.

For some time before his death Monseigneur d'Hulst had been suffering from exhaustion, caused principally by overwork.

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CARDINAL RICHARD.

The doctors ordered him to Biarritz, hoping that rest and change would repair his shattered health. His condition did not seem to improve, but he nevertheless decided to return to Paris.

On his arrival at the institute, the Abbé Paguelle de Follenay, the vice-rector, was struck by the change in his appearance.

"You are suffering, monseigneur," he said.

"Oh! very much," replied Monseigneur d'Hulst; "hardly able to speak."

The doctor was immediately sent for, and pronounced the symptoms dangerous. He came again at seven in the evening, and then declared there was blood-poisoning and that the patient's condition was hopeless.

Monseigneur d'Hulst's confessor, the Père Mirabeau, remained some moments alone with him, and gave him absolution. The

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cardinal, who had been informed of his condition, insisted on coming himself to administer the last sacraments. The sufferer was only partially conscious; but he recognized Monseigneur Richard, and understanding that he was about to receive Extreme Unction, he made a visible effort to remain calm. It was then nine o'clock. From that time the patient gradually sank, and at a quarter to eleven all was over.

Monseigneur d'Hulst expired on November 6, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

So ended this life of incessant labor. Some time before his death he had said to a friend: "My occupations increase daily; it cannot be helped. I am crowding into ten years what should be the work of a life-time. But God's will be done."

POVERTY OF SPIRIT AND OF LIFE.

Monseigneur d'Hulst was of imposing appearance: tall, thin, and slightly bent, with lofty brow, keen, penetrating eyes, and marked features. He was the soul of honor, open-hearted and straightforward. It was impossible for him to dissemble. His old friends, and those who knew him the best, assert that he never in the whole course of his life told a lie, not even as a child.

About the time of his ordination he wrote to his sister, the religious: "Pray that I may not only be a priest, but also a victim."

He was above all, by the purity and austerity of his life, by his zeal for souls, and by his total abnegation, a priest worthy of the name. He loved the poor and the humble; he lived poor in spirit, and he died poor in reality, having given away the whole of his fortune, which was considerable.

He was indifferent to luxury, and despised all comfort. One day a gentleman, accompanied by his servant, was passing through his apartments. They came to quite a small room, whose window opens on to a tiny yard. In the room was an iron bedstead, without curtains. A worn paper was in some places falling off the walls. On the wall were suspended a large rosary, holy-water stoup, and crucifix. On the other side of the room was a plain deal wardrobe. And that was all!

"I suppose you sleep here," the visitor said to the servant.

"I, sir! Don't you know it's monseigneur's room?" was the answer.

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ROSSETTI'S POETRY.

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

WHEN Mr. Leslie Stephen tells us "there is a certain *prima facie* presumption against a writer who appeals only to a few," he undoubtedly voices a sentiment in support of which not a little may be said. At least, we are in the habit of being slightly sceptical as to the existence of many "mute, inglorious Miltons" in the world, and, being so, are prone to fancy that the man who has anything worth saying, not only says it, but gains the public ear and wins public approval. But to what extent general approval means general appreciation is a perplexing question. In an age which is inclined to judge everything from the commercial view-point, one may well suspect that a good deal of the popular interest in certain productions of the art instinct—for instance, in certain famous pictures—springs not altogether from anything like a sense of their intrinsic beauty. When a great many otherwise sordid minds profess keen delight at the contemplation of works so grandly simple and spiritual as Millet's "Angelus" or Breton's "Song of the Lark," it seems not ungenerous to conclude that the enormous money value of those canvases has not a little to do with this somewhat amazing appreciation of the beautiful. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible for the dollar-mark to lend its golden halo to the poet's productions with quite the dazzling effect with which it may adorn the painter's canvas; and until some enterprising magazine editor, in a mad hunt for notoriety and an increased subscription list, sees fit to offer Miss Guiney or Mr. Swinburne or some other singer of songs a fabulous sum for a poem, we need hardly expect that somewhat nebulous conglomerate known as the "reading world" to display any very vivid interest in poetry. The materialism of our day is, of course, a well-known theme upon which it is a thankless task to dilate; but being what it is, it must needs be only a few to whom the poets appeal. The world looks wise at mention of Dante's name, Browning Clubs kowtow solemnly to their fetich, but after all we flock merrily to the support of the "new" journalism, and for inspiration study the quotations of the stock markets. To those who, with Lowell, fancy that "poetry

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frequents and keeps habitable those upper chambers of the mind that open towards the sun's rising," this dense indifference displayed by men and women of good intelligence and so-called "cultivation" to the work of some of the more delightful poets is a thing to be deplored. Particularly is it to be deplored that so melodious a singer, so penetrating and attaching a poet, as was Dante Gabriel Rossetti should have, if one may judge by appearances, so small a band of appreciative admirers, and Catholics at least should be guiltless of the all-too-common ignorance of the beauty and charm of his work. For while some of his poetry is of a kind to which a Catholic cannot give approval, the major part of it appeals to the Catholic mind and sentiment with commanding force.

Born in London of Italian parents, Rossetti was, in spite of education and the environment of youth and manhood at least, utterly un-English. He seems to afford a peculiarly striking example of the power of heredity over education. It is a thing to wonder at that his poetry should have been written in the English language. His spirit has been called mediæval. It is rather Catholic, and it cannot be too insistently contended that to be Catholic in tone is not necessarily to be mediæval. Mr. Francis Thompson's poetry, for example, is not only Catholic in spirit but essentially mediæval as well, while Coventry Patmore's later verse, although unqualifiedly Catholic, contains little trace of mediævalism. And the writer of so uncompromisingly and painfully realistic a study as Rossetti's "Jenny" can hardly be called mediæval in spirit, in spite of the weird mysticism of such poems as his "Eden Bower" or "Sister Helen." Were his Catholic trend evidenced only by his songs in honor of the Blessed Virgin, one would hardly be justified in calling Rossetti's spirit Catholic, for the sensitive souls of the poets can scarce ever resist paying tribute to our dear Lady of Purity, as the long list of non-Catholic names in Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana* well proves, if proof be necessary. But the English-Italian's poetry, rich as it is in devotion to the Blessed Virgin, does not stop there. It is in such a poem as "World's Worth" that Rossetti's essentially Catholic tone is most convincingly manifested, or in that beautiful poem in which he tells of the monk Father Hilary, who "strove but could not pray"—upon whose soul had descended one of those crushing periods of spiritual dryness and despair which the physicians of the soul tell us come at times to all men, even the holiest. Father Hilary climbs "the steep-coiled stair" to the balcony—

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"Where the chime keeps the night and day;
It hurt his brain, he could not pray.
He had his face upon the stone:
Deep 'twixt the narrow shafts, his eye
Passed all the roofs to the stark sky,
Swept with no wing, with wind alone.
Close to his feet the sky did shake
With wind in pools that the rains make:
The ripple set his eyes to ache.
He said: "*O world, what world for me?*"

But afterwards he stood in the church

" . . . within the mystery
Girding God's blessed Eucharist."

The supreme moment of the Mass was come—

"And now the sacring-bell rang clear
And ceased; and all was awe,—the breath
Of God in man that warranteth
The inmost, utmost things of faith."

And in that supreme moment the dew of God's grace moistened once again Father Hilary's parched soul, and

"He said: '*O God, my world in Thee.*'"

It is not unlike a thought from à Kempis elaborated into verse. That it should have been written by the son of a Neapolitan revolutionist and exile, who with his wife had lost the faith, and by a man who never outwardly professed a belief in Catholicity, would seem to mean that Rossetti inherited from more faithful ancestors a kind of sentiment which neither home-influence nor education in acknowledged religious beliefs could have produced. And when he sings of Our Lady he voices triumphantly, whether consciously or no, the fervid Italian devotion. His *Ave*, beginning with the beautiful lines

"Mother of the fair Delight,
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting forth beside the Three,"

and ending with the supplication

"Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary, Virgin, full of grace!"

is his most famous tribute to the Blessed Virgin. Nothing from his pen, however, is more exquisite than that sonnet that he wrote for his picture of "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin," which commences

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"This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee,"

and in which occurs that delicately fitting figure which likens Mary's girlhood to

"An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet."

The range of Rossetti's muse was wide. From the mysticism of "Sister Helen," with its regularly recurring and haunting refrain,

"O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven,"

to the strong, tragic sweep of such a narrative as "The Last Confession," is a far cry. To those who fancied that Rossetti was a dreamer of strange dreams, the poet of the unreal, "The Last Confession" must have come as an intense surprise. The wild appeal of an Italian peasant to his confessor, half despairing, half triumphant, a story of love and jealousy and murder, it sweeps on breathlessly to that last mad cry when the murderer fancies he sees his victim with the stiletto in her side:

"Father,
I have told all: tell me at once what hope
Can reach me still. For now she draws it out
Slowly, and only smiles as yet: look, Father,
She scarcely smiles; but I shall hear her laugh
Soon, when she shows the crimson steel to God."

The poem has been compared to Browning's narrative poems of Italian life. It has, indeed, all of Browning's strength, but none of his dense English misconception of Italian character, and, needless to say, none of his affected ambiguity in phrasing. Rossetti's muse always sang clearly. His mastery of words is little less than marvellous. A painter with the brush, he produced pictures with his pen such as only an artist could conceive. Surely no canvas could impress one with a sense of oriental night more strikingly than this picture from the "Ave":

"Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
Warmed the long days in Nazareth)
That eve thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink, that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off the trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky: the sea
Sighed further off eternally
As human sorrow sighs in sleep."

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And what a vivid picture is this, from "Sunset Wings":

"To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings,
Cleaving the western sky;
Wingèd too with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in wings
Of strenuous flight must die.

"Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the dovecote-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill waters, at wild play,
By turns in every copse."

Or these two lines from "The Cloud Confines":

"The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings."

Perhaps his wizard-like mastery of words is evidenced even more obviously by such imagery as this, from the touching poem "My Sister's Sleep":

"Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off: and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs."

"The Blessed Damozel" is peculiarly rich in these luminous flashes. The blessed one, to whom it seemed

". . . She scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers, . . .
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years,"

leans out from "the gold bar of heaven," and gazes far down the yawning abyss of infinite space to where

". . . The tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge";

and

". . . The curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf."

And as she leant there

"The souls mounting up to God
Went by her like *thin flames.*"

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Could words express with more exquisite imagery our nearest approach to a conception of pure spirit than those two wonderful lines? And "The Blessed Damozel" fairly quivers with genius-touches like these from beginning to end. Who that has read the poem can ever forget these fine lines near its close:

> "The light thrilled towards her, filled
> With angels in strong level flight.
> Her eyes prayed, and she smiled."

It is difficult to cease quoting such bits from Rossetti, so full is he of such things; and there is one thought in that saddest of poems, the fragment called "The Bride's Prelude," a thought so exquisitely conceived and so exquisitely expressed that it demands quotation. It is that pathetic scene where Aloyse the sin-stained, goaded by remorse, confesses her fall to her sister Amelotte—innocent, laughing, youthful Amelotte. The whole scene is a marvel of dramatic and pictorial art. The dusky, shadowy castle chamber where the sisters sit, the blazing noonday sunlight outside the lattice, and the tense silence of the hot outer world—so tense that they hear,

> "Far beneath, the plunge and float
> Of a hound swimming in the moat,"

are pictured as only a painter-poet could picture them. And the sinful woman's struggle between the contending emotions of self-hate and shame and a hungry longing for confession are drawn with masterly touches, till at length she cries out to her listening, wondering, half-terrified sister those piercing words:

> " . . . Many an while
> I would have told thee this;
> But faintness took me, or a fit
> Like fever. *God would not permit*
> *That I should change thine eyes with it.*"

That Rossetti's ballads lack somewhat the strong simplicity and lilting rhythm of the finest type of English balladry, is doubtless true; but that this is so is quite what we should expect. As I have already said, his genius was distinctly not of the English but of the Italian type. In his lyrics and sonnets he spoke as his people speak; in his ballads he used an acquired form of expression. There must ever be a more or less evident trace of effort in an acquired manner. J. A. Symonds, a brilliant critic not always to be trusted, was inclined to

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deny Rossetti's ballads a claim to high place amid the rich treasures of English ballad poetry. But, as Mr. Hall Caine long ago pointed out, modern ballads are of necessity more complex than the early songs, like "Chevy Chase," with which type Symonds contrasted Rossetti's productions. And, indeed, it must be a carping critic who will not feel the stir and sweep and rhythmic cadence of "The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy."

Of Rossetti's sonnets it is difficult to speak with too great praise. At once, perhaps, the most difficult, and when successfully accomplished the most exquisitely beautiful, form of poetic expression, the sonnet, to use Rossetti's words, "is a moment's monument"; or, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti paraphrases his brother's words, it is "the monumental record of some brief moment of time, or crucial act of thought."

To be all that it may be, it must be not alone composed with the most scrupulous regard for form and metre, but it must as well be elaborated with the most tender care, until it gleams with the utmost possible wealth of delicate imagery and fine embroidery of words. Rossetti's genius was pre-eminently of the type to fulfil all these requirements. His love for exquisitely finished and symbolically rich art, his fine command of striking imagery, and his superb mastery of words found full play in this form of expression.

The introductory sonnet in his sequence called, a little fantastically, "The House of Life," is a good specimen of this phase of his art, and is, as well, a peculiarly interesting description of the sonnet itself:

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As day or night may rule: and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

"A sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due,—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve: or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death."

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Rossetti has been called, with more of malice than of reason, a member of the "fleshly" school. That certain things he wrote might better have been left unwritten, will not be denied. But to accuse him of sensualism is to take the ungenerous stand that a writer is to be condemned for his faults, without giving him credit for excellences which outnumber those faults overwhelmingly. And when the worst has been said, the unprejudiced reader must agree that Rossetti spoke the simple truth in a temperate and dignified letter which he wrote to the London *Athenæum*, saying it would be impossible to maintain against him the charge that he had ever wished to assert that the body is greater than the soul.

To us unhappy moderns, upon whose tired ears the ceaseless hum of the analytical brotherhood beats with irritating persistence, it is not allowed that the poets should sing as the birds carol or as the running waters murmur. Self-conscious puritanism stands at our shoulders demanding, grimly, What does your loved one *teach?* To answer that it is, perhaps, not imperative for the world's welfare that a poet teach at all, that if he sings sweetly or sublimely, according as his gift may be, he has done his part, is, of course, to write one's self down a scoffer at modern "culture." So little of the didactic Anglo-Saxon nature had Rossetti, that it is not easy to form an opinion as to what he taught—in truth, he had no inclination to "deliver a message" to a waiting world. But the last sonnet in "The House of Life" does contain an aspiration to which a weary world might listen with grateful ears:

"When vain desire at last, and vain regret,
Go hand-in-hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

"Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air,
Between the scriptured petals softly blown,
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown—
Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er,
But only the one Hope's one name, be there,—
Not less, not more, but even that word alone."

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"FARTHEST NORTH," BY DR. NANSEN.

REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

OVER FIELDS OF ICE.

THIS book, *Farthest North*, is something other than the record of a voyage of exploration. It is a sectional autobiography of the writer from 1893 to 1896; and he has performed his task with such eminent success that even the awful solitudes of the polar regions are dwarfed by his superabundant personality.

With an unconscious egotism like the power of that overmastering imagination by which great poets project their creations on the minds of all, Dr. Nansen stands in the realms of eternal ice, gigantic as a Scandinavian god, oppressive as Frankenstein in his superiority to the forces of nature. There is this difference between Mrs. Shelley's embodied diabolism and Dr. Nansen's hero: we are not surprised at what the former can accomplish in daring and endurance. When he flies over untrodden fields of ice behind his harnessed dogs, independent of compass and insensible to cold, unchecked in his career by the blinding clouds of finely sifted snow, and passing over rifts in ice-floes as though he were a disembodied spirit, his sledge a vapor, and his dogs hell-dogs, we are not astonished, because Mrs. Shelley has steeped our judgment in some magic opiate; but Dr. Nansen is a man of science, and we should have expected more considerate

ESKIMO WOMAN.

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treatment at his hands. His drawing is the reverse of Salvator Rosa's. The figures Rosa perched here and there on rocks, or in ravines, or near torrents, were mere accessories to the savage scenery—or rather, small creatures of life amid the still and silent majesty of nature. Now, Dr. Nansen near an iceberg with a thousand fissures and pouring out submarine rivers larger than the Rhone, is Dr. Nansen. There is a beautiful impartiality in his patronage. He takes the Pole under his protection with as much kindness as he does the ship *Fram;* and the men under him are as much the object of his solicitude as the distant mountains guarding the impenetrable North.

In order that we may appreciate the work he has accomplished, he gives us in an introduction the history of Arctic exploration from the earliest times. The materials for a great part of this history are not forthcoming; but there is a reflex action in highly gifted minds by means of which forgotten intellectual experiences can be hypnotized into recollection. By a similar process that great and good man, Mr. Herbert Spencer, obtained his knowledge of how the universe came to be what it is. The cell first told it to the segmentation in its native forest, for ages past a coal-field, and the tale was sent on through the cycles of descent, through infinite ascents, until it awoke in Mr. Spencer's brain a full-orbed, concrete, cosmic inspiration. We understand now from that prophet, as he has been well translated into English, how all came to pass "from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness, to a somehowish and in-general-talkaboutable not-all-alikeness, by continuous something-elseifications and stick-togetherations." With knowledge acquired by this process Dr. Nansen informs us that in the twilight of the world the Norwegians were the explorers of the Arctic Sea—no one else had a hand in the business. Still, it is curious that there are trans-Siberian tribes with a religion as marked off and isolated from the creeds of the nearest peoples as the religion of Israel was from that of the ethnic world about them; that there are Laps and Eskimos who have been employing for an unknown time the method of traversing which Dr. Nansen declares is the best for those regions.

Where we sympathize most with him is in that viking spirit which strengthens his heart and prompts his mind to acts of daring. He is as genuine a sea-rover as Eric the Red, or Leif; and it may be that the masterfulness of the Norsemen has descended to him so richly that he is wild enough to defy the nineteenth century critics, and pitiless enough to trample on the graves of

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DR. NANSEN AND PARTY.

those dead centuries when monks made records for mankind and adventurers explored and travelled to supply the records. And accompanying this viking of to-day into the farthest north, we are stirred by his love of adventure, and led away into a sort of fable-land by the weird touch of imagination through which he peoples glacier and sea and mountain of ribbed ice with Odin and his Valkyries and the whole host of northern gods

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that roar amid the tempests and the waves. We enter on these with awe though under his protection, for the subjective operation will not allow this Colossus of exploration to turn nature into painted scenes. Before we made his acquaintance, men, not Norwegians, had borne us to the north. We knew of the walrus before his tusks glittered in our author's illustrations, and this earlier knowledge guards us against being conquered by the vastness of his form and the all-covering shadow it casts over the white waste of the land, the alternate reaches of blue and green and gray of the sea.

UPERNAVIK.

Hence we have a feeling of awe as we enter those regions that have slept from the dawn of time, and somehow we think of that period, about which he has written so much with a confidence surpassing that of transcribers of state papers, when the earth was ice-bound for the greater part, and the silence of eternity was not yet broken by the struggle of man with the forces, animate and inanimate, amid which he found himself, poor forked creature of "arboreal habits." The work is instructive, as all such works are, in the facts of courage proved and difficulty overcome. The suggestion of embryonic development of arctic voyaging which is the background of the study of Dr. Nansen's expedition recalls to us much that he has omitted—much that he has unfairly handled. His book contains some one hundred and twenty illustrations, the greater number of which could be dispensed with; it contains entries from his Diary, most of which, however interesting as traces of thought and feeling, as moods of hope and struggle, do not seem in their proper place in a work professing to be a contribution to geographical discovery. When Dr. Nansen shall have lain down to rest in Lysaker, with the homage of his countrymen as incense over his tomb; when England, that so petted him, will talk about niches in Oxford and Cambridge and Westminster; when Germany thinks it possible that Berlin might have room for him in the same city with the Kaiser William, and Paris finds a place for his statue in her

ESKIMO HOUSE.

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pantheon, then will be the time for his biographer to draw upon the copious sources for character-study which his Diary supplies. But the doctor has anticipated his immortality. With Lucian's Jove, we say he should have waited for the judgment of death in order to take his rank among the gods.

ESKIMO VILLAGE.

The courage and enterprise of man are evinced in his efforts to overcome the difficulties which those northern regions offered to his advance. They vindicate an origin for him that cannot be explained by the ordinary hypotheses of evolutionists, and a progress that has no parallel in the social developments of any other order of physical being. Step by step he won his way over snow and ice from sea to sea, and through realms void of all life but the very lowest form—hardly distinguishable from vegetable life—and he even passed through the deadly embrace of an atmosphere where there was no life of animal or plant; until it seemed that the time had come when he should lay his hand on the mysteries of the creation hidden in the world of frost around the Pole. But as often as he attempted the last part of the journey an obstacle barred the way, and the idea spread at length that no step would ever tread this land. Nothing more instructive and encouraging can be found in the history of mankind than we derive from the part of it belonging to arctic travel. We see that its motive cannot be reduced to the instinct of self-preservation in its divisions of fear and hunger, like the wanderings of the nations, or the earlier migrations to lands where blue skies smiled and emerald seas lapped the rocks that guarded Grecian isles. Host after host marched to the north and to death, the later ones succeeding with unabated vigor to the foot-prints of those before, guided by their lifeless bones, their broken weapons, their implements, their silent camping grounds.

And if, as Dr. Nansen seems to maintain, all this suffering and loss of life, and—more fatal influence still upon the spirit of

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man—the evidence of hopeless defeat before their eyes on their routes, were encountered in the pursuit of knowledge, we cannot but thank him for the contribution which he has given to the supporters of the opinion that man is something more than an improved ape and his mind not merely a mode of motion. As we have just said, there was nothing to attract the adventurers who went from Norway or Iceland into those unknown regions. They must have possessed a greater or less knowledge of the land of darkness and cold where they believed that the goddess of death held sway,* where the shore of the dead† lay. It was not like the yachting sail for the Golden Fleece, on the one hand, or, on the other, under an inspiration of enthusiasm and duty such as sent their own Hermod to bring home Baldur from the dead; it was clearly and distinctly a spirit of adventure, in the prompting of which curiosity to know about strange lands had a principal part. It is the same spirit we read in the expedition of Nansen himself and in every navigator whose discoveries have enlarged the boundaries of scientific knowledge. He says, with perfect truth, that in the pursuit of no study has knowledge been purchased at greater cost of suffering than in those expeditions in search of the Pole.

There can be no question that at a very early period the nations of Northern Europe were acquainted, at least to some extent, with the coast of America and the Polar region. So far as Dr. Nansen's book is a report to an admiring world of official matters entrusted to him, as its chosen servant, we pass it by. The innumerable trivialities would almost be offensive in a work of fiction, unless where they might serve a purpose. For instance, the minute incidents by means of which Defoe has enthralled the young of several generations give that character of reality and life which is the final and controlling influence that binds the imagination of children. They would have little interest unless one believed the story, at least for the time. But we do not require such indices of verisimilitude from a man at the head of an expedition on the preparation of which a good deal of time has been spent, a considerable sum of money expended, a world-wide interest excited, and a scientific warfare entered upon which could only be done justice to by a new Battle of the Books. If Dr. Nansen be a retiring and diffident man, his history is most unfortunate. No advertiser of the most brazen kind could act with better success to

* Helheim. † Nostrand.

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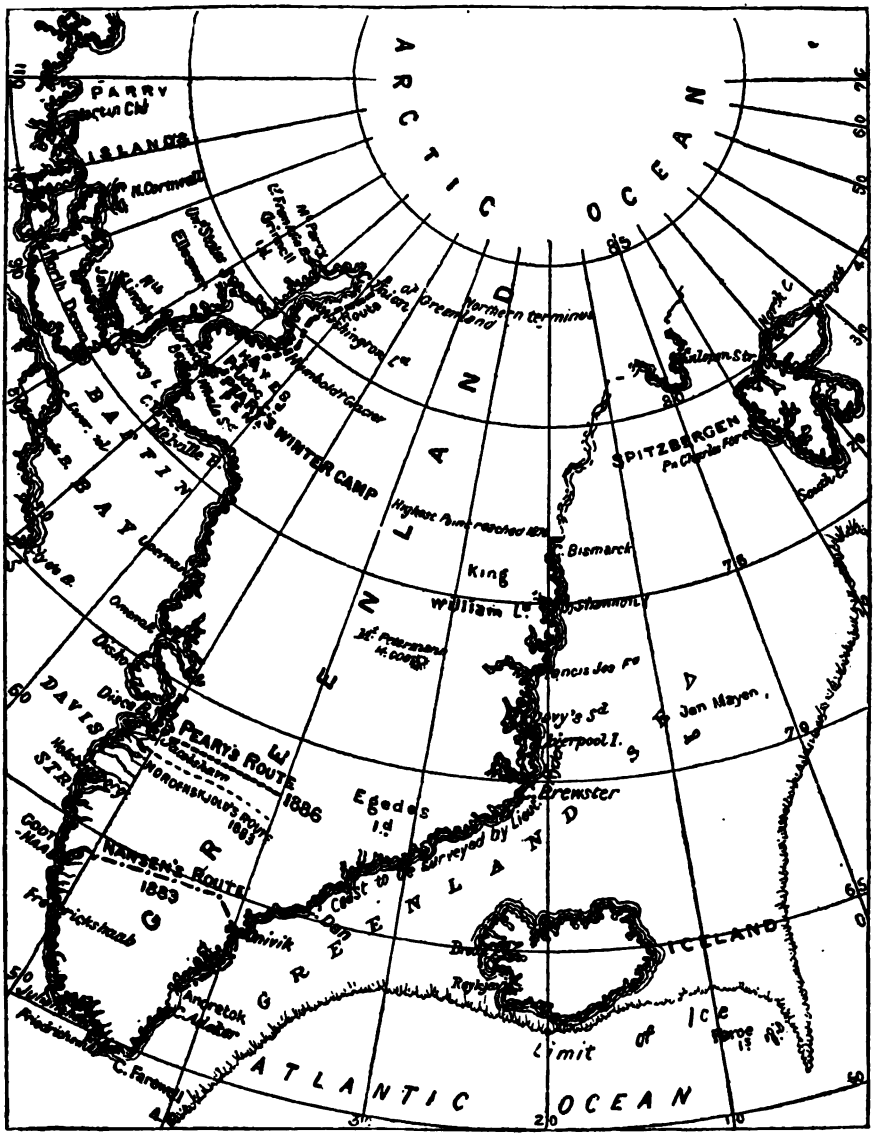

MAP SHOWING PEARY'S AND NANSEN'S ROUTES.

announce himself than he has done in the simplicity of his heart. The transcripts of personal feelings from the Diary, which constitute so large a part of his two volumes before us, added to the bell-ringing which preceded the expedition, make it the most remarkable, because the best known, since Jason sailed to Colchis.

Arctic exploration is, however, as he admits, not a new

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thing, and early exploration to the north is not, as he fain would have us believe, a Norwegian monopoly. It is quite true that the American coast was known to the vikings of Norway as early as the ninth and tenth centuries. But there is an important circumstance in connection with this knowledge which he has omitted to state—that in those days the climate was comparatively mild. The Icelanders established a colony on the coast of Massachusetts nearly nine centuries ago. Greenland and Newfoundland would almost seem, from the accounts that reach us, to have enjoyed a temperature more favorable to progress than the last-named island has to-day. Greenland and Spitzbergen under the Icelanders were for several centuries flourishing seats of the fishing industry. Iceland at that time, in the early middle ages, was the centre of a great commerce which might possibly be compared with that of Tyre, of Carthage, of Athens, and the mediæval cities of Italy. Her trade embraced Northern Europe, England, Scotland, Northern Germany; possibly, France and her American colonies. Now, in an introduction which professes to be a history in brief of the enterprise of the vikings, we have nothing about this, the most civilized of the northern nations. They were all bound by the ties of language and race. In 1014, when the power of the vikings was for ever broken at Clontarf, the fleet of the Icelanders was not the least conspicuous contingent to their league. It is to that disaster we must attribute the decay of the northern nations, and not, as Dr. Nansen asserts, to internecine wars. The latter, no doubt, existed, but they were caused by the ruin that had fallen on all the governing elements of Scandinavian society on the Continent and in Iceland. When the authority of the houses that represented power and order was destroyed, the confusion followed that invariably follows in such circumstances.

LOOKOUT AT MASTHEAD.

In fact, we are not disposed to attach undue importance to the voyages of the Norwegian vikings, or those of the viking nations generally, as milestones along the high road of human advancement. They have left no enduring marks such as, in one way or another, have been left by the southern and eastern races to be the inheritance of all. There are hints of their deeds of exploration in the Sagas. It is quite possible that long before the foundation of the northern kingdoms, when Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland were first inhabited by

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offshoots from the Gothic hordes, the pressure of population in those countries forced some to attempt the region of iceberg and floe, as greater numbers of them later on swarmed down upon the inviting lands of Western Europe. It may be assumed that the former enterprises were not very successful;

PEARY'S HOME AT MCCORMICK BAY.

that the adventurers perished, or melted insensibly into tribes that maintained existence by hunting and fishing in the highest latitudes where men have lived.

Now, assuming that expeditions which had penetrated the belt guarded by the Rimturser* were never heard of, those from whose side they had gone would talk about them and their probable fate. To the facts of life before they had started, and that one of their never more being heard of, imagination would add its ideas, until a history of few facts and much fiction would be woven into a saga, or serve as the belief that constituted the mystery of a rune. This is the probable story of early polar adventure from Norway, and we are bound to say, if it be correct, that Dr. Nansen has less conception of historical perspective than the evolutionists who profess to tell us of the manner of life lived by man in the earlier Stone Age. Their theories would make him simply so unsuitable to the surroundings they have constructed for him that to live at all he must have never been an infant, never

* Frost-giants.

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younger than the prime of his strength and cunning, and that even then he could not have lived long. But Dr. Nansen absolutely makes a stage of polar exploration in these early times, so that later expeditions had the benefit of the experiences obtained by men who had passed away as if they had never existed.

But there were expeditions later on of which we have some results, and to these we cannot refuse the credit of having handed down something. They do not seem to have proceeded beyond the south-west of Greenland, or far out on the sea north of Norway. Why settlements were not attempted in Greenland such as those established by the Icelanders later on, can only be suggested by the consideration that the Norwegians who went there were nothing more than fishermen and hunters, and that no relation existed between them and the government of their own country. To follow out this hint, though a fairly practicable speculation, on the analogy of migrations elsewhere under similar social conditions, would be foreign to our purpose now. Upon Dr. Nansen's résumé as a basis, we offer the criticism that he has in all respects exaggerated, and in some imagined, the achievements of his ancestors in this work of northern exploration.

Dealing with the adventurers of the second class, those who returned, we can readily conceive the accounts they would bring with them of the inhospitable regions where eternal ice and night held dominion. They had seen on their way crystal mountains rising from the deep and cutting the air hundreds of feet above them, and down in fathomless depths ultramarine walls chambered and tunnelled as if they were the temples of sea-gods or the palaces of sea-kings. But at a certain point of their voyages the ice blocked the way, and so they sailed home to tell of the toppling over of the great crystal mountains into waters lashed to whiteness by the rushing of the waves; to tell of the fogs that hung over headlands, and beneath which the Kraken stretched for many a rood to draw down ships if they approached him; to tell that beyond that line, whether on sea or land, to which they had reached sank the abyss at the world's end.* As the Greeks thought that certain spots were entrances to the world of shades, so the Northmen placed their Nivlheim and Helheim in that unexplored country.

We have observed that Dr. Nansen has given credit for

* Ginnungagap.

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something like the spirit of scientific investigation to the old Northmen who explored the northern seas. It is hardly worth while saying more on this than what we have hinted. There is no doubt that at all times men possessed a curiosity to know about strange countries. Though we are not too ready to adopt etiological theories for facts of history or mythology, we think that a good deal of the Scandinavian mythology and history were constructed in the manner we have suggested; and consequently that, impelled by some motive or other, the Northmen visited those regions before anything about them—at least of an intelligent character—was known in Western and Southern Europe. It is possible, as our author states, that the poetical and mythical ideas of the Northmen contained a large kernel of observation and a clear conception of the nature of things. He cites in support of this view a passage from "The Mirror of Kings," which describes the ice-reaches on the sea as they might be described by any modern explorer; but he forgets that when this treatise was written* habits of correct observation of nature were gaining ground in the schools. It was the century of the Admirable Doctor, whose "Opus Majus" anticipated the "Novum Organum" of the later Bacon. In the schools the returned voyagers were subjected to a cross-examination, possibly, as searching as any that the Royal Geographical Society of London would enter upon to-day. What that means Dr. Nansen would judge when he cites, concerning his own proposed expedition, the opinion of the greatest of Arctic explorers, McClintock,† that it was the most adventurous programme ever brought before that body. In attributing what he is pleased to call the "fantastic ideas" about the northern seas that sprang up throughout Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to a departure from "the sober observations" of the Norwegians, he conveniently forgets that what we have of them in authoritative documents of the time were the sifted results of the voyagers' accounts.

It is as clear as daylight that the marvellous acuteness of the schools could discriminate between the naked fact and its coloring, could abstract the thing seen, or supposed to be seen, from the associations of awe or the suggestion of the marvellous. Where the monks would be at a loss was in the amount

* The close of the thirteenth century. It looks as if he would have us think it was of much earlier date, for he refers to the time when it appeared in a vague way.

† Sir Leopold McClintock is an Irishman, not an Englishman, as Dr. Nansen seems to think. The university of his native country conferred the degree of LL.D. on him after his return.

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of credit to be given to optical illusions; but we venture to say there were minds among them as sceptical about the marvellous as any minds in the nineteenth century. In the last century, when philosophy attacked the foundations of belief in whatever secures society and regulates individual conduct, it received with respectful attention any mariner's tale about the sea-serpent. The truth is, that the older accounts that come from the Northmen were of two classes—one the examined and corrected report of the schools, the other popular tales in which the imagination of the story-teller had full scope, and which by becoming the property of the people drew to themselves additional circumstances of the wonderful. That these were used by the book-makers in the monasteries there need be no question. The tedium of a lady's life in a feudal castle could not always be whiled away by spiritual reading and music.

LIEUT. PEARY.

Among the fantastic ideas it is at least remarkable that Dr. Nansen includes the theory of an open Polar sea. He thinks the belief in an ice-free passage east or west to China or India affords evidence of the preference for wild hypothesis to natural explanation of phenomena. His ancestors were free from such delusions, but he forgets that they assigned these regions as the theatre for the great acts of their mythology. The fact is, a great change has taken place in the atmospheric conditions since the time the idea of an open Polar sea was started. This idea was as firmly held by Kane, who reached latitude 81° 22′ north, longitude 65° 35′ west, only forty years ago, as it was by the brothers Zeni, who sailed from Venice more than six hundred years ago. The wild hypothesis of a passage east or west would seem to be the corollary to the theory of the open Polar sea.

MRS. PEARY.

In making these strictures on Dr. Nansen's opinions concerning the views and the work of other men and other

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times, we have not denied his services to discovery. The great care he took in preparing for his expedition deserves to be imitated. Recent explorers have incalculable advantages in commanding the best constructed vessels, the appliances for observation which modern invention has supplied, food and medicine and clothing that will practically afford them, for years, immunity from the sufferings and dangers so often fatal to their predecessors.

What we best like is, that he had thought out for himself a clear and well-defined theory of how to reach the Pole; that using the results of other expeditions as materials, he hit upon a route and a system of progress worth trying; and that the attempt was a success which places him, in one sense, in the highest rank among arctic explorers. This part of his work we can commend. There is close reasoning from certain assumptions. Men whose opinion was entitled to respect regarded the assumptions as totally unwarranted; he was not deterred one iota by their criticism. His inferences were valid, and the result has justified his confidence in the assumptions and inferences out of which his theory was constructed.

ESKIMO BARN, WITH KAYAK.

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PSYCHOLOGY OF THE BEAVER.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

WE believe it is true to say that in the animal kingdom there is no animal below man in which instinct and intelligence are so closely blended together as in the Beaver. Hartmann tells us, in his *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, that "Instinct is action taken in pursuance of an end, but without conscious perception of what that end is."

This definition may be a good one, yet whoever will read the late Lewis H. Morgan's essay—an essay of distinctly scientific value, entitled *The American Beaver and his Works**—will hesitate to say that the wonderful things which this rodent does are to be attributed to nothing higher than instinct.

Nor among the lower animals do we know a happier one than the beaver. It is fond of living near its kind; but each male and female couple has its own separate home, or "lodge," prettily situated near a stream or lake, with four or five other lodges close by, and in the little village perfect harmony prevails, while there is evidence to show that some beaver communities are centuries old.

But as every year three or four young ones are born to each family, the surplus population is occasionally relieved by some of the inhabitants moving away; and if we may believe the Indians, when a migration takes place the old folks go up stream and the young folks go down stream. The wise parents and grandparents know that, as a rule, vegetation is greener and life is easier to maintain near the sources of a stream than at its mouth.

The beaver being by nature a burrowing animal, we may view its lodge above ground and by the water-side as a modification of the primeval burrow. It has learnt by experience that an airy, artificial roof makes a more agreeable, healthful abode for itself and its offspring than the dismal hole in the ground of its early ancestors. The floor of the lodge is raised just high enough above the level of the water to be kept dry, and it is connected with the bottom of the river or pond by two

* Lippincott & Co.

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passage-ways, one of which reaches the bottom by a gentle incline, while the other descends abruptly and has several sharp turns in it. The gently inclined entrance Mr. Morgan calls the "wood-entrance," as it is clearly intended for the admission of the wood-cuttings which constitute the beaver's food in winter, while the abrupt and winding tunnel is the ordinary way for going to and from the lodge to the water. But besides a home with two entrances, each family of beavers takes care to dig another burrow in the bank to which it may flee in case the lodge is threatened. It would be almost impossible for the trapper to discover these places of refuge—with no external indications to mark their upper ends—were it not for little heaps of chips and broken wood, which the trappers declare are left there by the beavers purposely to break and loosen the covering of snow which in winter might prevent ventilation; and Mr. Morgan suggests that this habit of depositing little pieces of wood for the purpose of admitting the air into their refuge-burrows may mark the origin of lodge-building. He says: "It is but a step from such a surface pile of sticks to a lodge with its chamber above ground, and the previous burrow as its entrance from the pond. A burrow accidentally broken through at its upper end, and repaired with a covering of sticks and earth, would lead to a lodge above ground, and thus inaugurate a beaver lodge out of a broken burrow."

But the beaver has not only learned to build an airy, artificial abode; it has also improved on Nature's water-courses, which are liable to freshets and droughts, and it has learned to make artificial ponds as well as canals. Speaking of these dams and canals, Romanes, in *Animal Intelligence*, says they are "the most psychologically puzzling structures that are presented as the works of any animal." In these works we find the beaver voluntarily giving up a natural for an artificial mode of life. Its ancestral habitation was a hole in the ground. But now the animal builds a dam where the level of the water must always be higher than the two passage-ways which lead up to its lodge, and also a canal. The main object of a dam is to flood the surrounding low land, and thus make a communication by water with the nearest high ground where the beaver procures the hard wood on the bark of which it feeds, while the object of a canal is to facilitate the transportation of this wood; for the ground which it has already flooded by means of the dam may be rough and stony, and the water which

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covers it may not be deep enough for the animal to drag the barely floating wood from the elevated ground to the pond, unless it can pass it through a canal.

The most perfect kind of beaver-dam is called "the solid bank dam." Here sticks, poles, and stones are abundantly used and fastened solidly together by plenty of mud, so that the whole presents the appearance of a hard bank of earth; while in order to provide for surplus water a depression or furrow is made in the crest of the dam, and the stones, which sometimes weigh six pounds, are carried by the beavers walking erect and pressing them against their chest with their fore-paws. So firm, too, are the dams that a horse may walk across them; and some of them are very long—the length, of course, varying with the width of the pond—and they have even been known to measure five hundred feet.

As we have said, the beavers make on the crest of the dam an opening to provide for an overflow, and this opening they make wider or narrower according as the season is rainy or dry, so as to insure always the same level of water in the pond. This is very important, as their lodges might be submerged by a sudden rise of the river, while in a drought the lower entrances, which should always be hidden under water, might be left exposed to an enemy's eye.

But sometimes, in the larger dams, the pressure of water may become so great as to threaten the stability of the structure, and when this is the case the animals make another dam not quite so high, below the main one, thus forming a body of water between the two dams; "and the small dam," says Mr. Morgan, "by maintaining the water a foot deep below the great dam, diminishes to this extent the difference in level above and below, and neutralizes to the same extent the pressure of the water in the pond above against the main structure."

It may also happen that one of the canals of which we have spoken, after running for some distance through low ground, will come to a somewhat abrupt rise, and when this occurs the wise beavers make a little dam, and then continue the canal at a higher level than before, the water for this higher level being supplied by still another larger and higher dam, formed in the shape of a crescent, and intended to catch as much drainage water as possible. Here we might ask if such architectural labors and engineering skill—which evince no common appreciation of hydrostatic principles—are to be attributed to pure instinct? Could the Indians and trappers among whom the beavers

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dwell display greater foresight? Nay, could any of us apply more perfectly the principle of locks?

And now, having finally got, by means of a canal and perhaps one or more dams, to the hard-wood trees which supply them with food, let us see what the beavers do next. Well, they begin by gnawing a ring round the base of a tree, working generally after dark; and a pair of beavers will in two or three nights gnaw down a good-sized tree, and we may add, that when a tree has fallen other beavers never attempt to steal it away; each family is left to enjoy the fruit of its own industry. It is interesting, too, to see the beavers, as soon as a tree begins to crackle, scamper off and dive into the nearest water: perhaps in order to escape the falling branches, perhaps lest the sound of the crashing tree might draw the attention of some enemy to the spot. Then, after waiting awhile until they are sure there is no danger, back they come and set to work cutting through the smaller branches, for it is the bark of branches only two or three inches in diameter that they care for. Having done this, they next proceed to nibble off every twig, and when the limb is quite bare divide it into lengths not too great to be navigated through the canal to the pond. But some of the branches may have fallen quite a distance from the artificial water-way, so that it may be no easy matter to convey the sections of these remote limbs from where they are lying to the head of the canal; and it is very curious to see them shoving these pieces of wood with their hips, legs, and tails over rocks and through bushes and briers. When, after much toil and trouble, the indefatigable animals have succeeded in floating their burdens through the canal to the pond, they place one end of the wood under their throats and then push it before them until they reach the spot where it is to be sunk.

In a paper contributed to the Boston Natural History Society in 1869, Professor Alexander Agassiz agrees with Mr. Morgan that some beaver-dams may be even a thousand years old. At the bottom of a trench which was dug in a peat-bog for a distance of twelve hundred feet, and at a depth of nine feet, he found a number of tree-stumps which had evidently been gnawed by beavers. And Agassiz tells us that the construction of such big dams and canals must in the course of time have changed not a little the aspect of the landscape; an extensive wooded area may have been cleared away, and where was once a forest we may find only a swamp or a lake.

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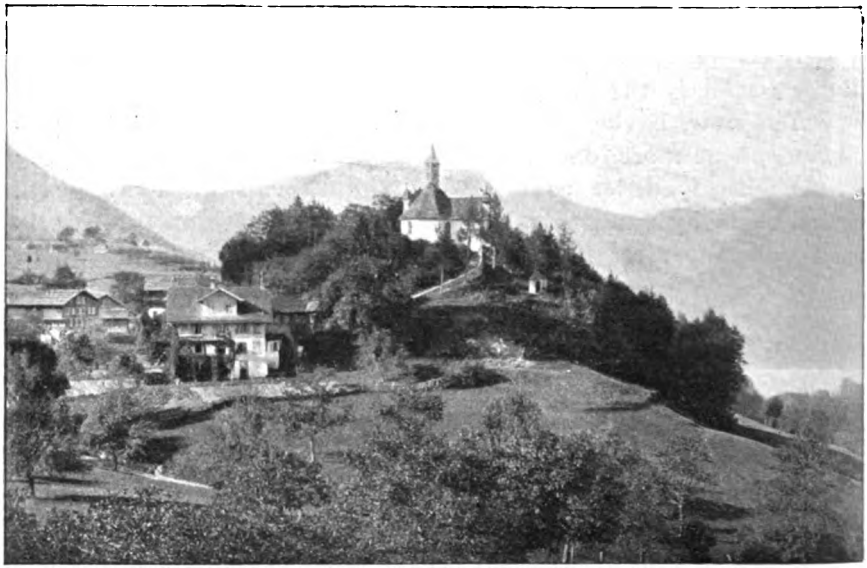

DER FLÜE, WHERE NICOLAS WAS BORN.

A HERO OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

ON the 21st of March, 1887, a vast concourse filled highway and byway of the Haut Unterwald, and moved in constantly increasing waves toward the beautiful village of Sachseln. The great and titled of earth were there—long trains of attendants upon secular prince and baron, high dignitaries of the church; the pomp of earthly splendor and the impressive ceremonial of religious ritual. From every hamlet of the country-side, near and far, from distant city and populous town and lonely saater hut on remote mountain side, masses of people, rich and poor, swelled the throng hastening down the valley. Long processions of peasants marched, singing, across the pastures; joyous pealing of church-bells waked glad echoes from hidden glade and bare Alpine slope; bands of women and children, in holiday attire, brightened the sombre landscape of early spring. And over all the sun shone lavishly, and the pure air breathed gladness. For on this day, four hundred and seventy summers before, one beloved of God first opened gentle eyes on the lower world; and again on this same day, after three-score years and ten of peace and good will, his spirit returned "unto Him who gave it."

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In the long catalogue of lives which have left the world brighter for their passage, are some which appear to belong by a nearer and closer tie to the hearts of their fellows, because of more human tenderness, or of qualities sweeter in the homely graces of sympathy and friendliness. A few heroes have possessed these attributes, and many saints; and where they are found, the bonds of love between mankind and its leaders grow closer than for any other gifts. Respect does not forge so strong a chain, nor does veneration. They brighten and warm that coldness of esteem which may exist in a moral appreciation far removed from feeling, and they exert an influence beyond any other force of precept or example. In the life of the Blessed Nicolas von der Flüe and in his relations with his time such traits assert themselves in an unusual degree, and this explains the personal regard with which Switzerland honors this humble apostle of virtue. Brother Klaus was member of no order, and under no vows save those imposed by his own conscience. More than two-thirds of his seventy years he passed among the people of his native village, filling the ordinary duties of the ordinary peasant among his fields and herds, the tender husband and father of a beloved family, the simple and honest citizen. When danger menaced his country, he fought in the ranks of her defenders. When peace was won, he sat in the humble seats of her advisers and lent the weight of his judgment to her counsels. For fifty years he followed the sober, quiet, industrious habits of the Swiss householder, distinguished in nowise outwardly from the men about him, and carefully guarding the phases of his inner life from observation or comment. He was untaught in books, but wise in a large-minded, open fashion that made his opinion always valuable. An unusual gentleness seems to have kept him clear of the jealousies which often follow such a reputation.* He was cheerful, healthy, happy with that beautiful glow of inward serenity which is the portion of lofty souls. And it was possibly the memory of this blameless and beautiful every-day life that won for his native Canton of Unterwald the proud distinction of resting firm in Catholic faith, while the resurgent waves of the Reformation swept over the rest of Switzerland. Then was the strength of this quality of sympathy demonstrated, when for love of Brother Klaus and remembrance of his practical, homely virtues, his people remained steadfast when others fell away, and glowed with fervor in the midst of the coldness of their countrymen.

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Nicolas of Flüe was born in Sachseln on the 21st of March, 1417, eldest son in a family of well-to-do peasants who held some slight hereditary rank in the Haut Unterwald. Tradition gives no distinguishing trait among his ancestors, to account for the greatness of his spiritual gifts, but while still a joyous and rosy child his natural bent asserted itself. Tending his flocks in the rocky pastures about the village, his day's work was scrupulously performed; he was first to leave the house and last to finish his labor. While others ran to play or recreation during the short evening rest, he sought his pleasure in meditation—stealing quietly away, and as quietly returning before the usual bedtime. He sought the smaller self-denials of fasting and silence, as his brothers their ruder joys; but without morbidness, being "always glad, alert, and ready." Except for these unusual disciplines, his life for twenty-five years was that of the rest of the household. Fast and abstinence left him robust and tall, with sunbrowned cheeks, and the gentlest eyes in the world. Strong, sober, industrious willing, and cheerful, taking more than his share of the labor of the farm, he lived in the house of his parents, "and was subject to them." Then came a change.

The Wald Cantons of Switzerland had ever been thirsty for liberty. As early as 1224, Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwald bound themselves in league against the power of Austria, which was a constant enemy and a harsh tax-master. Never wholly successful, yet never entirely overcome, the poor and scattered hamlets sustained an unequal struggle with the proudest power in Europe, heartened from time to time by such heroes as Tell, saddened again and again by loss and persecution. Nearly a hundred years of intermittent warfare drained valley and mountain fastness both of men and resources, when the great League of the Confederacy of Eight States followed the defeat of the Austrians at Morgarten. Even then the final victories of Sempach and Nafels, which led to independence, came seventy years later, in 1378. The stubborn effort never relaxed in all these years, nor the resistance to tyranny. It was part of the Switzer's birthright—next to God his purest ideal of righteousness. So when, in 1439, a new alarm called the Unterwaldens to arms to check the attempts of Zurich against the integrity of the Confederacy, Nicolas took the field with his fellows, and remained in the ranks until the victorious conclusion of the war by the victory before Ragatz in 1446. As earnest a soldier as a laborer, brave in battle, undaunted by defeat, merciful in

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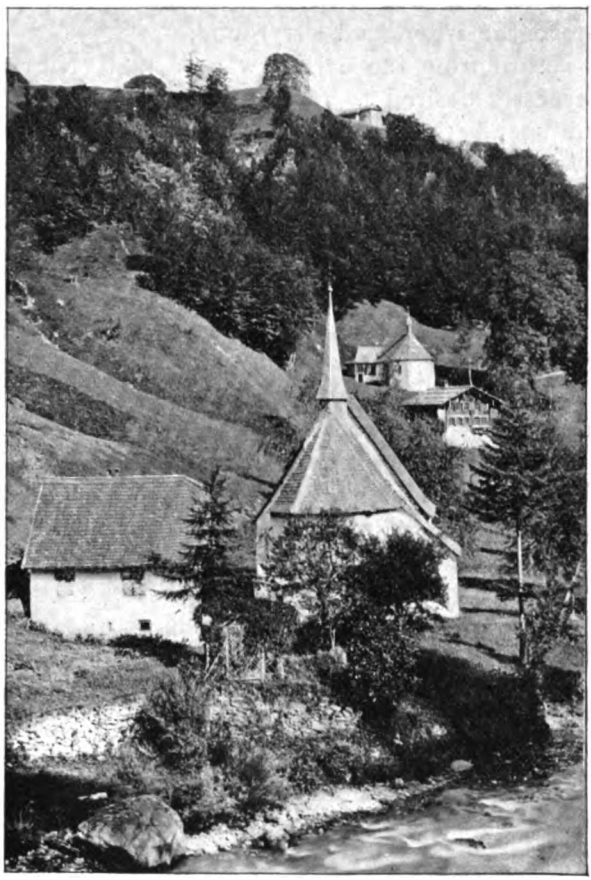

DER RANFT, SHOWING HOUSE WHERE BLESSED NICOLAS PASSED HIS HERMIT LIFE.

triumph, the chronicles blend accounts of his courage with touching mention of his tenderness for the helpless, his kindness to the vanquished, his often solitary struggle with the passions of comrades. So far as possible he prevented plunder and cruelty; and his leisure was still spent by the wayside shrine, or the village chapel, or in furthering some work of blessed charity. Fourteen years after his return home we find him arming again in defence of the beloved Fatherland, threatened now by the Erzherzog Sigismund of Austria. And again the record of bravery and gentleness go hand-in-hand. The Bayard of the Unterwald gains such ascendency over his rougher comrades that when, in the fortune of war, the Dominican convent of St. Catherine is given over to be burned, and the flames are already spreading, he wins them to the side of

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mercy, quenches the fire with reckless daring, and gives back their home to the frightened sisterhood.

On his return from the earlier war of 1446, Nicolas appears to have earnestly desired to retreat from the active life of the world, and spend the remainder of his days in retirement. One can well imagine that the horror, the suffering, the cruelty of strife between man and man, the bloodshed and savagery of brutal passions in which those troublous years were passed, must have strengthened his longing for peace and the holy solitude of meditation. But he gave up this heart's desire when his people opposed it, and assumed instead the duties of family life. His own good sense may have recognized the necessity of strengthening the land with younger life, which should, in future need, become again a safeguard for liberty. He chose as spouse the strong, wholesome, prudent daughter of a neighbor house, and five sons and five daughters came to fill the frugal home to which he brought her. Great peace dwelt with them and holy joy. Their worldly goods increased, for no herds were better fed, nor fields better tended. Nicolas was, as usual, first at work in the morning, and after evening prayer and the giving out to child and servant of the next day's stent, the first to set the example of early rest. But at midnight, while the others slept, he arose quietly, and filled the remaining night-hours with prayer and holy thought. Otherwise, his days were as those of the men about him; more abstemious, perhaps, as he lived entirely on vegetables and fruit; more earnest in advice to his household; more loving in charity toward weaker or less noble souls.

Often it happened that the burghers of the canton desired to make him chief magistrate, but he refused such honor. He sat, however, for nineteen years among the counsellors, holding that every honest man owed such duty to his country; and his words carried such weight that his opinion often swayed the entire body of his associates. Old chronicles bear testimony to the sweetness and healthfulness of the family life in the small house in the Sachseln fields. That beautiful joyousness which is the most engaging trait of sainthood dwelt for ever in his heart, spoke from his lips, shone from the dark, clear eyes, and overflowed in the quiet cheer of the household. None came to that door for material or spiritual help and went away without relief. All Christian virtues enriched the home, and tradition is still fragrant with memories of its happiness.

Yet the hidden soul had never forgot the old longing and

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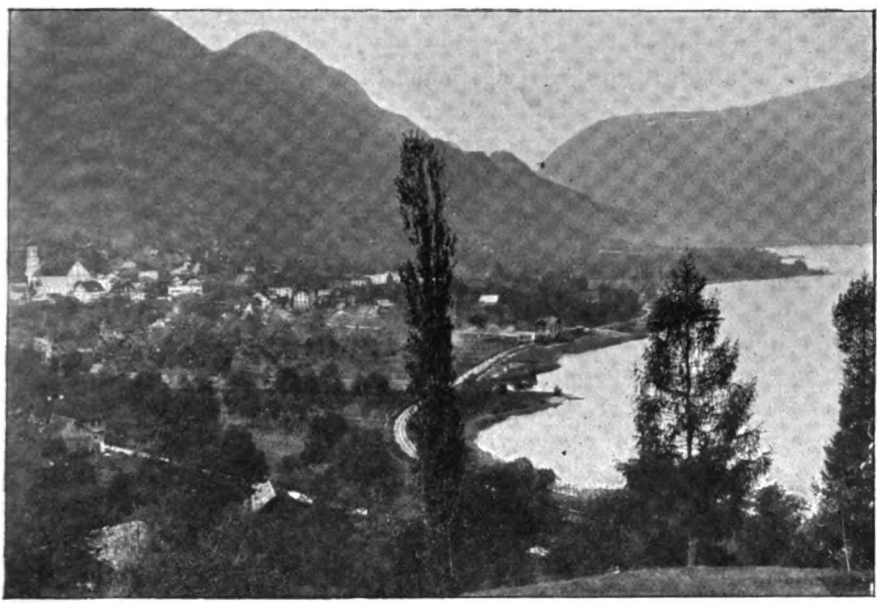
the strong yearning for solitude, and the repose of silent communion with God. No suspicion of this appears to have crossed the minds of the household. The beloved father, the cheerful worker, the ever-thoughtful and tender husband, seemed to



SACHSELN: THE CHURCH AT THE LEFT CONTAINS RELICS OF NICHOLAS.

them wholly content and satisfied. And so, doubtless, had Nicolas forced himself to be while duty lay plainly before him. But now necessity for delay was over. There was prosperity in field and byre; the oldest son was nearly twenty years of age, the routine of the house well established, each member with his share of work apportioned, and the ties of family affection firmly knit. His own aged father still lived near by, in a position to give counsel and support. The hermit spirit might at last make plea for itself, and in simple words Nicolas laid his fate in the hands of his true wife.

"I dare not," he said to Dorothea—"I dare not longer oppose the will of God, which draws me every day more strongly to him. He has so often and in so many ways made it plain to me. Thou hast done so much that was good for me while we were together; it now rests with thee alone whether I can follow him. What I ask is crown of all, and the greatest that I can owe thee. The burden of the children is no longer heavy upon thee; they are well grown and forward. The ways of

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the house are clearly marked out, and can easily be carried on by one competent as thou. I feel inwardly that the things of time have ever less and less hold upon me. Place thyself, then, in the presence of God; and know that, saving him, there is none other could turn me from thee." The woman's heart rebelled at the sacrifice demanded. But little by little, after long prayer and bitter tears, she yielded to what she evidently regarded as a call from God. "I make thee, O God," she said, "an offering of what, next to thee, is dearest to me! And why shall I not give with free will what death can at any time take away from me without asking?"

From this day forth neither wife nor child placed any obstacle in the way of this holy project; "for well they knew that this fond father and truest spouse could never have taken such a step, bringing pain to them, if the irresistible will of God had not been made manifest to him." All earthly affairs were put in order as by one leaving life. His property and small possessions were divided among the children, under the guardianship of the mother, who took his place as head of the family. To Walter, the son who was to be her right hand in management, two small mountain pastures were given beyond his equal share, on account of the responsibility he assumed. A few simple rules of conduct were left as his last instructions; an earnest prayer that thought of God should be the motive of every act, a last embrace to each one of the little group of beloved ones, and Nicolas von der Flüe, or "Bruder Klaus," as he was ever after to be called, went out alone into the world. It was the 16th of October, 1467, as, clothed in a long woollen gown, his wanderer's staff in one hand and rosary in the other, he turned away in the gray morning from those who held him dear. Head and feet were bare, thick brown locks slightly sprinkled with gray fell over the high forehead, and the clear dark eyes, we may well believe, were sadder than their wont. His cheeks were tanned by fifty years of out-door life; his tall and muscular body full of strength, though spare of build; and the look on his face, "in spite of grief, was joyous in content."

Two days and a night of wandering, and he feels himself drawn back irresistibly to the native valley. He rests for a portion of the second night in a shed near his own house, and in the gray twilight before dawn climbs to a tiny spot of green, high on the side of the rocky Klauster Alp, above the Melchthal. Here for eight days and nights, with no shelter from the

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weather, he prays for guidance; and a solitary hunter, scaling his eyrie in pursuit of game, surprises his retreat and carries news thereof to the village. Kindred and friends come, and crave to build a hut for his protection; but his soul is not yet at rest, and another evidence of divine leading brings him at last to the lonely, stony wilderness of the Ranft, where the sun scarcely penetrates the rocky defile of the Melcha, and where, with some pious help, he constructs a cell upon a rising spur of rock. During the winter of 1468 there is built out from this a tiny chapel, twenty-eight feet long by eighteen wide, with three altars. A small window is opened from his cell into this, and two smaller casements into the outer air. No sign of human habitation in sight, stern mountain sides below and around, a rift of sky above, a board for bed and a stone for pillow—just as it is shown to the pilgrim seeking it to-day—this is the home of Brother Klaus for twenty years.

Now begins that strange phase of supernatural life which would require far more time to discuss than the limits of this short article allow. The mass of evidence in favor of the truth of the statements made by his biographers is overwhelming; yet the conditions they claim are so marvellous that reason staggers. The fact, briefly stated, is this. During the first night of his solitary pilgrimage deep sleep fell upon him. From this he awoke to a consciousness of awful and inexpressible agony, "as if knives were cutting him to pieces." After a time there ensued a strange sense of lightness and well being; "and hereafter never again did he know earthly hunger or thirst, or need of human refreshment, or eat of other food than the Holy Body and Blood of Christ in monthly Communion." As news of this strange prodigy crept about, there was then, as now, scoffing and unbelief. Watch was set for months at a time upon his movements and those of his visitors, by night and day. Pitfalls were laid for him; every strategy that cunning could devise was used to prove his insincerity; but never with other result than that of entire reassurance. During the early years he attended Mass on Sundays and holydays in the parish church of Sachseln. Later on permission was given to consummate the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel of the Ranft. By Catholic and by Protestant, in the church and state records from 1448 to 1485, as well as by oral statements of hundreds near and far, the same unvarying account is given. There is but one solitary exception, when a visiting bishop, under vow of obedience, forced him to swallow three small morsels of bread, and when

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the consequences were such physical agony as almost caused dissolution. The old church of Sachseln holds a memorial stone, dated 1518, upon which can be still traced the inscription:

MCCCCLXVII

DA IST DER SELIG BRUDER CLAUSS VON FLUE, GANGEN VON WEIB UND KINDER IN DIE WIESTE. GOTT DIENET XX HALB YAHR ANE LIEBLICHE SPEISS. IST STORBEN AN ST. BENEDIKT TAG ANNO

MCCCCLXXXVII

SIE. LIT. ER.

Except for this constant and amazing miracle, and one other—the saving of Sarnen from conflagration on the 15th of August, 1468—the life of the holy man, in his tiny hermitage of the Ranft, was simple and humble as that in his Sachseln farm-house. Those still came to him who were in trouble or distress of mind or body, and still received strength and consolation, heightened now by profounder spiritual insight. His cell became a well-spring of grace and charity, whence healing spread and peace. His own wife and children knelt often before the window to hear words of help and encouragement. The proud, as the lowly, sought relief, and found it. His speech never lost its peasant simplicity, nor his words the homely force that dwells with untaught men. His meditations were on the simplest plan—phrases of the Lord's Prayer or of the Hail Mary. But from them he drew inexhaustible meaning, and counsel that suited itself to all needs.

It came about in this way that ere long the wilderness of the Ranft became a place of pilgrimage, and the pious hermit a star of hope to those sick of soul or weary of the harsh struggle of life. The rude, clear, free air about his lonely dwelling, where only height and depth made beauty, the peace which belongs alone to lofty solitary places, seemed to breathe through his words. He never exhorted to unusual forms of virtue; nor did he encourage that withdrawal from the world to which he had been himself impelled. Only in two cases—those of Ulrich, a Bavarian noble, and Cäcilia, a young daughter of the people—did he advise a life of retirement. These built for themselves cells on the opposite side of the Ranft, and were often cheered by the counsel of their elder brother in virtue. They stood by his death-bed, Ulrich surviving him but four years, "dying blessedly in 1491," while Cäcilia lived through the storms of seventy winters after, and passed to deeper peace

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ALTAR WITH RELICS OF BLESSED NICOLAS.

after a rounded century of prayer. Greater uprightness, deeper patience, broader charity, the duties of the common day performed with more abiding sense of the presence of God, were his rules for all who asked the way of higher perfection. "Be frugal and industrious. Wear not costly clothing; it will drag you down from heaven. Hold by simplicity and the plain dress of your country; for the clear conscience is more beautiful

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than fine garments." "Keep brotherly love inviolate toward each other, and Christian faith towards friends and strangers." "Each state in life hath its duties; he who well fills his own can be as godly in the world as in solitude." "O men! believe in God and hold mightily to him; for in faith is hope, in hope love, in love possession of heavenly wisdom, and in wisdom victory." "Take care lest the shining of gold blind you, and be not bought by gifts." "Hold to the Fatherland, and work to adorn it. Go not away from it. Why should you desire wandering and trouble? Think only of leading a virtuous life; for thereby comes strengthening of faith and prosperity of the country." "Think not of thine own glory, striving to the end that it be increased, for that profits nothing; hold only to virtue. . . . For little it matters whether it runs through a pipe of lead, or of copper, or of gold, so that the water itself be pure; so it is with godly grace and gifts, which flow alike through worthy and unworthy channels, if we but give them way in our hearts." And the "Little Prayer" which was ever on his lips, like a refrain to all others: "My Lord and my God! take from me all that separates me from thee. My Lord and my God! give me all that will draw me near to thee. My Lord and my God! let me die to self and live only in thee." His pictures in the Swiss churches are invariably surrounded by the legend: "Herr, nim mich mir! Herr! gieb mich dir!"

But more than for the rich harvest of spiritual gifts which marked Nicolas von der Flüe's holy life, more than for service of counsel and refreshment in the needs of his fellow-men, more even than for those supernatural signs which showed such evidences of divine favor, Switzerland loves his memory for the intense patriotism that ruled him from first to last. The dear land he served in field and council, by precept and example; his exhortations never failed to add love and honor of the Fatherland to the list of necessary virtues. Man of peace as he was and of charity, he besought jealous watchfulness and ready action if danger threatened safety of the fireside; and the heart of the soldier beat under the humble robe of the hermit when there was question of menace to her rights. Then, six years before his death, he was enabled to add a crowning glory to his name, by preserving the unity of the Helvetian Republic.

In a series of splendid efforts—the culmination of more than a century of struggle—the Swiss people had succeeded at last in shaking off their allegiance to Charles the Bold, Duke of

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Burgundy, latest of the foreign masters who had coerced their state to vassalage. This fearless soldier, to whom Gueldres, most of Belgium, and both Burgundys had yielded, whom the empire of France feared and before whom Lorraine trembled, was utterly routed by the frenzied bravery of a poor people fighting among their mountain pastures for freedom. Three times within a single year the duke renewed the struggle, returning to the field with new hosts and a gorgeousness of military pomp that would in itself have struck terror to spirits less devoted. And three times victory remained with the Swiss. Their frugal homes were enriched by the costly plunder of Burgundian camps, and such treasure as had never before been known in the hamlets of the Unterwald. An honorable peace, signed at Zurich in 1475, drew the proudest houses of Europe to desire alliance with the peasant warriors, and France and Austria paid in gold and land for the privilege. The Schweizerbund had leaped at once into power and favor.

Then came the crucial test of prosperity; and the indomitable courage, the heroic immolation of self that had made Helvetia great, failed to bear it. Dissension came, and arrogance; selfishness and envy. The ties of brotherhood were strained, and private interests obscured the nobler ideal of an united Switzerland. The mountaineers, secure in rich peace amid their lofty fastnesses, desired to cancel the bonds which held them to share the fortunes of the lowland cities, too often drawn into the vortex of war. The cities, on the other hand, inebriated with triumph, counted for little the virile strength of the hillmen, which had won glory for them. There were mutual taunts and recriminations; bold passions tugged already at the leash; the young men of Zug and Lucerne planned foolhardy campaigns for ignoble booty; leaders in council saw before them but swift ruin, and a return to the worst evils. The thirst for liberty which had tortured the heart of Switzerland for more than a century appeared to have satiated itself in six short years after the cup had touched its lips. Plots and counterplots, each threatening the life of the republic, were in the air, and every man feared his neighbor.

In this dire strait a final conference was called by the leaders of the Unterwald. It was set for the Friday before the Feast of St. Thomas, when magistrates and delegates met at Stanz for consultation. Upon the result of their deliberations the fate of the country depended; yet such was the glamor of security and the short-sighted policy of personal aggrandisement,

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that the higher claims of the Fatherland were forgotten. The peasants of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwald on one side, the citizens of Lucerne, Bern, Zurich, Freiburg, and Solothurn on the other, stood up as enemies, and closed their hearts alike to appeals of patriotism and brotherhood. There happened what might have been expected. During three days' sessions angry words urged daring spirits to greater revolt; the final meeting was upon the point of breaking up—breaking with it the future of Swiss federation—when a priest among the delegates, Heinrich Imgrund, pastor of Stanz and a devoted patriot, thought of Nicolas. Here too was one who loved his country, who had fought for the beloved land and served it, whose words had weight as of one whom prayer and sacrifice had brought near to God, whose judgment would be undimmed by those hot mists of human passion that clouded the vision of his brothers. The little chapel in the lonely wilderness of the Ranft was four hours' distant; evening was drawing near, but the good priest sped on his self-imposed errand. In the deep night he reached the hermit's cell, burst upon its solitude with his burning message of duty, and hurried back with promise of his coming.

At early morning Brother Klaus entered the Hall of Council. In his brown frock, bare-footed and bare-headed, his gray beard falling on his breast, a staff in one hand and a rosary in the other, he greeted the assembly "with friendly countenance, joyous in the grace of God." Peace shone in his face, and a clear light of penetrating power in his eyes, so that they arose from their seats and bowed before him. Then he began to speak: "Beloved men! Pious and faithful Confederates of Switzerland! The name of Jesus is my greeting!" His burning words poured forth, painting the beauty of brotherhood, of love of Fatherland; of the long struggle which for hundreds of years their ancestors had waged against oppression, through poverty and hunger, and faint hope; of a future which should more closely bind together town and country, mutually dependent, mutually helpful—of Union, Union, Union, the one sole promise of security. Of the danger of accepting gifts from would-be allies, "lest some time it might come to pass that the Fatherland should be betrayed for gold." Of the old heritage of humble virtues in which lay strength, patience, industry, faith, prudence, content; of the duty, above all, of love and friendliness. "Only if an outsider reach forth, then manful resistance. But ever with faith in one another as

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Christian associates, whom nothing can part. So shall God keep and be with you for all eternity."

"Thus spake Brother Klaus," says the ancient chronicle, "and God gave grace to the words of his servant, so that from this hour all went smoothly." The delegates embraced

Swiss Farm-house, inhabited by Descendants of Nicolas.

with tears and cries of joy. The disputed cities were received into the older federation: in newer and more solemn pact they bound themselves to an eternal alliance. Bonfires blazed from end to end of the land; joy-bells rang in village steeples; bands of men, young and old, wandered merrily from place to place, like children of one household, welcoming and welcomed. If some faint echo of this rejoicing crept through the high, clear air to the lonely cell in the high Alpine wilderness, where Nicolas sat again in deep meditation on lofty themes, what wonder if some pulse of glad human feeling crept into his isolation. For once more he had struck a blow for the deliverance of his people.

Other distractions came to him—royal letters, and embassies, and rich gifts—which were returned, save for some small sums reserved to make endowment for perpetual Masses at the altars of the tiny Ranft chapel. Tablets commemorating his service were set in the walls of church and Rathhaus throughout the

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Unterwald. Emperors and princes sent messages of congratulation and praise, and again the common people climbed in endless procession to the window of the cell, whence, as of old, comfort spoke to them and counsel. But no taint soiled the rugged simplicity of the brother's character, or the peace of his days. For six other years after the "Day of Stanz," as it is proudly called in the annals of the Swiss Republic, he lived in communion with God and holy thought. And then he died, after an agony of eight days' unspeakable torment of body, "as if bone and flesh were being torn asunder," but in a gracious transport of soul that blessed those about him. By his bed knelt Brother Ulrich, whose cell on the farther side of the Ranft had been for so many years sole spot of pilgrimage outside his own door; his old friend, Pastor Imgrund; the holy hermit sister, Cäcilia; his faithful wife and his devoted children, grown now to fill places of honor and trust in the land. It was on the first day of the Swiss spring-time that he breathed his last, the 21st of March, 1487. Then through length and breadth of the country-side there was mourning, and "the weeping ran from village to village, as if in each house the proper Hausfather lay dead."

Year by year, as the anniversary of the day returns, his memory is reverenced as the benefactor who saved Switzerland from ruin, and secured her hardly won birthright of freedom. Four centuries have but increased the devotion of his people for this beloved Apostle of Liberty. The aroma of his spiritual virtues yet makes sweet the hill-sides of the Unterwald; and as the seasons bring about the date of his birth, his retirement from the world, or his triumph at Stanz, pious pilgrimages fill the roads leading to the little chapel of the Ranft, the parish church of Sachseln, or the shrine at Flueli. The 1st of August sees yet the Way of the Cross being made along the rocky path from Sarnen to his cell, in commemoration of his miraculous checking of the conflagration of the latter town in 1467. Although the Holy See has as yet withheld the final seal of canonization, he is the patron saint of the Swiss Confederacy by the unanimous feeling of his countrymen. Every spot his living feet pressed is sacred to them; and his relics repose under the high altar of Sachseln. Some shrine of devotion marks rock or pasture, hillside or valley, wherever as child, youth, soldier, hermit, or householder he paused for work or prayer. His father's house, his own cottage, the farm where he lodged as a volunteer of the Unterwald; the crucifix before

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which he knelt while checking the fury of the mob before the Dominican convent in St. Catherine's valley; the font where he was baptized at Kerns; the hand's-breadth of grass on the Klauster Alp where he passed his first night as a recluse; the rock upon which he stood while staying the burning of Sarnen, the meadows that he tilled—all rest in the eyes of the people as evidences of a personality that has in it none of the dimness of tradition to hide its human strength and weakness.

Many a life writ upon the pages of the history of humanity has left an impress more profound and a record more brilliant than that of Nicolas von der Flüe. But there is about him this peculiarity: that if all its elements of saintliness were blotted out, his practical qualities of shrewd insight, his strong and sweet nature, and his gifts in the homely virtues of ordinary life would yet have made him admirable. If, on the other hand, his courage and judgment, industry, thrift, and patriotism, were forgotten, the supernatural alone, in the rich succession of marvellous graces showered upon him, would set his memory apart for awe and veneration. Generous as was his dower in both directions, the wonder is that such narrow limits should bound his fame and the gratitude due him. Environment and circumstance have kept his name and renown largely within the boundaries of his native mountains; but as if to make up for its limitations in this regard, the love bestowed upon him has a vital and personal force which is given to few spiritual leaders of wider renown. More than two hundred of his descendants have been called to positions of honor and trust at the hands of their countrymen; and the annals of the Unterwald to this day bear evidence of their integrity to the principles laid down by the founder of their family. Reverence and affection have done their utmost to show homage to his memory; and the country-sides of Fluelen and Sachseln are enriched by the monuments of their zeal and enthusiasm. But the remembrance of his cheerful acceptance of life's commonest duties, his sturdy independence, his clear judgment, and his patriotic devotion, no less than his blameless and holy absorption in the contemplation of eternal truths, is still the proudest legacy left to the Fatherland.

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NATURE STUDY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

BY F. CONIGLAND FARINHOLT.

AT a discussion of the advisability of introducing nature study into all schools as a systematic part of their course, during a session of an Educational Association some years ago, a superintendent rose with the question which many of his hearers felt to be a burning one: "But where are we to find time for anything else?" It is the apparent hopelessness of obtaining a satisfactory solution to this problem which keeps many a school from making any attempt at this much-talked-of and much-needed study.

The children have, as a rule, only a limited time to go to school, and in that period they must be taught as much of the three R's as is possible, and make a beginning in geography, grammar, and history; and, to those who do not understand the immense saving to be gained by the co-ordination of studies, the difficulties of making any addition to the curriculum may well appear insuperable.

But if we will consider the so-called practical aims of education, we see that the object is to enable the child to read intelligently, getting the thought from the printed page; to write in a legible hand and in correct English his thoughts, wishes, and experiences, and to have a working knowledge of "the first four rules" and fractions in arithmetic. It is the object of this article to show that the study of nature is a help to obtaining these results, and that in the way and along lines natural to the child.

The most casual observer of children knows how insatiable is their curiosity about the world around them, and how, until their minds have been stunted by our methods of teaching, they seize with the greatest delight any facts about nature's doings.

"Where does the rain come from?" "Who made the sunshine?" "Where is the water going to?" These and hundreds of questions like them mothers have to answer or not answer, as the case may be, every day and hour.

"How do I see?" asked a child of four years recently, after various experiments in closing and opening her eyes, putting

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her hand before them, or covering up her head; and, upon being answered as simply as truth would permit, she immediately became deeply interested in light, asking, among other things: "Why does darkness come so that I can't see?"

The same child watched two grown people analyzing flowers, and, proceeding to an analysis of her own, spent many happy moments that summer searching for stamens and pistils in the blossoms which she culled.

So it is with all normal children. God has endowed them with this loving oneness with nature and desire to know of it; and woe to the teacher who, whether consciously or unconsciously, cheats them out of their birthright by gorging them with a porridge of "book-learning"!

Perhaps the record of actual school-room work will best demonstrate how the study of nature helped and furthered many of the other studies, besides calling into activity other parts of the child's character, and bringing into the routine a wholesome breath of freshness and novelty. Previous to the week in which these lessons were given there had been observations of clouds, studies of rain, illustrated by condensing the steam from a tea-kettle on a cold tin pan, daily note of the direction of the winds, etc.; and now a most unusual snow-storm had come, with opportunities not to be neglected.

"What color were the clouds when the snow began? At what hour did the snow begin? How long was it falling? How deep is it? Which way was the wind blowing during the snow? Where is the snow deepest? What is a drift? What shape are the snow-flakes? Catch some on a black cloth if it snows again, and look at them through your microscopes. (This they did eagerly.) What is the temperature of snow? (Here the thermometer was plunged into it.) On which side of our school-house does snow lie longest? Why? Press some snow hard in your hands. Why does packed snow often turn into ice? Does the ground freeze under the snow? Does it freeze as deep as the ground from which the snow has been cleared? (There were numerous experimental diggings in many back yards to ascertain the answer to this question.) What is the use of snow? (Various answers here.) Who has a question to ask the class? Who can tell us any stories about places where the snows are frequent? (This to bring out the experiences of a diffident boy who had lived in Minnesota. He warmed to his subject and gave a picture of life in a Northern winter which was worth to his hearers many pages out of a book.)

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"Who will find a story or poem in their readers about snow? That will be to-day's reading-lesson. Who will find one for to-morrow's? Who will see what the geographies say about snow and ice? How many will bring us news from the newspapers as to this storm elsewhere?"

These and very many other questions were asked by teacher and pupils, the teacher seldom answering a question except by guiding the children in their search for the right answers.

During that week every lesson in the readers bearing at all on the subject was read with an appreciation born of awakened interest in it; every item in the geographies about the land of snow and ice was searched out, and the glaciers of the Alps (they were studying the geography of Europe) were understood far more readily. Then, when the observation hour on Friday came, the children wrote about the snow, telling in their own words what they had learned and observed, being warned that no "paper" having a misspelt word would be accepted, but being also assured that the teacher who stood by the blackboard, chalk in hand, would write any word which any pupil should ask her how to spell.

We can see how in such a week's work—which, in passing be it said, kept the attendance in that room, despite the unprecedented weather, up to ninety-four per cent., while that of the other rooms dropped far into the eighties—the pupils were aided in developing closeness of observation, independence of investigation, accuracy of expression, and willingness to share with their companions whatever knowledge they had gained on a subject of common interest. They were shown the value of books in supplementing and rounding out their own observations; they saw, too, the kinship of the world by hearing of the effects of the same storm elsewhere; and their "compositions," being the recounting of what they had themselves seen, had in them no hint of the drudgery which made the preparation of essays the bugbear of our school-lives, while the spelling, being of words in their own vocabulary, was of immediate and practical use to them.

This is but one week out of the session, no day of which was without its half-hour of nature-work. Much which these children did in the way of field-lessons, the study of brook and river and the search for plants and flowers, is impossible in the cities; but in the veriest shut-in school in the closest quarter of New York there need be no lack of material for nature study. The sunlight, the stones of the pavements, the clouds,

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winds, rains, frost and snow, the blades of grass struggling for life in some cranny, the trees and their leaves, the flowers obtainable—all these can help the child to a broader and deeper knowledge. In the study of plants, especially, much may be done. Some boxes in the windows, some wet sponges, and the seeds of flowers and vegetables can easily be had everywhere, and can be made the basis for many lessons. And the study of leaves is in itself a treasure-house. The class above referred to had a month of leaf-study in the fall of the year, when they were taught how to press the leaves and mount them on white card-board, and were asked to write in the corner of each board a description, learned by little and little, of the shape, venation, margin, and species of the leaf mounted on it. Later on these really beautiful specimens were used by them as models for their drawing, and gave hints for some excellent designs.

Nor should any teacher excuse herself from attempting such work because of her ignorance of it. Almost ideal teaching can often be done when teacher and pupils learn together—especially in nature-work. Let each member of the class, instructor included, begin with a flower in his or her hand, and see what can be found out. Gray's *How Plants Grow* or Youman's *First Book of Botany* will give the terms as they are needed, and it will be surprising how fast the class will progress. And it is so with any observations or studies of nature; the pupils enjoy investigating for themselves and the teacher escapes the temptation to help them, which is almost irresistible if she already knows much about the subjects.

I would not undervalue the advantages a teacher versed in natural sciences would possess, but I am most desirous of encouraging the many who feel their ignorance to make of it a power for the advancement of the children, rather than to permit its hindering for one day the beginning of work which will be of such unspeakable help to their pupils and to themselves.

As to the schools in towns and villages, their opportunities are limitless. After years of teaching, I venture the belief that in the proper study of the brook and brook-basin nearest their school, the children will learn more geography than they would get from Maury's Manual; more language than from ten books of language lessons; more poetry than from "Paradise Lost," and more spelling than they would acquire by conning Webster's Blue Back from *b-a ba* to incomprehensibility. And, what is worth more than all of these, they will be gaining

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knowledge in ways that are ways of pleasantness and along paths that are paths of peace. It is time that we should part company for ever with that false idea of teaching which would train a mind by forcing it into unnatural and therefore distasteful channels; and along with this idea there should go, never to be seen again, those schools where the child is so taught as to make him unable to see for himself, and ready to behold the world through the spectacles of other men, rimmed by the covers of a book.

There has been a powerful reaction against such criminal cruelty to humanity, and thoughtful teachers everywhere are striving to realize that ideal of education in which the whole being, spiritual, moral, mental, and physical, shall be harmoniously developed. Many fall short in their efforts for lack of perceiving that no amount of ethical, mental, and physical culture can produce the perfect man if it be not supplemented by a spiritual development which is possible only when Religion joins hands with Science in the training of the young. But the Catholic schools meet no such difficulty, for in them is daily taught the most human as well as the most divine religion that this world has ever seen. And if, in addition to this culture of the spirit afforded in no other schools, the Catholic teachers, religious and secular, throughout the United States will make common cause with the great educators outside the church in seeking and finding, and faithfully practising, the very best and most progressive methods of mental and physical training, then might we see what the educational world has so long looked for: schools wherein all the capabilities of that complex entity which we call a child are led upward and outward to the fulfilment of their highest ends—where, in a word, the children would be truly educated.

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A HEARTLESS SIN OF OMISSION.

BY REV. G. LEE, C.S.SP.

A SAD anomaly in the American religious world is the fact that so many children are allowed to die without Baptism. It is quite true that such children are not condemned to suffering, but they are deprived of what would have been a source of greatest joy. How so many people can believe in regeneration by baptism, and yet listlessly allow a great part of the American-born children of our race to die without being "born again of water and the Holy Spirit" seems humanly inexplicable.

It is only an actual faith in the supernatural that can render one anxious about souls; and such belief may not be by any means commensurate with external church-membership or church-work. Building up the externals of religion may be a labor of true devotion, most noble, most sacredly meritorious; it may also be merely natural, or deeply selfish, or even crookedly vicious. To attest the presence of actual supernatural belief we must find sheer energizing anxiety about individual souls and their impending eternity. No show, no talk, no raising of edifices or filling of registers, give conclusive evidence that a man believes in the unseen. One hidden effort for an unknown and unnamed passing soul is more conclusive proof of faith than finances and foundations that wrap the world in admiration. If this supernatural belief could be thoroughly awakened into action, the children of this country would begin to fare better.

The case of these most helpless and most immediately necessitous members of our human family is simply awful and heart-rending. Unfitted for Heaven, they pass from amongst us in endless throngs, while we stand idly by and do next to nothing.

Consider the plain facts. With a medium death-rate of 20 per 1,000, some 1,400,000 souls pass into the other world every year. Comparative statistics show that about half of these never attained the full use of reason, and hence were incapable of determining their own fate for eternity. A far higher proportion would need to be given had we to treat of the myriads feloniously cut off before they can come even to the first birth.

Therefore, annually 700,000 American children die, of whom less than one-third, or about 200,000, are baptized. Our con-

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cern is with the remaining half-million who annually die unregenerated by the saving waters of baptism.

And here let no one say that this question is idle, or fanciful, or quixotic. If faith is a reality, this question is as practical and as pressing as any ever discussed in camp or congress or council. These hundreds of thousands of children are ceaselessly passing into their fixed eternal state. Does it matter nothing what that state may be? They are human beings, and their lot is everlasting. In such a matter to remain vaguely ignorant or indifferent is cowardly inhumanity.

Religion teaches that the difference for these children between going away baptized and going away unbaptized, is just the difference between possessing and not possessing the beatific vision of God in heaven for all eternity. The baptizing depends on us, but the consequences are for the helpless ones whose fate was happily or unhappily placed in our hands—though, indeed, the consequences of a guilty omission can hardly fail to reach us also; for, as St. Jerome wrote to the Lady Laeta—apparently an anxious mother—"The crime of leaving unregenerated children in the bonds of sin will be attributed to those who were unwilling to baptize them." It cannot be otherwise. The crisis is one of supernatural beatitude or not; and in such a case we are strictly bound to make an effort, especially when the effort required is light and ordinary.

But all who bear the name of Christian do not believe that the privation of baptism has such grievous consequences? No; or at least some such say that they do not believe it. I foresee the objections provoked by my statements, and I hasten to meet the objectors. Indeed, for them mainly do I write. To Catholics I do not so specially address myself. They hold the necessity of baptism as a part of their faith; and they are poor Catholics who are not ready to give up their lives rather than let any child die unbaptized by their neglect.

Now, it can, I think, be unanswerably shown to professors of Christianity in any form that in no case whatever should they allow their loved little ones to pass to their future state without baptism. And for this no controversy is required. The simple, earnest statement of admitted facts and principles should prove sufficient.

The question concerns the respective lot for all eternity of the human beings who depart from this life as children, with or without the regenerating rite instituted by their Redeemer. Generally speaking, all Christians may be said to agree that

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baptized children are sure of being saved. About them there is no anxiety. A few admirers and followers of Christian practices—comparatively very few and very recent—think that unbaptized children may also fare well enough. These persons do not pretend to *know* that what they say is true; they merely *think* it may be so. Rather, perhaps, they find such a theory fits in with their other opinions, which without this tenet might appear less consistent.

Unhappily, however, their theorizing in this matter of the baptism of infants is most gravely practical in its consequences. Were it merely an affair of theoretic opinion or elaborated system, one might claim to be allowed the enjoyment of his favorite ideas. But if every day your theory irrevocably settles the eternal fate of thousands of souls, no view but the safest should be brought to bear on your conduct. It may please some speculators to think that unbaptized children can be saved. What if they cannot? If the reality is not as they think, who can undo the wrong to the helpless children?

Were baptism only probably necessary, it would still be wicked to deprive the dying child of it. As a rule no such vicious folly is committed in temporal affairs. Aiming at a necessary end, we take the best means within reach, though their efficacy be but probable. Indeed, that is commonly all we can do; for, as experience abundantly shows, "probability is the ordinary guide of life." And who that believes in Christianity at all can intelligently deny all probability to the statement that baptism is necessary for salvation? The overwhelming majority of Christians have unhesitatingly repeated and unhesitatingly continue to repeat the words of the Gospel: *Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.* Have these words, then, no practical value?

To be convinced that the necessity of baptism for children has been universally and constantly maintained, one requires but a very elementary acquaintance with church history. In fact, another truth so widely proclaimed and so constantly insisted on can hardly be mentioned.

The early Christian families are found careful to baptize their infants; and they affirm, in the most ancient writings which touch the subject—as those of St. Irenæus and Origen—that the usage came from our Lord and his Apostles. As early as the year 250 we find it regarded as a dangerous abuse to defer the baptism of all the new-born to the eighth day, in imitation of circumcision. Councils condemned the practice

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because, as St. Cyprian explained, some of these children might die before the eighth day, and so be lost through our fault, whilst our Lord wants all to be saved. Clearly, therefore, they considered it a question of life or death.

St. Augustine's belief was expressed categorically enough when he warned a correspondent neither to think nor teach, if he wished to be Catholic, that children could, without baptism, be freed from inherited guilt. Indeed, those who maintained the contrary were cut off from the body of the faithful. And even those astray on kindred points—as the Pelagians, who denied the transmission of original sin—yet held that children needed baptism for admission into the Kingdom of Heaven, were treated in like manner.

The church's view, as well as the individual view, at the end of the fourth century, was summed up by Innocent the First's strong phrase: "To say that children can have the enjoyments of eternal life without the grace of baptism, is *utter fatuity*."

The same thing is repeated by the other holy Fathers, and by the church taught as well as teaching, down through the centuries. To question the necessity of baptism for children, was an ordinarily unheard-of absurdity; to let children die without it, an almost unpardonable iniquity. The great schools and universities discussed every Christian topic. On this point they saw no room for discussion. They had the subject before them when they speculated on the obscure condition of the poor unbaptized in Limbo, and on the period at which the sacrament became of precept and necessity in pagan countries; but the central question—its necessity for those born among Christians—they left untouched, as a matter clear and clearly of faith.

So it was through all the Catholic centuries and generations up to the middle of the sixteenth century, and so it is to-day among the very great majority of Christians. That here or there an isolated contradiction should be eccentrically uttered, is of little account in face of a world-wide affirmation.

Notice that I am not at all treating of the authority that has the decision of such matters. I am but trying to represent what an indifferent, impartial looker-on must conclude. An outsider intelligently viewing this Christian question would not be easily persuaded that this or that minister, or this or that modern partial society, was completely right in denying the utility of infant baptism, while all the Catholic multitudes, actual and past, were entirely mistaken in affirming its necessity. If a practical doubt arose and a decision were needed, he would

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say the great probability was on the side of the great majority. Could such a case come under the cognizance of a court of law, it would decide in the same way.

A consideration which should have weight with those who neglect or refuse to baptize their dying children is the disinterestedness of those who urge them to do so. The advocates of baptism in these circumstances have nothing temporal in view. It is of no earthly advantage to them. There is no proselytizing; the children need be neither named nor counted; it need not be known that they were baptized. Their benefactors are satisfied to await the revelation of results at the Last Judgment. See how the church acts. In everything else she vindicates for her ordained ministers the exercise of the ministry; but in this she insists that every human being may and ought to do the sacred work. She takes the trouble to define and teach that man or woman, heretic or pagan, everybody without exception, is able and is to be induced to baptize the dying. Her care for the children's souls is her impelling motive, and she must have strong reasons for resorting to such unusual measures. For the children of her own members she takes extraordinary precautions. If there be any doubt whatever about their baptism—about the fact itself, about matter, form, intention, anything essential—she, though so careful to avoid even the appearance of sacrilegious repetition, will enjoin a new conditional administration. Understanding that baptism is absolutely necessary for those dying in childhood, she will see that they have it at all, and even with the gravest, inconvenience.

Should this example of the church prove too vague and general to impress some of my readers, I would request them to make a concrete instance for themselves. They have, with few exceptions, friends, or at least acquaintances, among the Catholic clergy. Let them choose out the ecclesiastic whom they think best gifted and best conditioned—whom they regard as a humanly happy success. Well, we can assure them that that man, be he priest, bishop, or archbishop, would in the line of duty—were it necessary—have to sacrifice his prosperous life for the sake of baptizing any unbaptized dying child, no matter what its race, color, or condition. Merely balancing his own temporal existence against that child's advantage in dying baptized, he would be bound to prefer the higher good and sacrifice his bodily life to the unknown infant's salvation. So strictly would he be bound that most grievous sin might be incurred in shirking the obligation.

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Is it without any reason that your respectable, common-sense acquaintance recognizes such responsibilities and is prepared for such risks? If the particular priest or prelate you have in mind is held to this duty, are there not some obligations on each one of us arising from the law of charity?

Very necessary, therefore—in fact, altogether essential—the Catholic conscience of the world and the ages must judge the baptism of dying children. Is there not some extrinsic probability of the necessity of the sacrament in such an intellectual, disinterested attitude and conduct on the part of the great majority of sincere believers? There is, at least, enough to make a conscientious non-Catholic pause before deciding adversely in given circumstances.

An obvious argument to propose to parents is found in their own course in temporal risks. If their child was grievously sick, and nine out of ten of the available doctors said that a simple remedy—milk, water, air—would certainly cure it, while the remaining man of science declared all remedies useless, on which opinion would they act? They would, of course, try the easy means so authoritatively proposed. If they did not and the child died, their own note on the case would probably be that they should never forgive themselves. It is fearful to think that the "never forgive" may have to be pronounced in the other world. More than nine out of ten—aye, more than ninety-nine out of a hundred—of those who have authority to speak on this subject, tell parents that by neglecting or refusing to have their dying child baptized they condemn it to the loss of the true eternal life.

To how many, it may be asked, of the people of the United States can conscience-appeals of the nature just indicated be seasonably suggested? To nearly all, it would seem; for nearly all give sufficient credit to Christianity to render the baptism of their dying little ones an obligatory expedient. Besides the large fraction of the citizens of the Republic who believe with the absolute assent of faith all the Christian truths, a great many others hold in general that Christianity is the one divine religion. The rest, for the most part, regard it as in some degree true and authoritative, and even more than human. Those who would deny to Christian doctrine all respectability and all verisimilitude are few and of little account.

Now, if the truth of Christianity be at all probable, common sense requires that we pay some heed to its more absolute behests. To admit that its fearful, categoric statements on

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eternal life and eternal death may be true, and yet not move a finger to put ourselves or others on the safe side, is surely the acme of folly. Stolid indifference when poor children are in jeopardy is cruelly heartless.

The father who merely admits that Christianity seems to have more in it than other systems have, should never let his child die without the "chance" afforded by Christian baptism. If he be so cruelly inconsiderate, the mother should not consent. Horridly deluded she must be, when she lets her offspring be defrauded of the prospect which excellent authorities declare so glorious. If she is at all instructed or reminded, she will not tolerate so irremediable a wrong.

We need not stop to consider the case of parents who will not have their infants baptized, even at death, because they think it morally wrong to do so. It is to be hoped that they are very few. The self-sufficiency which passes wanton censure on what has been and is being piously done by such countless multitudes of the holiest and most faithful Christians, is too arrogantly foolish to be common. It is ignorance or negligence that usually stands in the unhappy children's way.

What can Catholics do in the matter? They ordinarily take good care of their own. If an infant of theirs might have been baptized and was not, the sad self-condemnation is life-long. But is there nothing to be done for the children of non-Catholic families around them? They have more or less intercourse with these families, and they know that in them, as in others, the deaths of children are frequent. Why do they not oftener say the needed word in time? The unpretentious, simple, sincere assertion of the awful consequences entailed by neglect or omission of baptism will frequently have its effect. Catholics who try this in a gentle, friendly way are sometimes invited to do what they think necessary. Even when they are not so invited, the evident disinterestedness of their earnest suggestion may finally move the troubled parents to merciful private action.

The occasion offering, a man may manfully say among his fellows that he for one would never let child of his go away *without the mark of the Christian on it.* The school-children can say to their non-Catholic companions that the dying baby these latter are bemoaning would be so happy hereafter, *if it were only baptized.* But women, mothers, can suggest most effectively. What more natural in their condolence and sympathy with the hopeless mother than to affirm and repeat that the strong consolation is to have the cherished one *regenerated*

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in the saving waters and securely sent home to God, to pray for its own here below?

A tactful, prudent woman, who is a good neighbor and a good friend, can have her own way at the cots of many dying children; and if her discretion and zeal are equal to the occasion, she can, in mixed communities, be reaping as sure harvests for heaven as can the best missionary in Africa or China.

Oh! how pious women exult when they can furnish means to buy into freedom and have baptized in their name some far-off, enthralled child of paganism! And they do right; the charity is well ordered, the work is sublime. But is it not a pity that they do not oftener use their own kindly hearts and hands to get baptized into Heaven the passing, much-wronged little ones of their own Christian country? If they think, they will exert themselves. Would there were some association to keep them methodically at so great an apostolate!

I trust it will be understood that nothing either underhand or intrusive is here recommended. There is no paltry interest in view, no merely personal advantage selfishly furthered. Prudence is required, because the work is delicately sacred; but there is no sly attempt at proselytizing. Nobody wants to register these newly-baptized anywhere except on the rolls of the blessed. Nor is there any fraud or deception—not more, certainly, than there is in privily barring the pitfalls in the way of the blind, or stealthily removing poison and deadly weapons from the reach of the insane.

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MOTHER DUCHESNE, R. S. H., AN UNCANONIZED AMERICAN SAINT.

BY S. L. EMERY.

ON the 13th of September, in the year 1804, when the church in France was just beginning to emerge from the terrible deluge of the Revolution, and was still engaged in painful struggles for its true liberties—liberties which men, with a wild cry of "freedom" ever upon their lips, strove violently to thwart—there came to an old Alpine convent of hallowed memories four nuns of a newly established rule. Yet they were, in a very marked manner, the spiritual descendants of those who had first made it their home, nearly two centuries before. But a few years since, if not to-day, an archway there bore this inscription: "St. Francis of Sales chose this place for the foundation of the fourth monastery of his order of the Visitation of St. Mary. The first stone of it was laid in his presence on October 16, 1619." And here is still to be seen St. Francis's confessional, and the place where St. Jane de Chantal was kneeling when an unearthly visitant whispered to her, "He lives no more," and she, unsuspicious of her great bereavement, cried out: "It is true, Lord! he lives no longer except in thee."

At the time of the Revolution the nuns were expelled; but when the state of affairs began to change, a valiant woman who had been a novice there, Philippine Rose Duchesne, returned and strove with all the might of her resolute soul to bring back the old rule and the old life to the place. God, however, had other designs in store for her. She failed then, as all her long life afterwards she seemed to fail, other people's success being built upon the sure foundation of her heroically borne cross.

When, on that memorable winter day, the four strange nuns came to Sainte Marie d'en Haut, one of them was but twenty-five years of age, yet had held the office of superior since she was twenty-two. She was of lowly birth and of timid and retiring disposition, and was forming a new and as yet very small and but little known community. Yet, at sight of her, Philippine Duchesne—ten years her senior, and accustomed to the religious life when the other was but a child; belonging to

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a family well known in the political and financial world, and possessing naturally their imperious self-willed characteristics—came down the steps of the house which she herself had lifted from the dust of its ruin, knelt humbly at the young nun's feet and humbly kissed them; giving her, not her house alone, but her entire self, with more than the simplicity of a little child, to be guided and governed by her in holy obedience. If it be true that the name of Philippine Rose Duchesne is to be brought forward as worthy to be joined with the title of saint, we may regard this striking and characteristic incident of her life as one long step towards that glorious consummation, for "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

When the venerable Mother Barat, now so widely known as the holy foundress of the great teaching Order of the Sacred Heart, entered this convent home, so generously made over to her will, she saw there what must have explained to her much that might else have seemed strange. The Visitation Order, which gave to us Blessed Margaret Mary, had left many traces in this old home of theirs that spoke of the love of the Sacred Heart. The wounded heart, the crown of thorns, the flames, the cross, texts telling of divine love and goodness—these things abounded; and in the chapel was a statue of the Sacred Heart, while altar and sanctuary arch and the very pavement bore the sacred symbol. To this home of the Sacred Heart the Order of the Sacred Heart had come, and she who could not carry out her own holy plans and earnest wishes there, found rest and better things for herself in God's will triumphing over her own designs.

We must notice in this saintly life that Philippine herself says that from the age of twelve she could not recollect letting one day go by without praying for light to know God's will and strength to do it. This practice seems to have been first begun in regard to her vocation, but her whole difficult life bears ample testimony to her unfailing endeavor and unremitting prayers to do the will of God. And Mother Barat, so unlike her in natural characteristics, but so akin to her in the complete, tireless service of God, understood her well. It is quite important to quote here from a letter of hers to this her dear child, although her elder sister, for it shows the high standard set before these women who are both now lifted out in bold relief by our present hope of their future glory, then so utterly unsuspected:

"Are we so far removed from the ages of sanctity, and may we not hope to see some amongst us treading in their foot-

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steps? Shall I own it, my dear child? When I think of the graces our Lord has bestowed upon you since your infancy, I cannot help hoping that, as he has given you an affectionate and grateful heart, you will love God as some of those great souls have done. The circumstances which you are placed in are somewhat similar to those which contributed to make them saints—a new order, assisted by men full of the Spirit of God; and above all, the Heart of Jesus speaking so forcibly to your heart." And later on, Madame Duchesne wrote in her strong language: "I ought to be a saint, seeing how many saints I know."

For fourteen years these two kindred souls toiled and prayed together for the glory of the Sacred Heart and in the cause of Christian education. Then, in the year 1818, the ardent desire which Madame Duchesne had long experienced for the foreign missions was gratified.

Sundering the ties which bound her to kin and country, she bade farewell to the superior who had become to her friend and mother, knelt once again and for the last time before her and again kissed her feet, looked for the last time upon her face, and departed to our western land, which for another lifetime was to be her second home. Madame Duchesne was then nearly forty-nine years of age, and she was to live in these United States thirty-four years longer, and to die here, worn out but unwearied in her Master's service, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

The standard of heroic sanctity had been set before her eyes in her European training. It remains to be told to what extent she acted out that teaching in our American soil.

When, on the 29th of May, 1818—the feast, singularly enough, of that year, of the Sacred Heart—Mother Duchesne first set foot upon our shores, the outlook was far from promising to human eyes. The hard and uncomfortable voyage had lasted more than two months. "In the first days of May," writes one of her companions, "the ship was driven by stress of weather five times backwards and forwards across the tropics." They landed at last six leagues from New Orleans, and the Ursuline nuns received them with loving hospitality under their convent roof. Through the miscarriage of letters from Bishop Dubourg, to whose diocese of St. Louis they were promised, a most trying delay of six months occurred, a forcible corroboration of his own words to them:

"You say that you have come in quest of crosses. You

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have indeed hit upon the right place for that purpose. You may rely upon it, you will not have long to wait for them. If I did not feel certain that such was your spirit, I should be more alarmed than pleased at your arrival. But as it is, I fear nothing. God will be with us. Only strengthen yourselves more and more in this spirit. That is the important point."

Little, in our day of rapid locomotion, do we appreciate the trials of the journey at last undertaken by this brave woman and her four companions, even though they were to travel, she hopefully declares, "in steamboats, an admirable invention which enables people to accomplish in twenty days what used to be a business of six months." Seventeen persons were stowed into one narrow room, and there these nuns contrived to meditate and pray, and to study English. Almost every day some accident broke the monotony: bread failed them; intoxicated men and disorderly women shocked and grieved their hearts; and not till more than forty days had gone did they reach St. Louis. There they found the bishop's palace a sort of barn, with only one room, serving as dormitory, refectory, and study for the bishop and four priests; and they discovered, to their consternation, that they themselves would have to begin their work at some distance from the city, in a place called St. Charles—a sore disappointment, for it deprived them of much spiritual aid. "We are indeed in the headquarters of poverty," wrote Mother Duchesne. "There is every appearance that we shall sow in tears; and too happy shall we be to do so, if others are to reap in joy, surrounded by the children our prayers will have won for them."

From that time on Mother Duchesne's life—her long life, was one continuous way of the cross. The great teaching order which now has its magnificent houses and great schools in New York and New England, filled with earnest students and crowned with holy success, was founded in such complete lowliness and destitution that the nuns used to water the cows, clean the stable, dig the soil, and were so poor that, to use Mother Duchesne's heroic or saintly phrase, they "had the blessing of being actually deprived of bread and of water." Sickness overtook them, evident ruin seemed to confront them, and still there is no cry of complaint. "We are happy in the midst of this destitution. There is happiness in our hourly dependence on the visible aid of God which it inspires. I never have the least doubt as to the will of God and his watchful care for the extension of his work in this country. My con-

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solations exceed my trials; . . . my prayer is one continual thanksgiving for the knowledge of that much-desired will of God, which will be clearer still as time goes on, and the Sacred Heart and its daughters extend the reign of Christ all over the land."

The hard soil about them was but a type of the harder soil in the population of the new land which they came to serve. Souls neglected, hardened, arrogant, ignorant, filled with self-conceit, devoted to ease and pleasure and self-indulgence, gave little encouragement for the future. Yet the good nuns struggled on. But in one year they had to leave the place—another instance of the constant disappointment that was to be Mother Duchesne's earthly portion. "One day the Sacred Heart was to return to that place, and to gather in the harvest she had prepared. This was always her part of the work in our Lord's vineyard. Others reaped where she had conquered the soil inch by inch. She opened the way amidst brambles and briers. She was in the desert the pioneer of Christ."

At Florissant they began again the life of farm-servants, enduring cold and destitution, and again the glad cry rose from this valiant woman: "I see nothing but happiness in all our privations. Could God grant me greater favors? Nothing but martyrdom would exceed in blessedness what I have received."

The bishop wrote to Mother Barat that Mother Duchesne was a real saint, but not quite enough after the style of St. Francis of Sales. The lack of pliability and sweetness in her natural disposition was the source of many hard trials for her, and in her holy and deep humility she acknowledged the defect, and begged to be released from her position as superior and to take the lowest place. Her request remained ungranted, however, until she was an old woman.

She founded a novitiate, she saw her houses planted slowly here and there, and the heavy crosses still follow everywhere she went. Poverty, sickness, misunderstanding, spiritual deprivations far worse than temporal, the deaths of those she dearly loved, the failure of long-cherished plans and hopes—these were her lot and her life. In the visitation of her houses she was struck with yellow fever, "alone, helpless, in a strange land, laid prostrate on the sand, consumed by a burning thirst," she reminds one of St. Francis Xavier at his hour of death, and yet she lived.

The Florissant school was deserted, but the novitiate increased. Bayou la Fourche was suppressed. Then came from

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France the news that the dear old home where Mother Duchesne welcomed Mother Barat, and made over to her the convent she had loved and raised anew, had been suppressed likewise. A new nun arrived from Europe, and this holy woman, who had for twenty-two years borne the burden and heat of the day, who had faced terrible trials undaunted, and had been the head, through all this troubled time, of a great work for God, knelt down again in her humility, as she had done thirty-six years previously, at her young superior's feet and humbly asked a stranger's blessing. Then she requested to be relieved from her position as superior; her request was granted, and Madame Duchesne, at seventy years, was again a simple religious.

At this great age another very ardent desire was at last fulfilled. She was permitted to be one of a band of sisters who went far west on a mission to the Indians, the savages, who had long had a strong attraction for her missionary zeal. What could she do among them—she so old, outworn, and broken down? She could at least pray, and she could show the Indians and her companions what a saint's life can be when human usefulness is past. The Indians called her "the woman who prays always." It was all she could do; and four hours in the morning, four hours in the evening, she dwelt in the little church. The Indians, for whom she would have gladly died, came reverently up behind the motionless, aged form and kissed her poverty-stricken dress, regarding her as a being quite beyond themselves in her evident union with the Great Spirit whom she worshipped. In the winter she was often very ill; but on her bed of pain her withered hands were busy with her knitting, and she offered herself, as on a cross, for the Indians' souls. When her superiors found her in this state the order for removal came again—that order which must have seemed to her at last the rule of her life—and she was brought back, by a strange dispensation of God's will, to die at her first foundation in America, the St. Charles Convent, now once more opened by the Sacred Heart nuns.

God's will was to the last the ruling passion of her life, obedience her unfailing stay. She resigned her heart's desire to die among her dear savages, and returned to live for ten silent years of prayer and suffering close to the heart of her Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the seeming failure of whose life-work she had so singularly been called upon to share.

There was a little cell close to the sanctuary, eight feet in length, sixteen in breadth. Like another St. Alexis, to whom

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her sisters reverently likened her, Mother Duchesne by choice dwelt there. And still the crosses came. This very house, so dear to her sensitive soul, was threatened with suppression; and though this great trial was averted, Florissant was not spared. She used to say: "Ste. Marie and Florissant are like two swords in my heart, which I shall feel to my last breath." Bishops and priests who had been to her fathers and friends and guides died, or went otherwhere to distant fields. Her old companions and sisters, those who came with her and those who had been her children in religion, passed on to their reward. Their saintly deaths filled her with great joy, but left her more and more alone. Even that most special tie which had bound her with intense and undying love to Mother Barat, a love unweakened by distance, age, and a myriad cares, was made the cause of another heavy cross, for, by some misunderstanding, no word came from her to her old companion-in-arms, her daughter, sister, and servant, for a long mysterious while.

But light shone out at last. God gave her, when the work of trial and loneliness and suffering had done their work, consolations of the sweetest kind. There came to her from across the seas, sent by the mother-general on purpose to console her and make all things clear, Mother Duchesne's niece, a nun of her own order; and this nun wrote to Mother Barat on her arrival: "This letter will apprise you that I am with my holy aunt. I can say, like St. Anthony, 'I have seen Paul in the desert.' Yes, I have seen a great saint who is drawing near to the end of her long life. This noble soul, whose lot it has always been to have great crosses to bear, suffered terribly from the thought that she had displeased our first mothers, and particularly our mother-general. A perfect ecstasy of joy beamed in her face when she read our reverend mother's letter, and heard that she had sent me to St. Charles on purpose to see her."

After this much consolation came. Her dearest American daughter was placed at St. Charles to comfort her last days and help her die. Every care was taken of her that she would allow, for her old habits of penance and self-denial still held sway, though, with that still stronger habit of her noted humility, it was her happiness to obey her first American novice, and to call her own spiritual daughter by the name of Mother.

"She ceased," we are told, "to care for anything earthly; poverty had delivered her from every care, giving her Jesus as

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her only treasure." Her niece described her room as the very sanctuary of holy poverty, and said that she was sure no sister in the society could have a more miserable bed or more tattered garments. "The Blessed Benedict Labrè might claim her as his sister. And on this point it is useless to contradict her, so great is her attraction to this mode of life." Her prayer was continual. This loving service was still possible to her in her extreme old age, and she was resolved to persevere in it every moment till death. Sometimes she would serve three Masses in succession. Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, she forgot the things of time and sense. "How can one be tired who is with our Lord?" she asked.

The great Father De Smet openly expressed his feeling that she was a real saint, and said he regarded her as the greatest protectress of his wonderful missions. The children often saw rays of light around her head after holy Communion. In her old age she still uttered her life's watch-word: "God's will!—God's will!" And during those last ten years of solitude and prayer at St. Charles's, the Sacred Heart Order founded three times as many houses as it had done in all the previous years of work in North America. A colony of the nuns went to Canada, and, on the last day but one of her blessed life, she was permitted the immense joy of beholding the face of another nun who was, in the next year, to establish the Sacred Heart in South America. Singularly enough, on the very day after she had landed upon our continent, thirty-four years previous to her death, Mother Duchesne had written to a friend: "If God will leave me long enough upon earth, I think I might one day set foot in Southern America at Lima, under the protection of my patron saint, St. Rose, or at Carthagena, under the patronage of the Blessed Peter Claver."

It was, indeed, time now to sing her *Nunc dimittis.* "Come, Lord Jesus, come; make no delay; come and take me hence!" Such were the words that rose from the dying lips. At noon, on the 17th of November, 1852, the great soul of this valiant and much-tried woman went forth to meet the Lord whom, with passionate, untiring devotion, she had served. She was eighty-four years of age, had been forty-seven years a professed nun, and had spent thirty-four years of her arduous life upon our American soil. South America has given us the great St. Rose of Lima. May God, if it be his blessed will, grant us yet to see beside her on our altars a St. Rose of Missouri for these United States!

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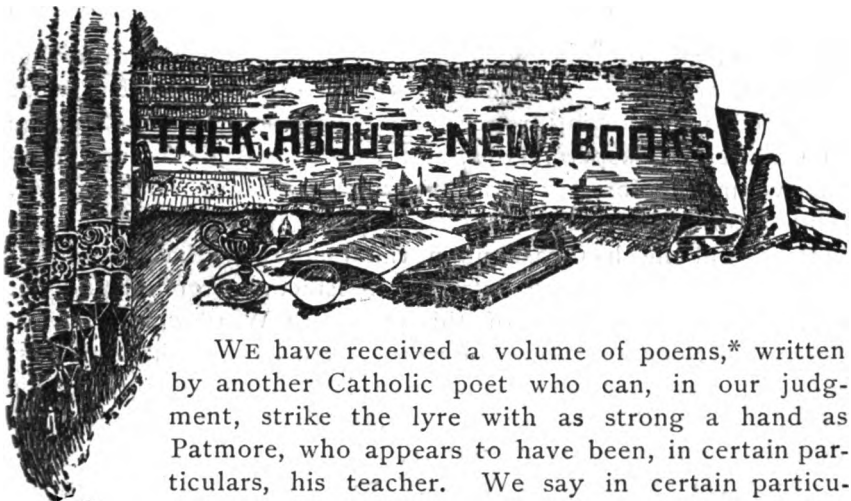

WE have received a volume of poems,* written by another Catholic poet who can, in our judgment, strike the lyre with as strong a hand as Patmore, who appears to have been, in certain particulars, his teacher. We say in certain particulars, because no true poet, however great his admiration may be for some one light that to him outshines all others in the firmament of fame, can continue to follow his lead in servile imitation. The reason is obvious. Originality frequently asserts itself in forms of expression which are mannerisms, and has a way of looking into things in peculiar relations; that is, of seeing uncommon relations by preference. In a man of genius all this may, perhaps must, be welcome; for it is the manifestation of a great individuality. But, unfortunately, such peculiarities are what are laid hold of by the crowd of imitators. Not every one can bend Apollo's bow; but if the aspirant possesses in any considerable degree the Far-darter's strength and skill, though not the whole of these, he will employ them on an instrument which he can command. So it is with Mr. Thompson's discipleship to Patmore. He could not follow his master in all the methods of art, and though these are distinctly traceable, there is the independence of a new and original mind in the poems before us. His admiration for Patmore is the true idolatry of a poet, blind as a passionate woman. We do not express our opinion of the powers of Patmore beyond implying that our author is the superior, and that this can well be without banishing the former from Olympus. He still remains what the later poet calls him, in his fine threnody entitled "A Captain of Song," a "sad soul of sovereign song." This sadness has fallen upon himself, and with it a higher and wider dominion than the sovereignty of Patmore over the thoughts that blanched his hair "with travel-heats of hell."

It is gratifying to find that the church, which is the nursing

* *New Poems.* By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

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mother of all true poetry, whose conceptions of the true and beautiful are instinctively caught by real genius no matter what its creed, is becoming represented once more in the language of Chaucer, Shakspere, Pope, and Dryden. And so, turning to the volume before us from this new poet, we find that Mr. Thompson dwells in the interstellar spaces with the gods of Lucretius, but he has cast upon the empyrean that shadow of pain, begot of love and duty, which Epicurean gods could not conceive; and he tells of this pain with Wordsworth's knowledge and Spenser's power of words. He has caught their harmonies; but now and then there is a fierce strength in his verse that rudely smites the ear, while the mind sees the thought breaking from its fetters.

In "The Mistress of Vision" we have a realm where he sees "the Lady of fair weeping" enshrined in fancies which he pours out with a variety and power hardly inferior to that master of poetic diction, Shelley; but there are one or two instances of the struggle between the thought and its cerement which we have spoken of. We point out as an instance of this the seventeenth verse, the harsh clangor of which contrasts with the music of many others. It would be difficult to find a more perfect rhythm than in some lines of the opening stanza:

> "Secret was the garden;
> Set i' the pathless awe,
> Where no star its breath can draw.
> Life, that is its warden,
> Sits behind the fosse of death."

It brings us at once into a spirit-world, where the fancy is enthralled by a passion of sighs from which images emerge in a profusion "like leaves of Vallombrosa," or the flight of countless bees or birds of brilliant plumage. In this revery he sees no moon

> "Save the white sufficing woman."

He sees

> "Light most heavenly, human—
> Like the unseen form of sound
> Sensed invisibly in tune"—

an unseen form folding the sound, as it were; an idea by no means new, but possessing newness in the mode of expression, which is the only originality now attainable.

The low sun which lit the garden is "vibrant visible." Po-

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lonius and critics of his order would say this was a vile phrase, and critics of another order would wonder how light could be vibrant; but there is a sufficient nearness to each other in the operations of sight and hearing to suggest parallels from sense to sense reciprocally, which a poet with an original turn of thought can be well understood as deeming himself entitled to lay hold of. Some of Tennyson's fanciful metaphors and similes are more remote, by a long distance, than any we can find in this poem—when, for instance, he compares a bank covered with violets to the heavens breaking through the earth, or the stars to fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

There is an "Ode to the Setting Sun" which has passages that may fairly be matched with any in the odes of Dryden, Collins, or Tennyson. The difficulty in handling the changes of metre proper to the ode so as to preserve, amid the variations, unity of movement should prevent attempts at this exercise of the poetic art, unless by one conscious of an unbounded command of rhythm. There is another danger, that in the verses corresponding to the alternate strophes of the choral poetry of the Greek plays the bard may descend to prose—no doubt eloquent prose, but that can be had from prose authors in a much more natural form. We think that in this ode there is poetry in every verse, but not of equal excellence; and we think, too, there is a harshness here and there in the lines, like sweet bells jangled out of tune.

We consider the expression exquisite in many places and fully fitted to the thought, which is, perhaps, the best test of true poetry. Poetry is the language of vivid sensation, and we have it in the following passages we take—not cull—from the ode:

"Yet in this field, where the Cross planted reigns,
I know not what strange passion bows my head
To thee, whose great command upon my veins
Proves thee a god for me not dead, not dead!

"For worship it is too incredulous;
For doubt—oh, too believing-passionate!
What wild divinity makes my heart thus
A fount of most baptismal tears? Thy straight,

"Long beam lies steady on the Cross. Ah me!
What secret would thy radiant finger show?
Of thy bright mastership is this the key?
Is this thy secret, then? And is it woe?"

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There is a shadow on most of Mr. Thompson's poetry; and we think this itself an evidence of real communion with the higher spirits of the Unseen. It is not the sadness of satiety, such as occasionally lends a refined softness to the sensuous word-painting of Swinburne; but it is that melancholy which Shelley so well expresses when he says: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"; a melancholy that expresses the soul's longing for immortality, a home above that firmament where

"The Moon, and the light of the Day, and the Night with its solemn fires,"

revolve—a firmament which Lucretius thought too stately a home for the fierce and lustful gods of Rome.

But when he enters into the wild music of choral numbers we see the power with which he launches thought and thought, like thunderbolts. We hear "the tumults of the firmament" as the sun descends amid "visible music blasts," and "cymbals" clanging the Occident to fire. The down-stricken Day, drawing all the splendors of heaven around him in his fall, is not a new idea; but its working out is new, so far as we know, in the clangorous accompaniments of cymbal clash mingling with the crimson blaring of the "shawms."* It is not so much the dying of a king as his entrance into his pavilions of gold and purple amid the crash of an army of bands, even though the next strophe recalls what he had seen in the vast seasons gone when he was

"Candid Hyperion
Clad in the light of" his "immortal youth,"
"Ere Dionysius bled" his "vines"
"Or Artemis drave her clamors through the wood";

when he witnessed the war of the "brawny Titans" and saw Enceladus shoulder Pelion with its swinging pines.

It is a triumphant death at least, and so the poet does not wonder that he should be a god.

The inner spirit of this defeat is far from hopeless, though there remains the shadow which rests upon all the activities of life in relation to the higher self. Such poetry is healthful in an age like this, weighted with the vast responsibilities arising from triumphs over the forces of nature that no myth has ever

* This word sounds as if it were used through the exigency of rhyme; still, it may have a meaning in the poet's mind linked with barbaric pageantry which no synonyme would afford.

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surpassed in the elements of wonder; and the tendency, in consequence, to a feverish pursuit of intellectual and physical excitement in the hope of finding a resting-place. There are two alternatives—for men to become as gods to themselves, and therefore idols with feet of clay, or to recognize that there is a Power holding in its hand the infinite movements of the universe of spirit and matter, and that this Power must, by the law of its being, have intended harmony.

Lucretius represented the first alternative as if he had before him the intellect of the nineteenth century. Despair was upon all he thought, as if, looking down the centuries, he had before him men making day and night hideous with their steam-whistles and the roar of machinery for no purpose—for no purpose but to disturb the silence of eternity for the brief space allotted to the life of mankind. In the manly Christian note Mr. Thompson sounds we have the other road, which leads upward; and so leading, gives a reason for the toil and sorrow that darken life.

There is a fine poem on "Contemplation," which is pervaded with the same hopeful spirit. This is the spirit that runs like a golden thread through all of them, and shows itself in a deep but playful light in a poem endowed with the rather curious title "The After Woman."

We have a volume of "Lyrics" by John B. Tabb.* Opening this little volume we come on a chaplet of nine lines, called "Dawn." It seems to us simply perfect:

"Behold, as from a silver horn
The sacerdotal Night
Outpours upon his latest-born
The chrism of the light;
And bids him to the altar come,
Whereon for sacrifice
(A lamb before his shearers dumb)
A victim shadow lies."

The sextet "Echo," on the opposite page, is rather labored, but suggestive in the conception of Echo as a prodigal that had received all with his father's last breath, and for whom it was idle to seek his door again in expectation of a new inheritance. It is more than a conceit, but not so felicitously

* Boston: Copeland & Day.

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expressed as might be expected from the manner in which "Dawn" is executed. The verse "Pain" is sound morality, but hardly poetry; "The Young Tenor" is a charming lyric; the "Snow-Bird" is good, and so is the ode to the "Wood-Robin," but it reminds one somewhat too painfully of Shelley's matchless lyric "The Skylark."

We can recommend these verses for their purity of thought, the taste and finish of their execution.

We have in *The Falcon of Langéac*, by Isabel Whiteley,* a tale of the time of Francis I. The author appears as a Breton gentleman of that time writing his autobiography; and though we know of the illusion when we look at the title-page, we soon forget our knowledge and find ourselves in the home of the family, and with the "Falcon," in every step after he leaves it until he is happily married. We have incidental proofs of the influence Francis possessed over his people, notwithstanding the disasters of his reign, as when hats sweep the ground at the mention of his name with something more than the old-time reverence to the king. Such touches as these reveal the artist. The young Irishman who figures in the latter half of the tale is a light-hearted soldier-adventurer, very different from the stern and cunning adventurers that went out from England in the succeeding reigns to take part in European wars. With the exception of Sidney, they were mercenaries and plunderers on the land and pirates on the sea.

We are curious to know where Miss Whiteley got her conception of the Irish soldier, so gentle and so dashing, so pure and high-minded, so reckless in courage and so capable of planning; but we are very grateful to her for showing us in her pages reflections of many whose names are writ large in story, and many more who sleep in silence on battle-fields everywhere from east to west, and until the west is east. M. de Pennelec, who is the villain of the piece, is a gentleman of the most elegant manners, and could stand side by side with Leicester in good-breeding and rascality. Curiously enough, there is not the remotest suggestion that this accomplished scoundrel was fashioned on an Italian model, though it might easily have been pardoned by example. No; she seems to find his character in that sincere flattery of his English friends which is called imitation. On the other hand, M. de Brimeau might have been the companion-in-arms of Bayard. The elder brother of

* Boston: Copeland & Day.

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the "Falcon"—brother by his father's first marriage—seems a type of the unscrupulous baron of the time, such as might be expected in a condition of society when the bonds of chivalry had become loosened and the era of law had not arisen. He might well have a place in such a work as La Bruyère's *Characters*, representing the seigneur who made his people "creatures that dug the ground fiercely," and which only on close inspection could be discovered to be human beings. Constance reminds us somewhat of Rosalind, and approaches in some respects to Scott's superb Rebecca; but the resemblance can, of course, only extend as far as her small stage permits. Still the elements are there—not as possibilities suggested in "a Country Church-yard," but as facts furnished by an imagination "all compact," and from which we expect greater results in the good time coming.

*The Metropolitans** is a society novel and pretends to be nothing more, consequently it is liable to the imperfections attendant upon that class of literature. A life consumed in the comings and goings comprised in the rubric of social intercourse is necessarily shallow and unsatisfactory, and so acknowledged by all whose experience was joined with sufficient mental capacity to make a verdict possible. And similarly in stories of society life, we are apt to conclude our reading with a general feeling of dissatisfaction, and that regretful consciousness usually succeeding dissipation; for a novel that is worth the reading necessarily engrosses the reader's attention, draws him into the action of the story, and engages his sympathy for the little sayings and doings that make up the life portrayed; wherefore in reading the best of society novels we are necessarily thrown into considerable bad company. Still, if we *will* dissipate—and most of us will—let us have a society story wholesome and clean, free from suggestion as well as from coarseness, yclept realism, bright, clever, artistic at need, and here and there showing some appreciation of things serious, noble, or deep. Jeanie Drake's book is among this better class of stories—in parts as entertaining as anything we have read, of especial interest to New-Yorkers of course, but not purely local in flavor. The conversation is bright; the wit good—sometimes very good; the description, perhaps, a trifle stinted; the style occasionally below its usual high standard, or showing

* *The Metropolitans*. By Jeanie Drake. New York: The Century Company.

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in an odd sentence amateurish finger-traces; the plot interestingly impossible. The denouement we imagined a trifle disappointing; but what would you have when a gilded youth, his fortune gone, in love with a Stuyvesant Square girl, and in turn adored by the Hungarian prima donna of his own newly-written opera, is checkmated by the latter lady visiting her of the Square? Nothing could be more comforting than what came about, namely, the hero's departure with an arctic expedition; but when the prima donna enlisted too, it became necessary for some one to die if things were ever to straighten out. We would have liked several characters painted a little more minutely—Penrose especially—and various incidents might have been made more vivid, and therefore more interesting, by another touch or a change of tone. And the few dim little references to Katherine's religious feeling had best be left out or emphasized. We prefer them emphasized; but, after all, let us remember it is only a society novel. Well, though we appear critical, we dissipated over the volume—and, alas! enjoyed the same. Try it yourself.

I.—LIFE OF CHRIST.*

The earthly career of our Divine Lord, as it is an inexhaustible topic of meditation, so will never cease to be the inspiration of a special literature all its own. The numerous writings which have appeared, and still continue to appear in a succession that will be endless, cannot exhaust the capabilities of a subject fruitful in due proportion to its immense importance and deep significance. Cover the ground as you may, with volumes descriptive, historical, meditative, mystical, critical, still there is opportunity for further contribution on the part of any man who can express in words what he has learned by close acquaintance with, and reflection upon, a matter grave, and vast, and to all men vital. Lives of Christ are not all meant to be biographies, and the one before us presents an instance of one not concerned with chronological record and comment upon the various activities of the God-Man. Indeed, it might be more properly considered a series of essays upon several significant questions connected with the sayings and doings of the Christ—debates as to the point of view to be taken in study-

* *The Life of Christ.* By the Rev. J. Duggan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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ing or meditating the lessons conveyed by him in word and work. The method of the writer is somewhat original, the reflections serious and worthy of consideration, the possible fruit spiritual refreshment and wealth to those who are studying the Gospels in order that, by imitating the life and manners of Christ, they may become like unto him. True, nothing is more real and more sublime, nothing richer in abundance of doctrine and spiritual precepts, nothing dearer, nothing more efficacious than the inspired words of the sacred writers themselves; but for the better understanding thereof we have need, not only of piety, as à Kempis teaches, but of the light and instruction to be gained from those of our fellow-men who, by long study, have come into a position where they can appreciate a special significance in the simple phrase that to the casual reader has remained unmeaning. Hence the utility of Father Duggan's work.

And while on the subject it seems appropriate to state our conviction that even after the many volumes produced in the last decade there remains a lack in the literature concerned with the life of our Lord. We have had learned disquisitions and critical dissertations in abundance—and it is well. But we know of nothing which quite conforms to our idea of a popular life of Christ, a book appealing to the rank and file of men, as being free from fine points of topographical or textual controversy, and aiming to set forth the life of Jesus simply, clearly, and vividly, in a manner calculated at once to enlighten the intelligence and warm the affections of every-day Christian men and women. In our time, when invention and ingenuity are taxed to the utmost to devise means of propagating knowledge, and great minds are ever busied with methods of education and aids to study, it seems a pity that the gap indicated remains yet unfilled. Such a book, if written, would play its part in the religious instruction and formation of every Christian family.

Let us state our idea of it still more definitely. The model life of Christ, to our mind, would contain at once all the inspired words that record actual sayings or doings of the Christ, a sensible, careful, and pious commentary upon them by a writer very devout and very intelligent, and finally, though not least, a whole picture-gallery illustrative of the life of our Lord—a series of sketches that would form a complete story in itself, a pictorial biography appealing to the heart with a

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vivid and lasting impression not otherwise possible. Let us have such a volume, neatly published, well advertised, and cheaply sold, and our Catholic literature will be the richer for it.

2.—ABOUT LOURDES.*

Summer Talks about Lourdes is a little volume daintily bound in blue and gold. Its aim is to advance the honor of Our Lady of Lourdes by narrating, in a simple yet very entertaining way, some of the most remarkable cures, bodily and spiritual, wrought at Lourdes. Those who read it and realize the significance of the facts related, cannot but feel their confidence in Mary increased and their desire to invoke her rendered more ardent. Of interest to many, the volume will be specially appreciated by those whose privilege it has been to visit the favored spot, recalling, as it must, some of the soul-stirring scenes witnessed by every pilgrim to the grotto.

3.—A LONG PROBATION.†

A good, clean, wholesome work of fiction, full of incident, interesting, and not without its share of artistic strength, is *A Long Probation.* The tone is thoroughly Catholic, and the general aspect of the story clearly religious; still, there is none of that namby-pamby, wishy-washy rhapsodizing too often passed off as the literary expression of deeply pious emotion. In addition, the tale has a couple of well-marked characteristics apt to commend it to the best class of readers; we mean, first, the strong, healthy, manly flavor that comes of dealing with rugged, hearty men or youths, sound and healthy in mind and limb, able to box and swim, used to think on serious questions, morally pure and upright as a cloistered monk could be. Then, again, there is a pleasant breadth of view, a readiness to see good wherever it exists, such as would lead one to recognize merit, even though it implied our "giving the devil his due." The opening scenes of the story bring us into a closely-fitted series of untoward events that hint at some rare mysteries and promise the gradual working out and revelation of deep secrets

* *Summer Talks about Lourdes.* By Cecilia Mary Caddell. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Long Probation.* By Henry Gibbs. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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insoluble to the uninitiated. The foundling, who first appears before us so suddenly and unaccountably, we follow through boyhood, youth, and manhood, here and there striking the loose end of a tangled thread, until, sufficient time and history having elapsed, he straightens them out and the mystery of his birth is solved, as the author taught us to foresee it would be. The book is a long one, let us say a very long one, and the writer seems to do a good deal of wandering, introducing scene and character suddenly or profusely, and then making no great use of either except to entertain the reader—certainly no undeserving work. True dramatic force peeps out several times in brief passages, such as in the tragic accident at the acrobatic performance, and again in Valerie's dive. The over-free use of foreign words and phrases mars the style, we think, and even the supposed pure English of the author sometimes smacks of the Continent. That passed, however, the description is good and not too heavily laid on; and some of the story, especially parts of the second book, remind us of Thomas Hughes, and cause us to wonder if the author might not produce a good, readable story of the style of our school-boy epic, as free from plot, aggressive moral, or purposeless description as that immortal biography of Thomas Brown. Read the volume if you are a quiet soul, and "its perusal may profitably fill a leisure hour or beguile a weary one," as ran the author's hope.

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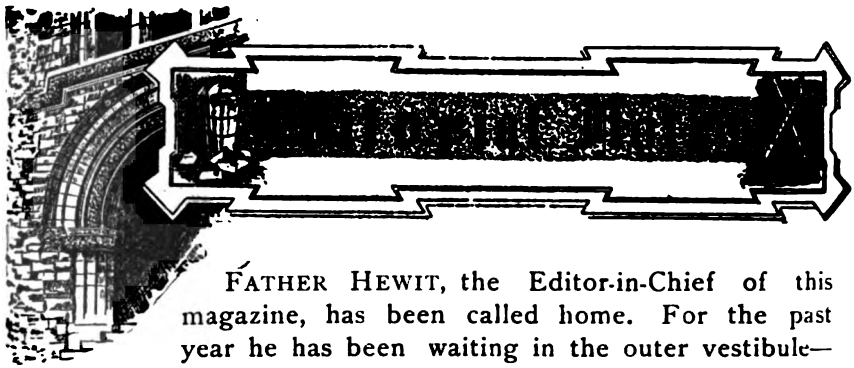

FATHER HEWIT, the Editor-in-Chief of this magazine, has been called home. For the past year he has been waiting in the outer vestibule—waiting for the door to be opened to admit him to his reward.

His name has been a household word to the thousands who have been helped by him. Since the establishment of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, thirty-three years ago, scarcely an issue has appeared without some luminous article from his pen. No man in America has done more than he to translate into clear, vigorous English the vital principles of Catholic theology, and so accurate and comprehensive was his knowledge that his very name had become a tower of strength for orthodoxy. While we cannot grieve over his going, for he had filled up the measure of his fruitful years and, like an old veteran, had retired with honor from the arena, yet the clear insight into the truth which he possessed, and the wonderful fund of theological lore which was his, constituted him a reliable adviser as well as a veritable encyclopædia of erudition, and in this capacity particularly will the readers of the magazine feel his loss.

Numerous testimonies have come from thoughtful men, estimating at its real worth Father Hewit's service to religion during the half-century gone. The hand of the stranger can in a more impartial way point to his niche in the temple of fame. When his work is measured, the valuable service which his presence and counsel rendered to the Catholic University in its early beginnings, as well as his active promotion of the higher studies among the clergy, will not be forgotten. The splendid work which he did in the Temperance movement will be remembered as well.

Father Hewit was a truth-seeker from his youth up. This passion for the whole truth led him into the church in early life. His delight of soul and satisfaction of mind in the full possession of the truth in the Catholic Church were some of the great joys of his life. His is a splendid instance of what superb characters the Puritans become when they thoroughly absorb Catholic doctrine and spirit. He was a typical convert, thoroughly Catholicized.

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He was saintly in life, and did not a little to hold aloft the standards of sacerdotal perfection. He was a zealous apostle as well as a profound scholar. He has not unfitly been called the "Newman of America."

While his promotion was to himself a joy and a gain, we cannot but deplore our loss and deprivation.

The Canadian School Question is now in the hands of the Holy Father, and we may expect a speedy settlement, acceptable alike to civil as well as ecclesiastical authorities. Monsignor Merry Del Val, in his official letter to Archbishop Langevin and to all the Catholics of Canada, voiced a truism not always remembered, and which for this reason cannot be repeated too often. It is as follows:

"It must be clear to every enlightened Catholic that we cannot invoke or sustain the authority of the Supreme Pastor if we disparage the authority of the bishops; and that, on the other hand, we weaken episcopal authority if we curtail in any way the free exercise of the authority of the Head of the Church."

Father Mickle, of Cape Charles, Va., has started a movement that has met with an abundant share of success. He asks for current magazines. His purpose is to send them to the non-Catholics in his territory. His parish is about 75 miles long and 50 wide. He has a population of 60,000 people, and only 250 Catholics. If any one wishes to send his copy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE after he has read it, send Father Mickle word, and he will send wrapper addressed and stamped. Send to Rev. Edward Mickle, Cape Charles, Va.

The higher education of women under Catholic auspices receives an impetus by the establishment of Trinity College, under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame, on a plot of ground contiguous to the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. It is noted, first, that this new college will be a post-graduate school, accepting only women students who have finished courses in the academies and high schools of the country; second, that in a sense it is semi-officially affiliated with the University; third, it offers three courses—a classical course, a scientific course, and a letters course, all leading up to the degree of Ph.D.

Besides offering unusual advantages to women in the higher studies, the new college will do not a little to co-ordinate the numerous academies in the country, and afford an opening to professional life to their brighter students.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

FEW among the younger Canadian writers of to-day are more widely or popularly known than Thomas O'Hagan, poet and critic. He was born near Toronto, in Ontario, and educated chiefly at St. Michael's College and the University of Ottawa, graduating from the latter institution in 1882 with honors in English, classics, and modern languages.

Mr. O'Hagan has also pursued post-graduate studies in history, English, and the Romance languages at Syracuse and Cornell Universities, N. Y., for which he holds the degree of doctor of philosophy. While at the latter institution, in 1893–94, he had the advantage of attending the lectures in literature of Professor Corson, the eminent Shakespere and Browning scholar.

THOMAS O'HAGAN,
Anthin, Ontario, Can.

At an early age the subject of this sketch entered the profession of teaching, and took an active interest in the life and welfare of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools of Ontario. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other Catholic layman in his native province has done as much for the upbuilding of the Catholic schools of Ontario as Mr. O'Hagan. He organized the first Provincial Separate School Teachers' Association and was appointed its first president; and out of this very movement which he set on foot has grown nearly all the legislation which has made for the betterment of the Catholic schools of Ontario during the past decade of years.

Nor has Mr. O'Hagan's interest in Catholic education been confined merely to agitation in its behalf. For several years he has been offering medals for competition in a number of the principal Catholic schools and colleges of the province.

From 1884 to 1893 our subject held English and modern

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language masterships in a number of the leading Canadian high schools and collegiate institutes, where his clever and bright methods of instruction will long be remembered. As an inspiring teacher and interpreter of English literature it is not too much to say that Mr. O'Hagan has few equals in the schools of Ontario.

In the literary field Mr. O'Hagan's pen has been extremely active. Beginning in his college days, he has been conscientious and constant in his every effort to develop and perfect his literary gifts. His graduation poem, "Profecturi Salutamus," written in 1882, was of such merit as to win the praise and admiration of the poet Whittier.

His first volume of poems, *A Gate of Flowers*, published in 1887, secured for its author immediately a place among the most promising of the younger poets of Canada. This volume has been since translated into French in Paris. In 1893 appeared his second book of poems, *In Dreamland*, which attracted wide attention; the little lyric, "The Song My Mother Sings," contained in this volume, being regarded by so competent a critic as the editor of the *Canadian Magazine* as one of the finest poems of the kind ever written in Canada. It is, too, perhaps worthy of noting here that the quality of Mr. O'Hagan's poetic work has been such as to attract the attention and win the commendation of such veterans of the literary art as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, Louis Frechette, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

But it is probably as a critic that Mr. O'Hagan is best known. His studies in poetry, contributed in the form of papers to various magazines during the past year, have brought out prominently his critical taste and judgment; and it has been acknowledged on all sides that no finer critiques have come from a Canadian pen for some years than his able articles on "Canadian Poets and Poetry" and Tennyson's "Princess," which have appeared respectively in THE CATHOLIC WORLD and *Catholic Reading Circle Review* magazines.

As regards the study of literature, Mr. O'Hagan holds that too much attention is given in our schools and colleges to *technique*, workmanship, and style; that too often the letter is emphasized and the spirit neglected, and that the moral import and message of the poet to his times are in many instances wholly lost sight of. He also attaches great importance to the voice as a factor in the work of literary interpretation, con-

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tending and pleading, like his great chief and teacher, Dr. Corson of Cornell, for a wider and more liberal recognition of vocal culture in the literary courses in our schools and colleges.

As a lecturer and reader Mr. O'Hagan is in wide demand, possessing as he does many of the graces and gifts that contribute to success upon the lecture and recital platform.

Personally he is a man of sterling integrity and honor; a hater of sham and humbug in every form; an intensely patriotic Canadian: loyal to his friends and generous to his foes. Among his fellow-Canadian *litterati* Mr. O'Hagan is held in high esteem, and few of the younger writers in Canada enjoy a wider or more deserving friendship. For years he has pursued the very highest ideals, believing in the wisdom of Emerson's advice to young men: "*Hitch your wagon to a star!*"

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.—Wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes on the appearance of Mary Elizabeth Blake's second volume of poems, *Verses Along the Way:* "I find in them the same spontaneous and natural expression of lively feeling and sympathies which I recognized in your earlier volume. You are one of the birds that must sing."

In other words, though special training and conscious effort are revealed in Mrs. Blake's prose-work, poetry is her birthright; and, clever and interesting though her essays and sketches of travel are, it is by her poetry that she is most widely known and loved, and will be longest remembered.

The poems of her earlier years appeared in volume form in 1882, under the simple title *Poems.* They were followed within a decade by *The Merry Months All* and *Youth in Twelve Centuries*—two collections of children's poems—and *Verses Along the Way.* These four volumes, all bearing the imprint of the fastidious house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, represent the author's contributions to the best secular and Catholic publications: the Boston *Gazette*, in the palmy days of P. B. Shillaber's editorship; the Boston *Journal*, the *Wide-Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *Independent*, the *Pilot*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and include also her poems written for special occasions, as the splendid odes at the commemoration, by the City of Boston, of Wendell Phillips, in 1884, and of Admiral Porter, in 1891; and "The Women of the Revolution," for a patriotic celebration in Quincy, the home of Abigail Adams—where Mrs. Blake's own girlhood was spent.

It is interesting to note the development of her own nature,

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through happy marriage and motherhood, through increasing religious, intellectual, and social interests, and travel in foreign lands, as revealed in all Mrs. Blake's literary work, but especially in her poetry.

Love and death, friendship, sympathy, patriotism, often interchange the harp of this poet's life as the years go by; and the listener is thrilled not only by the distinction, but by the ever-increasing depth, sweetness, and fervor of the melodies they evoke.

Mrs. Blake's poems of child-life are as good as Eugene Field's. She is unequalled among the women-poets who have written for and of children, except by Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. Her few love-poems are exquisitely tender and reticent.

In her narrative poems—idyls of humble domestic life, in which she is singularly happy—she often flashes into that delicate humor which is never very far from pathos, like the smile and the tear in the eyes of her native Erin; and, although she has proved her strength where many women but prove their weakness—in the treatment of patriotic themes—even here she is at her best in a poem like "Greeting," where the subjective note prevails.

"A great poem," said John Boyle O'Reilly of this "Greeting," a poem which Goldsmith, or Moore, or Mangan, would have been proud to call his own.

Mrs. Blake's prose-works include *On The Wing*, the record of a trip to California, which went through six large editions; *Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive*, written in conjunction with Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, with whom she sojourned for several months of 1885 in our neighbor Republic; and *A Summer Holiday in Europe.*

Mrs. Blake has since contributed many essays on social and ethical questions, and bits of travel, to the *North American Review*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Lippincott's*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Donahoe's*, and other magazines, in which her poems also have appeared.

Her prose style is clear and picturesque; and, as regards the technique of her poetry, she is one of the few, like Maurice F. Egan and Louise Imogen Guiney, who need never blush for evidences of haste or crudity in their youthful work.

Mrs. Blake has been the president of the Catholic Union Reading Club of Boston since its formation, in 1889; was one of the essayists at the first session of the Catholic Summer-school of America; has read charming papers, now and then, before

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the convent schools and literary societies in Boston and various New England cities and towns, as well as in New York and Chicago; is a good Latin and French scholar, and especially strong in the Spanish language and literature.

She comes of the old Celtic family of MacGrath, noted for its long tradition of scholarship and patriotism. Her first teacher and literary guide was her father, of whom she has written a most beautiful memoir.

Mary Elizabeth Blake has been for many happy years the wife of John S. Blake, one of Boston's leading physicians. To her five stalwart young sons and her one daughter, still a schoolgirl, she has been mother, comrade, and chief intellectual aid; her unusual culture, wide reading and observation, being first for them and next for literature.

The intimates of her lovely home, the sharers of her social life, love the woman even more than they admire the author, and often pay her this highest compliment that a woman of letters can receive:

"You might live with her a life-time without once hearing her exalt her own work, or disparage the work of another."

MISS MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN is one of the young writers of the West, and has much of the dash and originality that are the birthright of the Western Muse.

Born in Chicago, she received her education in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in that city and in St. Louis, and her aunt is one of the most valued and accomplished members of the order. This education has been continued in her father's house, which is lined with books and curios from attic to cellar, and in whose cozy "den" have gathered many of the history-making men and women of the day. Here the bright, eager girl has been the instant friend of every guest from far and near. She has won them by her ever-ready wit, enthusiasm, and *verve;* she has kept them by the sterling genuineness of her character.

Miss Onahan is a welcome contributor to each and all of the Chicago daily papers, and a number of her articles have been copied by the great dailies of New York. She believes that one of the important duties of American Catholics is to see that the church is done justice to, her charities, her teaching, her influence in that most tremendous of modern powers, the columns of the daily press.

She has also done regular editorial work for the Catholic papers, and articles from her versatile pen have appeared in a

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MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

number of magazines. These articles cover a wide range of subjects, literary, musical, philanthropic; but the ones in which she takes special interest are those telling of efforts for the practical betterment of the world, for, as one writer says of her: "'Molly' Onahan would take more pleasure in the approving whoop of a lot of 'newsies' than in prim congratulations from all the prelates of a general council."

Her work is the more effective because entirely free from obtrusive religiosity and air of controversial championship. She is constitutionally and everlastingly a bright, vivacious, sunshiny girl whose blue-stockingism is but one side of her character. She has also written verse, though she seldom owns up to it, and her papers at the Representative Women's and the Catholic Congress were among the best read.

Of her style Walter Lecky says: "Although the youngest of Chicago's literary coterie, she is a writer of marked ability. There is a graceful mingling of strength and delicacy in her writings. If she will have patience, learn to use the pruning-hook, her future is assured. The product of Ireland in America, a Celt in artistic environment—the only environment natural to a Celt—she points to what the Celt must be before another century lapses."

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE LAST DAYS OF FATHER HECKER.

(*From Le Père Hecker, par le Comte de Chambrol, in "Le Correspondant."*)

THE French religious papers and magazines have been devoting a great deal of space recently to character studies of Father Hecker. But three weeks ago there appeared from the press of Lecoffre, Paris, a translation of Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker* into French by Count de Chambrol, and already it is in its second edition. *La Quinzaine*, *La Revue du Clergé* have printed long reviews of the book. The French leaders are looking to America for many of their inspirations, and they find in Father Hecker the embodiment of ideas which bring them back to the purity and simplicity of the Gospel teaching.

In Father Hecker's last days there came over him at times a desolation of spirit which seemed to some, who know not the ways of God with men, an apparent forsaking by God. All was dark to him, and he seemed to cry out, Why am I forsaken? Count de Chambrol tells the story of these days as follows:

"This period" (that of the Vatican Council) "was the crowning point of Father Hecker's career. In Rome he became acquainted with the choice spirits then thronging thither, and in his letters and journals we find all the names that are dear to us. For his own part, he was amazed at finding himself well known, and his humility took the alarm; but he accepted his notoriety as useful to the cherished ideas which he expressed more boldly than ever.

"Thus it seemed as if Providence were putting tools into his hands for a long and glorious task. But Providence seldom acts in this way with those whom it has marked with the strange seal of sanctity.

"In 1871, a year after his return to New York, he was attacked by a terrible illness, which lasted sixteen years. Combining physical exhaustion with intellectual powerlessness, it slowly reduced this man of action to an inert life; this body of iron, which had exaggerated all austerities, to the trifles of the impotent; this joyous Christian to interior sadness. The noble athlete stood long on the defensive. Several journeys in Europe, and even in the Orient, were undertaken without affording either relief or cure. During these travels Father Hecker saw again the friends who had remained dear and loyal to him. Not Montalembert, alas! who had received him so cordially and to whom he remained attached until the end, but Monsignor Mermillod, the Abbé Dufresne, Madame Craven, and many others who, hearing him talk as ardently as ever of the beauties of the reign of the Holy Spirit in souls, were far from suspecting the spiritual trials of the speaker.

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"His biographer, Father Elliott, shows us these trials respectfully but without disguise; and, truly, the religious public in America for whom this recital was intended must be far advanced in spirituality, public opinion must be profoundly respectful for all that touches the conscience, to permit the author to unveil before it this instructive but austere picture.

"One might wonder whether this secret sadness of Father Hecker did not arise from a doubt concerning his work; whether, impassioned as he was for the authority of the church and the initiative of the individual soul, he did not tremble at the difficulty of the problem which consists in developing them simultaneously; whether his mind was not rent with the anguish produced by the opposing forces which equally attracted him; whether he did not behold obstacles arising on every side from the human passions which his confidence in man's innate rectitude had made him unwilling to contemplate; whether he did not weaken in view of a future for the church totally different from that which he had hoped for. Many an initiator of new ideas has suffered from such tortures.

"Nothing authorizes such a supposition. Neither in his letters, his notes, nor in his confidences to his friends does it appear that Father Hecker conceived any doubts of the verities acquired in his youth by such painful labor, and served with such faithful courage while he retained his vigor. Nor, for that matter, was there anything in his surroundings which could occasion such an inquietude. He beheld the American Church growing in strength and wisdom before God and men, and taking an ever larger place in the bosom of the universal church by the practice of the very doctrines which he preached; he saw a vigorous episcopate, the true *élite* of the national clergy, favoring the ideas and the writings of the Paulists and considering them as precious co-laborers; he saw his community, ever zealous, ever animated by his sentiments, even when he could no longer direct them personally, succeeding in their labors and extending them. A special work would be required to follow these fearless missionaries of the new method in their apostolate and their successes among Protestants.

"It must be recognized then: we stand here in presence of a special phenomenon well known in the life of all the great Catholic souls who have approached sanctity—interior desolation.

"Not the least curious nor least attractive chapter of this book is that in which this mystic fact appears, stamped with every characteristic of the lives of the saints of old, in this positive American world, in this free and modern intelligence. And it is well that it appeared there. Hecker happy to the very end, moving at ease in an unrestricted circle, might, after all, have seemed a free lance of the church, a Protestant camping out in Catholicity. Nothing of this sort could be dreaded when he also was signed with the cross; beyond a doubt he is of the lineage of the seers, who have always had to pay for their interior lights by indescribable sufferings. In the middle ages the cross was stamped on the money of all peoples; the effigy might be changed, the inscription be written in an unknown tongue; the cross was always there to indicate that the coin was good, the gold in it pure. It is still the cross which is the coin of every Christian work and thought. And when, on December 22, 1888, Father Hecker died surrounded by his weeping community; when this convinced apostle of Catholic submission and individual initiative saw the end of his sixteen years of misery approaching, those who had loved and admired him could say with confidence: "This was an American, because he always acted; this was a saint, because he never ceased to suffer."

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IT will be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that as far back as the year 1855 the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit dedicated to Right Rev. John N. Neumann a small volume, translated from the German, entitled the *Life of the Princess Borghese*, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury. The introduction to the work directed attention to the numerous specimens of this kind of literature in the German language, and expressed the hope that many of them would be translated to enrich Catholic biography in English, as works of this lighter class were more likely to do good than heavy and learned works of controversy. Father Hewit placed himself on record strongly against the founder of the established Church of England in these words, taken from his introduction:

"The picture presented in this biography is for many reasons worthy of an attentive study. It is most consoling to see, amid the dark scenes of treachery, sacrilege, and brutal cruelty, with which the annals of England have been stained since the time of the modern Nero, Henry VIII., an illustrious family like that of Shrewsbury preserving, like Ariel amid the hosts of Lucifer, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, their loyalty and faith, and love and zeal. They are a connecting link, we may hope, between the glorious old Catholic England of the past and the humbled, penitent Catholic England of a future not far distant.

"This noble woman is a model which the Catholic women of America, as well as those of England and Rome, would do well to study and imitate. The history of her childhood gives us a glimpse into the interior of a truly Catholic family; a family where, in the midst of rank and wealth, in the heart of a Protestant country, and surrounded by a Protestant aristocracy, the purest principles of Catholic faith, and the strictest rules of piety, governed and sanctified everything. . . . Who can fail to admire Gwendoline's unswerving attachment to her faith, and her immovable humility, amid the splendor of courts and the flatteries of the world; and particularly that signal instance in which she displayed these virtues in a manner so illustrious and so worthy of imitation by rejecting the hand of a prince of royal blood, simply because he was not a Catholic.

"The splendor of Gwendoline's rank and position casts a peculiar lustre on her virtues. Virtue is indeed the same in a lowly as in an exalted station. But human infirmity causes us for the most part to admire this jewel more when it has a brilliant setting. . . . Her actions present nothing singular, and her perfection consisted, not in doing uncommon things, but in doing common things uncommonly well. Only in one respect she seems to rise near the level of a St. Elizabeth, or a St. Frances of Rome. That is, in her charity to the poor and suffering. And it is precisely this active charity of the saints, as Father Faber remarks, which seems to be most imitable by Catholic women of the present day who aspire after holiness."

Father Hewit had many friends indebted to him for lucid explanations of Catholic truth, who knew him only through the printed page. This letter is a tribute from a woman to whom he was an intellectual benefactor: "It is with a feeling of deep personal loss that I venture to write my condolences on the death of Rev. Father Hewit. Though I never met him in life, he was nearer to me,

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and to a large number of Catholics, than friends whose material beings were near by us. By his soul we knew him, and as we try to express our sympathy with his immediate family, his dear Paulist Fathers, the loss to all the American Catholics is impressed on us. I never can see any sorrow in the death of a brave Christian, excepting in the want the church militant has for good men; yet selfish sorrow will creep in as we feel our personal loss."

The Columbian Reading Union department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has had the advantage of many wise suggestions from Father Hewit. He rejoiced to see the formation of Reading Circles especially devoted to the wider diffusion of Catholic literature. His approval was cheerfully given to the plans stated from time to time in these pages for providing a more liberal supply of the best works of fiction for young readers. During intervals of rest from more serious occupations he read with delight every historical novel worthy of note. On his recommendation *Dion and the Sybils* was published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and even after reading *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis*, he still regarded it as one of the very best specimens of historical fiction produced by any author of the century.

* * *

Miss Sara Trainer-Smith, of Philadelphia, has written an estimate based on long observation of the results that are evidently due to the work of Catholic Reading Circles. It is here given for that large number who need an impetus from Philadelphia:

It seems but a short time since we first heard of the Reading Circle movement, yet it has so developed and taken such a hold on those who entered into it with spirit that it has become a part of our educational system, and a most admirable part. The season has arrived for the annual receptions, assemblies, etc., of the different circles as a whole, and each year of the four which have been so marked has shown a steady strengthening, and growing understanding, of the object of the Reading Circles. We have undoubtedly a clever generation of young women now stepping forward into the world's active arena. They have taken up new lines of study, and have fallen into the habits of students far more readily than any one could have anticipated, and there is a change in them most satisfactory to those who have the opportunity to observe the new channels of thought, and the new subjects of conversation which are coming more and more to the fore. In Philadelphia the clergy have been most kind and patient in the interest they have shown. Not only have they pointed out the paths of study and research which must be pursued, but they have made the meetings most interesting by discussion and explanation. There are scores of young girls in Philadelphia to-day who have been brought from the vague and formless intuitions of a faith they have accepted as their parents' faith to the clearer understanding and sincere adherence of an intelligent and appreciative Catholic, through these Reading Circle meetings. This is of far more importance than the acquisition of a cultured taste and a nineteenth-century readiness to use the pen and twist the best English into original and striking "papers." There has been a great deal of that done, of course, and there has been more than the usual percentage of really good and sound matter among these papers.

The last winter was less amusing than the winter of 1895–96, but it was as fruitful of results. Dr. Loughlin has been at his post and as inspiring as ever, for his learning, his pleasant manner, and his evident earnestness in the matter are certainly inspiring. To his untiring perseverance we attribute our advance in this direction, for kind and forbearing as are the other priests, I believe Dr.

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Loughlin had the most faith in our ability and ambition—the faith which urged him to give to our young women such a noble chance. They have nobly responded to his exertions. This year's work closed on the evening of the 27th of May, when the reception of the Archdiocesan Reading Circle Union to his Grace Archbishop Ryan was given in Horticultural Hall. The first reception was held in the hall of Notre Dame Convent four years ago, and there was plenty of room for the attendance. Horticultural Hall is a vast and beautiful place of assemblage, and its wider sweep and loftier height is but typical of the growth mentally of the circles. Dante is no longer a very misty personage, and his work a myth to them. Milton has stepped from the mustiest shelf of the bookcase, and is now a familiar. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, even far-away Piers Plowman, are all more than mere names. And in history, church or secular, the girls now know where to go to find what they do not know or to make sure of what they do. That a good deal of information was needed in certain quarters I am sure. I solemnly declare that I heard an Irish-American girl—pretty, well-dressed, and easy-mannered—ask another girl at a "Moore evening," in a tone of utter, innocent ignorance: "Who was Moore, anyway? I don't know anything about the old fellow; do you? What kind of songs did he write?" She knew before the "evening" ended, and she seemed very much pleased, and quite disgusted with her former state. If I had not heard it myself, I never could have believed in such ignorance anywhere in the United States. Of the deeper matters of literature many and many a woman or man may be ignorant and feel no shame; but of the heart-songs and home-lyrics of this century, how can it be possible? Verily, Reading Circles which work at the deeper matters and make their recreations the lighter and more familiarly genial work of the poets deserve a warm encomium.

* * *

Here is a question for some of the publishers: Where can copies be procured of

Thalia, or Arianism and the Council of Nice, by the Abbé Bayle, author of the *Pearl of Antioch;*

Cineas, or Rome under Nero, by J. M. Villefranchi;

Tigranes, a tale of the days of Julian the Apostate, abridged from the Italian of Rev. J. J. Francho, S.J.;

Simon Peter and Simon Magus, a legend of the early days of Christianity in Rome, by the Rev. J. J. Francho, S.J.;

The last Cæsars of Byzantium?

In answer to an inquirer, we would state that, besides the compendium of Lingard by Burke, a history of England for the young was compiled by the Sisters of the Holy Child and published by Mr. P. F. Cunningham, of Philadelphia.

Our friends, J. A. M., of New Zealand, and J. A. C., of Arizona, should send for a sample copy of the *Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio, U. S. A.

* * *

Patrons of good literature will be delighted to know that the one thousand dollar prize story, completed in October, 1894, by Florence Morse Kingsley, of Staten Island, N. Y., has already reached a sale of 500,000 copies. It is called *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross*, and is sent, postpaid, at five cents a copy by the David C. Cook Publishing Co., 36 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. The book is furnished in library binding, three hundred pages, finely illustrated, for one dollar.

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The perennial falsehood about Luther and the Bible has been again repeated in print. Rev. A. Henderson, P.S.M., very promptly gathered the facts which are here presented from the column of Notes and Queries in the New York *Sun*: The first German printed Bible issued from the Mentz press about 1462. Another version appeared in 1466, two copies of which are still preserved in the Senatorial Library at Leipsic. In the famous Biblical collection of the King of Würtemburg, at Stuttgart, there were twenty-seven different editions of the Bible in German printed before Luther's, besides the two in the library at Leipsic. Commenting on these facts, the *Athenæum* of December 22, 1883, observes: "It is time we should hear no more of Luther as the first German Bible translator and of his translation as an independent work from the original Greek." As to the English versions of the Bible, we have no less an authority than that of Sir Thomas More for saying that "the whole Bible was long before Wycliffe's days, by virtuous and well-learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read." Again, on another occasion, he says: "The clergy keep no Bibles from the laity but such translations as be either not yet approved for good or such as be already reproved for naught (bad), as Wycliffe's was. For as to the old ones that were before Wycliffe's days, they remain lawful and be in some folk's hands." I take these quotations from the work of a Protestant writer, the Rev. E. Cutts, D.D. (*Turning Points of English Church History*, pp. 200, 201, published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge). Other Protestant authorities, as well as Catholic, I could quote to the same effect were it necessary.

Father Henderson's letter is a concise statement of the facts, which, however, are not set forth in the cyclopædias. *Johnson's Cyclopædia* alone suggests that there were earlier translations than those of Wycliffe and Luther. Professor M. F. Valette declares that there were twenty-two European versions of the Bible, which had passed through seventy editions, before Luther's version.

M. C. M.

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B. HERDER, St. Louis:

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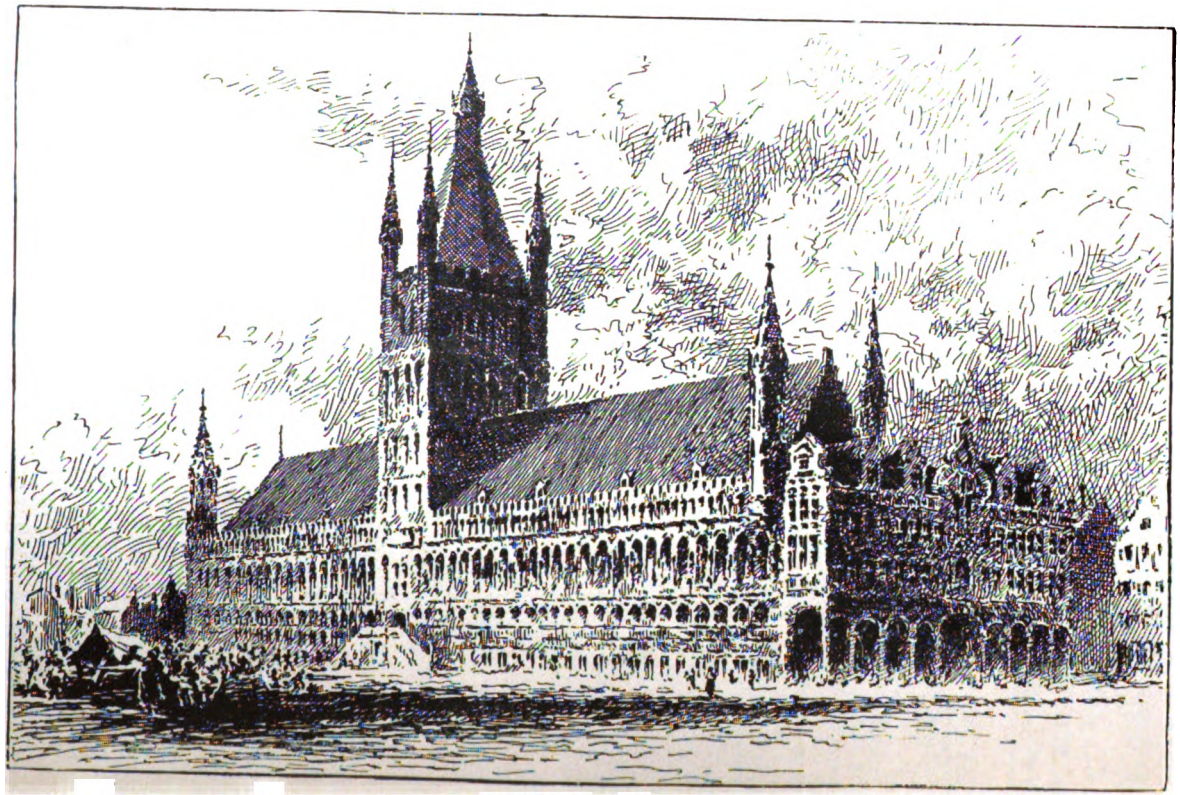

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXV. SEPTEMBER, 1897. NO. 390.

SOCIALISM AND CATHOLICISM.

BY REV. FRANCIS W. HOWARD.

THE spirit of inquiry prevailing in our day is largely directed to the work of ascertaining and describing the laws of physical nature, but the same spirit of inquiry is directed with increasing zest towards the task of investigating the laws of social phenomena. The purposes of this inquiry, so far as it is directed towards the laws of human society, are to understand the actual operation of social causes, and also the mode in which those laws may be modified so as to promote social well-being. This study of social causes, therefore, leads to two distinct classes of theories in regard to society, namely: those which may be called destructive, which describe evils that exist and remedies which should be applied; and those which are mainly constructive, in that they point out the ways in which men must act if they wish to use the best means to promote the welfare of human beings living together in civil society.

SOCIALISM VERSUS RELIGION.

The broad difference between socialism and religion, so far as they both deal with the problem of social welfare, may be said to consist in this. Socialism sees the evils existing in society; the strongest part of its theory is found in its exposition and bitter denunciation of existing social abuses; it sees no hope in the continuance of existing relations, and it has

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often exhibited in its practical manifestations a tendency to destroy rather than to construct. The teaching of religion, however, is that the well-being of society can result only from the individual and social observation of moral laws; that where the law of conscience reigns, social well-being is a natural consequence; and where unrest and turbulence and social disorder exist, these conditions are due to the failure on the part of individuals or of communities to observe the higher laws. Socialism would reform society by introducing a perfect industrial system, by organizing the division of labor and the co-operation of the various classes in as perfect a way as may be known to man's intelligence, and it relies solely on the powers of legislation to effect its purpose. Religion sees something higher in human society than an ideal distribution of commodities, and in its efforts to uplift humanity it appeals to conscience and the sentiments of justice existing in the hearts of men.

It is well said by an eminent French economist that "the social problem is before all things a religious and moral problem. It is not a question of stomachs; it is quite as much, and more perhaps, a spiritual question—a question of the soul. Social reform can only be accomplished by means of moral reform. In order to raise the life of the people, we must raise the soul of the people. In order to reform society, we must reform man—reform the rich, reform the poor, reform the workman and reform the master, and give back to each of them what is at present lacking equally in each of them—a Christian spirit" (P. Leroy Beaulieu, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December, 1891).

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

It has become customary to speak of "the social problem" of our age, and the phrase as commonly used is an extremely indefinite one. Nearly every one to-day who thinks about or discusses matters of social import formulates his theory of them as a problem of some kind, and the phrase "social problem" usually means for him his own problem regarding that particular phase of social activity which has occupied his attention. Thus the phrase "social problem" sums up many minor problems. It is evident to reflecting persons that special attention is directed in our time to the problems connected with the industrial economy of society, to the problem of wages, the growth of machinery, the concentration of capital; and all these problems are conveniently summed up and denoted by the phrase

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in question. To give an exact definition of what is meant by the social problem would be a difficult task. A definition would be meaningless to those who have not thought on the subject for themselves, and for those who have reflected on the problems of modern society no definition would be sufficiently comprehensive.

The social problem may be said to have a political side and an economic side. On the political side the social problem is the problem of democracy as we have it in our civilization, and on the economic side the most important phase of the social problem is manifested in the great modern movement of socialism. These two sides are very intimately related, and no one can thoroughly grasp the significance of the problem of our age unless he sees these two movements in their mutual relations. The theoretical socialists claim that their system is but the consequence of political democracy, and the extension of its principles to the economic system of society.

THE MOVEMENT OF DEMOCRACY.

The great movement of democracy may be said to be a movement towards political equality. The struggle for democracy is essentially a struggle for political power. There have been great extensions of the power of the people during this century, and once a step in advance has been gained it has not subsequently been lost. Carlyle has said: "Universal democracy, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live; and he who has any chance to instruct or lead in his days must begin by admitting that."

Many have affected surprise at the frankness with which the movement of democracy has been regarded by the church. But the leading social principle of Christianity is, that all men are equal in the sight of God; and the theory that men should be equal in the sight of the law, which is the basis of sound political democracy, is a derivation from the principle of Christianity. There is also to-day a movement towards equality of opportunity. Its basis is that man should develop the capacity originally given to him and should not be thwarted in this work by the efforts of his fellow-men. There are many influences tending to bring about this equality of opportunity, and the existence and public support of popular education seem to be the tacit recognition that democracy owes, so far as is practicable, equality of opportunity to all the citizens. Thus far

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it may be said that democracy bases its theory on man's rights as a moral being.

Socialism, as distinct from democracy, is a theory of economic equality, and it aims at securing perfect equality in the distribution of material goods. It is not easy to ascertain what any particular writer means by perfect economic equality. The more reasonable socialists—such as the eminent Von Ketteler in Germany, and the "Christian socialists" in England of twenty years ago—often interpret this equality to mean no more than equality of opportunity. But there is no sufficient justification for regarding economic equality, understood in any other sense, as a consequence of political equality; for equality of men before the law has its basis in the moral nature of man, while in equality in the distribution and possession of material goods has its primary ethical justification in the original natural inequality of the capacities and abilities of men. Socialism is a movement which, whether for good or for evil, has profoundly affected modern thought. The church has been brought into relations with this movement at many points, and the study of the relations of the church to modern socialism is a study of great importance. The church finds in this movement many things to condemn, some to tolerate, and some to approve. To say, in general, that the church condemns or approves socialism would not be accurate, except in cases where a particular doctrine has been termed socialism and condemned as such. The term has been made too inclusive, and, as has been pointed out, over one hundred and fifty definitions of the term have been given. The movement has of late years been modified to a great extent, but it will continue to be of living interest for a long time.

Socialism may be regarded in two ways: as a philosophical theory of society and the end of man, and as a mere theory regarding the industrial organization of society. The criticism of socialism, regarded as a system of philosophy, is mainly ethical, while socialism, as an economic theory, is to be criticised from the stand-point of economic science.

SOCIALISM WITHOUT RELIGION.

There has been in the past an intimate alliance between the theory of socialism and materialism.* Socialism is not a mere theory about the collective control of the means of production.

* By materialism we mean that theory which denies intelligence in the ruling of the universe, and ignores Providence.

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Socialism, as we find it explained in the writings of its leading exponents, such as Marx and Engels, assumes that man is but a chapter of accidents, and that he subserves part of no higher purpose in the world. A man is on the earth but a brief period of time, and his life is an error if he fails to obtain the greatest quantum of satisfaction for his desires. It is plain that if a man gives up his belief in Providence and in the future life, his conduct will be governed by a new set of principles, and hence a democracy without religion will be dominated by a passion for material well-being. Here may be pointed out the difference between the ideal of modern socialism and the socialism of Christian communities, particularly those of early times. Modern socialism aims at obtaining the greatest amount of satisfaction for the greatest amount of desire. The religious communities aimed at the repression of desire. Socialist theories, also, are largely based on the utilitarian theory of ethics. Acts are to be judged by their consequences rather than from the motives by which they were prompted, and conscience itself is regarded as no more than inherited experiences of social utility. The violent attacks of socialists on the rights of property are all based on this assumption. Property is not regarded as a right which comes from man's nature as a moral being, but is regarded as a mere social convention. All rights are supposed to originate from the state, and not merely to be guaranteed by the state. This is certainly not an unfair account of socialism as a philosophical system, as we find it in the writings of the ablest of the socialists.

Socialism, therefore, is not a mere theory regarding the economic organization of society, but it is a theory regarding the nature of society and the end of man. This is also by far the most important aspect of the subject, and it is to socialism as thus understood that the opposition of the church is mainly directed. A system comes to be characterized from the resulting tendency of all its tendencies, and socialism has been in large part an attempt to substitute a new ideal of human life for the ideal of religion. To speak of Catholic socialism, therefore, is an attempt to join two incongruous ideas. With socialism as above explained there has been and can be no compromise on the part of the church. The church has higher business in the world than to teach men to obtain as much satisfaction as they can. Active socialists often attend only to their economic programme and overlook their principles; but the principles which govern men's actions alone are important, and

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the church points out and insists that if men start from wrong principles and seek a reconstruction of society, they would, even if successful in their immediate aim, find that they had but grasped Dead Sea fruit.

SOCIALISTS MUST LOOK TO PRINCIPLES.

Leo XIII. has clearly perceived the dangers that come from a strong movement for material well-being, unless it is governed by sound principles. The actions of men will not be conducive to social welfare unless they are dominated by the higher ideals. The pursuit of wealth is but a minor end of human life. Art, science, and religion are the three highest aims of human endeavor, and it is only the ideal of religion that can harmonize and give due proportion to the minor ends of man's existence. Leo XIII. has pointed out the defects that are inherent in socialism as a theory of society. But his teaching is not merely valuable for its criticism, or its merely negative side. His positive teaching is of the greatest value, and he demonstrates that the desire for material well-being is perfectly legitimate, and that it is the duty of the leaders of society to foster and encourage this movement, and that it should be influenced by the spirit of religion. Material prosperity will be all the more conducive to social well-being, and to social cohesion, if men inspired by religious convictions and high moral ideals lead the way.

But for the most part socialism, as popularly discussed, is regarded as an economic system. It proposes the perfect organization of the industrial system of society, and the collective control of all the means of production. Under the *régime* of socialism the state would be the universal provider and the sole capitalist. The formation of trusts and the concentration of capital in few hands are tendencies which are viewed with apprehension by many, but with favor by the socialists, for they argue that each step in this direction is an advance towards the complete realization of the economy proposed by socialism. It would not be feasible here to enter into any extended examination of the socialist position, but one or two considerations of importance may be briefly indicated.

In the first place, this movement towards concentration is confined to certain kinds of industry, and it is by no means as pronounced a tendency, as a general characteristic of modern industry, as many are apt to believe. The movement towards concentration appears in those industries which satisfy the

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necessary wants, and involve large investments of fixed capital. But as civilization progresses men look for higher and newer kinds of excellence. Life grows more qualitative and refined, and men demand products which require intelligence rather than mere mechanical skill. We find that as some industries become organized others develop, and this is a process which will continue. This is the movement we call progress. It is very likely that an inquiry into the facts will show that there has been no decrease in the total number of establishments in the larger cities. Mr. Mallock asserts that in London there has been an increase of eleven per cent. greater than the increase of population in a period of ten years.

This brings us to the second criticism of the economic theory of socialism, namely, that socialism exaggerates the importance of the *rôle* played by commodities in the industrial activity of society. Economic or exchange goods consist of commodities and services. As civilization develops, mere commodities, or material things in which labor has been embodied, constitute a relatively smaller proportion of the total exchanges which take place in society. Exchanges of goods become exchanges of services. Higher forms of labor, skill, and ability develop. This organization of some industries, therefore, only makes possible a higher specialization in others. Socialism sees only one part of the changes going on in society, and there is no reason to believe that all industries will be perfectly organized and brought under unified control until everybody is exactly alike in their wants and in their modes of satisfying those wants.

Socialism as an economic system, therefore, and in so far as it does not affect the right of property, is very largely a matter of expediency. That there is a tendency to frame a unified management and operation in many industries is certain, and there has also been a parallel movement towards a stricter state regulation in regard to these industries; but there does not seem to be any valid reason to believe that this centralizing tendency can ever become a general characteristic of all industry.

To sum up in a word: socialism, as a philosophy, cannot in any way be reconciled with Catholicism, and socialism, as an economic system, can hardly be reconciled with the facts of industrial life and the principles of economic science.

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THE HUMDRUM STORY OF A TIRED WOMAN.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

MRS. MARJORIBANKS shook her duster out of the window into the syringa-bush, laden with fragrant blossoms. Her house stood back from the street, and had an asphalt walk dividing its neat little lawn, a remnant of the days when the street, instead of being one of solid brick blocks in the middle of a busy city, had been a street of individual houses in a peaceful town.

Mrs. Marjoribanks had been left a widow with an only child, this house, and an income of a little less than a thousand a year. It required close economy and much sacrifice to live on this in a manner suitable to her birth and breeding as a gentlewoman; but by the exercise of care, by dint of doing her own housework, and by giving up all thought of her own pleasure, Mrs. Marjoribanks had made the sum suffice for the preservation of a home wherein was daintiest refinement, artistic feeling, and plenty of books, if none of the splendor which a larger income might have allowed.

And now she was sixty, and her daughter past twenty-five; and Mrs. Marjoribanks was tired.

She gently freed her duster from the syringa-bush with which it had become entangled, and sighed as she knelt to wipe the dust from the claw feet of her old-fashioned mahogany chairs.

"I'm so tired, Eva," she said suddenly, sinking down on the floor, "that it seems to me sometimes that I can't go on another day."

But Miss Marjoribanks did not hear. She was hurrying to finish a note, and was so used to her mother's saying that she was tired that the words came to her ears like an old refrain with very little meaning. She sealed her note and sprang up, saying: "There, I've told Mrs. Woods that I'd take charge of buying the candy and decorations for the festival. I think that is enough for one person to do."

"You do a great deal, Eva; I really don't understand how you have strength for it. I feel that you aren't able to undertake so much," said her mother.

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Something of the weariness in her mother's delicate face and the weakness in her voice struck Eva Marjoribanks with a passing pang.

"Do you feel ill, mother?" she asked.

"No, only good for nothing," said Mrs. Marjoribanks, rising and trying to speak cheerfully. "Every morning I feel as though I could not get through the day, but I always do—after a fashion. There are a good many steps to be taken, Eva, and by the time I have gotten breakfast, made the beds, washed the dishes, and swept and dusted, I feel exhausted. I suppose I am not growing stronger as I grow older. Are you going out, dear?"

"Yes, I am going to see that poor woman whom they gave me to visit at the Associated Charities, and I may run down to see how Alice is; the poor thing is so lonely since her baby died," Miss Marjoribanks answered, going toward the door. "I'll send you home half a dozen of that malt that helped you last year. You are getting run down. And don't do so much; lie down and rest till luncheon."

"Lie down and rest!" echoed Mrs. Marjoribanks, as her daughter shut the door. "I wonder what would become of the house if I left everything undone? Dear Eva!" she added, as her daughter waved her hand to her as she hastened down the walk, "how useful she is! and I never did anything for any one in all my life."

Eva Marjoribanks was indeed a useful person; both in parochial and private works of charity she was untiring. Her mother had become a Catholic in her girlhood, and Eva was born in the church. Her friends pointed out the difference between the sweet piety of the girl and the lukewarmness of her mother. Very few days found the daughter absent from Mass, while Mrs. Marjoribanks was often missing even on Sunday. She was such a reserved woman that no one knew that she was too exhausted from Friday's sweeping and Saturday's baking to take the walk from her own door to the church, and Eva's lightly uttered, "Mother is not very well to-day," was accepted as an effort on the girl's part to conceal her mother's indifference. No one saw the slow steps, the frequent pauses for breath on the stairs, the thin face drawn by the pain in the tortured head, with which Mrs. Marjoribanks went about her duties on Sunday morning, while Eva went to help in the choir.

Nor did Eva herself ever realize that if she had not sat so

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tenderly and sympathetically reading to poor old blind Betty all Saturday forenoon, but had taken her mother's place in the kitchen, her mother could have gone to Mass too. As it was, Eva felt the unspoken opinion of her friends, and had a latent suspicion herself that she cared more for the sweet practices of her faith than did her mother. "After all, there is something in inheriting faith, I suppose," she said to herself, "and poor mamma's Protestant blood tells." Mrs. Marjoribanks' inheritance told, in her reticence in all that related to herself, and not even her daughter guessed the depth of that piety which sought no outward expression, but enabled her to lay down everything that would have been for her comfort alone.

No one receives less justice, even from those who love her, than the woman who is never well, yet is never downright ill. It becomes so much a matter of course that she should be unequal to her daily efforts, that no one guesses the martyrdom of their constant renewal, and the aching head and weary flesh become so thoroughly a part of her life that an augmentation of her suffering is not a matter of much concern to any one. There is an unspoken feeling that though she may be ill, she never dies, and her frequent little sicknesses attract slight attention. It is only when her tired body rests at last that those who watched her daily struggles realize suddenly how great they were, and feel with a pang that too late they know how they might have spared her, and did not.

Eva Marjoribanks was not exactly selfish, and was far from cruel. Her piety was sincere of its kind; but it was self-centred, although no one knew it to be so. She would take no end of trouble to help others. She walked miles to visit the poor, and was not only gracious and sweetly sympathetic to the lowly, but ready to listen with untiring interest to the confidences of bores of her own class, and ever willing to help by advice or labor any one in any sort of difficulty. She melted into tears at the sight of suffering and moral degradation; she recognized the claim on human love and pity of our dumb "little brothers," and would put herself out to any extent to relieve a suffering brute. But though her eyes rested on her mother's worn face many times a day, the mute appeal of her weakness alone never touched her.

Eva had a class in Sunday-school, sewed for the poor in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, helped zealously in parish library work, fairs, and all schemes for increased usefulness and prosperity. What wonder that so busy a girl had no time for

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household employments, or came home so weary that her mother often had to bring her tea to her as she sat, and put away the cloak and hat that she was too tired to hang up?

Miss Marjoribanks hastened down the street on her errands of mercy. She found the poor woman sullen and distrustful, and set herself to win her confidence, succeeding so completely that at the end of half an hour her gentle tact had put her in possession of the poor creature's story, and she was weeping softened and hopeful tears, called forth by her visitor's kindness.

"God bless you, miss!" she said, as Eva rose to go, with assurances of help and words of comfort. "It's a lighter heart you've given me the day than I ever thought to have again."

With her steps sped by this blessing, Eva went to see the friend bereft of her baby. As she sat holding the poor mother's hand, and watching her face with her own eyes filled with tears, suddenly her friend's head drooped on her shoulder, and she sobbed out a story that took away Eva's breath with surprise and pity—a story of a mistaken marriage, of a fate hard to bear.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, dear Eva," said her friend, after she had been soothed and strengthened by Eva's loving counsel and sympathy. "You have such a genius for helping others that I have told you what I thought never to have told any one, and you have already made my burden lighter."

Eva stopped on her way home to report her case at the Associated Charities, where the board was in session and welcomed her with warmest cordiality. "I said if we could give the case to dear Miss Marjoribanks she would open the woman's lips," said the vice-president. "No one can resist her; she is like sunshine wherever she goes."

Eva went home with all this praise warming her heart like wine, and feeling that it really was deserved. "What a happy morning this has been for me, that I have been able to console two suffering hearts!" she thought, and she walked quickly, humming a gay little tune, rejoicing in the good she had done, and, though she did not realize it, enjoying still more the power and admiration it brought her.

She found her mother putting the last touches to the lunch-table, walking slowly from the kitchen to the dining-room, resting a hand on the back of the chairs as she passed them as if needing their support. She looked ill, but Eva did not see it.

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"O mamma! I've had such a busy forenoon, and I really have been able to do some good, I think," she cried gaily. "But I'm thoroughly tired. Would you mind just taking these things for me?"

Her mother accepted the hat and jacket in silence. When she returned from the hall she said sadly: "You are always doing something for somebody, dear; I have never done in all my life what you do in one week."

"Oh! well, you are so shy and quiet, perhaps you couldn't if you tried," said the daughter in a tone of kindly patronage. "I am not the one to be hidden, and you are not the kind to go outside yourself."

"I was not always so dull and stupid, Eva," said Mrs. Marjoribanks. "I think I'm so tired all the time that I could not talk if I tried."

Eva laughed lightly. "You're not eating any luncheon; why is that?" she said.

"I'm too tired to eat," her mother answered.

"What makes you so tired? Did you rest after I went out?" the daughter demanded. Mrs. Marjoribanks shook her head.

"Why not, pray?"

"Why, Eva, how could I?" her mother asked, half fretfully. "The tradesmen came for orders, and then came back with the things. And the iceman came, and I had all the morning work to finish. I did think that I could rest for half an hour, and threw myself down on the library couch; but after I had lain there ten minutes the postman rang, and you know there is no one else to answer the door. So I got up; and then I remembered having left the morning milk in the kitchen and I took it down the cellar, and then it was time to quicken the kitchen fire and get luncheon."

"Poor mother! I suppose you'll always go on making mountains of mole-hills," sighed Eva. "You should rest more."

"Mountains of mole-hills! The work is to be done; I don't invent it!" cried her mother.

"Well, I'll tell you: you're getting run down, and you need some little luxuries. I'll order wine for you, and go without the new dress I was to get; you know I don't mind one bit, for I care so little for dress."

"I know, my dear; but as long as you go about so much you must be well dressed," said her mother. "It does not matter about me, because I stay at home; but it is of conse-

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quence that you should look well. No, my dear, get the dress; but since you are so unselfish toward your poor old mother, I'll ask you something that I have been dreading to speak of, and would not mention now if I were not afraid of breaking down. I'd like to have you give up your table at the fair next month, and perhaps help me occasionally a little here in the house. There really is too much for one pair of hands to do, and I'd be very glad if you thought that you could give me a lift now and then." Eva's face clouded.

"Why, mother, how can I give up the table?" she cried. "They depend upon me, and it is absolutely impossible. I'll help you, if you want me to, but don't forget how busy I am. And don't get imaginative about yourself. You're not ill; there's nothing at all the matter with you, only you're not strong." Mrs. Marjoribanks smiled, with a strange look in her eyes.

"I promise not to imagine anything, Eva," she said. "Can you tell me how to imagine that I am young and strong?"

But she said no more, and Eva forgot the conversation—forgot it so completely that after lunch she went away to rest, and left her mother to take away the luncheon and wash the dishes. She had a table at the fair, and at the end of the first week it proved that, though the fair was throughout a superlative success, Miss Marjoribanks' table had made the largest returns.

Eva was very happy, but very tired; she found that she could only attend to her wearisome tasks each afternoon and evening by resting in absolute quiet all the morning. Mrs. Marjoribanks had never again expressed a desire to have her daughter give up her charge, and bore her burden silently—a burden which daily grew so heavy that each night she lay down wondering if she could resume it in the morning. Eva had forgotten all about the request so gently made that solitary time, and was too busy to see the daily failure of her mother's feeble strength. She only regretted that her mother was so little interested in her work that she made no effort to go to the bazaar to see how tastefully her table was arranged, and how bright and pretty the whole hall looked.

At the end of the first week Eva came home on Saturday night, attended by her friends who were engaged in the same work of charity.

"Good night, my dear," said the lady whose esteem Eva most coveted, as she left her at the gate of her old-fashioned

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home. "Good night, and rest all day to-morrow in preparation for next week's triumphs; for of all indefatigable, self-forgetting, splendid girls you have proved the best through these long, hard days."

"Oh! I don't think that I have done anything," cried Eva; "but my body does feel that a little rest would be welcome."

A light burned in the library as she ran up the walk, but her mother did not come to meet her as usual. Letting herself in with her key, Eva pushed open the heavy door and lifted the portière of the library. Her mother sat before the fire, a closed book on her knee, her head drooping on one shoulder. "Poor mother, she got sleepy in the warmth," thought Eva, and tip-toed over to her. She laid her hand on her shoulder, and then the whole room rang with her cry: "Mamma, mamma, speak to me!" For the first time in her twenty-seven years of life her mother was deaf to her appeal, but a faint fluttering beneath the finger which she laid upon her pulse allayed her first fear, for it showed that her mother was not dead. Eva brought brandy from the closet and forced it between the white lips, and in a few moments Mrs. Marjoribanks opened her eyes and looked dully at her daughter.

"Are you ill, mamma? Were you faint?" asked Eva, kneeling by her.

"I think I fainted," her mother murmured. "I'm not ill; only exhausted."

"Come upstairs and go to bed," Eva said, gently raising her.

Mrs. Marjoribanks leaned heavily on her daughter's shoulder. "I am afraid I can't get there, Eva," she said.

It was nearly an hour before she could get her mother to her room and at rest for the night.

"I'm not ill, dear; don't be frightened. I am only tired," she said.

In the morning Mrs. Marjoribanks tried to rise, but fell back half-fainting. Eva was startled as she saw her pale face when she entered.

"Not rested yet, mamma?" she asked. Her mother's white lips parted in a smile.

"I shall never be rested again till I sleep for ever," she said.

Eva sent for the doctor in spite of her mother's protests.

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"I am not ill; only tired," she repeated, "and the doctor cannot help me while the conditions of my life remain the same."

Eva made beef-tea while she waited for the doctor. She was not anxious about her mother, because she felt sure that she was not ill in any way, and she was accustomed to her being tired. "She is only overdone a little," she thought, "and will be all right again soon." And she thought regretfully of her vacant place in the choir, and planned a slight change which she would make in her dress to wear at the fair the following evening.

The doctor looked grave as he stood beside Mrs. Marjoribanks' bed, holding her thin hand, counting her feeble, irregular pulse, and listening to her quick, light breathing. He wrote a prescription, and then another.

"This is to stimulate the heart's action, and this is a tonic," he said, handing them to Eva in succession. "Your mother must have absolute rest here in bed, and constant nursing, beef-tea, stimulants, nourishment, all that she can bear."

"Doctor, I must get up to-morrow and go about my duties!" cried Mrs. Marjoribanks with something like energy. "Eva has her table at the fair, and as she did not feel that she could refuse to take it when I asked her to, she certainly cannot stay away now that she has assumed the charge."

The doctor looked at Eva with extreme disfavor. "There is no choice. Miss Marjoribanks will be obliged to exercise some of her well-known charity toward her mother. We have had about enough of your vicarious good works anyway, Mrs. Marjoribanks; but now there is absolutely no choice. You could no more go down those stairs than you could walk to Rome for Vespers in St. Peter's this afternoon. Come here a moment, Miss Marjoribanks; I have something to tell you," the doctor said as Eva followed him down-stairs, and he led the way into the library. "You must pardon some very stern but necessary truths from me. The doctor and the priest have to say disagreeable things very often, and the doctor has this advantage, that he speaks from his own knowledge and observation, while the priest has only to judge from what he is told, and even very well-meaning people are horribly self-deluded. You have been one of this class for a long time. I am sure that you have felt that you were playing a saint's part, and your mother is so silent and unselfish that no one knew that you walked on her flesh and nerves to your charitable work. I have long seen that she was killing herself by inches, and wondered at your

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blindness, though I had no right to speak until I was called upon.

"It is largely her own fault, as it is always the fault of these self-immolating women who never utter a complaint, but gladly assume everybody's burdens, that their families are selfishly inconsiderate. I suppose my inward protest has been the only dissentient voice in the chorus of praise of your zeal and charity; but I think every work that you have had the credit of doing was really done by those weary hands upstairs, which slaved that you might be free to live your life as you would. And I think that little hidden woman will have all the merit of every good act of yours, with all the additional glory of her silent forbearance and the false estimate of her neighbors. And you, my child, must find all the consolation you can in the remembrance that you did not realize what you did, because of established habit. But your work was vicarious charity, done by your mother, whose burdens you never dreamed of lightening while you went abroad to do good. You may think I speak severely, but I see enough in my professional work of mothers martyring themselves that their children may be free, and sometimes I think every American daughter has moral ophthalmia. Your mother can never be well again; she is so very ill that I fear she may even never rise again from that bed."

Eva had listened to the stern yet kind old man in stunned silence, but at these words she uttered a little moan.

"There is no disease," the doctor continued, "but she is exhausted, and the fires of her life are nearly burned out for lack of fuel. Put all thought of outside charities away, and do your utmost to compensate that lonely, unselfish, sweet woman for your life-long blindness and neglect."

Poor Eva did not venture back to her mother's bedside till long after the doctor had gone. She needed time to gather together her bewildered and tortured senses to be able to take her place as nurse with the cheerfulness necessary to the patient's welfare.

For days there was no change in Mrs. Marjoribanks; her strength had been taxed far beyond its powers, and nothing could supply that which had gone from her. Through the long hours in which she sat by the bedside, looking at the thin, worn face, with her newly aroused vision, Eva wondered how she could have failed to see the lines of pain coming which were now so plainly printed there before her eyes. With an

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agony of compunction which, it seemed to her, would drive her mad, she recalled the thousand and one occasions when she had taxed her weary mother to serve her, had left her alone hours and days, busy beyond the chance to rest, while she went to read to some poor woman who could not need her as her mother needed her. She remembered the mute appeals to her mercy and help which she would have seen if a suffering dog had shown them to her, yet which from her mother passed unheeded.

"Ah, God!" she gasped, and the tightening band of pain around her heart left no breath to add, "be merciful to me a sinner!" "Because I never cared for gaiety and dress, because I found pleasure in works of mercy, I thought that I was good; but selfishness is following one's own path at the expense of another, and what does it matter where it leads?" thought poor tortured Eva.

At last Mrs. Marjoribanks rested. The end was so gentle that Eva, sitting by her, did not know for several minutes that it had come. The doctor had said that there was no hope, and the last Sacraments had been administered on the previous day. It was as the doctor had said—the fires of her life had burned out, and the exhausted body could not be raised again to even a little of its frail strength. Silently, quietly as she had lived, the gentle woman slipped away to the rest that she craved. Eva took the worn hands and crossed them on her breast. Her own were white and fair, and her mother's were stained and battered that they might be so. She could not weep, but her body was shaken by her long, gasping sobs.

"I killed you, mamma, by neglect and selfishness! But I loved you. O mamma, mamma! now you can never know how I loved you. Come back just one moment, mamma, and see it!"

But her mother smiled, resting at last for ever, and Eva was alone with memory.

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MAIN ALTAR OF ST. PETER'S.—ENTRANCE TO CRYPT IS BY STAIRWAY UNDER THE STATUE OF ST. VERONICA, AT LEFT.

IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S.

AMONG the many hallowed spots with which eternal Rome abounds; among its basilicas and mediæval churches, its ruins eloquent of the mighty past, there is one quiet shrine which stands out against the background of centuries in bold relief; strong in its vivid reality of association, as if eighteen hundred years had not come and gone since the first Vicar of Christ was laid to rest in this soil of Rome!

The first thought of the Catholic pilgrim in Rome naturally turns to the Tomb of St. Peter; for him the two words, Rome and Peter, are inseparably connected, and only when he is standing beneath that Dome of domes which rises so triumphantly above the Tomb of the Fisherman of Galilee, does he realize that he is indeed in the Eternal City which has been the object of his hopes and dreams perhaps for many a year back.

"Tu es Petrus!"—Thou art Peter. The words seem to ring in the ears here with a note of unutterable triumph, as if re-

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echoing gently down from those golden heights above, where the solemn words of the calling of St. Peter are blazoned forth in colossal letters of gold encircling the dome, and forming, as it were, the epitaph written above this most glorious of sepulchres.

We have come to this grand Basilica to-day to see St. Peter as Prince of the Apostles and Head and Ruler of the Universal Church; for here generation after generation have brought their tribute of love and homage to enrich the hallowed shrine, and king and emperor, prince and sovereign, have found their way to St. Peter's feet, while the long line of his successors vied with each other in raising a monument worthy of the memory of the great Apostle, and to mark the heart and centre of Christendom—the abiding place of Christ's Vicar on earth.

A colossal baldachin of peerless bronze-work, supported by four massive spiral columns, rises over the main altar above the Apostle's tomb, soaring out into the almost limitless spaces of the dome above—that wondrous dome which was the mightiest effort of a master-hand, and which always seems a living embodiment of the triumph and joy of the Resurrection, a symbol of hope to those below in the shadow of earth. Through its high windows pour ceaseless floods of golden light. The first glorious reflections of rosy dawning filter through those skylit windows, and pick out the gold on the mosaics; the radiant splendor of mid-day beats with a burnished lustre on the bronze of the shrine and the exquisitely-colored marble pavement, and the last rays of sunset paint it with martyr's red, lingering there lovingly in rosy and purple shadows till the moonbeams arise to take their turn in watching, and change the scene from the radiance of gold to the pure, cold sheen of silver. Around the shrine, rich with marbles and precious stones, are the eighty-six lamps of massive bronze which burn by night and day, and a balustrade and staircase of inlaid marble-work leads down to the "Confession," or tomb, which is guarded by beautiful gates of bronze-gilt and bronze-gilt statues of SS. Peter and Paul.

But we must not linger by this gorgeous shrine to-day, admiring its matchless beauty, for it is to the twilight depths of the dim crypt below that we are to turn our steps, and be privileged to kneel even closer yet beside the hallowed ashes of St. Peter, and assist at the Holy Sacrifice, offered up by a priest of our little party of pilgrims, at an altar which possesses as its relics the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul.

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In former days in Rome a permission could be obtained most readily to visit the Crypt of St. Peter's; but in late years, when it is necessary to take the greatest precautions, this privilege has been much more difficult to obtain, and it requires a special permission from the Pope for Mass to be said there.

Furthermore, this permission (as a rule) is given for only five persons at a time, besides the priest who says the Mass; so one can judge it is not altogether easy to obtain it. It had always been one of the privileges we coveted most in the Eternal City, this Mass in the crypt of St. Peter's, and therefore great was our satisfaction when, on a bright spring morning, it was announced that through the kindness of Monsignor V——, one of the papal chaplains, the long-wished-for favor had been granted us.

The Mass was fixed for eight o'clock in the morning; so shortly before the time appointed our party were assembled and waiting under the beautiful statue of St. Veronica holding the Veil with the impression of the Holy Face, which is one of the four colossal statues of saints which stand against the four piers supporting the dome, and directly under which is the entrance to the crypt.

A sacristan, two little acolytes, and one or two of the "San-Pietrini," or special workmen who belong to St. Peter's and who live up above on the very roof of the sacred edifice, now join us at the door with a couple of lighted torches; so we have not long to wait. Conducted by our guides, we pass in single file through the low doorway and down the narrow flight of steps which lead to the crypt. After the strong light above, the torches scarcely serve to dissipate the dense darkness which reigns below; but before long our eyes become accustomed to the gloom and we are able to discern the objects around us. It had been arranged that we should make the circuit of the crypt and see all its places of interest before the Mass begins; so we first visit the part which is more immediately below the dome, called the "Grotte Nuove." We are no longer now in the stately basilica of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; no longer in the St. Peter's of the Renaissance, the St. Peter's of Julius II., of Leo X., of Michel Angelo, of Bramante, and of all those master-spirits who reared the matchless fabric we gaze upon in the St. Peter's of to-day; but in the ancient church with its mediæval tombs, its old mosaics, and its fragments of precious marble-work—all that remain to us of the countless

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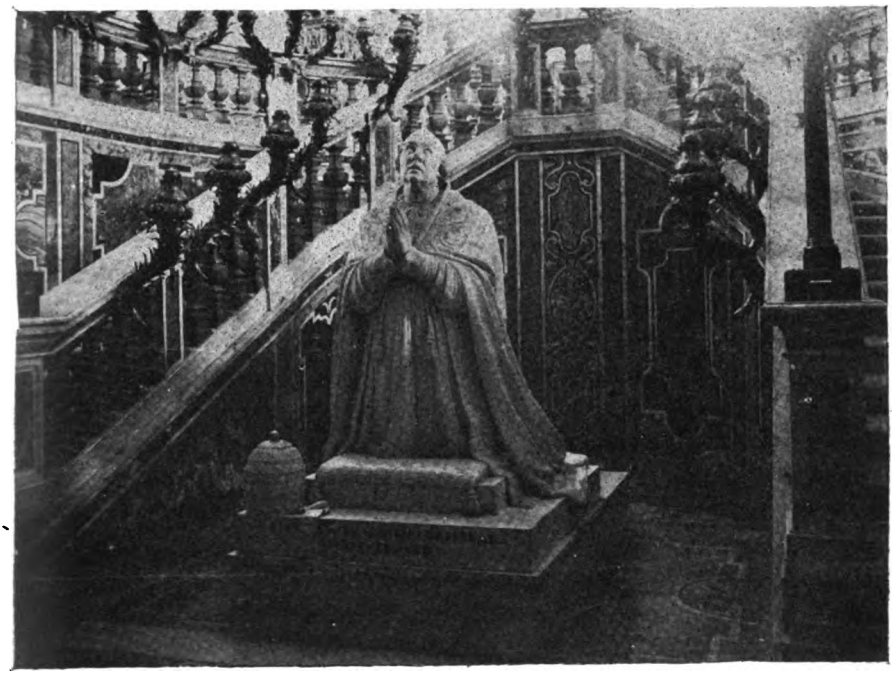
treasures which adorned the old basilica, and which were brought here on its destruction when the building of the new basilica was begun! . . .

We found ourselves first in a long and narrow corridor with



MONUMENT OF PIUS VI.

various chapels opening out of it; the first of these containing as an altar-piece a mediæval painting of the Madonna said to have been painted by the Sienese artist Simone Memmi, which once stood in the portico of the old basilica.

There is also a most exquisite marble statue of St. Peter on a throne, said to be a copy of the famous bronze statue of St. Peter in the church above; but even more beautiful in the pure white marble. The throne on which it is placed, with the exquisite inlaid marble and mosaic-work, called "Opus Alexandrinum," did not originally belong to the statue, but to the tomb of Benedict XII., another mediæval monument.

In this chapel there are many precious fragments of statues and carvings, most of them detached bits from the various Gothic tombstones of the old basilica; but in the dim light of the crypt the minute fineness of their handiwork is somewhat

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lost, and one longs for leisure to examine their delicate beauty and light to appreciate the exquisite designs.

Near this is another chapel, also possessing as an altar-piece a mediæval Madonna of the same epoch of art. There are some beautiful ancient mosaics in this chapel; one of the Blessed Virgin said to date as far back as the eighth century, while another, and a most striking one, is a large figure of our Saviour between SS. Peter and Paul, with his hand outstretched in benediction. This mosaic once adorned the tomb of an emperor, Otho II., which formerly stood in the atrium of the old basilica. All along the narrow corridors of the "Grotte Nuove" we find many a gem of mediæval art—statues, bas-reliefs, and beautiful mosaics, some of these latter almost colossal in size and representing the heads of the apostles; but time forbids us to linger, for before the Mass begins we have yet to visit the second and more important part of the crypt proper, called the "Grotte Vecchie," and which is the burial-place of so many of the sovereign pontiffs.

This crypt is considerable in extent, for it covers an area of the whole nave of the ancient basilica, which was three hundred and ninety-five feet in length, only half the size of the St. Peter's of to-day.

On entering, the darkness seems more impenetrable than ever, though faint glimmers of light come through the occasional circular iron gratings in the floor of the upper church. The vaulted roof is so low that one must almost stoop to enter, and long rows of columns divide the nave into aisles.

All around, far as the eye can reach, stretch dim vistas of re-echoing space, where many a sombre tomb and mediæval sarcophagus loom out white and ghostly against the massive walls. It is an impressive and solemn scene, this crypt of the ages, with its silent company of the mighty dead lying so peacefully all around us in their sleep of centuries, undisturbed by the life and joy of worship going on ceaselessly in the great basilica above them. Pontiff and sovereign, king and queen, royal exile and royal pilgrim—the great ones of the earth whose names made history in their time—all alike, "after life's fitful fever," have found a resting-place here, where no vain dreams of earthly pomp and ambition can rise to trouble their quiet rest near the feet of the Prince of the Apostles!

We can find a striking commentary on the vanity of earthly things as we wander through the crypt of St. Peter's, and pause to gaze upon the monuments and their inscriptions which

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cover all that is mortal of so many potentates; for even the mighty monuments they had hoped would last till time should be no more have been dismantled, and many of their most beautiful ornamentations detached and scattered by successive generations, and in the process of removal from the ancient

MONUMENT OF THE STUART PRINCES.

basilica! Now only one privilege remains to them—a privilege which at the last they must have valued more than all the honors this world could have showered upon them—that of resting under the same roof which shelters the remains of SS. Peter and Paul.

Pausing to gaze for a moment at an exquisite marble bas-relief of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant, which was once part of a mediæval tomb, and carved by Arnolfo del Cambio, our little sacristan comes to hurry us on with a reproachful air, as if in remonstrance that we should waste so much

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valuable time on mere works of art, when there is so much of historical interest to see further on.

Accordingly we follow him obediently where he leads the way, down the long corridor lined with tombs, till he pauses at last before some sepulchral urns with a long inscription placed above them; then lifts his torch high aloft, so that all may see to read, and points out silently the inscription recording the last resting-place of the Stuart princes:

JACOBO III.
Magnæ Britt: Scott: Franc:
Rex.
Vixit annos LXXVII. Menses VI. Dies XI.
Obit. Kal: Jan: MDCCLXVI.

The "Old Pretender," the "Young Pretender," and the Cardinal Duke of York—James III., Charles, Edward, and Henry; the last scions of the hapless Stuart race, whose beautiful marble monument is in the church above, lie here in peace at last. Rome was kind indeed to these royal exiles, for she gave them a shelter here in life when all things earthly failed them, and in death a sepulchre close to the Prince of the Apostles.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!" is our reflection as we turn away from the ashes of those whose lives, despite their exalted station, were one long struggle against the adverse fate which pursued them even to the confines of eternity. Passing still more rows of massive sepulchres, where the remains of many a pope and emperor repose, we come to a halt before the sarcophagus which once contained the body of the famous Borgia Pope, Alexander VI. It is a huge stone sarcophagus with a full-length, recumbent statue of the pontiff upon it, clad in pontifical vestments; and we gaze with interest on the strong, clear-cut features of the man upon whom posterity has heaped such obloquy—let us hope much of it undeserved and exaggerated by the bitter hate of enemies and the lapse of time! During the pontificate of Pope Sixtus V. and Paul V. the body of Alexander VI. was removed from its sepulchre in St. Peter's, and buried first in the Spanish church of St. Giacomo, then transferred to Santa Maria in Monserrato, where it still rests.

A little further on we see the sarcophagus of a queen and royal convert, Christina of Sweden, daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus, who died in Rome in the year 1689.

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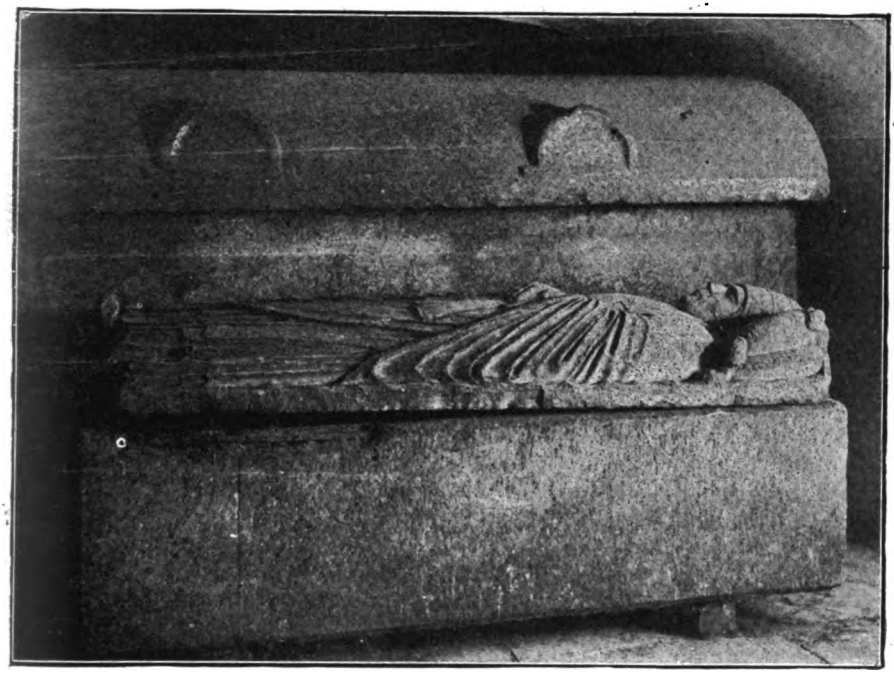

"THE MAN UPON WHOM POSTERITY HAS HEAPED SUCH OBLOQUY."

Our sacristan is brimming over with importance now as he pauses beside an enormous sarcophagus of red granite to say with the utmost triumph: "Il unico Papa Inglese" (the only English pope), "Break-his-spear." And we recognize that it is the tomb which we have often looked forward to seeing—that of Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Brakespeare), who occupied the Chair of St. Peter in the twelfth century for five years; being the only Englishman upon whom this dignity has ever been conferred. We look with particular interest on the colossal granite tomb which contains the remains of the only English pope; and it seems strange to think that one who had been Bishop of St. Albans, the see of the first English martyr, should in after years be the first English pontiff and ruler of the Universal Church.

Still more tombs and more inscriptions arrest our notice as we pass along, for this ancient crypt is like a page of history spread out before us wherein we may read the roll-call of names made famous for all time.

Here are the tombs of the Piccolomini Popes, Pius II. and Pius III., in beautiful early Christian sarcophagi; there the

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tomb of the learned Pope Nicholas V., who first founded the splendid Library of the Vatican; then, further on, Pope Paul II., Pope Julius III., Nicholas III., Urban VI., Innocent VII., and two popes of the sixteenth century, Marcellus II. and Innocent IX., who reigned respectively only for twenty-five days and sixty days. Many another sepulchre, with its recumbent figure wearing the Triple Crown and the Fisherman's Ring, still remains to claim our interest; but we cannot delay longer, except for a passing glimpse of the sarcophagus of the grand old mediæval pontiff, Boniface VIII., who was the first successor of St. Peter to publish the Jubilee, in the year 1300, and whose life was passed among the stormy scenes which characterized the Italy of those mediæval days. Exile, imprisonment, and suffering were the portion of this mighty pontiff, whose proud heart and inflexible will bent to no man; but no trace of the strife and struggle linger on the serenely tranquil features of Pope Boniface, whose full-length figure, sculptured by Arnolfo del Cambio, lies so peacefully over his tomb. Only the everlasting calm of centuries dwells on the proudly chiselled features and the folded hands with the Fisherman's Ring, and we feel as we gaze on the sculptured semblance of the aged pontiff, that after his troubles "it is well with him," and his rest is indeed blessed near the tomb of St. Peter, where "beyond these voices there is peace." Another remarkable sarcophagus of almost colossal dimensions is that of the Emperor Otho II., which stood in the grand portico of old St. Peter's, and which is more like a monument of ancient Egyptian workmanship than the graceful marble-work of the middle ages to which we have become accustomed.

Now our round of the monuments of the "Grotte Vecchie" is completed, and we turn to leave reluctantly; feeling that if it were possible one could linger long amid these relics of the past, reading the life-histories of those who lie buried below, and whose portraits are graven for eternity upon the lasting stone.

Once again we find ourselves in the corridors of the "Grotte Nuove" which lead directly to the shrine of St. Peter; and here again are more fragments of mediæval carvings and bas-reliefs, exquisitely beautiful works of art, and many of them from the skilled hands of the great Florentine sculptors, Arnolfo del Cambio and Mino da Fiesole, whose beautiful carvings are such a feature in the churches of their birth-place—the old-world city on the banks of the Arno. But sculptor and

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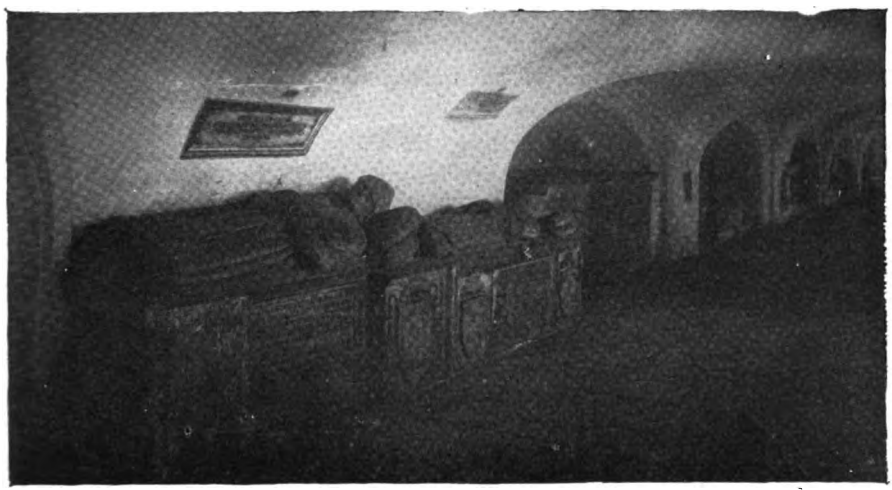
artist alike have no more power to claim the attention upon the portals of the tomb of Peter, that hallowed spot to which the hearts of pilgrims from many lands have turned so lovingly throughout the centuries!

We can hardly realize or appreciate the beauty of the bas-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRYPT.

reliefs of the martyrdoms of SS. Peter and Paul which guard the sides of the entrance, nor the intricately lovely work on the ancient marble sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, prefect of Rome, which stands directly opposite the doorway; for one's eyes are riveted on the quiet shrine beyond, where the soft glow of many lights sheds a radiance on the inlaid marble walls and the bronze-gilt bas-reliefs which adorn it. . . . After the gloom of the crypt the interior of the shrine seems a blaze of light; from the candles on the altar to the antique bronze chandeliers which hang at intervals from the roof, and in brackets from the walls.

The chapel is of small dimensions, having room for hardly more than a dozen persons, and it is in the form of a cross; one of the two sides forming the arms of the cross being used as a sacristy, where the priest vests for the Holy Sacrifice.

The altar under which the precious relics rest is simplicity itself; simple as the altar of the Church of the Catacombs, with a colored marble casing outside, on which the keys of Peter, the reversed cross, and the triple crown are represented. Immediately above the altar is a life-like mosaic picture, repre-

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senting SS. Peter and Paul, and said to be of most ancient workmanship, and all around the walls are a series of medallion bas-reliefs, showing the different scenes in the life of St. Peter.

As we kneel in this quiet spot waiting for the Mass to begin, its history, traditions, and associations seem present so vividly before us that we can almost see them and live in their time. We recall how, after his martyrdom, the body of St. Peter was buried here in the Circus of Nero—in that soil hallowed by the blood of so many martyrs; and in a spot near the centre of the Circus which tradition has it "Inter duas Metas." Here also, according to the "Liber Pontificalis," St. Anacletus, one of the first successors of St. Peter and ordained by St. Peter himself, erected an oratory in A. D. 90 over the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, where in due time he himself was buried, as well as several other pontiffs who succeeded him.

But later comes a darker side to the picture, in the times of persecution and barbaric invasion, when, to prevent their desecration, the bodies of both SS. Peter and Paul were removed from their places of sepulture and placed in the burial-places of the early Christians on the Appian Way, now called the "Catacombs of St. Sebastian."

A brighter scene follows this when peace came once more to the infant church with the reign of Constantine, and we see the great emperor carrying with his own hands twelve loads of earth, in honor of the Twelve Apostles, to begin the foundations of the Basilica of St. Peter's! Afterwards Constantine enclosed the relics of St. Peter in a magnificent bronze sarcophagus, with all possible pomp and splendor, and in which it still lies.

Innumerable have been the discussions and controversies of archæologists over the *exact* and *precise* spot of St. Peter's first sepulture; but sufficient for us that it all took place here within the radius of these walls; that here St. Peter died and here his hallowed relics were laid to rest, thereafter to make the whole site of the Circus of Nero sacred for all time.

Now the preparations for Mass are complete, and the priest, clad in his vestments of glorious martyr's red, emerges from the sacristy and begins the Votive Mass of the Apostles, which, according to the Rubric, is the only Mass allowed to be used at the tomb of St. Peter, no matter what the feast. It is a most impressive scene—this shrine in the depths of the earth, where the solemn stillness that reigns is broken only by the low voice of the priest at the altar; and a host of hallowed memories of

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BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER.

the great apostle seem to linger about his last earthly resting-place.

As the Mass proceeds, and we hear repeated the words of the Gospel, of St. Peter walking on the water to meet his blessed Master in fear and trembling, with the cry for help on his lips of "Lord, save me, or I perish"; and realize that the solemn words are being pronounced over the very tomb of the Apostle who spoke them, our minds go back to that sunlit day on the shores of Genesareth, and in spirit we are far away among the fair green Galilean hillsides, where the humble fisherman first listened to the Master's call.

We are with him in all the varied scenes of his life, through his many trials and vicissitudes, and we feel our hearts beat in intense sympathy with one so chosen of his Lord; so near us—that great Prince of the Apostles—in the pitifully human weakness of his denial of his Master, so touching in the humility of his contrition, and so lion-hearted in his apostolic mission and the glorious confession of faith which ended it! We follow him even to that closing scene in Rome, here to the Circus of Nero, where he suffered his cruel martyrdom on the

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spot on which this grand basilica now stands, and where we love to think that the last sigh of that great, generous heart on earth turned to the Master he had loved so faithfully in his supreme act of faith and love, which on the confines of eternity he could breathe out with love and confidence: "Lord, thou knowest all things, and thou knowest that I love thee."

It is indeed a privilege for us to have knelt in this spot to-day, close beside the Rock of Peter, the very tomb and resting-place of the apostles; and a deep awe and wonder seems to rest upon the spirit here, as one realizes the inspired words of St. Ambrose: "Where Peter is, there is the Church; and where the Church is, there is no death, but life eternal"!

At last the Mass is at an end, and the Holy Sacrifice has been offered up once more over the Rock itself, upon the relics of Christ's first Vicar. The celebrant and acolytes have turned from the altar, and one by one the lights are extinguished, leaving the quiet shrine once more to the twilight peace which ever lingers around it.

As we stand on the threshold and take one last look back at St. Peter's tomb, we feel that our visit to the crypt seems to have strengthened our loyal adherence to the See of Peter; and at the shrine of the first Pontiff our thoughts turn naturally to his living successor, and we breathe a prayer that the Keeper of the Keys may watch over and guard his representative on earth, living so near, in the mighty shadow of St. Peter's Dome, white indeed with the weight of years, but vigorous and strong still in his mental power and loyal service of his Master: "Lumen in cœlo" now, as he was when the Ring of the Fisherman was placed upon his finger nearly twenty years ago!

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A CITIZEN OF THE DEMOCRACY OF LITERATURE.

BY RICHARD E. CONNELL.

"THE world of literature." How often we hear the phrase! What does it mean? *Is* there a world in which belongs all that we understand by the comprehensive word literature? Then what sort of a world is it? By what law, what power, what system, what influences is it regulated? Is it controlled, or is it controllable? Is it a despotism? is it an autocracy? is it a monarchy? or is it a democracy? It is certainly not a despotism; for if it were, how could an obscure play-actor at Avon or a lowly plough-boy at Ayr gain so many of its honors? or how could a rake and a wanderer, with his Raven, his Bells, and his Annabell Lee, come and sit in one of its proudest places? It is not an autocracy. If it were, a penniless exile, an escaped prisoner from a penal colony, could never have died mourned by the cultured city of Boston, loved and cherished in book and in memory by millions for his literary work, as did John Boyle O'Reilly.

At the risk of being termed careless as to scientific details regarding this world of literature, and with the certainty of being more or less unsuccessful in the application of a system of government thereto, let me call it a democracy. More than that, I believe it to be the broadest, the most patient, the most charitable, the most tolerant, the freest, and the most interesting democracy of which we have any knowledge. If it were not immeasurable in breadth, how could it give opportunity for winning distinction to minds of every race and to men and women of every land?

If it were not patient beyond comprehension, how could it go on for ever excusing the dull, the stupid, the dreary work of so many seekers for place within its realm? That it is a charitable democracy, is very clear. If this were not so, how could the sceptic, in his hopeless task of trying to measure the infinite by the finite, win fame and fortune in a work which succeeds in its professed aim of disproving all that satisfies the soul, much as the boy succeeds who attempts to let light through a mountain by throwing snow-balls at the rock? If this democracy of literature were not charitable, how could

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the man who suddenly discovers that the citadels from which have blazed the light by which countless millions of souls have been guided through the ages to peace and rest are, after all, but the towers of superstition in which flicker danger-signals or the will-o'-the-wisp's confusing lamp, leap to wealth, fame, position, and respect in the democracy of literature? In our political democracy a writer may attack nearly everything and everybody. But there *are* limits to this freedom. If he attacks the true, the good, the established, and that which is proved and approved in government, he wins no laurels, no fame, no wealth; obscurity and failure are for him, be his attainments those of an Arnold, a Burr, a Calhoun, or a Davis.

But in the democracy of literature, how different! A man may reason Genesis into obscurity to his own satisfaction, and leave it there, an exploded tale, an absurd narrative, and then worry himself into insomnia over the foolishness of people who believe such things. Then he may saunter about among the remaining books of the Old Testament, pick out such things as suit him, believe them all or riddle them all, according to his capacity for literary toil, and all the time push himself forward and onward up the hillside of literary success. If he finds a few gleams of reason in St. Paul, and admits it, he will find remunerative work for his pen for months thereafter in proving that Paul was not inspired, that a man may be reasonable even as Paul was reasonable, that a man may live in literature even as Paul lives in literature, without being inspired; and that all this talk about divine inspiration is nonsense. He may accept Mark, agree with Matthew, doubt Luke, quarrel with John, and throw them all overboard; edit the Sermon on the Mount, and quit talking about the Wise Men. And as he writes and reasons, then ponders, knits his brow and writes again, he hears the demand for his literature come from far and near. He is famous, he has won his way to the top in the democracy of literature by attacking the moorings, the hawsers, and the anchors of all the literature that has most served and blessed the world.

The most striking feature of this democracy of literature is its great freedom, and the countless avenues to fame and success, industry and thrift which it affords. In glancing, for instance, through the magazine literature of the day, we find that, having settled it that Bacon wrote Shakspere, an investigator is now on the verge of dipsomania, driven thereto by his labors in proving that Schiller wrote the works of Goethe, and hopes to prove it before the tremens set in. Yet sober people read his

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writings! If this goes on, I expect to read some day that Napoleon Bonaparte was an Englishman, and that he would never have been whipped had he not been so foolhardy as to tackle a Celt in the Duke of Wellington. Talk about a tolerant, charitable world! Why, in this democracy of literature, a young woman of good family may write a mind-polluting, immodest, and sin-fostering novel, become famous, rich, haughty, and successful through it, and afterwards soar from the humdrum society of an American husband to marry a count. Her novels still find a lucrative market. In such cases one does not know which to blame, the novelist or others. I am inclined, from this distance, to blame the novelist and pity the others.

Talk about a world in which to venture on perilous undertakings with impunity and success! A man toils long and assiduously, his hair grows gray and his face wrinkled. It is plain that he has been thinking, thinking, thinking. The next we hear of him, he sends forth a novel low in its conception, licentious in its meaning, corrupting in its associations and its characters, in its lines and between its lines. But millions read it, and the fame and the fortune which one such novel brought to its author are said to have killed him. Just how much moral disease and character-death the novel caused nobody knows, for no vital statistics are kept in this democracy of literature. Indeed, if we were to observe the results of bad novels, especially in our day, I am sure we should look in vain for the author of one who has become poor, or who has been repudiated and refused admission to so-called society, so-called literary circles, or who has not made a fortune by his labors. I do not mean by this that the badness which the bad novel parades, suggests, and scatters far and wide, necessarily weakens or poisons humanity, or results in hopelessly tainting our world. In our political democracy we cherish the freedom of the press, not alone because we wish to see sound governmental doctrines published, not altogether because we want patriots and statesmen to have full access to publicity for all the good and inspiring things which they may do. The fact is, that the very best work of a free press is its publication of the erroneous, the fanciful, the vicious, the adroit, the dangerous views and schemings of mistaken or bad meaning people, because in a democracy the public tribunal before which the spurious so surely fails is quickest and easiest reached by means of a free press. The best way to destroy the baneful influence of a knave or a dreamer in public life is to publish what he says and all that he says. And so it may be with a bad novel. At

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least, let us hope that it is so with bad literature in general; for here we are in the whirl and grind of a literary democracy, in which suppression is not to be thought of, and in which the boycott has fallen (to quote a democrat of more or less literary fame) into "innocuous desuetude."

We sometimes hear unthinking people express fear that the gospel of unbelief is rapidly gaining ground in the world. But I hold that we ought to be glad that the literary world is so democratic as to give space and hearing to the writings of men who would rather worry themselves gray and sink into intellectual melancholia, or scientific blues, over the problem of creation, than to admit that stars are wonderfully and mysteriously made, or that it is somehow very remarkable how tenaciously stick in our minds, no matter how much we seek to forget or evade them, the words "The fool saith in his heart there is no God."

Take our industrious friend, Professor Goldwin Smith! I am sure none of us would have prevented, if we could, the publication of his latest work (at least I believe it is his latest, although he is likely to destroy the Prophets and deny the Flood at any minute, and in some new way). The work to which I refer is entitled *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects.* The other essays are "The Church and the Old Testament" (wonderful how the rain-drops of scepticism have found *this* rock the one exception to the rule, "Constant dropping wears a hole in the stone"!) and "Is there another Life?"

Just what was in the professor's mind when he wrote this essay is more of a riddle to me than is the question itself. His written conclusions, however, would seem to be rather in favor of the existence of another life, and to express a hope that he may have some existence there. Of course, the truly democratic mind will not blame an expounder of the gospel of unbelief for preserving an after existence, and saving eternity from being smashed into smithereens, if he can.

"You will be greatly fooled," said a sceptic to a saint, "if, when you die, you find that there is no hell at all."

"Yes; and you will be fooled still worse," said the saint, "if, when you die, you find there is a hell in full blast."

So broad is this democracy of literature that, after we have read the fluent chapters of a Goldwin Smith, we can turn to a Cardinal Newman, who, with his superb mind, looked science and history squarely in the face and remained a firm believer in revealed religion! Before leaving Professor Smith, I want

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to point out that, in spite of the fact that he gives up Genesis, denies the Fall, the Redemption, and the Incarnation, and argues against Abraham, Moses, and all the Christian fathers, he admits in the end that morality could scarcely exist in this world without belief in God. Of course he insists upon a God without miracles. Nothing must be done which he does not understand. To which harmless contention men are entitled and welcome in this democracy of literature.

This world of literature is puzzling, to be sure! Here comes a writer who delights his readers as he tells how love blesses the world.

"Does it?" snaps out another. "I deny the statement. Hate does more in this direction than love does. For instance, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the result of Harriet Beecher Stowe's hatred of slavery."

"No," retorts the other, "it was the result of her love for freedom."

But there is much in it all. Hatred of error prompts the search for truth. The best work done for temperance proceeds from a sincere hatred of intemperance, rather than from a love of sobriety. If we could plant the seeds of genuine hatred for bad literature in the minds of our generation, how much less would be the danger from its circulation. A thorough hatred of intellectual sloth; a complete hatred of the subtle reasoning which would rob the half-educated minds of weak human nature of hope and faith, and leave them dependent upon their own poor selves; a hatred of every book, every essay, every pamphlet, every tract which would substitute chaos for peace, and doubt for belief in the good, the pure, and the helpful—such hatred now saves and must continue to save the world of literature from the evil consequences of its unbridled democracy.

The ambition to rise in this democracy results in some of the richest of humor. In a recent number of the *Atlantic* a writer, who seems to have had access to the essays of several students in the schools of Boston, tells us of one bidder for literary fame who sagely wrote that Mrs. Browning was "spiritual" and "atmospheric," that Browning's plays were "very interesting and ought to be dramatized," and that Meredith was "deep on the outside"; of another who declared that Chaucer had absolutely no contemporaries; of yet another who referred to Wordsworth's ode as the "Ode on the Intimations of Immorality felt in Childhood." One of these Boston students spoke of Washington as "First in war, then in peace, and last in the hearts of his countrymen." There was a serious writer

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among the number, and he wrote profoundly: "De Quincey's mother was a stately woman moving in the best society, but with her feet on the rock of ages"; then, taking a whack at history, this coming novelist remarked that "King Charles did not realize that anything important had happened until he was executed." Now, the writers of these bulls never hoped to be discussed throughout Christendom; but, you see, so generous is this democracy that even such trash finds ready sale and widespread publicity in the magazines of to-day.

This world of literature is one great democracy in which success is free to all who can win it. Genius and industry are the passports to its most enduring honors. I have mentioned John Boyle O'Reilly. His history is a striking exemplification of that democracy of literature which I am trying to describe. It is said of Beaconsfield that he began as a novelist who dabbled in statesmanship, and ended as a statesman who dabbled in novels, in which *rôle* he is no less interesting than he is in his other historic *rôle*, the successful Jew in the politics of England; and through it all is a conspicuous figure in the literature of the world.

Of John Boyle O'Reilly it may be said that he began as a youthful rebel, sowing the seed of republicanism in the British army, and ended a fugitive exile, an escaped prisoner from a penal colony, whose literary work attracted the attention of the whole world and won for him distinction in the New England of Holmes, Longfellow, and Emerson. O'Reilly, who was born in Ireland in 1844, was arrested for high treason in 1866, in his twenty-second year. He had enlisted in the crack regiment of the English army, Tenth Hussars (Prince of Wales's own), and was detected in spreading democratic doctrines among his fellow-soldiers. He was sentenced to death; but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; and later to twenty years in the penal colony of Australia. This was in 1867; but prior to that he, in his convict's garb in Chatham prison, formed a party of fellow-prisoners who buried decently the bleaching bones of some American prisoners who had died there half a century before, and whose remains had been rooted from their shallow graves by the prison swine. He escaped from Australia, and, like many another penniless but hopeful one of his race, made his way to the United States, landing in Philadelphia in November, 1869. Nobody knew him. He was twenty-five years old.

There is a romance, a tale of adventure, a story of industry in this life which is worthy indeed of a place in literature. He had been trained for no profession save the setting of type,

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but had done some reportorial work on London newspapers. He turned to the world of literature. He did not knock. He plunged in. And in this free democracy nobody questioned his right. His genius was his fortune. He worked for a small salary until 1873, when he published his first volume of poems, *Songs of the Southern Seas.* On reading these delightful poems, it is not probable that anybody asked or cared whether the author was a prince or an exiled stranger. Then he published *Moondyne*, a novel of strange interest; *In Bohemia, Statues in the Block and other Poems, Stories and Sketches*, and hundreds of random verses and poems which live because of the strength of thought and originality which mark them. When Wendell Phillips died O'Reilly wrote these verses:

"What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the green young wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's brood?
Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return,
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledgelings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

"Come, brothers, here to the burial; but weep not, rather rejoice,
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true, unequalled voice,
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak one's fight;
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout or the social sneer's disgrace;
For his free-born spirit that drew no line between class and creed and race.
Come, workers, here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good;
There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood."

Could democracy ask for any better picture for itself than that of this refugee, this seeker for freedom, blessing the memory of a Wendell Phillips with such a literary gem?

O'Reilly's "Fredericksburgh" is not only one of the best-known poems of our Civil War, but, it seems to me, one of the most meritorious. Read the opening verses:

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"God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threats the common weal.

. . . . . .

"Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute, and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

"Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

"They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plough left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but 'Union' in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

"Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:
German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the Flag and follow it to death!"

In these lines is expressed sufficient of the true spirit of democracy to sanctify the whole world of literature to which the poem belongs:

"A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

"There once was a pirate, greedy and bold,
Who ravaged for gain, and saved the spoils;
Till his coffers were bursting with blood-stained gold,
And millions of captives bore his toils.

"Then fear took hold of him, and he cried:
'I have gathered enough; now war should cease!'
And he sent out messengers far and wide,
To the strong ones only, to ask for peace.

"'We are Christian brethren!' thus he spake;
'Let us seal a contract, never to fight!
Except against rebels who dare to break
The bonds we have made by the victor's right.'

"And the strong ones listen; and some applaud
The kindly offer and righteous word;
With never a dream of deceit or fraud,
They would spike the cannon and break the sword.

"But others, their elders, listen and smile
At the sudden convert's unctuous style.
They watch for the peacemaker's change of way;
While his war-forges roar by night and by day.
Even now, while his godly messengers speak,
His guns are aflame on his enemies weak.

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He has stolen the blade from the hand of his foe,
And he strikes the unarmed a merciless blow.

"To the ends of the earth his oppression runs;
The rebels are blown from the mouths of his guns.
His war tax devours his subjects' food;
He taxes their evil and taxes their good;
He taxes their salt till he rots their blood.

"He leaps on the friendless as on a prey,
And slinks, tail down, from the strong one away.
The pharisee's cant goes up for peace;
But the cries of his victims never cease.
The stifled voices of brave men rise
From a thousand cells; while his rascal spies
Are spending their blood-money fast and free.
And this is the Christian to oversee
A world of evil! a saint to preach!
A holy well-doer come to teach!
A prophet to tell us war should cease!
A pious example of Christian peace!"

When O'Reilly died, men of letters and men of state, the rich and the poor, the culture and the poverty of Boston gathered at his funeral. I said to myself: "In our social democracy, presidents may develop from rail-splitters, great military chieftains from unpromising youths. In our literary democracy, the exile, the friendless, the penniless may die famed and honored." O'Reilly died August 10, 1890. A leading American journal said of him whose genius Horace Greeley had first recognized:

"The death of John Boyle O'Reilly in the prime of his powers is more than a great loss to literature and journalism; it takes away one of the manliest and most engaging figures of the time, a man of rich physical and intellectual gifts and of a singular personal charm. A true son and patriot of Ireland and America, a hater of all tyrannies, snobberies, and shams, a poet of robust imagination and virile style, an editor with a great constituency, an orator, a lecturer, and an athlete, his achievements covered many fields of activity, and his influence was widespread. He will be long remembered and long mourned in the country of his birth and of his adoption; but only those who have had the happiness to enjoy his friendship can fully understand of what a rare and generous spirit his death has bereaved the world."

Could tyranny, could snobbery, could poverty, could persecution fetter genius, how stricken would our world be! In spite of these, and above them all, rise Burns, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Poe, O'Reilly, and a host of other democrats of literature.

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ST. FRANCIS IN SALVATION ARMY UNIFORM.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.

THERE has come to us a charming little biography of the sweet saint of Umbria, written by Staff-Captain Douglas of the Salvation Army. We took it up one Saturday afternoon, after the week's work in the editorial office was through, and though ordinarily we would be very loath to add to the reading of manuscript and printer's proofs a further reading of familiar biography, yet we frankly admit that so entranced were we with the simple story, so simply and unaffectedly told, that we could not lay it down until we had read it through.

There is, undoubtedly, something very drawing in the complete consecration of life and energies to the service of God and his poor at the Gospel invitation; and in the life of the sweet saint of Assisi this manifest consecration was so whole-souled and made with such unconscious simplicity and humility, while at the same time it endowed him with such wonderful power over the tepid in the Lord's service, as well as the obdurate in sin, that sluggish blood is stirred again at the recital, and one is made to feel how half-hearted is one's service, and how very short of the Gospel ideal is a life lived amidst pleasant surroundings, while bodies are in need and souls perish for want of the bread of life.

However, while we read the twice-told tale of the rich young man, surrounded with abundant friends and all the luxuries of life, readily braving the scoffs and jeers of his towns-people and making himself a fool for Christ's sake, as related by a Salvation Army lassie, we could not but feel that she was plucking a flower from a garden not her own, pinning it to a uniform that Francis himself would have repudiated, and, while exploiting the beauties of color and delicacies of tints of this purloined blossom, taking very good care not to tell her audience that this flower was not her own, but rather belonged to a garden owned by the Pope and carefully tended by the priests of the Catholic Church.

Nowhere in the volume is there a hint given to us of the

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inner devotional life which was the true source of all of St. Francis's greatness. I doubt if the biographer, even in a little way, appreciated the workings of divine grace in the soul of the young man. One would imagine that he went through an experience meeting and was induced to come up to the "penitent's bench" and get "saved."

The reality was, he learned the true principles of the Catholic faith, the same then as they are now. They were positive, decided beliefs in God the Creator, in Jesus the Redeemer, in the one only and true church established by Christ; in the sacramental system with its seven perennial founts of grace to feed and nourish the divine life in the soul; with its practice of early sacramental confession to a consecrated priest, and frequent reception of Holy Communion—the real body and blood of Jesus Christ. In this way, cultivating purity of heart and blamelessness of life, he grew to man's estate, and with soul tender and wistful of the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, was led to undertake the literal, and hence complete, sacrifice of all things for the love of his Master.

It is not difficult to find a good deal of the same enthusiasm that made Francis the lover of souls he was, among many of the adherents of the Salvation Army, as it is not hard to find a practice of total abstinence among the Turks and a devotedness to prayer among the Brahmans, which put many of the followers of the Nazarene to shame; but cannot one be mistaken in imagining that the mere giving up of all the world holds dear —of wealth and worldly honor—and the devoting one's self to the washing away of evil and the rescue of the fallen by itself, is a real, true following of Christ? A good pagan might do it and find abundant self-satisfaction in the hardest and most austere life, and in it all be only feeding his pride or carrying out a fad; even in other circumstances and with clearer light and better knowledge, instead of performing a meritorious religious act, be heaping up damnation for himself. Sometimes the prettiest of flowers grow on the ash-dump or in the rubbish pile. It does make all the difference in the world in what garden a flower grows, and into what soil the plant has struck its roots, and from what elements it draws its sustenance.

In the sketch, from the beginning to end, the author has not said that her saint was a Catholic; but in her effort to make him a model of consecration to the followers of the Salvation Army leads her less knowing readers to think that he was a sort of mediæval staff-captain, who went out in the highways

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and the byways and with popular songs gathered the crowd, and then lured them away to a barracks in order to exhort them to come to Jesus.

St. Francis would have hated the red and blue uniform and despised the hallelujah bonnet, because to him they would have been the trappings of heresy, and with all the saints, and with St. Francis most of all, devotion to the pope as the human representative of Christ on earth, and love for Rome as the fountain of pure doctrine, were of paramount interest. General Booth is frank enough to say in his preface that there is a difference between the spirit of St. Francis and that of a consecrated member of the Salvation Army, while he implies that since the results striven for are about the same, we should be satisfied. So the manufacturer of Brummagem jewelry might say, so in fact does Madame Tussaud. I will make, says she in effect, a museum, and will place a policeman in wax at the door whose naturalness is so striking that for very fear of arrest you will not dare to be dishonest. I will put an attendant, made only of wax, in the halls who will so deceive you that you will go up to him and ask him whether he is a sure enough man or not. I will place lovers on the bench who will be so affectionately life-like that they will seem to be settling the matrimonial problem of their lives; but it will all be only the simulacrum of what is real and honest. Oh! how often are the elect deceived, and how often are even very good souls cajoled into security by the appearances of good work done, when all the time they have the dreadful thought haunting them that they are not in their father's house but are serving in the camp of the enemy, and they wonder why God is not satisfied as long as they are doing good to his creatures. St. Francis on his death-bed would have reversed the whole tenor of his life, would have counted all his marvellous works as worse than nothing, if there had gone with them a denial of any one of the doctrines which Christ taught; or, to put it in a more practical way, if the pope had not approved of his labors, and if holy church had not put the broad seal of her commendation on what he had accomplished.

It is passing strange that one who knew the spirit of St. Francis so well as Miss Douglas did, should not, with a keenness which belongs to her, have traced his actions to their sources and pointed out the motives underlying them. Why, think you, was St. Francis so anxious to rebuild the neglected church of St. Damian? Why was he so zealous for the cleanliness of the

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temples he visited as to take the broom himself, and sweep them out? It was not, we may be well assured, because he loved cleanliness for its own sake—cleanliness for its own sake has never been a Franciscan trait—but rather because of his belief in the Real Presence of God in the church; because he knew when the priest said Mass and consecrated the sacred elements there was a substantial change in those sacred elements from bread and wine into the real Body and Blood of our Lord, and in the tabernacle there remained the living presence. And such was his reverence for the awful power of the priest to whom was given this privilege that in his humility he dared not aspire to do such a tremendous act, but preferred to remain a simple deacon all his life. So, too, with the conversion of sinners. His scheme of salvation was not surely "to come to Jesus" and get "saved"; but repent of your sins, go and show yourselves to the priest, confess your sins every one of you with sorrow in heart, and receive the sacramental absolution imparted only by a duly ordained minister. And all through his blessed work was he sympathetic with the spirit of the church. When St. Clare came to him, burning with the same desire to convert souls to Christ which would not let her rest—though, indeed, this was not a question of immutable faith which could not be changed and which he would have sacrificed his life rather than deny, but only a matter of discipline and a question of methods—yet feeling that the church knew best because it was inspired in its daily life by the Holy Spirit, so reverent was he of traditions that he took her to a quiet home, where in prayer and good works she could most effectually assist in his great crusade. He did not give her a tambourine and set her on a street corner. He believed in the efficacy of prayer. Unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they work who build. He believed that the best work could be done by women through their fervent prayers that pierce the clouds; joined with such womanly work as becometh her who, as St. Paul says, should be silent in the church.

Undoubtedly more of the spirit of St. Francis is needed, and badly needed, in these days. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, and the consequent impoverization of the many; the building up of walls of social barriers far more impassable than the stony battlements of the feudal kings; the ever-widening gulf between the various classes of the people; the loss of the deep Christian sentiment of love for the poor that comes with the acquisition of wealth—all these call

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for a social crusade as far-reaching as the one that St. Francis inaugurated. Modern social reformers think to fix things up by enacting laws. They will prevent men from becoming millionaires by a graded inheritance tax, they will think to break up vast holdings by destroying the right of entail; but wealth goes on accumulating just the same, and men of wealth drive their coach and six through any law that is made. In it all they forget that the true panacea is in the teaching contained in the Sermon on the Mount, and its practical exemplification in the lives of Christian men and women. He who will lose his life for my sake shall find it. Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. If you will be my disciple, go sell all you have. A few more earnest souls who will take the counsels of the Nazarene literally can easily become the leaders of men, as St. Francis was, and it is marvellous to see how quick and energetic is the power of this leaven among the hearts of men case-hardened by avarice or sodden by sin. The cult of St. Francis has been widely extended, due very much to the fact that the modern world wants this kind of medicine. We shall not find fault, no matter who it is that makes the most of the remedies from the pharmacy of the divine church which Christ has established for the healing of the nations; only let them be honest! Let them say, "We have no remedy like this in our drug-store, but we took this one from Rome." It is not just to St. Francis, nor true to his spirit and teachings, to tear off the labels and rub out the trade-mark as Sabatier did, and as others are doing, and then say, "See the new remedy I have."

In conclusion, let me commend to Staff-Captain Douglas and other of her Salvation Army comrades a little incident which she takes good care not to repeat in her life in its entirety. In the beginning of the year 1210 St. Francis called his disciples about him and said: "Our good and merciful Lord wishes to extend our little family. We must now submit our way of life to the most holy Pontiff of Rome. For without his consent and approval it seems to me nothing can be stable or good in matters of faith or in the religious life. Let us go, then, to our mother, the Holy Roman Church. Let us make known to the Pope what our Lord has begun to do for us. We will then continue our work according to his will and his commands." St. Francis saw no safety nor permanence in his work except in perfect obedience to the Holy Father in Rome.

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As lovers of St. Francis, the members of the Salvation Army may go and do likewise.

I should like to add a few more passages from the sayings of St. Francis which ought to have been included in the Salvation Army life in order to make it what it purports to be—a real sketch of the life of the saint:

"I conjure you, my brethren, embracing your feet with all the love I am capable—I implore you to show all respect and honor to the Body and Blood of Christ, by whom we have been reconciled with God the Father, and peace has been established in heaven and on earth."

Again, one of the root principles of his life was his extraordinary devotion to and love for the Blessed Virgin. He calls her "his lady and his queen, in whom is all fulness of grace and every sort of good: the palace, the temple, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ." Again, says St. Francis: "We ought to confess all our sins to the priest, that we may receive the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, because whoever does not eat his Flesh and drink his Blood cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." A complete life should have included these, and a consistent follower of St. Francis should not stop short of Rome and all that means. It is a pity to give up the good things of life and undergo all the hardships that are included in the life of a Salvation Army woman-officer, and yet not accept the teachings of the Master in their entirety.

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THE EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH STRONGLY ROMAN.

BY DAVID B. WALKER.

A LETTER from an eminent clergyman of the Anglican Church in Australia to me contains the following passage. I had written him telling him, among other things, that I had made up my mind, after much hesitancy and long consideration, to be received into the Catholic Church. I felt it due to our former very close relations of friendship to announce my intention to him. Moreover, another reason lay in the fact that for several years I was one of the wardens in his church. He writes as follows:

"I suppose by this you are safe within the fold. If so, may you have all good fortune and may God speed you! If a man makes up his mind that *Jesus is Jehovah*, there is then no resting-place short of Rome. And now that Pope Leo XIII. will not recognize even a ground for negotiating about Anglican Orders, I see nothing else for High-Churchmen to do than to go right over to Rome. Henceforth the Anglican Communion must regard herself as having no history beyond that of her founder, Henry VIII. He certainly started the organization, as apart from and independent of Rome, though the whole thing was made right during Queen Mary's reign. I think the schism is of still later date. Queen Elizabeth was her father's daughter, and followed in his footsteps. Those Tudors made a lot of trouble. However, I think it is very well as it is."

The writer of this letter simply states what is held and believed in this particular by a large number of the ministers of the Anglican Protestant Church in Australia, and I think the same may be said in regard to the majority of the ministers of that church in England.

PRETENDED LINEAGE FROM ST. PAUL.

The High-Churchmen, however, have devised a theory whereby they trace an ecclesiastical lineage from St. Paul, pretending that while St. Peter founded the Roman Church, St. Paul established the Anglican Church, and that long before the six-

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teenth century the Anglican Church had no relationship with or dependence on Rome for jurisdiction. The movement to-day, increasing as it is in volume and bearing so many along with it, makes the discussion of this question one of peculiar interest.

Until late years, or until the date of what is generally termed the Catholic movement in the Anglican Protestant Church, that church was always regarded as the church founded by Henry VIII., at the time of the so-called Reformation; for this church, as history distinctly tells us, had Henry and his son, Edward VI., as her nursing fathers, and Queen Elizabeth as her nursing mother, and was always spoken of and considered "as the Church of England as by law established," and her adherents would as soon have thought (and the majority of them are to-day of the same mind) of having an alliance with the Sultan of Turkey in matters of religion as with the Bishop of Rome. A study of her articles and teachings is sufficient to prove this fact.

Now, if it can be shown by history that the Early British Church was in close communion with the See of Rome, and regarded the bishop of that see as head of the whole Catholic Church, then every candid person is forced to conclude that the Anglican Protestant Church cannot be her descendant, or be connected with her in any way. A careful inquiry into the history of the Early British Church will show to whom, under Almighty God, it was indebted for its existence, and what authority it acknowledged, and what were its relations with the See of Rome.

CLAUDIA AND GRŒCINIA, BRITISH CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

History tells us that two British Christian women, Claudia and Grœcinia, both living in the first century, may have been instrumental in Christianizing Britain. St. Paul, in his second Epistle to St. Timothy (v. xxi. c. iv.), speaks of Claudia and Pudens being then in Rome. And Martial, in his history, states that Claudia, the wife of St. Pudens, was a Briton. The claim of Grœcinia is not so strong. She is supposed to have been a Briton because her husband, Plautus, was a governor of Britain; and a Christian, because she was accused before the senate of practising some foreign superstitions. But even with these proofs there is nothing to show that, though they embraced Christianity in Rome, they established a church in Britain. At the same time, having regard to the fact that, throughout all

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ages of the church's history, women have ever played a most prominent part in the spreading of the Gospel, and suffering for the faith—witness St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Fabiola, St. Catherine, and a host of others. Consequently we can well conceive with what earnest zeal Claudia and Grœcinia, both of whom had seen the apostles of our Lord, would endeavor to impart to others, whether in Rome or Britain, the glorious truth that had been made known to them; for rest assured that they, like all those early Christian saints, were ever ready to confess, or even die for, their Blessed Lord.

In the year 43 Rome obtained a footing in Britain, and there established her colonies, and probably travellers were, even in those remote days, in the habit of passing from Rome to Britain, and amongst them there may have been some who professed the new faith, and were only too glad to let their priceless gift be known. For, according to history, the early Christians were ever anxious to impart to others the great truth that had been revealed to them.

POPE ST. ELEUTHERIUS SENDS MISSIONARIES TO BRITAIN.

The Christianizing of Britain during the first, and we may say almost to the close of the second century, is merely a matter of conjecture, and we have nothing definite on the subject until the year 177 or 181. The writings of the Venerable Bede inform us that, during the reign of the Emperor Aurelius and the pontificate of St. Eleutherius, the Gospel was brought to Britain. At this time a British king, named Lucius, sent messengers to St. Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, with the request that he might be admitted to, and instructed in, Christianity. The request was joyfully received. Missionaries were ordained and sent forth; King Lucius was baptized, and the new religion was propagated throughout his kingdom. The same facts are recorded in the ancient acts of the Roman pontiffs, as well as by the tradition of the British Church in Ninnius, the Triads, etc.; and the Book of Llandaff states that "the pope received a letter from Lucius, a King of Britain, in which the writer intimates that he might become a Christian through his command." According to Mr. Rees, in his work on the Welsh saints, the missionaries sent by Pope St. Eleutherius to King Lucius established themselves in the neighborhood of Llandaff, in Wales, which no doubt formed a part of the kingdom of Lucius. Lucius is honored with public devotion on December 3.

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THE EARLY FATHERS SPEAK OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN.

After the conversion of King Lucius, continental writers numbered the Islands of Britain as amongst the conquests of Christianity. Tertullian, Origen, and Arnobius each speak of the establishment of Christianity in Britain, and affirm that the religion of Christ reached from India in the east to Britain in the West.

For about one hundred years the church in Britain enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and was not attacked until the general persecutions which were waged against Christians under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian (A. D. 303). Historians tell us that on the promulgation of the sanguinary edict of Diocletian the churches in Britain were demolished, the sacred writings publicly burned in the streets, and a multitude of priests and laics put to death, so that the forests and caverns, which served as places of refuge to the Christians, seemed to have more inhabitants than the cities.

ST. ALBAN, THE PROTO-MARTYR OF BRITAIN.

The historians Gildas and Bede give us only the names of Alban of Verulan, and Julius, and Aaron of Caerleon, among the many faithful soldiers of the cross in Britain, who suffered martyrdom at this time (A. D. 305). In regard to the martyrdom of St. Alban, who is styled the proto-martyr of Britain, we are told that at the time the persecutions were raging against the Christians a priest of the church, fleeing from his persecutors, sought refuge in the house occupied by Alban, who was then not a Christian, though he had visited Rome. Alban admitted the priest, and he so admired his guest that on the retreat of the refugee being discovered, Alban, to save his friend and teacher, arrayed himself in priestly vestments and delivered himself up to the soldiers, and in the presence of the governor of the province acknowledged his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and refused to sacrifice to the gods. He was scourged, and then beheaded on a small eminence outside the walls of the city—

"Self-offered victim for his friend he died, and for the Faith."

When the persecutions ceased a church was erected over his remains, and though it was afterwards destroyed by the idolatrous Saxons, the ruins were long visited by pilgrims, and in the year 793, on the same spot, Offa, King of Mercia,

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founded the great Abbey of St. Alban. Is it to be wondered at that this saint should be held in such veneration, and that even to-day his memory should be held in benediction, when we consider that, in the delivering himself up to death for his friend, he truly followed in the footsteps of his Blessed Lord, who gave his life for others, and, like him, suffered death without the city? Truly, such heroism sheds the brightest lustre on the early British Church.

BRITISH BISHOPS AT THE COUNCIL OF ARLES.

The elevation of Constantine to the Empire of Rome, which brought peace to the church, and the conversion of his son Constantine to the faith, gave the Christians everywhere a title to imperial favor. Of the intercommunion in faith and discipline of the British Church with the continental churches, during the fourth and fifth centuries, we have good proof from ecclesiastical documents of that age. We find it recorded that a deputation of British bishops sat as representatives of their brethren at the Councils of Arles, in 314, of Sardica, in 342, and of Rimini, in 359. The deputation to the Council of Arles consisted of three bishops, viz., Eboribus of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphius (supposed to be of Lincoln). The bishops attending the Council of Rimini were the guests of the emperor. At the Council of Arles, Pope St. Sylvester presided by his legates, and its decrees, at the unanimous request of the assembled bishops, were forwarded to Rome for his confirmation. There is no evidence, however, of British bishops being present at the General Council of Nicæa in 325, but it is recorded that copies of its decrees for the British bishops were consigned to the priests Vitus and Vincent, who with Hosius were representatives of the pope in the council. At the Council of Sardica, over which Hosius presided as the representative of the pope, he, together with the Roman priests Archidamus and Philoxemus, took precedence of the other bishops in signing the decrees of the council. At this council we find that three canons dealing with the subject of "Appeals to Rome" were passed; they were substantially as follows: In case a bishop considers himself unjustly condemned, one canon gives him the right to appeal to the pope. Another canon orders the see of an appellant bishop to remain unfilled "*till the Bishop of Rome has judged and decided thereon.*" A third canon declares that the pope may retry the case, either through the bishops nearest to the province in ques-

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tion, or by priests of his own sent to constitute, with the appointed bishops, the court of second instance. St. Athanasius is witness to the fact that the British bishops accepted all the decrees of this council, showing thereby that they were in full communion with, and acknowledged the supremacy of, the See of Rome. And writing again in the year 363, this same saint further attests that the British Church was loyal to the Catholic Church notwithstanding the Arian and Pelagian heresies, which prevailed at this time.

VICTRICIUS, BISHOP OF ROUEN, VISITS BRITAIN.

In the year 390, at the request of the British bishops, Victricius, Bishop of Rouen, proceeded to Britain to heal the dissensions that had arisen there, and to restore religious peace, showing thereby the close bond of union that existed between the church in Gaul and the church in Britain. The letters of Victricius to Pope St. Siricius on this occasion attest his communion with the Holy See, and his devotion to the Catholic faith.

POPE ST. CELESTINE SENDS ST. GERMANUS TO BRITAIN.

It was not until about the beginning of the fifth century that the Pelagian heresy obtained a foothold in Britain, and in all probability this was brought about by Pelagius himself, who, being a Briton, went to reside there. About the year 429 Pope St. Celestine, at the request of the British bishops, commissioned St. Germanus of Auxerre to proceed to Britain for the purpose of dealing with the Pelagian heresy. At the conference held at Verulan, to which the Pelagian leaders came with a large following of dependents, and in all the pride of wealth and rich attire, Catholic truth prevailed, no less by the prayers and miracles than by the arguments of St. Germanus. He applied to the eyes of a blind girl the case of sacred relics which he always wore suspended from his neck, and her sight was instantly restored to her. The bishops and faithful proceeded to St. Alban's shrine to return thanks for the triumph of truth. St. Germanus took away with him as a precious treasure a little of the clay saturated with the martyr's blood, and left in its stead some relics of other saints.

St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Martin of Tours, two great saints of the Catholic faith in Gaul, were held in the highest veneration by the Early British Church, and their feasts were observed with all solemnity.

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ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND, VISITS BRITAIN.

Before the close of the fourth century armed predatory bands of Irishmen began to occupy the western coast of Britain, and it was here, on the shores of this sister isle, that the first-fruits of Irish faith were offered to God, some receiving the light through the preaching of St. Ninian, who was consecrated a bishop by Pope St. Siricius. Others, through the benign influence of the Welsh clergy, became devoted children of the cross. When the great Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, accompanied St. Germanus of Auxerre to Britain, in the year 429, he met with many Irishmen in Wales, and being familiar with their language, he applied himself with devoted earnestness to their instruction in the truths of religion, and so enamoured was he of the missionary field there opened to his zeal that he desired to remain permanently amongst them, but at the summons of Pope St. Celestine he was compelled to forsake this chosen flock, and to gird himself for the more arduous task of the apostolate of Ireland.

THE UNITY BETWEEN THE CHURCHES OF BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

During the fifth and sixth centuries many Irish saints flocked to Britain, and oftentimes seemed to make its monasteries their own, while the great saints of Wales reciprocated this affection, and when in search of wisdom often chose the centres of piety in Ireland as their homes. This shows how close were the bonds of unity and affection that existed between the Early British Church and the ancient Church of Ireland, and there cannot be even a shadow of doubt regarding the attachment and devotion of the latter to the See of Rome.

Almost all the great saints of the Early British Church made pilgrimages to Rome to visit the tombs of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, as we read in the lives of St. David, St. Cadoc, St. Byrnach, St. Lampson, St. Dubricius, and St. Kentigern, and others. St. Byrnach, during his visit to Rome, was invited by the pope to preach there; and St. Cadoc made the pilgrimage to Rome no less than seven times, and received precious gifts from the Holy See.

The great monasteries of Britain attest the faith of the people. The monasteries of Glastonbury, Bardsey Island, Llanbardain, and Bangor Iscoed, and many others were, for piety and regular observance, famed throughout Christendom.

The Church of Llandaff was dedicated to God under the

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special invocation of St. Peter, and the privileges granted to it, and to its holy founder, St. Teilo, were confirmed by the authority of Rome. As it is written in the Book of Llandaff: "This is the law and privilege of Teilo of Llandaff, which the kings and princes of Wales granted to the church of Teilo, and to all its bishops after him for ever, and was confirmed by the popes of Rome."

THE DOCTRINES AND TEACHINGS OF THE BRITISH CHURCH.

The Holy Mass, Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, Confession, and other distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church are all met with in the British monuments of those times. St. Cadoc calls prayers, alms-deeds, and fasting the "three physicians of the soul."

The Book of Llandaff sets forth that "the Church of Rome has dignity above all the churches of the Catholic Faith." The laws of Howell the Good at every page bear the impress of Catholic teaching. For instance, it is enacted regarding an absconding culprit, that if he seeks reconciliation, he shall, before his patrimony be restored to him, proceed to Rome and obtain from the pope a certificate of having been absolved from the censure which he had incurred.

Gildas the historian, who wrote during the sixth century, and at the time when all the then civilized world was overrun by barbarians, while he speaks of the great deterioration in morals amongst the faithful throughout the British Church, nevertheless recognizes that they clung to the faith, and also "that they looked to St. Peter as the Prince of the Apostles, and the source of all priestly authority in the church."

THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.—WHY WAS IT ORDERED?

Some may say, If the Early British Church was in such close communion with the See of Rome as has been here set forth, what necessity was there to send St. Augustine for the purpose of converting the people of Britain? The mission of St. Augustine was in particular for the conversion of the pagan Anglo-Saxons, who lived in Kent and the surrounding country, and were far removed from the kingdom of Wales, and furthermore, the Britons of that period were as opposed to the Saxons as the French and Germans are to each other to-day. And again, when we remember the story that is narrated of Pope Gregory—how, seeing the boy slaves in the market-place at Rome, and inquiring who they were, they were represented to him

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as *Angles, not Britons*, and he, struck by their beauty, exclaimed, "Not Angles, but angels," we perceive that he regarded them as a people separate and apart from the Britons.

Some controversialists lay great stress upon the speech which, it is alleged, was addressed to St. Augustine by Dunod, Abbot of Bangor, protesting against the assumption of papal authority; but this has been proved to be a mere mediæval fable. Dr. Bright, professor of ecclesiastical history in Oxford, does not hesitate to pronounce it "spurious." Hadden asserts that it was first related long after the Norman invasion. A distinguished Cymric scholar, examining the original Cymric text, affirms that it could not have been composed before the twelfth or thirteenth century.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE BRITISH BISHOPS.

The conference of St. Augustine with the British bishops has given occasion to another difficulty. There does not appear, however, to have been any diversity of faith between the British Church and those sent from Rome, although they differed in small matters of discipline. The special object of Augustine's conference with the British bishops evidently was to invite them to co-operate with him in the work of evangelizing the Anglo-Saxons. Venerable Bede expressly attests that St. Augustine "tried to persuade them, by brotherly admonition, to undertake in conjunction with him the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen for the Lord's sake." The fact that he made such an appeal to them is the best proof we could have of their unity with him in the teaching of the divine faith. The Saxons at this time pursued the Britons with relentless enmity, and no doubt the British bishops realized how futile would be their preaching to such inimical neighbors, and how displeasing such an enterprise might be to their own spiritual flocks.

THE EARLY BRITISH CHURCH PLANTED AND NURTURED BY THE HOLY SEE.

The foregoing facts will, it is presumed, suffice to illustrate the doctrine and discipline of the Early British Church, and in particular her close connection with the See of Rome. And in the face of what has been shown one may well ask, How, by any reasoning, can the "Anglican Protestant Church," which is as far removed in doctrine and discipline from the Holy See as

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one star is from another, lay claim to be a lineal descendant of, or in any manner connected with, the Early British Church, which it must be admitted was planted and nurtured by the See of Rome, and which in after years merged into and became one with the Anglo-Saxon Church, which was founded, under God, by St. Augustine, at the direction of that great and holy pontiff, St. Gregory the Great, and was ever subject to the Holy See? In support of this last assertion I will quote a short passage from the work published by Henry VIII. in refutation of the doctrines of Luther, and dedicated by him to Pope Leo X., for which he received from the pontiff the title of "Defender of the Faith." Henry writes: "*If any one will look upon ancient monuments, or read the histories of former times, he may easily find that, since the conversion of nations, all churches in the Christian world have been obedient to the See of Rome.*"

THE ANGLICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH, THE CHURCH OF HENRY VIII.

It may be considered harsh to say it, but it is undeniably the truth, that the Anglican Protestant Church cannot in any way, especially in the face of the historical facts adduced, be considered as a lineal descendant of the Early British Church, or a part of the Catholic Church, but is without doubt the church of the so-called Reformation, founded by Henry VIII., and established and maintained by law, and having the reigning monarch of England for its spiritual and temporal head.

In concluding, I would state that I have read with much pleasure and profit the various writings of his eminence, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, treating of the early churches of Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, and they show that he has made a most exhaustive study of this subject. As an Australian, I always entertained, even while an Anglican, a most profound respect and admiration for his eminence, as he seemed to me to be ever doing battle "for the faith once delivered to the saints," and to my mind well may he be regarded in Australia as that great prelate, John of Tuam, was regarded in Ireland, viz., "as the Lion of the Tribe of Juda, and ever ready to defend the church from attacks by schismatics."

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THE MERCY HOSPITAL, CHICAGO.

THE STORY OF A GREAT WESTERN HOSPITAL.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

VISTAS of long, cloister-like corridors, where, in the dim distance, the slanting sunbeams sift through bright-colored geraniums and casually flash on the coif of a passing nun, the snowy cap and apron of a nurse; glimpses of cozy bed-rooms, scrupulously clean and neat as to their appointments; the sight of spacious wards with a stretch of polished floor gleaming between long rows of white cots; of handsomely furnished alcoves, bright with vases of flowers and adorned with pictures of Madonna and saints, alternating with busts and portraits of modern and still mortal patrons of the institution; the flash through the windows of emerald boughs swaying under a blue sky, giving the idea of rural surroundings; a sweet pervading air of peace, tranquillity, and sanctity—all these produce an impression which has impelled visitors to exclaim, on passing through Mercy Hospital, "One almost longs to be sick, so that he might spend some time here!"

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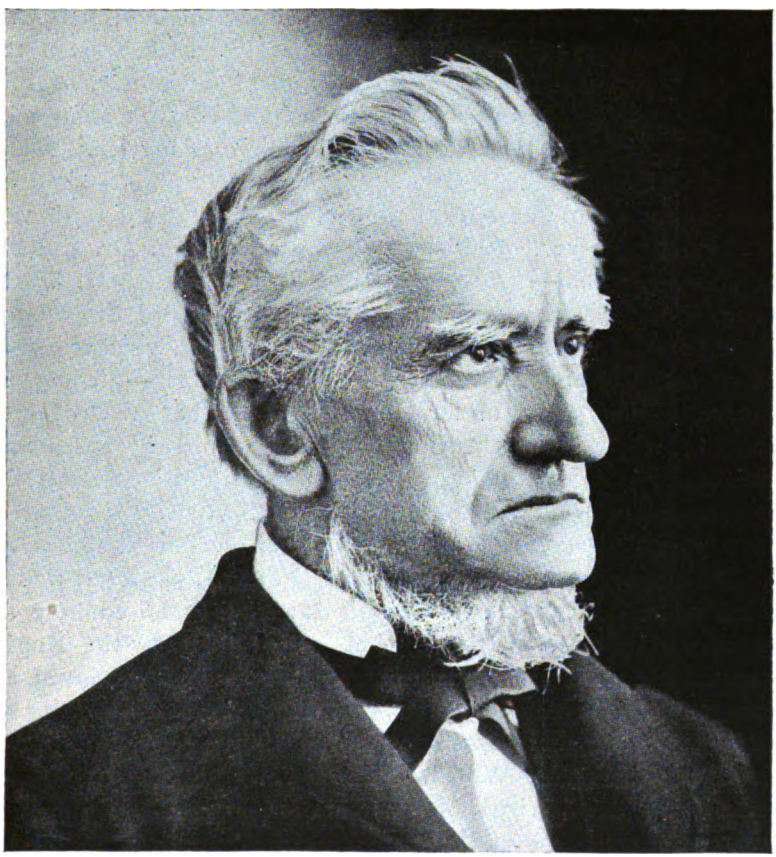
But amid all this attractive daintiness in flowers, pictures, and statues, spotless walls and shining floors, hovers the grim shadow of human suffering and disease. There is a depressing vision of faces pallid and drawn with pain, of forms bent and



DR. NATHAN SMITH DAVIS.

wasted, of shattered wrecks from life's stormy ocean, temporarily anchored in a friendly haven, but fast yielding to decay. A dumb appeal is in the air, an inarticulate cry of agony, a dread hush as of suspense for some soul fluttering towards the great mystery. The silence is broken by the rumble of an ambulance. A maimed, bleeding form is borne in, an atom from Chicago's great daily grist of accidents. Here is an object-lesson on the cause of this noble house's existence; here is its forcible *raison d'être*. And with honor and devotion we kiss the strong, broad, gentle hand of Mercy.

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The story of the Mercy Hospital of Chicago—one of the grandest achievements recorded in the short but spirited annals of the Sisters of Mercy—goes back to the days when the present vast, swarming, octopus-armed Garden City was a grimy village on a swamp by Lake Michigan.

The history of Mother McAuley's Sisters of Mercy is practically coeval with the reign of Queen Victoria. It was in 1843 that the young, tall, robust Bishop Michael O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, visited Carlow and eloquently requested that some members of the Mercy Order accompany him to America. Bishop England, Bishop Clancy of Demerara, and other prelates had previously made a similar appeal to the Carlow nuns, but in vain. In support, however, of Bishop O'Connor's plea, Dr. Cullen—afterwards cardinal—wrote to the nuns; his nephew, Father Dwyer, argued with them. Cardinal Cullen and the English government held at least one belief in common, viz.: the more Irish deported from their native land the better—the cardinal from motives of piety, under the conviction that wherever the expatriated Celts went the Catholic faith would be spread and propagated; the English government from motives of policy, being anxious to get rid of subjects discontented through oppression, and to see Ireland "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." A few years later the Black Famine, fostered and fomented by the authorities, swooped down upon the country and cleared out the Irish in a way that brought joy to the English government, but which must have caused considerable doubt and dismay to Dr. Cullen.

Eventually, seven sisters volunteered to accompany Dr. O'Connor to the New World. They were headed by Mother Warde. On the arrival of the party at New York, after a stormy winter passage in the three-master, *Queen of the West*, an energetic, dark-eyed, low-sized clergyman of thirty-seven came on board and cordially welcomed Mother Warde, saying:

"As I have been the first to welcome you to the shores of the New World, I trust you will grant my first request, and promise to establish in the new diocese of Chicago a house of your excellent institute."

It was the Right Rev. William Quarter, Bishop-elect of Chicago, a native of Kings County, Ireland. On his subsequent arrival in his wild Western diocese, Dr. Quarter found himself with a poor congregation, an unfinished church, and a debt of $5,000, some of it bearing twelve per cent. interest. He first paid the debt out of his own private resources. Inspired by

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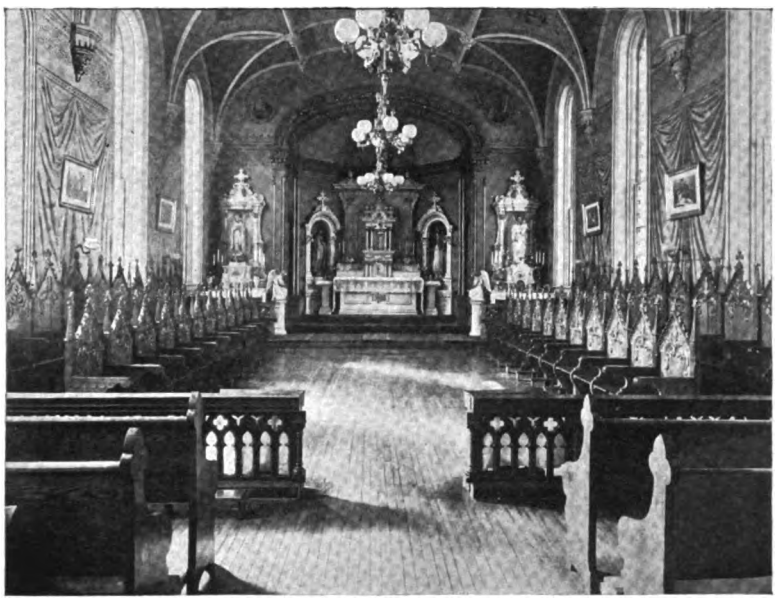
this liberal act, his congregation rallied enthusiastically to his aid. William B. Ogden, first mayor of Chicago—the swampy village had been incorporated as a city in 1837—presented him unconditionally with a large tract of land. He built a new



CHAPEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL.

church, topped with a spire surmounted by a glittering cross—the first spire built in Chicago—and in the old church he established "St. Mary's College," from which sprung the now defunct university known as St. Mary's of the Lake, in which many of the present citizens of Chicago received their education.

On a raw, cold evening in the fall of 1846, after a weary six days' journey from Pittsburgh, the Sisters of Mercy reached Chicago. Sick and shivering after their voyage across the lake from St. Joseph, they landed on the shore in front of the bishop's cottage and viewed the town of frame houses, some bright in white paint and green shutters, many mere dingy shanties. The bishop's "palace" was a one-story wooden cottage at the corner of Madison Street and Michigan Avenue, a primitive building with board partitions and utterly innocent of "modern improvements." Kind Dr. Quarter at once gave up his humble home to the sisters and went to live with one of his priests in a still more wretched hovel. In their new abode,

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which was described as "a sieve in summer and a shell in winter," the young community had a dreary time of it. The roof let in the snow and rain. In the morning they often found their clothing saturated, and some of them contracted consumption, from which they afterwards died. They were extremely poor, having to depend on charity for their daily food. They opened a school in an old frame building at the rear of the cottage, and here the children of many of the early Chicago settlers received their primary education. In the following year the bishop built a good brick convent for these sisters. It stood at No. 131 Wabash Avenue, corner of Madison Street, and was known as St. Xavier's Academy.

In ecclesiastical as well as social matters a rugged and primitive standard prevailed, of which illustrative instances are handed down. In the fearfully cold winter of 1847, on the occasion of the religious profession of Sister Mary Vincent McGirr, in the presence of a congregation of rugged settlers, bordermen, trappers, and sailors, while Father Kinsella, in lieu of a regular sermon, was reading from a spiritual book an explanation of the episcopacy, the religious state and the married state, making comments on each that were not less amusing than instructive, Bishop Quarter suddenly laughed out loud. The preacher looked astonished and seemingly felt indignant, thinking that this singular mirth was on his account; whereas the fact was that the worthy bishop was unable to resist laughing at the figure presented by Father McLaughlin, who, coming in out of a few feet of snow with woollen socks worn over his shoes, floundered, slipped, and fell on the wet floor in an attempt to make his genuflection.

The original Mercy community of Chicago numbered only five, namely, Sisters Agatha O'Brien, Vincent McGirr, Gertrude McGuire, Josephine Corbett, and Eva Schmidt. Of these the superior, Mother Agatha, in the world Margaret O'Brien, was a fine young Irishwoman, aged, on her arrival in Chicago, twenty-four, handsome, robust, cheerful, zealous, and energetic. The poor daughter of poor parents, she had joined the order as a lay sister in her native Carlow, and had been one of the first to volunteer for the American mission. Soon her sterling ability shone as a brilliant star. Bishop O'Connor described her as a woman "capable of ruling a nation." She was heartily devoted to the sick, the poor, and the children. She founded a branch convent of the order at Galena and a flourishing academy in Chicago.

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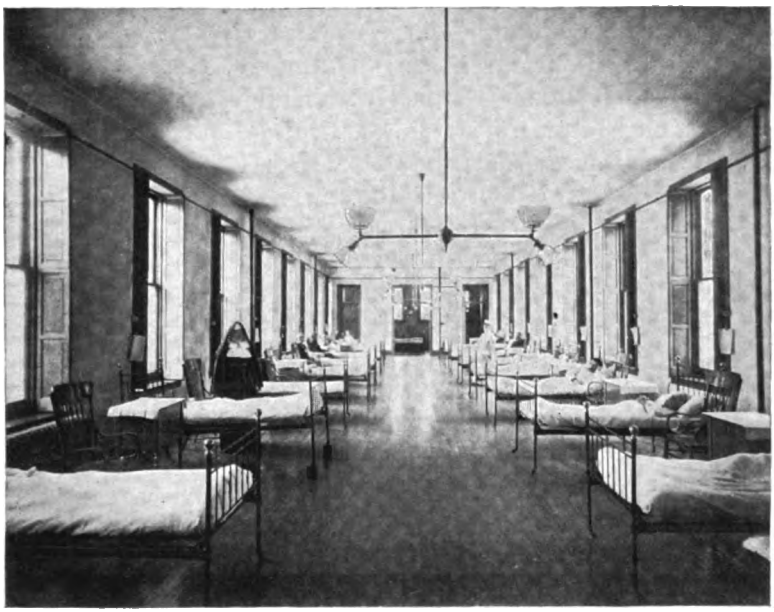

IN THE WARDS.

By this time the Garden City, whose population had now grown to thirty thousand, severely felt the need of a good hospital. In 1850 the leading medical men of Chicago secured the best hotel in the city, the Lake House, and fitted it up as a hospital under the name of the Illinois General Hospital of the Lakes. Twelve beds were purchased and placed therein, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, a very able physician and devoted philanthropist, who delivered half a dozen lectures for the purpose of raising funds for the institution. After some time the Sisters of Mercy were asked to take charge of the hospital, which they did, doubling the number of beds. The hospital soon occupied half the Lake House. It was thence removed to the Tippecanoe House, afterwards to a house built by the sisters for an orphanage, and again, after several years, to a fine edifice originally intended for a young ladies' seminary.

In 1854 cholera made havoc in Chicago, carrying off one thousand four hundred and twenty-four persons. Among those who succumbed was the brave young Mother Agatha. She fell valiantly at her post, stricken down while ministering to the victims of the disease, and with her in the convent chapel, in the robes of their order, lay the bodies of three other noble

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women who had died to save; namely, Sisters M. Bernard Hughes, Louisa O'Connor, and Veronica Hickey.

At length, on the afternoon of Sunday, July 25, 1869, was laid the corner-stone of the present magnificent Mercy Hospital. Away out on the prairie south of Chicago, about three miles distant from the convent at Wabash Avenue and Madison Street, at a point called Carville, on account of the location there of the Illinois Central car-shops, a piece of land had been bought by Mother Agatha for $600, out of the money saved by Sister McGirr when in charge of the old hospital. On this land was erected, in 1853–54, a fine academy, called St. Agatha's in memory of the beloved foundress. At this academy the daughters of many of the most prominent people of Chicago, of all denominations, were educated. The Sisters of Mercy used this "red house on the prairie," unapproachable save by foot or by private conveyance, as a novitiate for eight years.

In the immediate vicinity of St. Agatha's, Twenty-sixth Street and Calumet Avenue, was laid the foundation of the new hospital. The ceremony was attended by the chief civic, military, and religious authorities of Chicago. The orator of the occasion—and indeed the practical founder of the Mercy Hospital—was the sterling friend of humanity, Dr. Davis. A portion of his address on the occasion may be cited, as showing the character of the man, and the noble nature of the work he proposed to accomplish. Speaking of the divine injunctions as to charity, he said:

"However much the world of mankind may be divided in reference to religious creeds and ceremonies, there can be but one sentiment in regard to the universally binding character of these injunctions. They are broad in their scope as the brotherhood of man, and as binding as the divine impress can make them. Then let every thoughtful man who has an abundance of this world's goods reflect that for every dollar he will be called to render an account—not as to whether he obtained it honestly or by fraud; not whether he expended it for the gratification of his pride or passions, or hoarded it in his safe; but in that great day of final judgment we are told the question will come: Did ye clothe the naked; did ye feed the hungry; did ye visit the prisoner; did ye minister to the sick? Christianity demands of its votaries not negative virtues merely, but positive acts of charity and human kindness."

A fine old character is this Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, who

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still lives, and still practises medicine, albeit arrived at the patriarchal age of eighty. He was born in 1817 at Greene, Chenango County, N. Y., received his medical education at Fairfield, same State, practised in 1837 at Binghamton, and re-

MARTIN RYERSON. CONRAD SEIPP. EDMOND ANDREWS, M.D.

moved in 1846 to New York City, where he was appointed lecturer on medical jurisprudence in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1849 he came to Chicago and accepted the chair of physiology and pathology offered him by the faculty of Rush Medical College. In the following year he lectured upon city sanitation, and the plans he suggested for the water supply and the sewerage system were those which were afterwards practically adopted in Chicago. Dr. Davis is the founder of the influential American Medical Society (which idea occurred to him in 1846). He was one of the first movers in the origin of the Chicago Medical Society, a member of the board of Reform School Commissioners, and one of the earliest trustees of the Northwestern University. An intense total-abstinence man, he has never been known to prescribe a drop of alcoholic stimulant of any kind for his patients, yet, even in cases of typhoid fever and pneumonia, although running contrary to the general rule of other physicians, he has met with immense success. He was one of the first founders of the Chicago Washingtonian Home for the cure of inebriates.

For many years the rugged yet kindly face of Dr. Davis, crowned with a great mane of white hair, was a notable feature of Mercy Hospital. His directions to the sisters were not to spare him night or day, whenever he was needed. Never

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has he (or, indeed, any other doctor) accepted a professional fee from them. A genuine poor man's doctor, he takes special interest in the sick poor; he has been frequently known to hand back his fee to friends or relatives of his patient, with the request to get the latter better nourishment. There is no place for human respect in his sturdy democratic composition, and wealth cannot buy any special privileges of him.

One morning, while a line of patients sat in his outer office waiting their turns, Dr. Davis, on arriving, was accosted by a gentleman who seemed desirous of consulting him at once. "I am—" and he mentioned the name of a prominent citizen. The doctor made his peculiar stiff bow and spoke in his usual deliberate way.

"Very well; take a chair, sir."

"I am—" and the distinguished citizen gave more emphasis to his name of might and influence.

"Oh! well, then, you may take two chairs, sir."

And the unbending non-respecter of riches and dignity passed into his consultation room.

Another name prominently connected with the history of the Mercy Hospital is that of McGirr. Dr. John E. McGirr, only son of Dr. Patrick McGirr, of Youngstown, Pa., and brother of Mothers M. Vincent and Xavier McGirr, was a sincere and practical friend of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago. He and his father, who was a physician of the old school, were among the first to volunteer their services to the convent and the Mercy Hospital. When the elder McGirr was no longer able to practise, he and his wife, a pious lady, made their home in the old hospital, where they spent most of their time praying in the chapel.

The younger McGirr, Dr. John E., was one of the most progressive physicians of his time. In days ere Pasteur's theories and practices were yet unheard of, Dr. John E. McGirr was trying inoculation for black measles, and his views and experiments were attracting much attention among medical men. He also had a taste for literature and wrote a Life of Bishop Quarter. He taught chemistry, physiology, and other branches in the sisters' schools, and his attendance at all their institutions was given gratuitously, he furnishing medicines as well as professional advice free. This generous philanthropist had to leave Chicago on account of failing health. He died in Pittsburgh, October 23, 1870. His sister, Mother M. Vincent

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McGirr, still lives, the only survivor of the original Mercy community of Chicago.

Among other eminent physicians whose services were, always gratuitously, conferred upon the Mercy Hospital, were

SISTER IGNATIUS FEENEY, THE FIRST WOMAN TO TAKE A DIPLOMA IN PHARMACY IN THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Drs. Brainard, Herrick, Blaney, Boon, Johnson, Andrews, Byford, and Nelson.

In May, 1870, the Mercy Hospital was dedicated by Bishop Foley. A timely and providential opening it proved, for in the following year the Fire King unfurled his red flag in Chicago, making it a city of ruins and ashes, and cutting out plenty of work for the hospital.

It was about 9 P. M., on the memorable night of Sunday, October 8, 1871, when, louder than the voices of the nuns uttering the responses to the Litany of the Saints, read by Mother M. Vincent in the chapel of the old convent on Wabash Avenue, came a confusion of distant sounds, gradually increasing to a bewildering roar. The good mother closed her book and left the chapel, and just then the court-house bell rang out rapid notes of alarm—its very last sounds. Most of the sisters, not anticipating any serious danger, retired to rest as usual, but presently arose and gazed forth upon the lurid approach

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of the destroyer—a great trail of fire, momentarily growing wider and leaping higher. About eleven o'clock carriages were sent for to convey the inmates of the two Houses of Mercy to the distant hospital, and off they went, the smaller children first, then the larger, then the inmates of the Mercy Houses and most of the sisters, the vehicles plunging and swaying through streets strewn with household effects and filled with homeless women and children crying in dismay and terror, men running to and fro as if crazy, in the useless effort to save their belongings, thieves pursuing their avocation openly on all sides with impunity, drunkards revelling at whisky barrels with the heads burst in, all making a general pandemonium. Some of the sisters remained behind, endeavoring to save what they might. Men came to their assistance, and pianos, sewing-machines, cases of serge, nuns' veiling, and linen were brought out and loaded on trucks, only to be overtaken by the fire and burned. At length the remaining sisters had to flee before the flames, which seized the convent from the State Street side. Sixty sisters, fifty boarders, and forty young women from the Industrial Home reached the Mercy Hospital in safety.

The building, which was far out of range of the fire, was soon filled to overflowing with refugees and sufferers. Fortunately a fine addition of one hundred and fifty feet front, with two deep wings, had just been made to it, making it the finest institution of its kind in the city. But now there was no waste room in it, no yard of space unoccupied from attic to basement. Of the one hundred thousand people of Chicago rendered homeless by the great fire a large number crowded for shelter to the Mercy Hospital. Then there was the sad stream of those who had been injured by the flames. Many of them were in excruciating pain. The wards rang with the piteous cries of the burnt victims. Some of them had had their sight seared away for ever in their rush through the flames for safety; some had cruelly scorched faces; some had lost the use of their hands in endeavoring to protect their faces. One poor woman, so fearfully burned that her flesh came away in strips when an attempt was made to remove the sheet in which she had been borne in, died in great agony, reconciled to her fate by the gentle ministrations of the sisters. A Dr. Hess was brought in with a bullet wound in his lung; overwrought at the loss of his entire property by the fire, together with domestic troubles, he had attempted suicide, but without immediate success. He lived for three months afterwards, which

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THE LABORATORY.

time he spent in (strange to him) spiritual preparation, and died an exemplary death. His case resembled many others brought to Mercy Hospital at a time when large numbers of persons, rendered temporarily crazy and demoralized by grief and loss, attempted self-destruction. Mr. John Devlin, an old and respected citizen of Chicago, returned to the city after a brief absence only to find his wife and residence burned. He rescued her charred remains and deposited them at an undertaker's shop, but that night the place was consumed and the remains finally cremated. The stricken man, ruined beyond hope, having lost his all at one blow—even to his life insurance, on which he was unable to make payments—sought and obtained refuge in the Mercy Hospital, and there, after six years, he died.

The Relief and Aid Society now efficiently helped the hospital with gifts of mattresses, bed-covering, etc. The gas-works were destroyed, but fair old-time substitutes for the missing light were had in lamps and candles. The water-works were also a thing of the past, but the necessary fluid was obtained in barrels from Lake Michigan. From every part of the world relief in money, food, and clothing began to pour into Chicago. "Little Phil" Sheridan and his troops speedily restored the

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reign of order. People began to run up temporary shanties on the sites of their burned buildings, and even to talk of rebuilding on a magnificent scale. The big Phœnix began to flutter in its great arena of smoking ashes.

A number of sick sailors were suffering for lack of proper care and shelter. Their hospital, the Marine, had been burned, leaving the poor fellows in a sad state. The officer who had been in charge of the Marine Hospital called at the Mercy and asked for consideration for the suffering mariners, and asked not in vain. He offered to employ private policemen to keep order among the ailing explorers of the stormy "unsalted seas"; but this arrangement the superior declined as unnecessary. "We will take them and accommodate them as well as the house permits in its present crowded condition," she said; "they will not be unmanageable with us." Rugged of aspect and unfastidious of speech, as is said to be characteristic of those who go down to the sea in ships, the horny-handed handlers of ropes were lambs in gentleness and Chesterfields in courtesy in all their dealings with the sisters. The efforts of many of them to obtain and practise religion and to demonstrate their affectionate reverence for the sisters might be amusingly grotesque, but they were admirably sincere. From October, 1871, to November, 1872—when their own hospital had been rebuilt in splendid style on the lake front—the sailors remained at the Mercy. Those who were very sick, those confined to bed, and those who were not expected to recover, were allowed, on their own pleading, to stay; the remainder, who had to go, were very sorry at the parting.

Returning from a visitation tour of his diocese, Bishop Foley found his episcopal city practically wiped off the map. Cathedral, churches, convents, and his own residence lay in ruins. Having found shelter with the Jesuits, on the West Side, he purchased a Protestant church, at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Eldridge Court, and converted it into a Catholic one under the name of St. Mary's. The sisters opened school in the basement of the building, and the work of education, temporarily interrupted, was resumed. The fire had been a tremendous financial blow to them. Just the day previous to the great conflagration they had made nearly all arrangements for the sale of their property on Wabash Avenue, which, on account of the growth around it of the chief business centre of the city, had become unsuitable for their purpose. The contract of sale was completed on Saturday; on the following Monday, at 9

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A. M., the deeds of the property were to be delivered for the sum of $160,000; but when that hour arrived the place was a tottering shell and the sisters had fled, as described, to the Mercy Hospital, away out on the prairie. Later they were

A CLASS IN THE TRAINING-SCHOOL.

forced to part with the site for $60,000, which, when a mortgage of $50,000 was deducted, with legal expenses, interest, taxes, etc., left them $375!

It was necessary, however, to provide the nuns with shelter in lieu of that which had been swept away by the conflagration. A determined effort was made, and on September 24, 1872, the corner-stone of the present mother-house of the Order of Mercy in Chicago was laid at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street—a short distance from the Mercy Hospital—on a site which cost $75,000. By this time the temporalities of the sisters had fallen into a desperate condition. All their property was mortgaged to every cent of its value, even to the house which sheltered them, and the furniture of their rooms. Fifty acres of land, which with admirable foresight had been bought by the late Mother Agatha for $10,000, had become of enormous value—it is now worth over $350,000; but on account of the heavy mortgages on it, and the taxes levied on account

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of the Park bills (for the purpose of improving the parks of Chicago), the poverty-stricken community was compelled to let it all go, with the exception of a square of five acres, situated near the lake, within a block of South Park. At this crisis, in May, 1873, a superior who might be called an ecclesiastical queen of finance was fortunately appointed, in the person of Mother Mary Genevieve Granger, a native of Canada and a trained veteran of the Mercy Order, she having held the position of assistant superior away back in 1855. In the first year of her office as superior Mother Granger managed to pay the large sum of $90,000, debts and interest due by the order. She continued to make an energetic struggle; but nevertheless, in the winter of 1876, the accumulated debt having reached $125,000, the Mercy Hospital and St. Xavier's Academy had to be sold. Bishop Foley held the deeds. He was particularly interested in the Mercy Hospital, which he frequently visited. "You may have recreation till you see me again," he said one day, on leaving, to the sisters. It was his last visit to any institution in Chicago. He died a few days afterwards of typhoid fever. On Bishop Foley's death the deeds of the hospital and academy passed to his successor, Archbishop Feehan, who returned them to the sisters.

The venerable Mother Mary Genevieve Granger, who has celebrated the golden jubilee of her fifty years' membership of the Order of Mercy, still, by papal dispensation, worthily holds the office of superior of the mother-house of the order in Chicago. "To her we owe our preservation from financial ruin," writes Mother M. Vincent McGirr, the only survivor of the original Mercy community of Chicago, "and the peace, union, and good order that reign in our community. I know it is not well to praise people while they live, although I am aware that praise and censure are the same to her, except where God is concerned, provided she can do her duty alike to all."

The Mercy Hospital has always been specially distinguished for its brilliant corps of physicians. Though often pressed by his friends to give it up on account of his advanced age, the sisters' staunch old friend, Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, Nestor of his profession in Chicago, still in a desultory way maintains his now historic connection with the institution. His son, Dr. N. S. Davis, Jr., and Dr. J. H. Hollister are the present consulting physicians. The chief surgeon is Dr. Edmond Andrews, who has been connected with the hospital since 1855, and who has acquired high fame by his remarkable and successful operations.

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"AN ATOM FROM CHICAGO'S GREAT DAILY GRIST OF ACCIDENTS."

Associated with him on the visiting staff are his son, Dr. E. Wyllys Andrews, Dr. Christian Feneger, and Dr. William E. Morgan, very skilful surgeons. The remainder of the hospital staff consists of: Gynecologists, Drs. Frank T. Andrews and E. C. Dudley; Obstetricians, Dr. J. C. Hoag and J. B. De Lee; Pathologist, Dr. Stanley P. Black; Eye and Ear Department, Dr. Horace M. Starkey. Besides these there is an efficient home staff.

Sterling ability, rectitude, and honor have ever been the characteristics of the medical gentlemen whom the Mercy Hospital has attracted as a magnet. As for the sisters, well, it need scarcely be explained that, unlike the salaried officials and nurses of other hospitals, their earthly pay merely consists of food and clothing, and that of the plainest kind.

It is a distinctly modern hospital, strictly up to date in all its furnishings and equipments. It was the first institution to provide itself with a complete apparatus for the taking of X-ray pictures. Its laboratory, whither the microbes of disease from the different patients are daily brought and identified as accurately as a criminal is by the Bertillon system, is a marvellous establishment in itself. The chapel of the establishment is a gem. A convalescent patient may take an interesting

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stroll through about half a mile of well-lighted and nicely furnished corridors.

In her office, to the left of the entrance, is usually found Sister Raphael McGill, tall and robust, with a face full of strength, energy, and kindness. She is in charge of the institution. Sister Isidore Perrigo has charge of the first floor, Sister Anthony Grant of the second, Sister Margaret Shephard of the third, Sisters Edmund Carey and Vivian Ryan of the fourth, and Sister Helen of the basement. The surgical department is allotted to the care of Sisters Norbert Ryan and De Pazzi Lenahan, the medical male department to Sister Ethelreda O'Dwyer, and the operating room to Sister Veronica Ryan. The drug department is ably presided over by Sister Ignatius Feeney, one of the best pharmacists in the United States. Sister Ignatius, who came from Longford, Ireland, entered the order in 1859, and after some time became head of the pharmaceutical department. A complaint having been made that prescriptions were being made up by persons who had never been declared competent by the proper authorities, Sister Ignatius, in 1882, presented herself for examination before the Illinois State Board of Pharmacy, with the result that she distanced the fifty-seven other licentiates, male and female, who were examined on the same occasion. She was the very first of her sex to receive a diploma in pharmacy in the State of Illinois; this development and assertion of female ability being peculiarly startling and significant when the "new woman" in the case was a humble and unassuming Sister of Mercy.

An admirable feature of the Mercy Hospital is its training of young women as nurses. Candidates for the profession, whose moral and physical qualifications are satisfactorily guaranteed, are taken for a month on probation, being boarded and lodged free during that time. Then, if found suitable, they enter upon a two years' course of training, consisting of practical work in wards, operating rooms, private rooms, general surgical dressing, and special treatment of cases, the whole aided and accentuated by class study and a complete course of lectures. For the first year they serve as assistants in the wards; during the second they act as nurses in the wards or in private cases among the rich and poor, according to the direction of the superintendent. They reside in comfortable rooms, and wear a uniform of striped light blue, with white cap, apron, collar, and cuffs. A sum of $8 per month is al-

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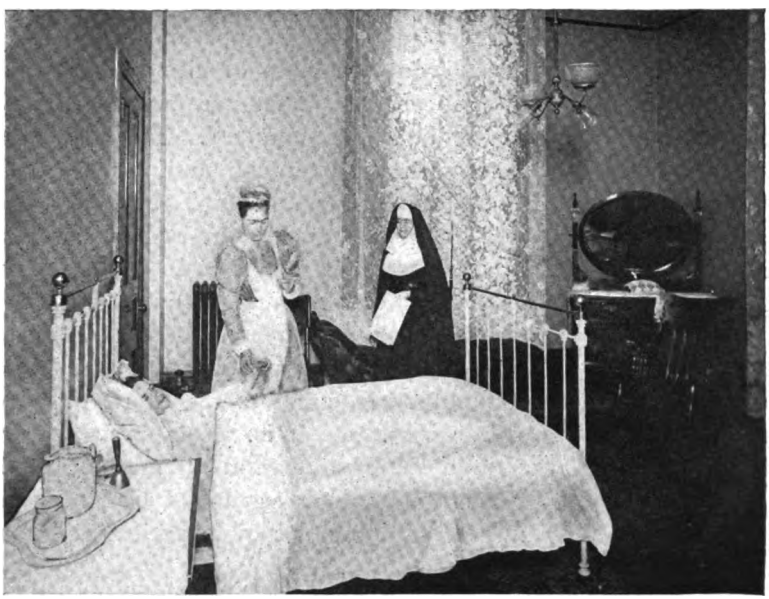
lowed each nurse, not as wages—the liberal education given being considered full equivalent for their services—but for dress, text-books, and other matters of personal expense. The day nurses are on duty from 7:15 A. M. to 7:15 P. M., with an hour



A GLIMPSE OF A PRIVATE ROOM.

off for rest or recreation. Each gets an afternoon off each week, and a two weeks' vacation each year.

Illness is practically impartial as to the calling or profession of the generality of its victims, yet a glance at the list of 1,785 cases treated in the Mercy Hospital last year is interesting as showing where thickest fall the random strokes of the unwelcome visitor. The greatest number of classified patients, 336, were housewives; next to them, on the female list, were domestics, 127. Of the males 235 had no calling; there were 202 laborers, 130 clerks, 70 merchants, 57 farmers, 44 railroad men, 35 saloon-keepers, 36 teachers, 37 teamsters, 28 students, and 27 police officers. All other trades and callings averaged about four, only one patient from each occupation being sent in by artists, athletes, boiler-makers, builders, bridge-builders, cattle-dealers, cigar-makers, detectives, gasfitters, gripmen, liverymen, motor-men, musicians, photographers, roofers, shoemakers, steam-fitters, hostlers, and tinsmiths. Over five hundred of the

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patients, people without means, were received and treated free —such being the character of the institution.

The sum of $10,000 endows a room in Mercy Hospital in perpetuity; $5,000 endows a bed in perpetuity; $300 supports a bed for one year. Unfortunately, not many rooms or beds have been endowed. During its growth from a humble frame structure to its present magnificent proportions the hospital has received but little aid from the class of citizens who might be supposed to be most interested in its prosperity. Its chief financial benefactors may be easily counted. The late Martin Ryerson, a much-respected, philanthropical, and wealthy Chicago citizen, endowed the Martin Ryerson ward for aged men, a cheerful and handsomely furnished apartment on the first floor, accommodating eight patients. Conrad Seipp left by his will $10,000 to the hospital, and James Casey, a smaller sum.

The want of means, however, has been a bitter, depressing, disheartening obstacle to some of the noblest of human undertakings. Had not such obstacle existed, the merit of accomplishment would be but slight. As it is, triumphantly erected by the efforts of the good sisterhood amid all manner of difficulty and discouragement, the Mercy Hospital of Chicago stands to-day one of the noblest monuments of practical religion in the United States or in the world.

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SCIENCE AS A DETECTIVE.

BY ERNEST LAGARDE, MOUNT ST. MARY'S.

"YOU cannot understand how the bacteria that kill also feed, and make the most ordinary edibles at once toothsome and highly flavored. It is so, however.

"Let me tell you that the flavor of that much-sought-for butter which the Pennsylvania housewives of Lancaster prepare, and which always commands a very high price in our markets on account of its delicious aroma, is due almost wholly to the growth of bacteria. The fragrance, not only of butter, but of cheese, smoking tobacco, snuff, vinegar, milk, beer, and a great number of products which are necessary for the nourishment of man, or for the gratification of his capricious tastes and habits, are, if not entirely, at least in a large measure, the result of the development and growth of bacteria, in the products I have mentioned."

These were the words of Dr. Clemson, a learned scientist and professor of biology in one of the great universities of the country. For years he had sought with sedulous inquiry and unwearied patience the causes of disease and the mysterious results of micro-organisms in what modern science calls evolutionary processes. He had directed his researches, most particularly, toward finding out the gruesome progress of the "conqueror worm," the "ubiquitous germ" which, like a ruthless army, invades the hut of the poor and the gilded retreat of the wealthy. The revelations of the microscope showed him that water—of which the conscientious temperance professor tells us in rhythmic measure,

"Good pure water does for me, makes none poorer, makes none worse"—

was an ocean tenement of life, in which strange, fantastic, medusa-like organisms disported themselves, having the while their loves and their keen hates which lead to battle and to fierce struggles for perpetuity. He had scanned the bread which popular ignorance and delusion call the staff of life, and in its crust and dough had found a spreading forest or greenwood, a mould which escapes the naked eye, but which, under the "all-seeing" lens of the microscope, becomes an extensive

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area of greenery, with veritable woods and tree-like growths. On the leaves or trunks of this dwarf forest the microscope reveals a world of animated beings, moving, squirming, at times engaged in deadly strife, in which the parent micro-organism, Saturn-like, devours its uncanny progeny; or worse still, in which the progeny itself, like the hellish brood of sin, kennelled in the womb that bears them, turns upon its source of life and by fierce ravenings destroys the parent-stem of being; then, by a startling change, becomes, through an evolutionary process which escapes the grasp of even modern science, at once progeny and ancestor. But let us give way to Dr. Clemson himself, and let us bide our time while he speaks.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, addressing his class in his laboratory, "you know that in previous lectures I have shown the important *rôle* which micro-organisms play in the spread of zymotic diseases. I have told you how the researches of former scientists led them to the very verge of the discovery of the world of the infinitely small; yet such has been the progress of modern science that the great variety of forms of micro-organic life, as we know them at present, constitute really but a discovery of recent date.

In putting before you the paradox that the bacteria that kill also feed and sustain life, I merely step aside to call your attention to a line of investigation which is carried on with food products, and which, exploited on practical lines, is giving such results that we may hope, perhaps, for more hygienic systems of food production. I will simply add on this subject that the evolution theory, in this particular, is very fittingly illustrated by the fact that life is the result of death or decay; for the butter to which I referred a while ago is, as you know, made from ripened cream—or, to use an unscientific term, live cream. Now, this ripened or live cream is but the effect of bacterial growth, a step in the process of decay; for the heat to which the milk is exposed, before the cream rises, causes the decay, the death, so to speak, of the sweet milk. And this death is followed by the birth of micro-organisms whose number astounds us as we discover them, for it has been found by searchers in that line of investigation that a cubic centimetre contains eight hundred million bacteria. The rate of growth is not less astounding. It is held theoretically that the increase of a single bacterium may be sixteen million within twenty hours; and thus, giving scope to the imagination, we may fancy that the number of bacteria generated, theoretically, is a sum which increases in geometrical progression.

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Returning to the subject of this day's inquiry, the part which micro-organisms play in the propagation of disease, we will first take a rapid glance at the history of the theory itself. Let me tell you that the first who caught a glimpse of germ life is said to have been the Jesuit, Anastasius Kircher, who, in 1671, discovered bacteria in the sloughing of sores; but there is no doubt that the first to write scientifically on the subject was the old Dutch naturalist, Leeuwenhoek, one of the earliest investigators who made his researches with the help of a microscope.

The micro-organisms that he discovered were the bacteria found in the saliva. But he failed to discover whether they were the product or producing cause of disease.

The first disease traced to bacterial life was the dreadful one, so common in portions of Louisiana, among cattle, and popularly known as *charbon*—the anthrax or splenic fever—caused by the bacillus anthracis. As early as 1849 such investigators as Cogniard and Latour, among the French, had detected in the blood of animals affected with anthrax the presence of bacteria, which the later investigations of writers like Pollender finally fixed as the bacillus anthracis.

As the subject for this day's investigation will take several lectures to develop, I will consume the balance of the time allowed me by narrating a most interesting incident which occurred in the course of my practice and which belongs to a subject we will develop later on. I refer to the immunity from disease when there have been generated in the blood organisms which are capable of nullifying the disease-producing toxines.

In the early days of my biological researches I was called upon to attend an old professor who had been my teacher in my youth. I found him suffering with anthrax on the neck. He was a Southern man, and during his vacation it was his habit to visit the scenes of his childhood; he would travel through the South, extending his visits at times into Mexico. I diagnosed the case, and from the information afforded me by the professor I felt satisfied that he had contracted the disease by actual contact with the bacillus anthracis, as he had frequently visited the abbatoirs and the contiguous cattle-yards. After applying the usual antiseptic remedies, the old professor, who was a man of good constitution, soon rallied, and the ulcer began to show healthy granulations.

In the hospital to which the professor had been transferred for treatment, a sailor had been sent for reduction of a compound fracture of the arm. This sailor belonged to a steamship engaged in the fruit trade with the West Indies. It

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was never satisfactorily known how the sailor had broken his arm. After following the case of the professor to its healing point, I concluded that the safest way to cause the ulcer on his neck to heal rapidly was to do some skin-grafting. I suggested the treatment to one of the house surgeons, who directed one of the students to procure a healthy skin for my purpose.

Shortly after the skin-grafting I noticed that the professor was taken with spells of deep, and at times stertorous, sleep. In a few days very marked indications of what is called Sleeping Sickness set in—violent spasms preceding a deep, lethargic sleep. I became alarmed, as I knew that this disease is due to the *filaria loa*, a bacteroid that has been described in this country very learnedly by Matas, of Louisiana, and De Saussure, of South Carolina.

In my early experiments I had tried, in various ways, the antitoxic treatment for cases which had come under my hand. Interested in the then very recent Pasteur system of inoculation for rabies, I had in my biological experiments tried many ways to produce antitoxines, for various forms of disease. What that is, in a strictly scientific sense, I must tell you that we do not as yet exactly know. But this element that is imparted to the blood, either to counteract the impress of disease or to give immunity before attack, is some organism that resides in the blood serum—the yellow portion of the blood in which the blood corpuscles float, as you have already learned.

The "scientific imagination" of some has fancied that there is a battle royal between the myriads of animalcules that inhabit the blood and those that are last injected, the former representing and causing the disease that possesses the patient, the latter their natural enemies; and just as a plague of mosquitoes is destroyed by a swarm of swallows, so the bacteria of one disease are routed and exterminated by those of another, which must then themselves be expelled from the subject. In but two diseases, so far as the published results of experiments are known, has the antitoxic treatment been applied with anything like success—that is, in diphtheria and tetanus, or lockjaw; for, in rabies, the Pasteur system is even now undergoing its crucial test.

Yet some claim to have discovered the antitoxine of typhoid, and a young Italian physician declared very recently that he had discovered the antitoxine of yellow fever. However, it will be some time before the body of physicians will know the true value of antitoxic treatment. I must admit that the entire question is still involved in much mystery. But, as I said

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before, I had made experiments in the line of discovering immunity from disease or counteracting the effects, the disease having once made its invasion, and, although I am not satisfied with most of my experiments, yet in this particular case of the sleeping disease I think I have discovered an antitoxine. Whether it is at all times reliable I cannot at present declare, but in the case of the old professor I had the great happiness of securing the surprising result of a cure by the antitoxic treatment.

There is something else connected with this incident of my practice which, although it has no scientific value, has, however, enough of interest about it to entitle it to be paraded among the sensational items of the so-called advanced journalism of the day.

It is this. On the steamship on which the young sailor worked a robbery of jewelry from one of the passengers had been made. The case was reported on the landing of the ship in port, and the detectives had failed to find the least clue to the robber. I read the account of the robbery in the morning papers, and I felt satisfied that the professor, through the bungling manner in which the young student had cut the skin —having possibly taken a portion of the flesh with the integument—had been inoculated with the filaria. I therefore went to the Detective Bureau and begged the superintendent to inquire as to the place where the sailor had broken his arm. No one could tell me. I stated my reason for this, saying that if I could get some of the blood from the sailor's wound I could investigate to find out whether he was affected with the *filaria loa*. It was ascertained that blood had been found on one of the towels of the cabin of the passenger that had been robbed. After awhile, the stewardess of the vessel was found to have bound the arm of the sailor with one of her handkerchiefs. The towel had not been turned over to the laundry. I got the handkerchief, which was stained with blood, and after taking from it and the towel enough to put on the slides I distinctly discovered a number of *filaria loa*. A hunt for the sailor led to his discovery at the house of the stewardess, where he was found suffering with the sleeping sickness. A further search led to the discovery of the jewels, which were secreted among the effects of the stewardess."

We said in the beginning that while the doctor lectured we would bide our time; it has come now. It only remains for us to say that our part in this narrative has been that of reporter. We have given the lecture in its original form.

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THE FOOD OF ELIJAH.

(AN ARMENIAN TRADITION.)

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THREE nobles of Byzantium, the fair,
In days of eld, when things of Faith had share
In all men's thought, discussed in warm debate
The present life, in wondrous heavenly state,
Of blest Elijah, who, untouched by death,
Upwafted on the fiery whirlwind's breath,
Entered the crystal portals of the sky:
But most of all their great debate ran high,
Twixt grave distinctions of elaborate plan,
As to what food sustained the holy man.

Dikran contended that, as he was still
Of earthly frame, with human blood and will,
He surely must, to meet his nature's pleas,
Be nourished by the fruit of earthly trees.

But Aram said: "No, no! the good Lord must
Have shaken off these claims of mortal dust,
And given him—he stands beside the Throne—
The power to live by heavenly joy alone"!
"Not so," cried Ashod, "for the Lord hath stored
A special manna for the Prophet's board,
Such as He gave—in HOLY WRIT 'tis told—
To feed His children in the days of old!"

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Thus strove they in an ever-widening round—
Now over-keen, now pompous and profound—
Until cried Dikran: "We can never reach
Peace and agreement by our length of speech:
Come, there is one in sacred learning rich
Beyond all others—Patriarch Mugerditch!
Let us to him this great contention bring
And learn, in truth, how doth our Heavenly King."

Aram and Ashod from their strivings ceased
And the three nobles sought the great high-priest.

He, with a grave, unruffled spirit, heard
The question deep that had their parley stirred:
Then lifting up his voice: "Methinks," he said,
"My noble sons, your thoughts are far misled:
You seek, with many phrases vain, to find
A knowledge emptier, vaguer than the wind;
Seek not to know what blest Elijah ate—
That question ask the beggar at your gate!"

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MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI AS A POET.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

". . . quel ch' a par sculpe e colora
Michel, più che mortale, Angel divino."—*Ariosto.*

EVERYTHING is beautiful to the one whose soul is susceptible to pleasures that spring from works of art and the fairer forms of human life and nature. A man thus fashioned does not live on an earth of commonplace existence; he stands aside from busy throngs, in a vague sort of twilight, catching from behind the material veil ideals of the world beyond. He drifts out into the ways of contemplation, forgetting the dust of the journey, remembering only the scent of the wild-rose that drifted upward from the wayside. He looks at the red-barred sunset, which burns above the green sea-marsh or flames behind the blue hills, and he sees, as few men ever do, that half-retreating spirit of the beautiful which lurks in the glowing depths of light. Many of us have never seen a sunset. The arrowed light that glances from a sea-bird's wing, or glistens along the whitening wave, silvering the line of snow on gray sands; the star on fire in the west; the low fluting of a bird among the reeds—all of these have for him a subtle charm and beauty which few men understand.

Such a man is not sentimental; he makes wings of material types, that he may soar through the deeps of spiritual order. He writes, and around the thought plays a halo, drawing us away from the noise and glare of city streets; leading us out to the hillsides flecked with sheep, along the winding brook where wearied cattle stand knee-deep in the cool water, up through the meadow-land and pasture, into the depths of shady woodlands, there to lie and dream of ideal worlds and ideal men and women. He catches the fragrance of the past; but he also plants new shrubs along his foot-path, watching them break into blossom, knowing that the scent thereof will be the richest burden on time's drifting breeze. His woof is made from the hearts of men, and from the loom of imagination he weaves the story of their dreams.

Such a man was Michelangelo Buonarroti. His life was nearly full, for its better qualities were rounded out under the touch of time. Some natures never unfold; for want of care,

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like withered buds, they sink to the roadside, sere and brown—unopened spheres that might have been the fairest flowers of all. The Florentine, however, was strong and sturdy, as the pure of heart must be; like those yellow flowers of autumn, his life was golden in its purity, its work, and its purpose.

As a painter and sculptor he is the one solitary figure standing between us and the golden age of Greece. With a mind far beyond his hour, he knew and felt that the highest object of art for thinking men was man. The masterpiece of God gave inspiration to his brush, life and warmth to the chiselled forms, a depth of purity, thought, and beauty to the work of his pen.

Angelo is best known as an artist, yet it seems to me are we to know him fully, to see the color, space, and shape of his world, we must read his verse. It is there especially that we find his aspirations and his fears. Some writers have charged him with obscurity of thought; Angelo simply went beyond their depth. Power and ingenuity are perhaps the two most striking marks of his poetry. Now and then the form is bold and rugged, but vitality, fervor, and a hidden sweetness permeate every line. Just as his half-emergent forms are held to the cold block by a few uncut edges of stone, so do we often find his words and thoughts, ready at a touch to spring into life and action. We find in his poems a wealth of beauty, spiritual not human, which for years has withstood the extravagant drain of criticism. We of the younger generation, perhaps, may see the full development of his worth; but even those who are now at life's turn can partly understand the depth of his ideals, his keen perception of the beautiful, and some of the innate truths of his bold, lofty nature.

STYLE IS THE MAN.

Some one has said that style is "all that makes for the form in which thought of any kind is cast." I think it is greatly determined by the tendencies of one's nature, and the influences with which one may be surrounded. Style must, above all else, be a reflection of the writer's character. For Michelangelo this shadow of self increased in clearness and strength, springing as it did from his association with the pious Vittoria Colonna,* who was for him "quella luce che fu guida della sua vita e lo trasse ad operar grandi cose" † (that light which was the guide of his life, and which drew him on to the accomplish-

* She was the Marchioness of Pescara, who, after the death of her husband on the battlefield of Pavia, went into retirement at the convent of "San Silvestro in Capite."

† Vide Saltíni's preface to *Rime e Lettere di Michelangelo Buonarroti*, scritta da Ascanio Condivi.

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ment of nobler works). Her love for art and letters, together with her deep-grounded faith, served to draw the soul of the poet under her influence; giving rise to a friendship, I am tempted to say to love, that became stronger as the lives of each turned into the sere and yellow leaf. Religion, art, and philosophy were subjects dear to both; they tasted, as Pater says, "the sunless pleasures of weary people whose hold on outward things is slackening."

The restless activity of the poet's heart and mind was stilled by the power of woman's soul, just as a child is soothed by the cradle song of its mother. A calm and thoughtful spirit seized him, and his powerful emotions were drawn towards the realm of idealism, whose charm and potency were discovered in the higher affection of his friend.

It was during those quiet talks behind the white walls of San Silvestro that Angelo sounded the depths of Plato and of Dante. It was there he reached out beyond the material veil and caught up the high ideals contained in life and death. Dante must have fashioned the mould of his verse, yet a Platonic touch is seen in many of his thoughts. He did not seek the color, form, nor composition of beauty, but he loved to catch the subtle spirit that moved behind it. His half-emergent forms in marble beautifully show to us this same spirit, chained and complaining, ready at a touch of his fingers to stand forth a breathing personality. The same strange element drifts through his poetry; "where the brooding spirit of life itself is and where summer may burst out in a moment."

If we would see Michelangelo's nature struggling to attune itself aright, we must read the verse rather than gaze at the material work. There are moments when he comes so near Dante that we imagine it is the latter himself who speaks. This is especially felt when he sings of love and death, or when speaking of Florence and the political life of his country.

HIS POETRY THE LONGINGS OF HUMAN LIFE.

In the vigor and boldness of his lines is a hidden sweetness, as one critic aptly calls it, "ex forte dulcedo." We can almost see the poet's soul in the expression of his thoughts; it lingers for a moment, vanishes, comes stealing out from the black type, retreats into darkness, and leaves us standing in a sort of twilight, uncertain of our thoughts and powerless to fathom his greatness. Not Art alone, as some one has said, but especially Poetry was the ladder upon which the "angels of his fancy were ever ascending and descending."

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We should know that at the time in which the poet lived nearly all educated persons in Italy wrote in verse; the sonnet was the favorite form. What could be more natural than for a soul that saw beauty in everything to set free in words the drifting thoughts and cares, and the thousand longings of a human life? He seemed to feel that he could never express in material work what he felt and saw in his mental conception. He could not bring himself to things of earth: "Non abassava gli occhi alle cose mortali" (he did not bend his eyes to mortal things).

HIS INSPIRATIONS FROM DANTE.

Michelangelo nourished himself with readings from Dante and Savonarola; yet through all his work we see only himself, for in the light of his own personality, which streamed through all he said or did, no other presence could live. He lingered in a dream-world of thought, and his work is shot through with contemplations of a high ideal. He was not simply an artist, not a mere dreamer of dreams, but a man whose heart was eager in sympathy and love for his fellow-man. A brooding twilight of melancholy, sorrow, and sadness clung to him throughout his whole life. His brighter self was always in shadow; peace was seldom his. I doubt if the light of contentment ever broke upon his soul; if it did, he saw it only as through a mist, as sometimes we see the burning west veiled by the downpour of summer showers. The fact that he suffered gives a charm to his verse, for it makes us feel that he was after all a man; and who of us will deny that from lips that have tasted sadness the sweetest and purest songs of life shall fall?

I like to think of a poet as one who dwells among the people of his own land, singing the song of their lives, and dreaming in glow of their hearthstone. I would have him draw from the vibrant strings of his art such melody and charm as would lead me beyond the confines of material life, open for me a higher sphere, where the contemplation of a soul's tumult, the pangs of regret, and the nameless longings of a thousand hearts may come in the peace and quiet of an infinite world. Let him draw from the gloom and darkness, from the suffering and misery of human life, ideals of faith and love which may, in the calm light of hope, reach out into eternity. From his hand must come the storm and lightning, the rain and thunder of our lives; even the silent touch of an atmosphere should be present; but he must suggest also the

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blue of summer skies, the greening spring, and the sunshine that is again to come.

Shakspere did this, but he did more, for he seemed to have held in his hand a living heart; he felt its weakest beat, he breathed upon it, bruised it with love, crushed it with despair, tore it apart with passion—making of its life a transcription, at all times wonderful, now and then rising to the sublime. He was a child of nature; Michelangelo was a lover of mysticism. The creator of Lear took love as a theme and sounded every key; touched weird chords in minors, or rang out the full, deep tone of major strains. The hand that fashioned the "Pietà" sometimes struck such chords as might have come from "sweet bells out of tune," for they were made up of the philosophy of the *Commedia*, the dreams of Plato, and the vagaries of a four-fold genius. The truest and most touching strains came from notes of piety, melancholy, and an intense love of art. How truly has it been said that Angelo stands like his own grand Jeremias, "bowed down with the contemplation of human wickedness and woe"—weary, sad, patient, sublime!

THE MAN OF FOUR SOULS.

The echoes of that so-called Reformation had drifted across the Alps, and had given rise to religious talks between the poet and her whom he calls "the force" that urged him on to heaven—Vittoria Colonna. The result of these conversations was the budding of his thoughts into blossoms of poetry. The fires of youth had long since been chilled, yet as an argument in many of his poems we find the sort of spiritual love which comes only from a holy affection, and to those alone who are pure of heart.

In Italy they call him "Uomo di quattro alme"—the man of four souls. The nation dearly reveres his name, for he proved to be a worthy son; and I think it is a characteristic of his people to love with a strength as deep as the bitterness of their hate; and still they allowed his reputation as a poet to rest for over two centuries on the work of an inferior mind. This is due to the classical spirit that came stealing out of the twelfth century.

That ever-recurring period of the Renaissance, so complex, so interesting, and so little understood, gave rise, by its tendencies and achievements, to a rapid movement in every walk of life. Art became beautiful in the concrete, strange individualities arose, and intelligence and imagination strode forward

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into the gloom of the future. The law that seemed to govern all work was the search for æsthetic charm. People were elevated to and supported by those higher planes of thought and existence that sprang from a closer realization of ideals. The culture of the day had gathered itself into one complete and almost faultless type. The products of that movement, whether material or spiritual, were dignified and unique; and we find them, even in our age, exercising a direct influence upon the world of fine arts.

Men felt, in the subtle touch of a classic atmosphere, a keen sense of the beautiful, and this feeling served to bind them closer in the relations of life. One art drifted into the realm of another, and from the diffusion of many excellences a more perfect type of civilization stood forth. The dreams of the philosopher were echoed in the songs of the poet; new lights and shadows flitted across the canvas sheet; the sculptured form took to itself fresh lines of grace; the influence of the Germans, the Lombards, and the Franks wore away, and the spirit of Greece and Rome again directed the hand of genius. The bold thought and rugged line were rounded off until they became refined and polished, even as Horace would have them—*ad unguem facta.*

Men, looking on life with clearer minds and with a more liberal spirit, sought hidden sources of intellectual enjoyment. The narrow channels of Art and Poetry were broadened, allowing the tide of revival to sweep into other ages, catching in its current the loosened work of genius.

GILDING THE LILY.

It was owing to this spirited movement, which shone through the Italian nature, that the great-nephew of Angelo deemed a reformation of his ancestor's literary work an absolute necessity. "He rewrote," says Pater, "the sonnets in part, and sometimes compressed two or more compositions into one, always losing something of the force and incisiveness of the original." Indeed, the true lines are to the false what diamonds are to broken quartz; the one flashes with all the lights of a setting sun, the other scarce reflects the subdued glow of twilight. In the two texts there is a great difference of expression, strength, and boldness of thought. In one we see a rugged, stern, manly touch; the expression of ideas is personal, the flashing thought is caught and held. The false lines are weak, shallow productions, moulded to suit the sentimentalism of the age; they are soft and over-elegant, and all thoughts

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that might offend politically are left out. We see the poet as through a heavy mist; we can never fully know him, for the work is not consistent with his character. We must look at Angelo in the light of sun-touched mountains, not in an atmosphere that is burdened with the scent of exotic plants or loaded with the heavy odor of the locust-tree. He loved the pure, fresh air of his native hills; his thoughts were drawn from the blue deeps over his head, and were as bold and rugged as the white cliffs of the quarry wherein he worked.

In one of his early sonnets Angelo says:

"L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega,
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz' al cor par che ne doni."

"Love takes me captive; beauty binds my soul;
Pity and mercy with their gentle eyes
Wake in my heart a hope that cannot cheat."*

HIS SOUL TOUCHES THE INFINITE.

This love, however, was far from the worldly type; it was the enchantment of an ideal which dwelt in the sheer depths of his soul. The beauty that bound his heart with its golden chains was not of the sensual order; it was above all orders, it was infinite. Love and Beauty were for him a blending of truth with perfected goodness, and from this union sprang Art. He thought, as Guasti says, that the beautiful was nothing more than "a flowing out of the Eternal Beauty, as a river from a fountain." He felt that the nearer man approached God, the closer he was to perfection; the more intimate his knowledge of the Creator, the better would he understand the scattered beauty of the material world. As Angelo became more sensitive and responsive to those higher forms of human life and nature, his mind soared upward in search of the infinite, which alone could quench its thirst. The accidents of nature bound down his spiritual self to things of earth, vainly trying to satisfy its cravings by feeding it with reflections of that "eterna belleza" which Guasti calls the fountain head of beauty.

The spiritual natures of some men are so highly strung that a single strain of music will draw them away from all that is human, make them forget their surroundings, place them amid fields of snow and ice, or in the luxuriant growth of a Southern clime: sunrise and morning light; the heat of day, the cool-

* Translation by J. A. Symonds.

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ing showers; sunset and starless night,—all these come stealing across such souls, when trembling notes from a master-hand ring out the song of life, or cry in the agony of death. Other natures, whose susceptibility to impressions has been deep and varied, catch the gleam and gloom of a life-time, the joys and sorrows of a day, to send them out again after many years in some work of art. It was to both classes that Angelo belonged. He saw beauty everywhere, his soul seemed to lean out into eternity that it might feed itself with contemplations of the infinite.

What Michelangelo thought of Art may be found in this sonnet,* which is the only one that has not suffered from the touch of a lesser mind:

"Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun concetto,
Ch' un marmo solo in sè non circonscriva
Col suo soverchio; e solo a quello arriva
La man che ubbidisce all' intelletto.
Il man ch' io fuggo, e' l ben ch' io mi prometto,
In te, donna leggiadra, altera e diva,
Tal si nasconde; e perch' io più non viva,
Contraria ho l' arte al disiato effetto.

"Amor dunque non ha, nè tua beltate,
O durezza, o fortuna, o gran disdegno,
Del mio mal colpa, o mio destino o sorte;
Se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
Porti in un tempo, e che 'l mio basso ingegno
Non sappia, ardendo, trarne altro che morte."

"The best of artists hath no thought to show
Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
Doth not include: to break the marble spell
Is all the hand that serves the brain can do.
The ill I shun, the good I seek, even so
In thee, fair lady, proud, ineffable,
Lies hidden: but the art I wield so well
Works adverse to my wish, and lays me low.

"Therefore, not love, nor thy transcendent face,
Nor cruelty, nor fortune, nor disdain,
Cause my mischance; nor fate, nor destiny:

* Vide sonetti xv., *Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarroti*, da Cesare Guasti.

A complete exposition of this sonnet is found in the Lezione di Benedetto Varchi, which is included in Guasti's edition, page lxxxv.

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Since in thy heart thou carriest death and grace
Enclosed together, and my worthless brain
Can draw forth only death to feed on me."

There is music, thought, and feeling in every line. Varchi, in speaking of this work before the Academy at Florence, said: "Per maggiore e più agevole intelligenza del soggetto di questo grave e dotto Sonetto, avemo a sapere, nobilissimi uditori, che niuno affetto, o vero accidente (qualunche egli sia), è tanto universale, e tanto comune a tutte le cose, quanto l' Amore."

The lines addressed to Dante are as rich in poetic thought and beauty as any in the literature of Italy. It may be interesting to note the difference in the two texts. The first quatrain of the original is:

"Dal ciel discese, e col mortal suo, poi
Che visto ebbe l' inferno guisto e 'l pio,
Ritornò vivo a contemplare Dio,
Per dar di tutto il vero lume a noi."

"From Heaven his spirit came, and, robed in clay,
The realms of justice and of mercy trod,
Then rose, a living man, to gaze on God
That He might make the Truth as clear as day."

Condivi has it thus:

"Dal mondo scese ai ciechi abissi, e poi
Che l' uno e l' altro inferno vide, e a Dio,
Scorto dal gran pensier, vivo salío,
E ne diè in terra vero lume a noi."

It is in this sonnet that the poet says:

"Nè sare' 'l premio tutto 'l mondo rio:
Tu sol, che la creasti, esser quel puoi."

"Not all the wicked world reward could be:
Alone canst Thou who hast created him."

Some critic has justly compared this thought with the one found in Saint Augustine's works: "Tu fecisti nos ad te; et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te." The idea is also found in the *Imitation:* "I am able to reward thee above all measure and degree."

Michelangelo, like his great countryman Dante, sang in exile. Both men loved their native city. When the siege of Florence was raised by the treachery of Baglioni; when Ales-

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sandro de' Medici marched through the Roman gate, and enemies had conquered, then it was that the poet, brooding in silence over the wrongs of his city, turned wholly to Art and Poetry, seeking rest and finding none. If you would fully know him, gaze at his *Thinker of San Lorenzo*, and repeat with its creator:

"Ohimè, ohimè! pur reiterando
Vo 'l mio passato tempo, e non ritrovo,
In tutto, un giorno che sia stato mio.
Le fallaci speranze e 'l van desio,
Piangendo, amando, ardendo e sospirando,
(Ch' effetto alcun mortal non mi è più nuovo)
M' hanno tenuto; ond' il conosco, e provo."

"Alas, alas! when I, retracing,
O'er the drifting past bewildered go,
I do not find in all one day my own,
False hopes and vain desires enchained me so.

"Weeping, loving, burning, sighing,
No mood upon a human heart can call
That will to mine appear an utter stranger,
Since I, for long, have known and felt them all."

Turn to his *Day*, upon the sarcophagus below, and watch, in the spirit of a chiselled form, the undying energy of a genius struggling against despair. Stand before the figure of *Night*, that seems asleep in dreams—for its maker thought:

"'Tis well to slumber, best to be of stone,
While shame endures and Florence is not free"—

and see therein the longing of a soul to be at rest. And still we read:

"Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti";*
"Wake it, if still in doubt: 'twill speak to thee";

as though the poet longed for Florence as he once knew her, longed for his youth, his steady hand, and the brighter dreams; but in vain, for the flowers of one year die for ever, and the thrush that now sings in the tangled copse will never return. We feel that in those days, for him, sunshine never fell; and that already the creeping shadows of night were lengthening out into the blackness of death.

* From a quatrain found near Angelo's statue "La Notte."

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It was not in Art alone that the exile left his thoughts; all the regrets, indignations, hopes, and fears that touched his heart found an outlet in the trembling song that passed his lips. His madrigals are tinged with the sufferings of a human soul.

"Ritorni a' nostri pianti
Il sol degli occhi tuo', che par che schivi
Chi del suo dono in tal miseria è nato."*

"Give back to streaming eyes the daylight of thy face,
That seems to shun those who must live defrauded of their bliss."

Such was the plaintive appeal that his heart made to its lost Florence.

The music of the Italian tongue is almost denied to our ear. We can no more catch the full strain of a *terza rima* in the *Divina Commedia* than we can justly appreciate the full harmony of a Ciceronian period. The English language is strong and expressive, and wonderful effects have been produced by it in the hands of Shelley, Keats, and Shakspere. It is full of life and motion. Dante, who completed the work of Saint Francis of Assisi in the formation of a national language, uses the Italian tongue more like a sturdy Goth of the North than a native of Florence. Michelangelo is equally as strong, though at times less clear and polished. His mind outstrips his pen, leaving the thought to be rounded out by the reader himself.

In speaking of the death of his father the poet says:

"Non è, com' alcun crede, morte il peggio
A chi l' ultimo di tranciende al primo,
Per grazia, eterno appresso al divin seggio;
Dove, Die grazia, ti prossummo e stimo,
E spero di veder, se 'l freddo core
Mie ragion traggie dal terrestre limo."

This poem is especially beautiful for its Christian thought and belief. It may be freely translated:

"No. Death is not, as some think, the worst of evils, if, by God's goodness, our last day on earth goes to join itself to eternal life in heaven; where I believe you are by the mercy of God, and where I hope to see you once again, if reason draw from the mud of earthly passions my chilled heart."

* Vide Guasti's edition, page 297, capitolo 3, "In morte di Lodovico Buonarroti."

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The mind of the poet often turned to religious subjects, and his thoughts, drifting out into the ways of God, filled his soul with aspirations, loaded his heart with sorrow, and lifted his mind from things of earth to changeless dreams of eternity. "Touching and beautiful," says one writer, "are the religious sonnets of Angelo, for they show how, in the light which streamed from the other world as he neared its confines, he judged rigorously of the failings and imperfections of a life which, in its purity and austerity, appeared to his contemporaries severe and holy and exemplary, as indeed it was." What is there more touching than this prayer, coming from a once strong and sturdy nature, which is now broken beneath the weight of sorrowing years?

"Non basta, Signor mio, che tu m' invogli
Di ritornar là dove l' alma sia,
Non come prima di nulla, creata.
Anzi che del mortal la privi e spogli,
Prego m' ammezzi l' alta e erta via,
E fie piu chiara e certa la tornata." *

Even in the translation, which rubs off much of the pristine beauty, the thought is high and noble, worthy of the heart from which it came:

"'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home, where yet my soul
May be new made, and not, as erst, of naught;
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before thy face she may be brought."

When old age had come upon him, and the gales of a stern life had wrenched the spars, and had torn in shreds the sails of his little bark, then it was that he turned to his Maker to find protection and a peaceful harbor:

"Scarco d' un' importuna e grave salma,
Signor mio caro, e dal mondo disciolto,
Qual fragil legno, a te-stance mi volto
Dall' orribil procella in dolce calma." †

"Freed from a burden sore and grievous band,
Dear Lord, and from this wearying world untied,

* Vide Guasti's edition, page 238, sonetti lxx.
† Ibid., sonetti lxxiii., page 241.

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Like a frail bark I turn me to Thy side,
As from a fierce storm to a tranquil land."

The prayer that trembled on his lips in old age was:

"Teach me to hate the world, so little worth,
And all the holy things I once did prize,
That endless life, not death, may be my wage."

When his hold on outward things was loosened, and he drew nearer the light of another world, he said:

"The impassioned fantasy that, vague and vast,
Made Art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed."

It is while studying the works of such a genius as Michelangelo that the reader feels the flight of time, and understands the expressionless formula of beauty. He is drawn aside from the pushing, surging crowds in commonplace life, and stands in a world of dreams, where the silent touch of atmosphere is no more; where thought alone can live; where all types are gathered into one being; where all beauty rests in a single point—the centre of the rose of Dante—where "all the good that will may covet there is summ'd; and all, elsewhere defective found, complete."

Although living in an age of moral dissolution and religious apostasy, Angelo kept his heart pure and clean; a man of charity and piety, mindful of his last end, for he often said: "Bisogna pensare alla morte. Questo pensiero è solo quello che ci fa riconoscere noi medisimi, che ci mantiene in noi uniti" (We ought to think of death. This thought is the only one that makes us remember what we are, that keeps us at unity with ourselves). He was like to Euphranor, of whom Quintilian writes: "Admirandum facit, quod et ceteris optimis studiis inter præcipuos et pingendi fingendique idem mirus artifex fuit." Angelo, however, was more than this; he was, in the words of Guasti, the "grandi assertori del domma cattolica nella poesia, nella scienza, e nell' arte." He was a Christian philosopher and poet, to whom beauty and excellence were things of another sphere; a man that rose by means of material agencies, which are but steps, to the contemplation of the great Ideal Himself—the Changeless God.

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AN INDIAN CLERGY IMPOSSIBLE.

FREDERIC EBERSCHWEILER, S.J.,
(*Fort Belknap Indian Agency.*)

THE anonymous writer of the article "Native Indian Vocations" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1897, shows the wondrous courage of a knight who arises alone against a whole army, when he boldly declares the missionaries of the last four hundred years guilty of having disregarded the practice of the apostles and of the church regarding native vocations. I do not indignantly exclaim that such a judgment is a rash and insolent calumny against a venerable body of apostolic workers among whom are heroes, saints, and martyrs, but will prove only that it is a theory which evaporates into the clouds before the dry reality.

Both parties admit that the Indians have not, and never had, a native clergy. The missionaries living among them assert that the cause of this fact is a deficiency of Indians called to the priesthood, and give their reasons for such lack of vocations. But the far-distant theorist, sitting at his desk, considers the missionaries color-blind in regard to native vocations and as stubbornly opposed to them, and proposes, by recent theories, founded on the scientific investigations of our more enlightened and less credulous age, to prove infallibly that there are and must be a sufficient number of Indian vocations for an Indian hierarchy and clergy.

THE MISSIONARIES THE FRIENDS OF NATIVE VOCATIONS.

I desire to show that the missionaries are not the enemies but *the friends of native vocations*, and that nobody, without presumptuously hoping for the miracles of an extraordinary providence, can but expect *a great scarcity of Indian vocations.*

I.

"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., says in his encyclical on the church in India: 'The Catholic faith in the Indies will never

NOTE.—The article is published in answer to a paper on "Native Indian Vocations" printed in the June number of this Magazine. We are only anxious to have the question thoroughly discussed.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

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have a sure defence, its propagation in the future will not be sufficiently guaranteed, as long as there is a lack of ministers chosen from the natives of the country.' . . . Leo XIII. points out the danger of entrusting anywhere, to a foreign clergy, the spiritual direction of those whose character and environment none but natives can rightly understand. . . . None of the force and appositeness of the lesson is lost when it is applied to the church in America."

These passages, cited from the mentioned article, express the convictions of all missionaries.

But, strange to say, although our author writes: "All missionaries agree that the establishment of a native clergy, had it been possible, would have produced the most satisfactory results, and it has been evident from the beginning that without it success would not be possible"; he nevertheless clings to the theory that the founding of a native clergy amongst the Indians would have been possible but for an established policy of their missionaries against it.

He might just as well discover a like pernicious policy in the bishops in whose dioceses the Indian Reservation lie, and in the American hierarchy which, for the last four centuries, found it impossible to establish a native clergy for the white Americans and was obliged to adopt priests born in foreign lands. Who could refrain from smiling at a theorizer who should accuse miners of an established policy against gold-finding, because they could not find any gold in a certain distant place which his beloved theories proved to be full of the precious metal?

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN INDIA DID FOSTER A NATIVE CLERGY.

The religious orders which sent the missionaries to the Indies always, by their very nature, fostered higher vocations, and their colleges furnished numberless native candidates for the priesthood to every civilized land. But, behold, their members lose this apostolic spirit as soon as apostolic zeal carries them into uncivilized countries! "They never encourage their converts to rise above the path of the precepts," but oppose native vocations, frustrating the establishment of any native hierarchy and clergy. For four hundred years, then, they have failed to notice the terrible sinfulness of resisting God's grace in any person in whom it works, and its disastrous effects in ruining their own missions.

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The priest is appointed by God to discern and favor the works of grace, and is therein assisted by the sacramental effects of his ordination. He is also the most competent natural judge in whatever relates to vocations, since he is not only taught all about them in his course in moral theology, but has also experienced the working of a higher calling in himself. Through all Christian ages he has been able to discover them without having to wait for the light emanating from the latest theories regarding the qualifications of the respective nations to which those called of God belonged. The missionary priest knows the Indians, not only by theory but by such experiences with them as show him clearly what they are in reality. Theories about the qualifications of the Greeks would have seemed to show that they could not possibly fail to drive the new Xerxes, the Sultan, over the Hellespont into Asia! The Indians, unlike the Greeks, have not even a history from which conclusions can be drawn. Is it not, then, rather child-like credulity to believe that the Indian missionary priest is wanting in ability to find vocations through want of the light thrown by the discoveries of our proud age?

The missionary priest is not only the most competent judge of the vocations of the persons before him whose natural and supernatural dispositions he examines, but, being their most interested seeker, he is also their surest finder and fosterer. What else could keep him in the wilderness with the savages, in hardships and privations, but his desire to establish Christ's all-saving religion amongst them on the best foundation? Seeing more clearly than anybody else that a native clergy, secular and regular, according to God's calling, would be the surest safeguard of their faith, he will, in defiance of the greatest obstacles, seek after vocations and guide them to the priesthood. What jubilation would fill his heart if he could leave his tribe to a priest of its own blood, and like an apostle go on to carry the gospel from nation to nation. But, alas! what he eagerly seeks is wanting. He must quell his aspirations and stay with the same few Indians in an exile-like reserve forty miles square, more or less, and be very glad if he succeeds in getting a few native catechists.

The natural and the established policy among missionaries is to favor native vocations. Only a miracle could have changed it into the contrary; a miracle which the Holy Ghost would not and the devil could not have performed.

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THERE HAVE BEEN NO VOCATIONS TO FOSTER.

But vocations are a special work of God's natural and supernatural providence: "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was" (Heb. v. 4). And God does not work in vain and leave unfinished what he commences; *qui dedit velle, dabit et perficere.* Who does not, then, shudder at the following statement, really the logical outcome of our adversary's theory: During four centuries the Holy Ghost called many natives of heathen lands to the priesthood, and in the meantime made it impossible for them to follow his call and become priests, by sending them missionaries who were opposed to native vocations, instead of men enlightened enough to find and favor these inestimable gifts of his grace! Could the Holy Ghost, during that long period, have failed to guide his church at work among the heathen in a most serious matter, in which its effective help would have been absolutely necessary? Never!

II.

Whoever opines that there could have been anything but a great want of vocations amongst the Indians must suppose a miraculous, extraordinary providence of God toward them in the last four centuries.

THEY GROW ON THE HEIGHTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Although even the most correct theory as to the natural qualifications of a nation cannot conclusively prove the existence, scarcity, or abundance of vocations, since these are free gifts of the Holy Ghost, *qui spirat ubi vult*, nevertheless these presuppose the highest endowments of nature in their subjects, of whatever nation they may be. God's natural and supernatural providence will, in his own inscrutable ways, provide for the sufficient number of vocations for the priesthood which Christ instituted; and the church, obeying the precept of the Holy Ghost, given her by the apostles, who themselves observed it perfectly: "Impose not hands lightly on any man, neither be partaker of other men's sins" (I. Tim. v. 22), is exceedingly careful not to ordain unfit and unworthy subjects, but men of whose vocation and preparation for her Holy Orders she is thoroughly satisfied. What an admirable show of a lengthy preparation of the chosen ones does that magnificent Titulus V., *De clericorum educatione et instructione*, of the

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Third Plenary Council, require from the church in America! To be fitted for the almost divine office of priesthood, whose requirements the Bible and the holy fathers extol so highly, candidates must, after the long studies in the schools and colleges, finally complete a difficult course of philosophy and theology in the seminaries, and must also have acquired such virtuous habits that they will preach Christ not only by word but also by example. Is the ordinary vocation to the priesthood not a flower that grows only on the heights of civilization? Can it reasonably be expected to be plentiful in the depth of savagedom?

Want of money also made the founding of colleges and seminaries amongst the Indians impossible, and now has even caused the closing of some of their Catholic schools, so indispensable for the Christian education of the children. Want of money has made it impossible for many a talented white boy to visit higher institutions. Does that reason not also hold good for the poor Indian boy, who had to be transported to a far-off college of the whites?

But neither the foundation of all the necessary lower and higher schools and seminaries in the United States, nor the sending of American students to the universities of Rome and other European cities, could, up to this day, have made the establishment of a native clergy for the negroes and whites of America possible. Who would, then, not consider the missionaries as visionaries if they earnestly believed in the possibility of the establishment of a native clergy for the red men?

The author of the article we dispute takes all difficulties out of the way by miraculously changing the four last centuries, wherein a long natural preparation has had to take place, into the first century of the apostles, wherein a short, wonderful, extraordinary preparation often occurred.

IN APOSTOLIC TIMES.

At the time of the foundation of the church the Holy Ghost wonderfully provided for her hierarchy, because without it she could have no existence. He called numbers of converts to the priesthood and prepared them for it at once, as far as needed, so that they suddenly possessed all the knowledge and virtue which can now only be gained by much lengthy preparation; as he did pre-eminently with the apostles and disciples on Pentecost. The apostles, requiring the same qualifications for the priesthood which the church requires to-day,

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had still the established policy of not imposing hands lightly on any men, but of ordaining only "men of good reputation, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom" (Acts vi. 3). Such men could easily be found among the numerous faithful of whom it is written: "The Holy Ghost came upon them, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied" (Acts xix. 6, x. 44, iv. 31). How quickly and gladly would the missionaries of the four hundred years passed have established a native hierarchy and clergy in all their missions, if God had made it possible by miracles! But he did not send that extraordinary help, because the church's very existence no longer depends on the miraculous multiplication of her hierarchy. The foundation of the priesthood was effected by an extraordinary providence, but its multiplication has to follow the natural course of an ordinary providence.

Our missionaries go to savages, the apostles went chiefly to nations more or less civilized. The apostles, travelling without steamers and railroads, could in their short life scarcely have found the time to found the church except in the civilized world. The Jews were highly civilized, the civilization of the ancient empires had not died out, and that of the Greeks and Romans was far spread through the world-empire of Rome. Thus, while the Indian missionaries found only savages, the apostles found highly cultivated men, in Rome, Athens, and numberless other places, whose final preparation required but little time. This holds good in particular for the Jewish priests, of whom "a great multitude obeyed the faith" (Acts vi. 7), and for the Jews in Palestine and all countries of the then known world, and for their foreign proselytes studying in Jerusalem. "Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven; . . . they were all amazed and wondered, saying: How have we heard, every man our own tongue wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians" (Acts ii. 5–11). Three thousand of those who witnessed the wonders of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost were baptized on that same day; many more of the proselytes must have been converted in Jerusalem before its destruction. One might say that God's providence gave the apostles the very best opportunity to provide, from Sion alone, "every nation under heaven" with a native clergy.

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It scarcely needs to be remarked that the apostles did not exclusively aim at establishing a native priesthood everywhere, but also sent their disciples as foreigners to foreign lands, just as they themselves were by Christ sent as foreigners to all nations.

THE GOVERNMENT TREATS INDIANS AS CHILDREN.

Again, none of the Indian tribes has been destined to become a real civilized, Christian nation. During the last four centuries the whites deprived each and all of independence. How many were exterminated! In the United States the reduction of the reservations will go on until all Indians will have become American citizens and amalgamated with the white men. The remnant parcels of the tribes are now kept in reservations as children under age, whose guardian, Uncle Sam, is accountable for his guardianship to but himself. No Indian can leave his reserve for a visit without a permit; the chiefs are stripped of even the shadow of authority. No town in the world is so thoroughly dispossessed of self-government as a reservation. With all its show of fostering natural bents, the government does not dream of such a thing as holding the best civilized Indian in the United States fit for any responsible office in his own agency. From this policy of a government whose wisdom its admirers extol to the stars, we might also infer that no Indian could have a vocation for any ecclesiastical office of the priesthood.

The unity and order of the church government admits but one hierarchy for the United States over all its nationalities, the Indians included. He who would vainly theorize about an Indian hierarchy, has also to defend Irish, German, French, Polish hierarchies in our country.

The author will insist that the policy and principle mentioned in the Pope's encyclical to India must at least be put in practice so far as it possibly can be done, and that consequently the Indians, though they are ruled by the United States, must have their native priests, of which those who are fit for a bishopric must have the same chance to be admitted into the American hierarchy as the white ones. Indeed, only a perverse policy, contrary to native vocations, can refuse this favor as a *right* to any nationality of any color! The only practical question in our case is this: Can the red race produce its own clergy? It is impossible.

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INDIAN TRIBES TOTALLY DIFFERENT.

It is as fundamental a mistake to hold the Indian race one nationality as to consider the Caucasian race as one single nation. The red tribes of America are as different one from another, or as hostile one against another, as the nations of Europe are. St. Piegan—priest—would be as far from being a native priest to the Sioux as a French abbé is from being a native to the German Catholics of Berlin.

Nations are ordinarily distinguished by their language. Now, the divers Indian tribes speak as many divers tongues as do the European nationalities, and will not adopt the language of their conquerors. Here in the Fort Belknap Reserve are two dissimilar tribes, the Assiniboines of Canadian and the Gros-Ventres of Mexican origin. Their languages differ more from each other than does German from Italian. *Gratia non destruit naturam.* The Holy Ghost uses the natural conditions of his own creatures as the very best means for his higher ends; therefore he does not reduce the languages to a greater union, but wills that all people praise and worship him in their mother-tongue so long as it is the dearest to them, and, as the prayer of the church expresses it, uses the diversity of languages (*per diversitatem linguarum*) as the very means to unite all nations in the unity of faith. Therefore, he worked the great miracle of giving the apostles the gift of all languages; he did not give them only that of the Latin tongue for the Roman Empire, but also that of the diverse tongues of the nations under the Roman government. Therefore, the church prescribes in this country, n. 147, Third Plenary Council Baltimore, that each candidate for the priesthood must, besides the English, learn at least one of the foreign languages, namely, that whose use his bishop judges to be the most needed in his diocese. Therefore, parishes for the different nationalities are established wherever it can be done, and Rome does not, where a choice is possible, acknowledge the right of joining parishes in which the language of the country is in use, except to such American-born children of age and immigrated families as know the English and freely desire it themselves. Therefore, the Indian missionaries, far from having the un-Christian, exasperating policy of being hostile to the mother-tongue of those confided to them, teach them in their own beloved language, and would be overjoyed if native priests, who could do it so much better, should ever replace them. Vain desires!

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In order to get a priesthood and sisterhood speaking its native tongue, each reservation would have to have its own native vocations. For, each reserve is a caste of its own, surrounded by whites, is one hundred miles distant from the others, and the nationality and language of the one is absolutely different from that of the other.

An Indian reserve and the United States have each proportionately the same number of heathen, but the reserve is naturally a hundred times less fertile ground for the flower of a priestly vocation than is America with its boasted civilization, riches, and institutions. Now, in the United States there are, in round numbers, ten thousand priests against seven million inhabitants, or one priest against seven thousand Americans. Perhaps much less than ten per cent. of the priests are native citizens; that would be one native priest against more than seventy thousand inhabitants. The expectation, then, of finding one single vocation in a reservation of seven thousand Indians were already utterly exorbitant. But there does not even exist a reservation with such a great number of Indians.

Suppose my Assiniboines and Gros-Ventres asked me to help them to get each a priest of their own tribe. I should answer thus: "My dearest friends, I cannot make black-robes out of nothing. You must seek for some clever Assiniboine and Gros-Ventres boys who would like to become black-robes. Each of your two tribes counts only seven hundred Indians; if you cannot find more such boys as will finally become black-robes than the big white tribe finds on this side and on the other side of the great water, you will only find one-tenth part of such a boy. But pray to the Great Spirit; perhaps he will let you find two whole boys, and you bring them to me; I will send them away to a school, and hope that after some years they will be your black-robes." They will reply: "No; we cannot let them go away; our boys are not strong as we were when we hunted the buffalo that is gone for ever. We and they will become sick when we do not see each other, and they will die; they cannot live in a strange land with strangers."

If anybody still dreams of an Indian clergy, let him apply the proportion of one vocation among seven thousand Indians to each reserve—it should be one amongst seven hundred thousand—then he will awake and wonder to discover what strange views imagination can produce when the eyes are closed to the realities of life.

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I will not further discuss utopian impossibilities, but finish by briefly discussing real possibilities.

The buffalo being extirpated, the Indians are no more the nomadic hunters whom the missionaries could find together in camps or villages, grouped under chiefs. A reservation has no cities or towns; it is, for the missionary, a parish of would-be farmers irregularly spread over an area forty miles square, more or less. The necessity of a parish church, where the Indians can assemble, and of a parish boarding-school, in each reserve is self-evident. The Protestant sects do not need to build and sustain Indian schools for their purposes; they cannot have better ones than the government schools which are under their influence. But, since it is not allowed to Catholics to send their children to the public schools, except in cases of necessity and on the condition that there is no danger to their children's faith and morals, and that they themselves supply the failing religious teaching and training, how indispensable are Catholic schools for Indian children, who, only collected in them, can be rightly prepared for Baptism, Confession, Communion, and Confirmation!

The white Catholic American can materially and spiritually help himself in his religious wants, but the red Catholic American is absolutely helpless and entirely dependent on the help of his brother. Would it not be criminal to dampen the apostolic charity of the faithful towards the Indians, especially in our days, in which our archbishops exhort them to greater generosity in assisting the mission-schools, of which some already had to be closed for want of money?

The ten million Catholics of America should be able to better sustain the apostolic work for the conversion of heathens in their own country. The missionary's work, so highly appreciated by the church, is that of the shepherd who leaves the ninety-nine sheep in order to find the one lost in the desert. If he is so generously assisted by benefactors that his little parish can flourish as well as the great ones of the numerous white flock, he also may, like some pastors of the whites, become so happy as to find and foster "Native Vocations."

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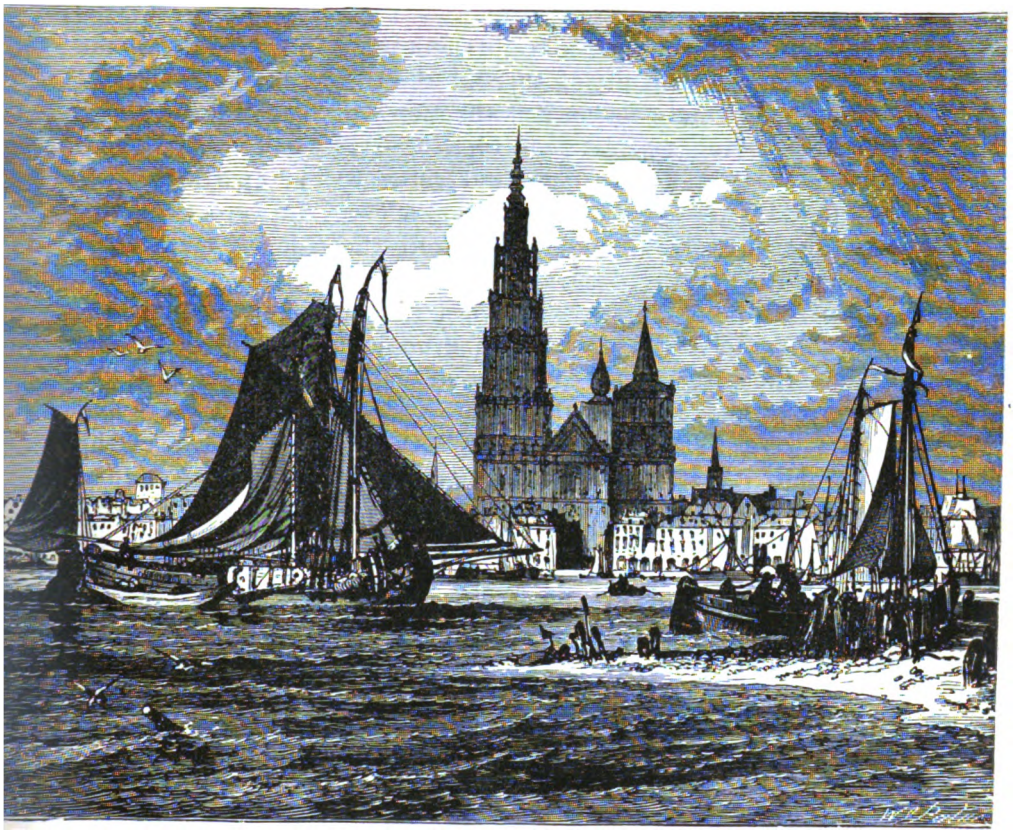

ANTWERP FROM THE RIVER SCHELDT.

IN CATHOLIC FLANDERS.

BY REV. J. D. O'DONNELL.

ABOUT the first sight that presents itself to the eye as the boat skims through the yellow waters of the Scheldt is the spire of the far-famed Cathedral of Antwerp; it can be seen at a distance of some twenty miles down the turgid waters, clearly outlined against the blue sky.

It was our first trip from home, and we suffered miserably from that unspeakable sickness, *mal de mer*. It was nearing six by the clock as we arose after a restless sleep. The evening previous we had left the romantic old port of Harwich brimful of good humor and thoroughly enjoying the cool sea-breeze that swept over the deck. But as we crept further and further into the choppy waves of the North Sea, and the vessel

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heaved and plunged like a frightened thing, now breasting the seething surge, again diving through the trough of the waves, we felt how completely we were at the mercy of that rolling, sounding, God-obeying sea. It soon blew a perfect gale, and we had perforce to abandon the deck and retire to our apartments for the night. The journey from Harwich to Antwerp generally takes about twelve hours, but despite the gale we made it in less than that time.

The refreshing breeze blowing in from the Belgian meadow-lands completely recuperated our drooping spirits in the morning, and the drive down the river in sight of the old town of Antwerp turned our thoughts to other days, when its quays and harbors were filled to overflowing with the merchandise of the world, and its streets wore a more cosmopolitan aspect than they do to-day. Those were the days of which Longfellow so beautifully sings:

"I beheld the pageant splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease."

Belgium, which derives its name from the old inhabitants, the Belgæ, possesses one of the most checkered histories of any country in Europe. For a time it belonged to Spain, then to Austria; in 1795 it was conquered by the French, and at the peace of 1814 was joined to Holland, and finally declared an independent kingdom in 1830. Belgium may be said to be divided into two great parts, the Flemish and French-speaking provinces. A great rivalry exists between the Flemings and Walloons, or French (*patois*) speaking race. The Flemings rather despise the Walloons and treat them as an inferior race. This often leads to stormy scenes, as was the case a few months ago when the Flemish party demanded equal rights, and justly so, in the Senate for the Flemish language as the French.

The Flanders of the present day is but a portion of a once extensive territory, parts of which now belong to France, others to Holland. The Flemings are fond of tracing their origin to the ancient inhabitants of that part of Europe, the Nervii, the bitterest and most stubborn foes of Cæsar, whom he was wont

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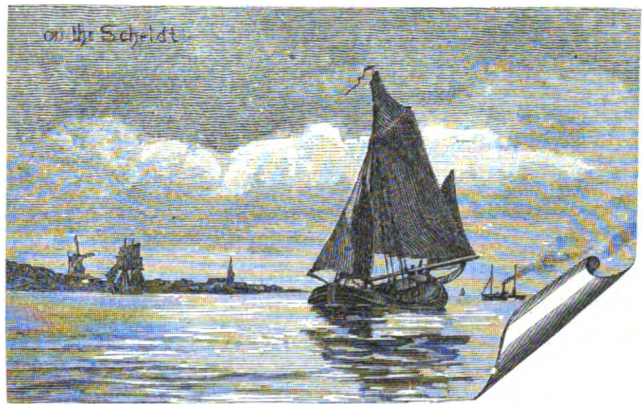
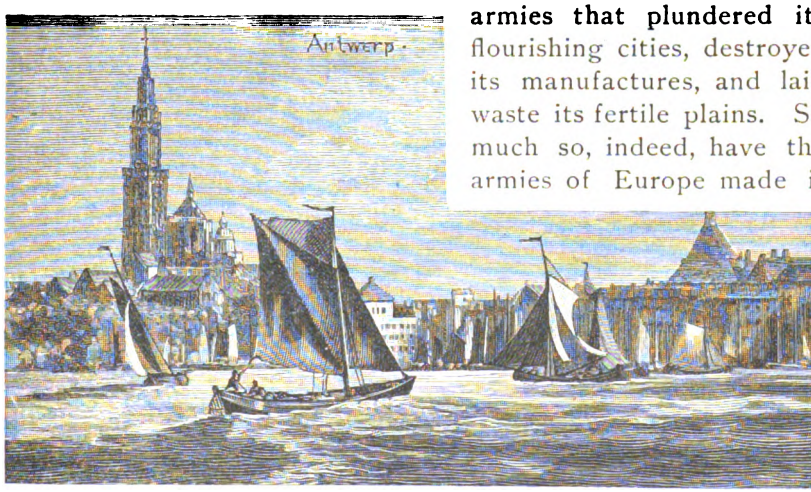


to style "fortissimi in armis." It was, however, only in the seventh century that the name Flanders appeared for the first time. Towards the end of the fourteenth and at the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, Flanders exercised a powerful influence on the world. Such was its splendor and prosperity that when Philip the Fair, King of France, visited the city of Bruges, his queen was so astonished at the magnificence of its ladies that she exclaimed: "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il parait que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

From the sixteenth to the eighteenth, and even the nineteenth centuries Flanders suffered considerably from the hostile armies that plundered its flourishing cities, destroyed its manufactures, and laid waste its fertile plains. So much so, indeed, have the armies of Europe made it



their battle-field, that it has been aptly styled the "cockpit of Europe." Its streets and meadows, from Antwerp to Ypres, from Courtrai to Ghent, from Fontenoy to Waterloo, have been reddened time and again with the blood of foreign nations, all striving for mastery.

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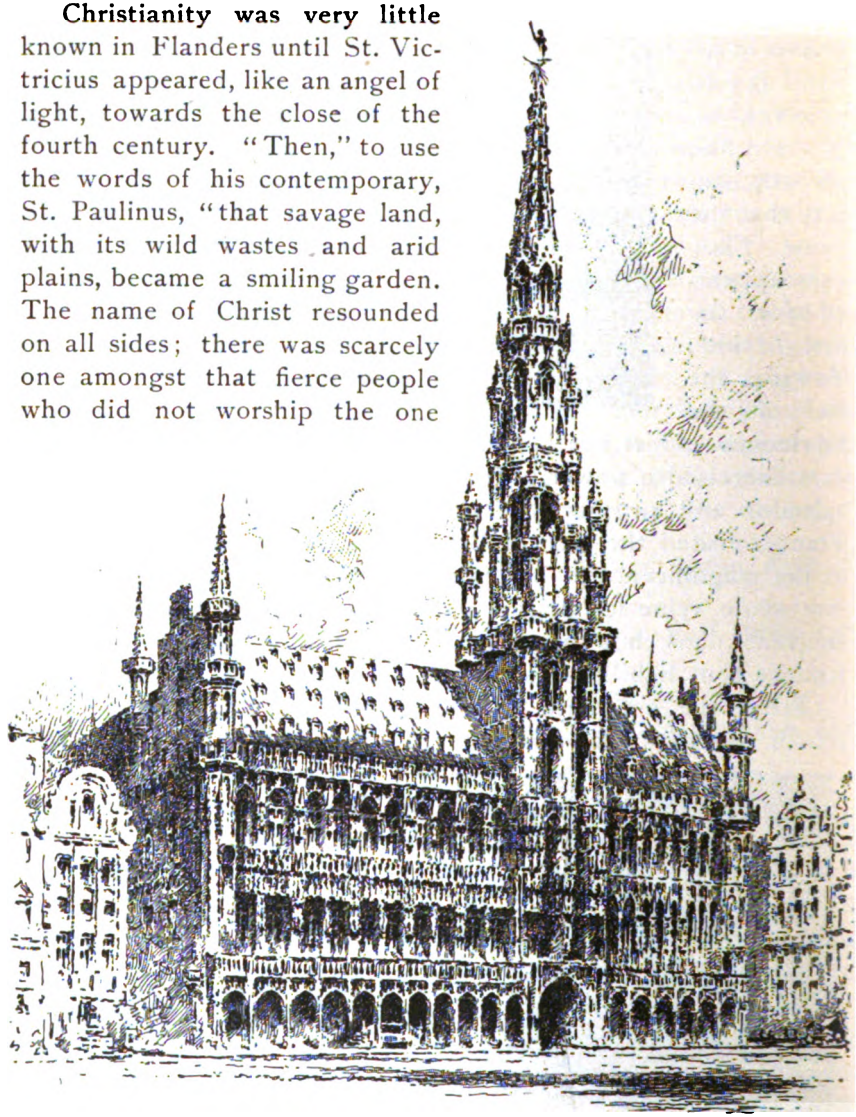
Christianity was very little known in Flanders until St. Victricius appeared, like an angel of light, towards the close of the fourth century. "Then," to use the words of his contemporary, St. Paulinus, "that savage land, with its wild wastes and arid plains, became a smiling garden. The name of Christ resounded on all sides; there was scarcely one amongst that fierce people who did not worship the one



HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

true God. Churches were erected; monasteries were built; towns, plains, isles, forests were peopled with saints; in a word, idolatry was abolished and the reign of Christ proclaimed."

Flanders, like all countries of Europe about this time, was much harassed by the incursions of barbarians. They bore down from the North, pillaging and plundering, uprooting and changing the face of the earth, so that in a short time the seeds of Christianity set by St. Victricius began to wither away and the

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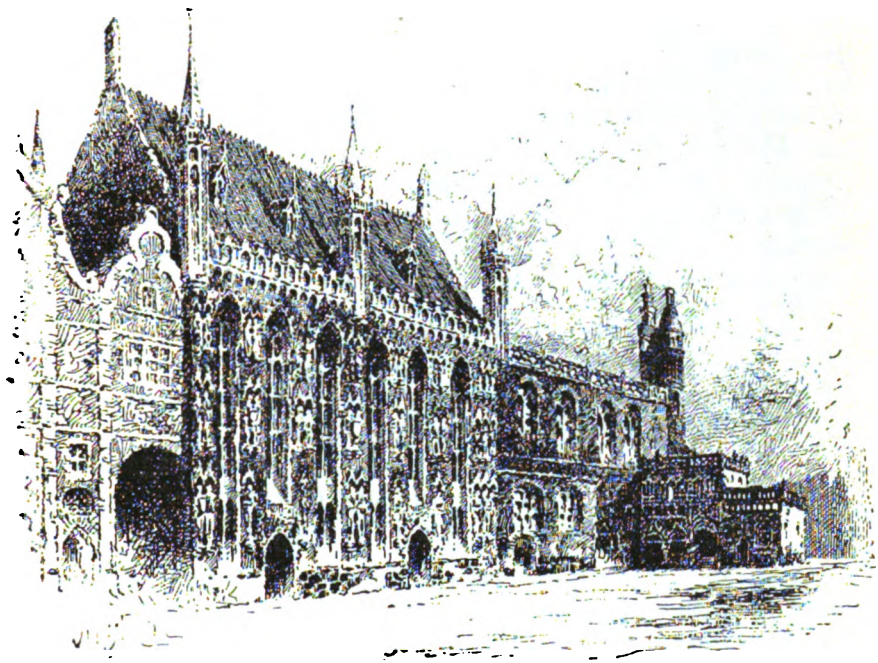
people needed another teacher and guide. He came in the person of St. Aimée, or Amandus. St. Amandus is another of the many saints whom the Flemings specially honor and invoke. Although consecrated bishop, he was not attached to



HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES.

any particular see, his office being rather to preach the Gospel to unbelievers. Accordingly, we find him in the territory around Ghent preaching the truths of Christianity, and with so much success that crowds came to receive baptism at his hands. St. Amandus built several churches, some of which still survive the ravages of time; he also founded two monasteries at Ghent, one of which, St. Peter's, has been erected into a cathedral since 1559, when Ghent became an episcopal see.

But it is principally to St. Eloi that Flanders owes its conversion. St. Eloi was consecrated Bishop of Rouen in 640. St. Amandus had planted the faith in the neighborhood of Ghent, but St. Eloi did not confine his attention to any one place; he travelled through the length and breadth of the land, guiding and teaching, and we are told that though the people were of so savage a nature that at every instant they were ready to tear him in pieces, yet by his noble self-sacrifice, his patience,

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his kindness and zeal, he won their fierce hearts, and lived long enough to see them all truly Christian and truly Catholic.

Contemporary with these two saints were Sts. Livin and Omer. Besides these, numerous other saints are honored in Flanders; this can be seen from the many shrines scattered through the country, by the wayside, in the depth of the forest, in the quiet valley. These little shrines attest the fervor, the piety and devotion, of this thoroughly Catholic people, who hold them in the greatest veneration, no one ever passing them by without saying a silent prayer or raising the hat with reverence and devotion. Numbers of these shrines are erected to the Blessed Virgin, for Flanders seems to be especially devoted to the Mother of God. The lines of the American poet are equally applicable to this fair land as to Italia of the blue skies:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit of the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince; the scholar and the peasant;
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present."

A strange feeling of sadness comes over the pilgrim on meeting with these mementos of a people's love. The mind instantly goes back to the ages when the spirit of faith and devotion to the Vicar of Christ were the characteristic marks of all the nations of Europe, and the "light" of the Reformation had not beamed on poor misguided and misgoverned Europe.

What impresses one also with the thoroughly Catholic spirit of this people is the number of large crosses and statues of the Blessed Virgin, and of well-known saints, that meet the eye at the corners of streets and over private houses; and in the halls of the rich or cottages of the poor are generally seen some of those beautiful old religious paintings for which Belgium has become famous.

But it is in the daily life of the people that one truly sees that grand, ennobling spirit of Catholicity that shines through all their work. Young and old attend Mass on Sunday, and if there is an opportunity of hearing a week-day Mass, all who can assist with a fervor and devotion worthy the early ages of the church. At the noon-tide hour and vesper eve, when the Angelus bell rings out through the dreamy air, hearts and minds are raised up to God in silent prayer.

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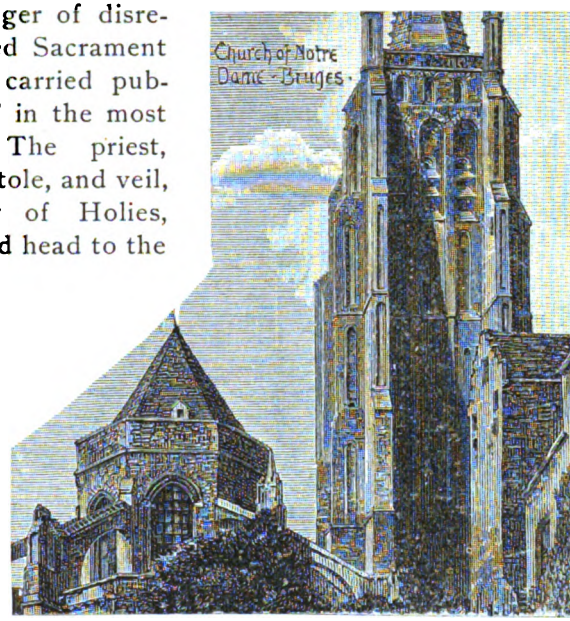
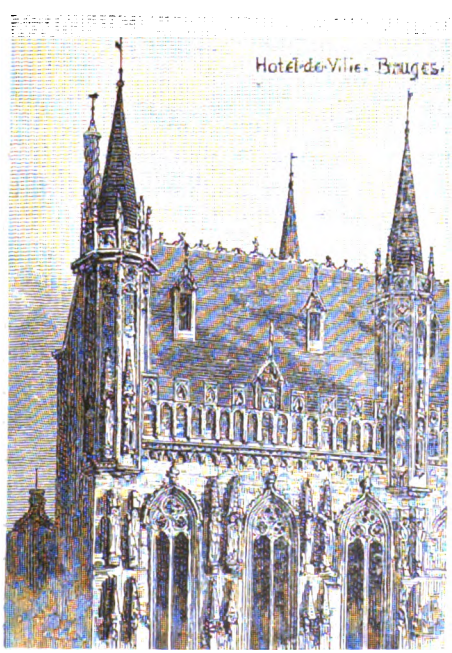


There is no danger of disrespect to the Blessed Sacrament in Flanders; it is carried publicly to "sick-calls" in the most crowded streets. The priest, robed in surplice, stole, and veil, bearing the Holy of Holies, walks with uncovered head to the sick-room, preceded by two acolytes with lighted tapers, one of them at intervals ringing a little bell to warn the people. The sound is well known, and at its first tinkling all work ceases; people come to their doors, wagons, carriages are stopped, and all bow down to adore the passing Saviour. Often has the writer seen a company of soldiers halt and salute as the priest passed by, and at the great processions during Corpus Christi week a battalion of soldiers, the city police, the garde civic, and the various societies form into ranks and march at the side of the clergy and religious orders. These processions are attended by thousands. At the great procession of the Precious Blood, held in July of last year at Bruges, it was estimated that over fifty thousand people took part in the line of march.



With possibly two exceptions, Flanders is the most moral country in the world, and that, too, surrounded as it is by irreligion and infidelity; still, the enervating

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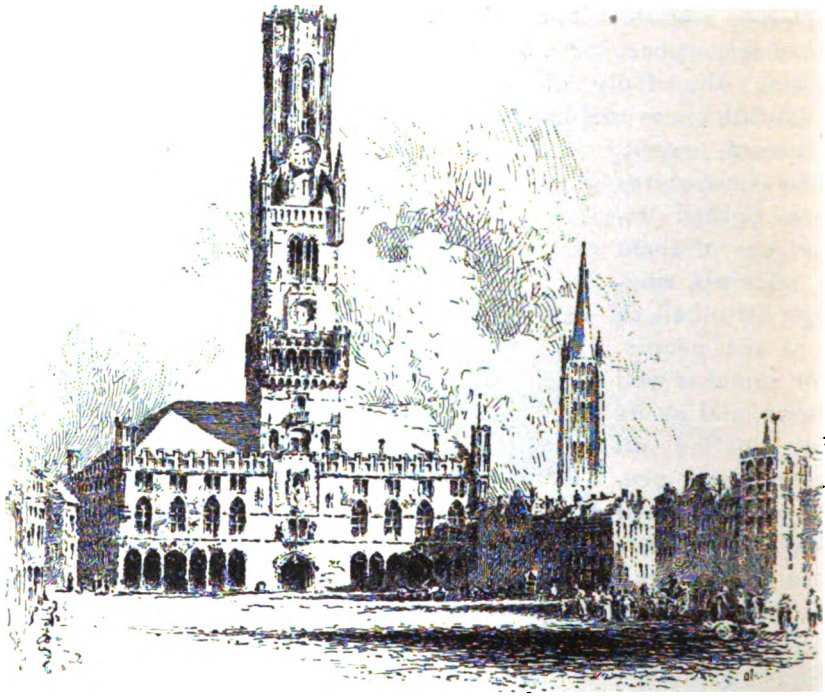
breath blowing in on its fair plains has no influence on its people. A cry has lately gone forth in Belgium to stop the flow of immoral novels flooding the country from France; but Flanders, true to its old teaching, has no part in that so-called literature.



ANCIENT CLOTH HALL OF BRUGES.

With the evil examples of other countries about them, the people ever respect and revere the Catholic priesthood. The priest's influence is all-powerful, his hold on the people's hearts and affections is constant and unchanging. He is the guide, the advance-guard and leader of the people. This is the case through the length and breadth of Flanders.

And yet, despite their deep spirituality, the Flemings are an ardent, light-hearted race, quick at repartee, faultless singers, devoted musicians. A curious custom prevails in the country. When a band parades the streets at any festival or national holiday, numbers of boys and girls precede the musicians and dance till the perspiration rolls down their cheeks; this sort of dance they can keep up for hours, evidently with the greatest delight.

With all their loyalty to their country and the government, the Flemings regard King Leopold with something bordering on contempt. Leopold is a shrewd politician, a clever intriguer, but his schemes have not helped to make him popular; on the

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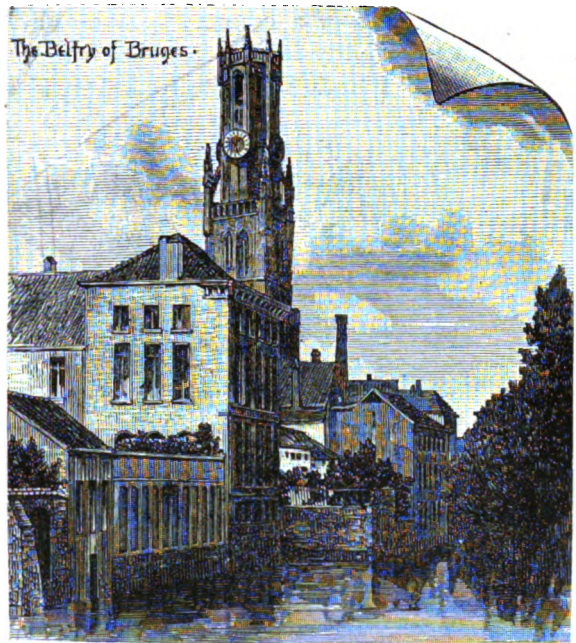
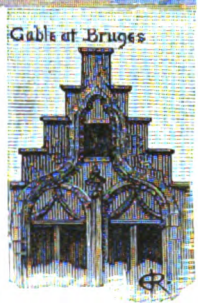


contrary, his Congoese policy has been sharply criticised and opposed from its very inception to the present time by his Catholic subjects. And yet, instead of trying to conciliate or win the affections of his people, they are becoming more and more estranged from him every day.



Perhaps there is no other country that longs to dwell on the past, to recall its glories, to cherish its memories, to guard its monuments so much as Flanders. How often has the writer heard related the story of the Vlaamsche Leeuw, of the gallant De Conink, of the fiery Jean Bredel—how they swept the chivalry of France before them at Courtrai, commemorated in history as the "Battle of the Spurs of Gold," from the number of golden spurs found on the field. In the twilight hours, when the nightingale wakes the echoes with its sweet, wild melody, fond memories are awakened and hearts are stirred with honest pride, and the old men will tell how they fought the Dutch oppressor at Brussels, where the dead and dying lay thick as autumn leaves upon the streets and parks, or how they crushed the foe at Diest and Antwerp.

And those relics of the past! There is not a town or a village where one does not meet with them, apparently untouched by the rude hand of time, so jealously have these monuments been preserved. Churches that vie with any in Italy or Germany in point of architectural beauty, stately majesty, or quaint picturesqueness, stand yet in their old-time perfection, though some of them, alas! have been desecrated and despoiled by the marauding soldiery of the French Revolution.

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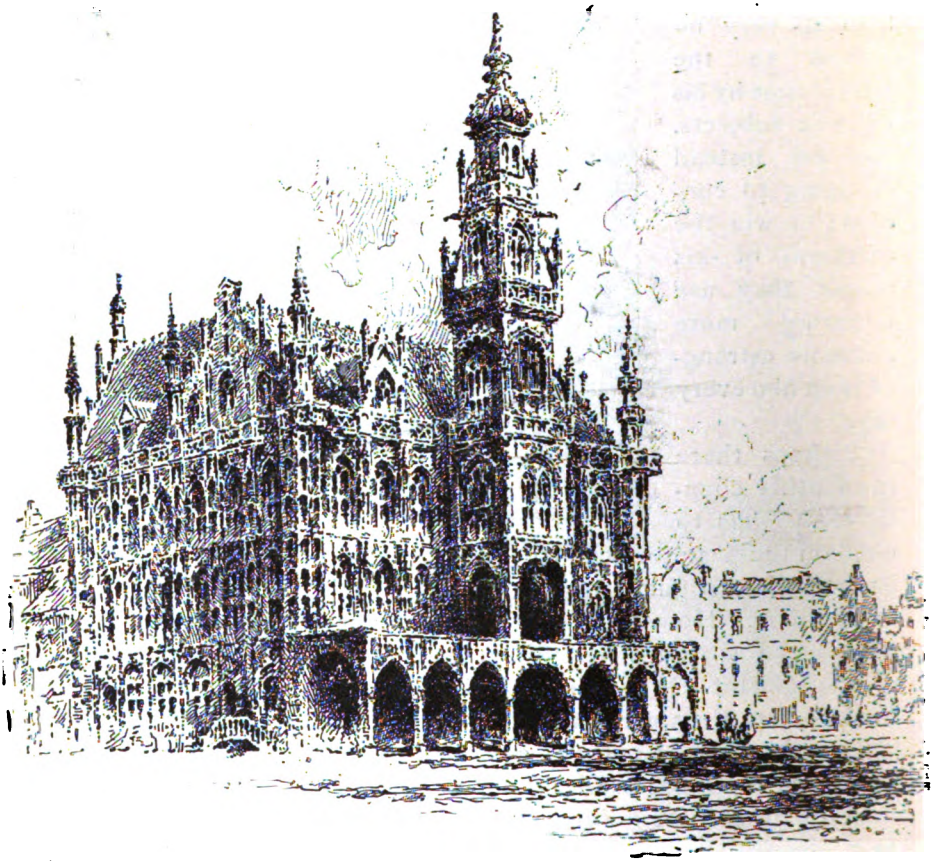
The greatness of a country may be gathered from its monuments, and certainly if any country can lay claim to greatness on that score Flanders ought to be one. Its remarkable town



HÔTEL DE VILLE, OUDENARDE.

halls and romantic feudal castles are specimens of a most perfect style of building. What more beautiful or more noble architectural work than that old tower of Bruges, whose carillon has long become famous all the world over?

The music of those sweet bells seemed to touch the inmost soul of Longfellow when he sang:

"In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,

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HÔTEL DE VILLE, GHENT.

And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished ghostlike into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

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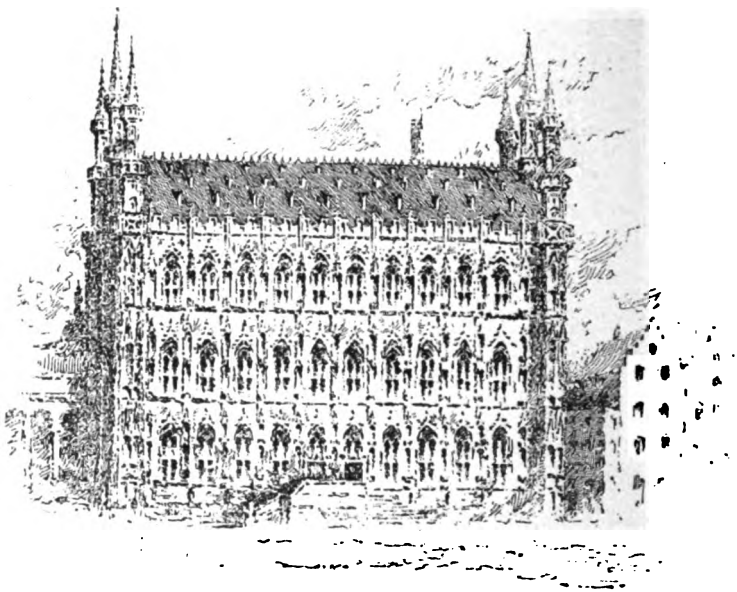
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high,
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.



HÔTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain,
They who live in story only seemed to walk the earth again."

There is no country in the world so well provided with railroads as Belgium ; it is a complete network of lines. For the very moderate sum of thirty-five francs (seven dollars) a pass for four weeks can be obtained on all the railway lines in the country. To travel through beautiful Flanders, where there is not a handful of waste earth, where nature ushers in her choicest fruits and flowers in wild profusion, where every town has its monuments and every village its history, with a people honest, thrifty, and devoted to their religion, is a pleasure and a joy.

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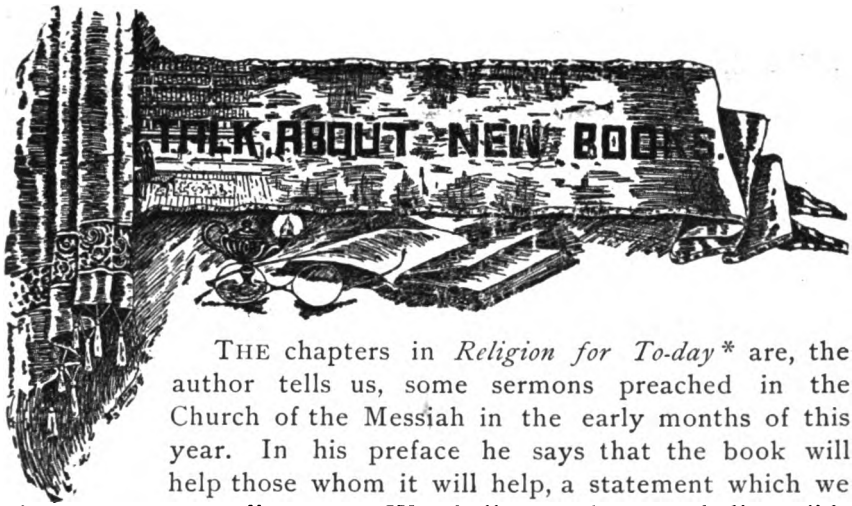

THE chapters in *Religion for To-day** are, the author tells us, some sermons preached in the Church of the Messiah in the early months of this year. In his preface he says that the book will help those whom it will help, a statement which we do not mean to dispute. "We shall see what we shall see" is one of those verbal propositions which good dull men are fond of using. But Dr. Savage is not a dull man and we hope he is a good one; and when he sends out his work under the shield of a non-committal pronouncement, he is not to be supposed really doubtful of the duty he has taken up or of his capability for discharging it. His duty appears to be to defend religion against Christianity. He does not say this in so many words. What he himself would say was the work he has not only aimed at but accomplished, is to vindicate the cause of truth against the pretensions of the sects. The mission he has received, as we understand him, is to show that Christianity is not religion. We are not going to assert the claims of Christianity against religion. We are not prepared to play into his hands by permitting him to pose as a champion of religion against the assaults of Christianity, because all Christians, whatever may be their doctrinal and ceremonial differences, regard the latter as the highest expression of man's relations to and with God, and therefore as the most perfect religion. We do not ask him for the credentials of his mission, because, however aggressive he is, he has ingeniously assumed the status of an assailed party. No doubt he attacks Christianity on the principle that sometimes the best parry is a thrust;† but his posture is that of defence.

The polemical value of this attitude in our age is plain to any one who thinks a moment. Unfortunately, the majority will not pause a moment. There is a respectable sentiment

* *Religion for To-day.* By Minot I. Savage, D.D. Boston: Ellis.

† "All of them against us poor liberals, who claim the right to be free"—meaning all Christian bodies attack him and his ("What is Christianity?" p. 61).

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which draws men to the side of one valiantly contending against odds; and there are certain superstitions of cultured people which hurry them to a sympathy with any one who says he is suffering persecution for the cause of truth. Dr. Savage claims on behalf of the poor liberals "the right to be free" and to "accept the results of modern study and investigation." He includes in his claim Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley—those martyrs to science or truth who have wetted with their tears the black bread of their rayless dungeons, who have endured stripes, cold, nakedness, contumely for truth, and finally expiated their guilt upon the gallows. It does not matter that one of the interesting martyrs is still alive, and in a comparatively recent paper displayed what in any one but a martyr to science or truth we should call insolence, mendacity, and scurrility. If we accept our author's showy generalities, Spencer was "crucified," like the rest. And Dr. Savage himself claims the crown—he is not yet dead, but he has walked along the road of sorrow trodden by every man who has been wiser and better than his age. Since the sacred principles of liberty and reason first drew down the vengeance of despots and priests upon the few great spirits whose lives are the star-paths of humanity, down to the hebdomadal hour of the successive Sundays when Dr. Savage repeated them from his pulpit in the Church of the Messiah, religion has been crushed, truth has been extinguished. But resistance to the powers of darkness shall go on. Generations may pass away, but the cause shall live; and the mysterious moment shall arrive when the soul of the universe, with a new, irresistible activity, shall infuse itself into mankind. Then shall the lion lie down with the lamb, the universe-modification labelled the soul of Huxley link itself to the like effluence called Pius the Ninth, and that of Dr. Savage fold itself like a harmony round the spirit of Dr. Gardner Spring, "formerly of the Old Brick Church in this city."*

In saying what we have said, we really entertain a feeling of the most profound indifference toward the utterances in these sermons. We are in no way responsible for Dr. Savage as a religious product—any more than we are for his cast of thought. His views of science lead him to a pantheism which he endeavors to hide from himself by insufficient reservations, as if his thinking were done by words solely; but taking him as a religious product, we ask the Protestant divines whom he names in a manner by no means complimentary, to ask them-

* "Present Religious Conditions," p. 11.

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selves whether or not his religious attitude is not as consistent with the right of private judgment as their own? When he says that he "does not believe there is any difference in kind between our souls and the world's soul," * he is perfectly justified in citing Dr. Lyman Abbott as an authority to support the view, just as the latter is justified by the principle of his interpretation in effacing the Bible as a part of the revealed will of God and seeking his revelation only in the bible of nature. Of course the "works of his hands" reveal our God, but the sense of the psalmist is not the sense in which we speak of the direct revelation by his angels, his prophets, and his Eternal Son. The specious use from the suggestion of the noble passage beginning *Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei* with which the hearers of Dr. Savage are familiar, reminds one of those processes of intellectual jugglery by which advocates obscure the issue. It is not consistent with his claim to be a martyr for truth, to be held like "those simple and great ones gone," whose martyrdom did not consist in a comfortable house, a well-appointed table, a recognized place in society, or at all resemble the court paid by ladies of refinement and gentlemen of social standing to Dr. Savage—people whom he "does not know personally," but "who prefer his spiritual advice to that of their own ministers,"—it is not consistent with such a claim to make merchandise of martyrdom.

This little book † is a selection from the remains of the Roman satirists from Ennius to Apuleius, and is intended for the use of college instructors who offer courses of lectures and readings in the historical development of Roman Satire. The student's acquaintance with Roman satire is usually limited to Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and the work before us is intended to be something of a guide to supplementary reading in the rest of the field of that department of Latin literature. The editor is Rich Professor of Latin in Wesleyan University, and we take his work as evidence of a return to a taste for classic learning in American colleges. It is by the satire that the Roman's originality is to be judged. At the moment when contact with Greece softened the severity of Roman manners, the taste for a polished literature began to exercise influence on the higher classes; but all the fields of literary activity had been occupied by the Greek masters except that of satire, and to this such Romans as desired to link their fame to work

* "Is God Incarnate in One Man Only?" p. 169.

† *Fragments of Roman Satire.* Selected by Elmer Truesdell Merrill. New York: American Book Company.

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which was not liable to be called imitation were, to some extent, forced to betake themselves.

We have some specimens from Ennius, who may be said to belong to the period when Roman satire was not an art, and succeeding him in the selections we have Lucilius, who has been described by the highest authorities as the man who raised it to that dignity. Mr. Merrill's plan precludes him from giving any information on the rise and quality of Roman satire; he has confined himself to selection and arrangement from approved texts, and so his readers must apply to other sources for knowledge on these interesting points. We regret this, for we have incidentally, in his little introductory note to the "Last Will of the Little Pig,"* proof that he could have given valuable prelections to guide and interest readers not intended to be college teachers.

The Latins had a command of vigorous and pointed prose to which may be attributed their success as satirists. Satire is not the highest form of poetical composition. Accordingly, those gifts which manifest themselves in Greek poetry, and to which it owes its unrivalled excellence, were not needed to a great degree in the production of that species of composition. It is not meant that the satires of Horace and Juvenal would be as perfect if these accomplished writers employed prose; all that is meant is that a highly polished and barbed satire in prose can approach closely to the best satire in verse, while there is a world as wide as from heaven to earth separating the higher forms of song from any prose whatever. When Demosthenes makes such a transition as he does in the speech on the Crown, carrying the imagination of the people to the memory of a great disaster to their country, so that in their passion they forget the present, he is a poet, as every great orator must be. But the moods of selfishness and weakness, the indulgences of vice and folly, the vagaries of fashion, and the inexplicable influences that move multitudes are not by themselves subjects for the higher gifts, but such as these are the subjects of satire. Satire without numbers or in numbers could deal with them.

Here we possess the reason for the success of Roman satire, coupled with what we have said of the discernment that some Romans possessed, that in that form of poetic literature alone could they attain an "original" excellence. "Satira tota nostra est" is the observation of Quintilian; and in it that emi-

* Testamentum Porcelli.

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nent critic expressed in a word what we have taken paragraphs to convey. Horace, as a very distinguished critic once pointed out, said that the Roman satire bore a resemblance to the lighter comedy of the Greeks, and this he pronounced a most correct comment. The common notion that the Roman satire had its origin in the Greek satiric drama is so utterly wrong that they have nothing in common but the sound. How judicious Horace's suggestion is, will be perceived by one or two passages from the "Satyricon" which we offer to the reader, premising that the editor prints his extracts as taken from a work by Petronius Arbiter. This is not excused, in our opinion, by his plan, which does not profess to be critical beyond guaranteeing the text. He links the fragments by very short but sufficient explanatory notes, like the "arguments" prefixed to the books of an epic. If this were not an infringement of his plan, neither would it be to tell the readers not intended to be college teachers who should give lectures on the historical development of Roman satire something about the author covered under the name of Petronius Arbiter.

Our readers will perceive that a first-rate novelist of our day would present the life of the wealthier classes of New York or London, as witnessed in their entertainments, very much as Petronius reports the conversation which followed when the host, Trimalchio, leaves the room for a time:

"As his departure freed us, we began to draw out our fellow-guests. Dama, as soon as he had called for a goblet, 'What is a day?' he says. 'Nothing; you have night before you have time to look about you. The fact is, one should go straight to the dining-room from his bed-room. And we have had such a cold time of it, that the bath could hardly warm me; but a hot drink is additional clothing; well, I have sucked the tendrils [*staminatas duxi*] and am distinctly sprung [*plane matus sum*]. On this Seleucus rejoins: 'I don't believe in bathing every day; daily washing melts the very heart, as cleaning does the clothes; but when I have polished off my glass of mead I defy the cold. In any case I could not bathe to-day, for I had to go to the funeral of Chrysanthus, a charming fellow—so amiable! He has gone over to the majority [*animam ebulliit*]. Why, it was only this moment, as it were, he stopped to speak to me—in fact, I seem to be speaking to him now: sad! sad! We are moving wind-bags, more fleeting than the summer-flies—nay, they have some tenure of life, but we are only bubbles. And he tried fasting; for five days bit or sup

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did not pass his lips; and it was not that he did not consult the doctors; they did for him [*medici illum perdiderunt*]. However, he was well buried—splendid coffin and all that kind of thing; tiptop mourners saw him off, though his wife spared her tears.'"

He was about moralizing when another of the characters, Phileros, interrupts him, utterly bored, and gets in his innings without regard to the proverb which will only allow good to be spoken of the dead. He gives a history of the dead man in which are double-barrelled shots hitting hard, while praising his brother, and hitting Chrysanthus hard without praising him. The brother could behave like the fine fellow he was because, among other strokes of fortune, "he got more out of an inheritance than had been left to him." He is interrupted in his turn by Ganymedes, who pitches into the Ædiles as the cause of the bad weather, and complains of the decay of religion. He is stopped by Echion, whose business can only be translated by "Manchester-cotton-merchant" [*centonarius*], who lays the blame of the bad state of affairs not on the country, but the men that live in it. "If you were anywhere else, you would say the pigs at home ran about ready cooked." The conversation then passes to a gladiatorial show; thence a *chronique scandaleuse* emerges, and in all we have a very good specimen of the sentiments of the new rich, their manners and their morals, and are bound to say there is nothing new under the sun.

This book* is issued by the managers of the Catholic Summer and Winter School Library, and consists of three lectures, one on English Literature, one on French, and one on Spanish. It is hardly necessary to say that they bear the impress of accurate scholarship, since they are the work of the gentleman whose name stands below. We should have been better pleased if he had given us a fuller account of Spanish dramatic literature—an account as full as that he gave to the Elizabethan drama, for instance. There is not a single scene from Calderon, although we have ample materials in what the late Archbishop Trench and the late Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy have translated to enable the English reader to form a sound estimate of his greatness. Numbers have tried their hands on parts of those plays with varying degrees of success, but critics indubitably place the translators we have named in the first rank as exponents of Calderon. It would have been very interesting if in this lecture we had, from so competent

* *Lectures on Literature.* By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Akron, Ohio: McBride & Co.

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a man, some suggestion concerning the influences to which the Spanish drama owed its national character. In no province of the Roman Empire did the characteristics of Latin thought and sentiment more distinctly assert themselves than in Spain; yet the Spanish plays are as national as those of England. They grew out of the soil of the Spanish mind, as though no classical models in the parent Latin were there to tyrannize over the freedom of the fancy and compel the imagination to bow before the unities. At the same time, what he has said of the Spanish drama is good so far as it goes.

We think him an excellent guide in catching the marvellous significance of Cervantes' wit. Wit of the highest class, in which healthy humor is an element, is wisdom, or so allied to it that the man who possesses this gift must also possess wisdom. The conception of Don Quixote, with his complement, Sancho Panza, as the instrument to laugh knight-errantry out of Spain, illustrates in the most admirable manner the combination we speak of. Although Mr. Johnston does not bring out this, he evinces the clearest appreciation of the relation of the knight to the squire, and the counter-relation of the latter to the knight. That Cervantes believed he was discharging a sacred duty to his countrymen in this work is clear. He possessed in an eminent degree the true spirit of chivalry, which would prompt the man of his age to lay on the altar of duty every prospect of success in life, all the rewards to be looked for in the pursuit of an honorable ambition. His noble and touching reply to the sneers of malignant scribes, who flouted him as a one-armed pauper who had not the hand to write at all,* or the independence, if he had the hand, to write for fame, establishes this. Admiration for a wild assortment of adventures furnished idle minds with fantastic images. The Spaniard of all ranks above that of the most exacting labor lived in a world of paladins and queens. The freeholders in their fields and the tradesmen behind their counters belonged to the Five Hundred, just as the grandees who, like the Duke of Medina Sidonia, could bring armies of forty thousand men to the standard of the king. The ordinary relations of life were reflecting this half-frenzy to a degree certain to become pernicious in the business of the people and the action of the state. We are not sure that something of it has not survived by transmission, though Don Quixote and Rosinante, Sancho and Dapple drove it from conversation and avowed authority. We should

* It was the left hand he lost, as a matter of fact.

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have been pleased had the lecturer told us something of that Catholic atmosphere in which we find ourselves so unmistakably whenever the one-handed soldier of Lepanto leads us to the presence of his immortal knight and squire.

Equality is the title of a work by Edward Bellamy,* the author of *Looking Backward.* He has a command of taking titles. People would be drawn to *Looking Backward* under the impression that they were going to read a tale of a man pursued so hotly that he kept "his chin on his shoulder," as the Spaniard says. *Equality* is a sounding title which is interpreted, in French social science, according to the gospel of Jean-Jacques—one noble savage is as good as another. Julian West awakes in the year 2000 with his "brain in a whirl," so the author informs us, and he writes what he sees about him in that condition of mind. We consider the explanation satisfactory.

A Rose of Yesterday is by F. Marion Crawford.† Mr. Crawford is a man of uncommon ability, with the power of analyzing character and telling the result clearly. His people talk well, but know that they do so. He has some satisfaction in their performance, dashed with the suspicion that they are talking their best; that, as English people say, they have their company manners on and are talking for effect. From an artistic point of view this is defective, for it is self-consciousness; but, as may be inferred from the way we put it, it is not of a very exasperating character. Our meaning may be well illustrated by a reference to Sheridan's plays; the dialogue is too brilliant for perfect enjoyment—too much sunlight unrelieved by shade. At the same time no one would lose a scene of Sheridan's for the world. There is no dramatist of the eighteenth century, except his countrymen, Macklin and Goldsmith, who can be compared with him. And talking of Macklin, we are just reminded of what will bring out the point of our criticism of Mr. Crawford's excellent dialogue somewhat more distinctly than in what we said above. The cynicism of Sir Pertinax is perfect wit, but the vulgar old man is unconscious of it; Mr. Crawford's people, even the accurate Miss Wimple, say their epigrams with the premeditation of the men at a supper in Holland House, or at the Priory, where the Monks of the Screw corruscated, or sitting in that little cabinet where the Regent Orleans entertained his flatterers and masters with sallies worthy of the wine he gave them.

* New York: D. Appleton & Co. † New York: The Macmillan Co.

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Disunion and Reunion, by W. J. Madden.* This work treats of the subject indicated by the title under five heads. The first, which is called "Signs and Symptoms," deals with "efforts to unite," such as the Chicago Parliament of Religions and the Eucharistic Congress. It is an interesting chapter. In Part II. we have the causes of "Christian Disunion" as the title of the separation of the Greeks from the Holy See, and in Part III. "The Protestant Defection," as he calls the revolt of Luther and the so-called Reformers; Part IV. contains the church's answer to them, and Part V. what the author names by the distinguishing title of "The Church's Final Answer to the Reformers." We think the book a handy summary of the question: What led to the disruption of Christendom? The causes are stated in a plain and easily understood manner and without a breath of passion.

That this is so Protestants who may read the little book will admit. Taking the chapter on the movement which took place in the sixteenth century, they will find everything stated with what must be regarded as conspicuous fairness, even from their point of view. We are not quite too ready to admit that the author's local coloring is faultless. In his desire to conciliate, he sits in a nineteenth century study in a Protestant colony† of the British Empire, and arranges his light in the conditions of his own environment and not with regard to those which governed the Scandinavian kingdoms, and Northern Germany, and Britain. The two nations foremost at the time in every walk of intellect, Italy and Spain, remained Catholic. The boast of Englishmen is that their drama is superior even to that of Greece. For a hundred years before it emerged from the crude outlines of the old Mysteries and Moralities, the drama of Spain had attained an excellence hardly surpassed when Shakspere finished his last play, or the last touches of his plays, amid the quiet of the little country town where he was born. Three centuries before Luther was born the Holy Scriptures had been translated into Castilian by order of the court. Admirable as the old ballad poetry of England is, it is rude in comparison with that of Spain; while the latter possesses every excellence, whether of spirit or scenic effect, fondly claimed for the former. A century before Chaucer put into that verse "drawn from the well of English undefiled" his characters, that are the perfect mirror of the time, a poetic literature existed

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† New Zealand. He was rector of the cathedral at Auckland.

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in Spain composed of names not inferior to Chaucer's. Every student knows the place Italy held in letters, art, policy, when in the Northern nations the achievements of the pencil and the chisel were on the same level as those of the deeds of the house-painter and the mason, when great lords thanked God they could not write, when statesmanship meant taxation or a foreign war. We confess we are a little tired of this injustice to the South, this idolatry of the North.

Of course Father Madden is right in saying that reforms in discipline were needed. Abuses had found their way into many relations of the clergy with the people. Such abuses are to be found to-day; but no one except an Irish Protestant or an English Nonconformist would discover in individual scandals in South America, or even in this country, reason to deny the promise of our Divine Lord to be with his church until the end of time. That an unhappy priest shocked the conscience of his people would not of itself, in our opinion, be an explanation of the latter's action in shaking off the authority of Leo XIII., and calling him Antichrist. But if that people preferred the freedom of their passions, and had fastened their eyes upon church property and exemption from tithes, we should consider their action somewhat intelligible, although we might not call it love of truth, independence of mind, the protest of reason against tyranny, or by any other of the mouth-filling epithets by which Protestants still try to delude themselves.

We hope that the successive sociological canvasses of the "Federation of Churches and Christian Workers of New York City," whose second report* is just issued, may result in the production of a series of maps setting before philanthropic people pictures of the social and moral state of this city as vivid as those given to Chicago workers by the Hull House maps.

Last year, the Federation made a house-to-house investigation of the Fifteenth Assembly District. This year, while selecting the Nineteenth Assembly District, it confined its work to what it calls the "tenement section," extending from Sixtieth to Sixty-eighth Streets and lying between Columbus Avenue and the Hudson River.

Since this canvass is avowedly in the interests of religion as well as of morality and sociology—the inquiry reaching to a somewhat delicate discrimination between church attendants

* *The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City.* Second Sociological Canvass. The Nineteenth Assembly District.

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and church members, and to the consideration in the report of a distinction between "confirmed" and "communing children"—we regret that it should have been limited to dwellers in technical "tenements." Moreover, from Columbus to Amsterdam Avenues, it did not compass all tenement-houses, but only "the greater part of them." Hence, although its statistics may throw light on certain aspects of the relationship between the sanitation, education, and religion of small wage-earners, it can, as the compilers themselves admit, be only "directive" of the investigations of clergy and pastors whose interest in the spiritual geography of the neighborhood is practical and vital rather than theoretical.

The Federation aims at securing such information as will enable it at any time to furnish what may be desired by any church or philanthropy in the city, while protecting families from the intrusion of "a series of different canvassers, employed by as many societies, and annoying the people by importunities." This will be a boon to a community on which the law already inflicts seven censuses every ten years!

Only 82 out of 4,882 families refused to answer a most exhaustive series of questions, ranging from their rent and the exact mode of their water-supply to the number of children baptized and regarded as church members, and their amount of Sunday work. The form used provided, at first, for tabulation of membership in political, educational, and recreative clubs; but the membership in the district proved so small that this tabulation was dropped. Possibly part of the fault lay in the classification. The large Temperance Guild of St. Paul's Church, with its club-house and its regular series of meetings and entertainments, while both educational and recreative in scope, would not fit into the schedule as either.

A striking feature of the district is its great number of colored people—2,614 out of 19,717 persons canvassed. These are massed in three blocks, and charged from $1 to $2 a month more rental than whites. Their men are also the smallest wage-earners, which fact compels their wives to work to such an extent that colored women form 53 per cent. of the wage-earning wives of the district. In view of the biting poverty and grinding toil indicated by these facts, it is not surprising that 372 of these colored families are connected with no church, and that the percentage of their children who attend church is smaller than in any other nationality. Moreover, there is no colored church in the district—and in what white denominational church

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is a colored man ever made really at home? He may not be taxed for his color on his pew as on his house. But it is a question whether he would find any desirable pew diseng

Educational statistics are alarming. One-fifth of the di children between 8 and 16 attend neither public, private, nor parochial schools. More American children between 8 and 16 are in school than those of any other nationality—fewer between 3 and 7.

Out of the 4,882 families, 3,449 contain church members. Of these, 2,214 are Catholic—74 per cent. The remainder are divided between 18 denominations, plus one Buddhist. Happily, the district is not fashionable and Buddhism is not likely to increase. Congregationalism has adherents only among the Americans! It appears to be an essentially non-missionary sect. The committee generously ascribe the preponderance of Catholics to the "splendid parochial system and spirit of service in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, at Sixtieth Street and Columbus Avenue."

Nothing can be stronger than the language used throughout this report as to the superiority of the Catholic parish system over any machinery which can be devised by the Methodists, with their "class" system; the Presbyterians, with their theoretical oversight by the members of the "session"; or by all the sects together through the zealous use of such interlocking agencies as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and the Society of Christian Endeavor. While only 22 Roman Catholic families claim any "church home" other than the Paulist Church, the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, or the German Church in Forty-ninth Street, the Protestant families are lightly scattered among 102 churches, lying all over the city, rendering any systematic pastoral oversight impossible.

"Is it not apparent," asks the committee, "that Protestantism needs something approaching the Roman Catholic parish system? . . . To continue the present Protestant parish methods on this island is to limit the blessing of God upon his church's labors, and to have and deserve the condemnation of business men."

We heartily agree. But we do not regard the Federation's suggestion that each church in a district should be responsible for the systematic visitation of the families in a given block as workable. Even if the Protestant pastor made the visitation in person, he would go with no universally recognized credentials. He plays no essential part in the every-day life of even his

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own people. Where baptism is a pretty ceremonial to be performed or omitted at convenience or taste—where marriage is a civil contract which may or may not be embellished by prayers—where death is regarded as so purely a family affair that the ministerial presence is felt intrusive—the relationship between pastor and people is based purely on personal likes or dislikes, and that sense of personal dependence upon pastoral service which is the fulcrum of efficient parish work is absent. The "Catholic parish system" is the outgrowth of the Catholic faith—the natural outcome of the church's sacramental system, and therefore "not made with hands," incapable of superficial imitation.

DR. SETON'S SCIENTIFIC ESSAYS.*

Very few Catholic writers in America have done as much as Dr. Seton to hasten on the reconciliation of science with religion. In a dispute between friends, in nine cases out of ten the cause is either a misunderstanding concerning statements made or a misinterpretation of motives. The duty of peace-maker is confined principally to bringing parties together and encouraging mutual explanations. In his scientific essays Dr. Seton has done great service as a peace-maker between science and religion.

He has brought to this task not only a thoroughly loyal devotion to the spirit of religion, but also a reverence for the letter of the church's teaching, and he has united with all this an accurate knowledge of the latest teaching on scientific subjects. He has, moreover, that peculiar faculty of making interesting whatever he touches. We are pleased to know that much that he has written has taken a more permanent form in the shape of the book which he modestly calls *A Glimpse of Organic Life.*

It is a series of instructions on natural history in the shape of a conversation out-of-doors between a professor and his favorite pupil. It traces briefly the development of organic life, and this in the confidence that there is no antagonism between real science and religion. It would be hardly fair to give an outline of the subject of this little work, but we can indicate its character by saying it covers four stages of development; the first he calls that of "The Rocks," the next that of "Inverte-

* *A Glimpse of Organic Life.* By William Seton, LL.D. New York: P. O'Shea.

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brates," the third the "Age of Reptiles," and finally that of "Mammals."

In an easy and familiar manner, the result of careful study is given in the one hundred and thirty pages which compose the book; and we venture to say whoever reads it, bringing to the task no knowledge, or very little knowledge, of natural history, will close it with the grasp of a more intelligent information than would be acquired from some of the very pretentious compendiums that aim at being the treatises of masters. Nor do we mean to imply that Dr. Seton at all resembles those who make books of science by transforming the works of investigators into popular manuals—books of science for the million. On the contrary, we very distinctly recognize the fact that he has an interest in the study of natural history which none but the genuine student possesses. To give an idea of the easy sweep of his manner of communicating what he has to tell, we shall cite a couple of sentences from a short *résumé* of his account of the unfolding of organic life from low to higher forms:

"The primitive fishes had beneath their armor soft, cartilaginous skeletons, and their tails were so constructed that they could not give the strong blows necessary for rapid swimming." That, we think, is admirable as an instance of concise statement, and reminds us of the pages we have had to go over in order to read practically the same matter. Again, we have him saying his word about the ancestral horse: "We know that his foot was infinitely less adapted to swift locomotion than the foot of his far-off descendant."

We consider this also well presented:

"In the primeval days what little earth had risen above the water was comparatively a silent earth; but by and by insects appeared to chirp and to hum, and to be answered by other insects; and this chirping and humming was followed later on by the bellowing and roaring of mammals, and by the sweet voices of birds."

We hope that the intelligent laity will procure books of this kind, in which they will find the most fearless pursuit of truth coupled with a reverent spirit which bows before the majesty of the Creator; books in which the authors show that the more they learn of God's works the greater are their awe and gratitude, instead of obtaining from a little knowledge of them that science which puffeth up and has no tongue but that of an insolent dogmatism.

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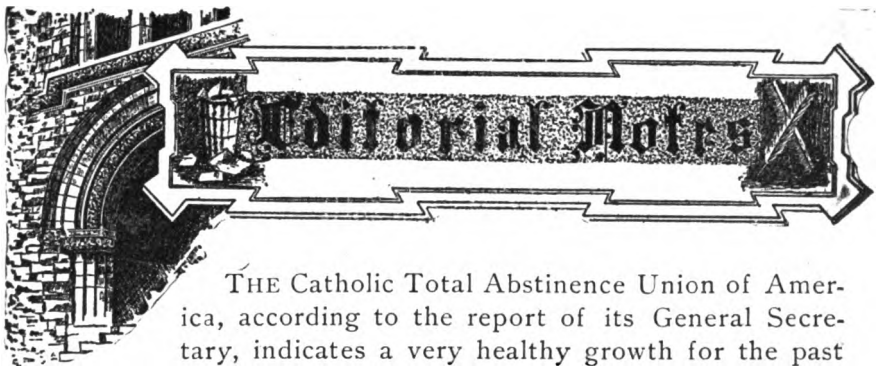

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, according to the report of its General Secretary, indicates a very healthy growth for the past year, and proves very conclusively that the Total-Abstinence sentiment is still making headway against an innumerable host of opposing forces of apathy and criticism and the ever-vigilant interests of the liquor power. During the past year there have been added 74 new societies with a membership of 3,459. This places the total membership of this admirable organization at nearly 80,000 total abstainers.

It is not without its significance to note the frequent reference in sermon and paragraph to the number of conversions to the faith and the general attitude of hopefulness that public writers assume when talking about the future of Catholicity in America. The wonderful revival of the religious spirit on the one hand, and the decadence of Protestantism as a working organization on the other, leaves Catholicity master of the field. If the Church only opens wide her doors and permits the non-Catholic to see the beauty of the interior, there is no telling what crowds will be attracted to her.

Some of the leading religious papers outside the church are beginning to realize how empty is the showy parade of figures found in the religious census, and when seen from inside out many religious bodies are not in reality what they seem. The Congregationalists constitute a striking instance. To them are given in the latest census 5,482 churches; but one-half these churches have less than 50 members each, and a great many have less than 10 members.

Practical, hard-headed business men are beginning to realize that for the money invested the output of religion as a manufactured article is of higher quality and better grade, and more of it to the yard, from the Catholic loom than from any other source. This is the secret of many of the generous donations made by non-Catholics to Catholic religious effort.

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AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

AMONG the Catholic women of culture in the South who have won distinction by their published writings, MRS. MARGARET ELLEN HENRY-RUFFIN is conspicuous for the work that she has done both in poetry and prose.

She was born at Daphne, Baldwin Co., Alabama, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, at the summer home of her parents, and, barring three years of her infancy that were spent in Ireland during the Civil War in this country, she has always resided in Mobile.

MARGARET ELLEN HENRY-RUFFIN.

She was educated at St. Mary's School, in Mobile, and at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland. At the latter institution she was graduated in 1877, and to it she looks as the Alma Mater that bestowed on her her best training and that has rejoiced at the laudable use that she has made of it.

Even in her school-days she gave evidences of possessing the literary gift. In the development of that faculty she received the cordial encouragement of her father, who, having the love of learning that is characteristic of the well-born Irish and the means to cultivate it in his favorite daughter, lovingly fostered her literary aspirations and looked forward with fond anticipations to her career as a writer. It is one of her greatest griefs that he is not here now to cheer her on in her labors and to share their meed of praise.

Her first book was published in 1884. It was a volume of poems called *Drifting Leaves* (Catholic Publication Society Co.) It shows the influence on her thought and style of Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest, who was an intimate friend

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of her family's, and whose verse she knew by heart before she herself attempted "to build the lofty rhyme."

She has material on hand enough for another and larger volume, some of which has appeared in magazines, but the chief gem of which is an epic, "John Gildart," that has never yet been published.

In prose she has produced an historical sketch of the diocese of Mobile,* a novel entitled *The North Star*, and many artistically constructed and charmingly written short stories that have found a wide audience in publications North and South.

Although Alabama is her home, she has travelled extensively in this country, especially in the North Atlantic and Middle Western States, and she counts her friends in them a legion.

She has devoted much time to the study of music and languages. She is an ardent admirer of Celtic literature and antiquities, and she expects to make apt use of her acquirements in those fields.

In 1887 she was married to Mr. Frank G. Ruffin, a civil engineer and son of Colonel Frank Ruffin, for many years State auditor of Virginia. She has five children—three daughters and twin sons. Her time is divided between her household cares and her literary engagements, and through her own maternal experiences, sheltered and glorified with affection as they have been, her spirit has broadened in sympathy with life at large, the story of which is ever ancient and ever new, the same yet infinitely varied, radiant with laughter but abounding in heart-tragedies.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN was born at St. Louis in 1858, studied at the University of St. Louis, Fordham College, and the University of Georgetown, and spent two years in Europe. He has received from Georgetown University the degrees of A.B. (1880), A.M. (1883), and LL.D. (1896); and from St. Louis University that of Ph.D. (in 1885). All of these degrees were earned by hard study, with the exception of that of LL.D., which was conferred *in causa honoris*. The first article which he ever published was contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, in the year 1883, and was on the subject of scepticism and modern thought.

In 1886 he started to write the editorials for the *Catholic*

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, November, 1893.

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World weekly in St. Louis, which in 1888 was amalgamated with the *Church Progress*. From that time until the spring of 1896 he was the editor of the *Church Progress*, which under his editorship became recognized as the most powerful and uncompromising organ of ultramontane opinion in the United States.

In 1885 Mr. Pallen, in connection with Professor Maurice F. Egan, published a little volume of verse (*Carmina*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

In 1889 Dr. Pallen gave the Centennial Ode at Georgetown University, and about the same time he read a paper on American Catholic Literature at the first Catholic Congress of the United States, held at Baltimore in that year. In 1891 he was elected president of the Catholic Press Association of the United States, which he had been instrumental in organizing.

Dr. Pallen has long enjoyed an extended reputation as a lecturer. Besides many special lectures in various parts of the country, he has given lecture courses at all the Catholic Summer and Winter Schools that have thus far been held. The principal subjects of these courses have been The Philosophy of Literature, Epochs of Literature, Savonarola, and The Church and Socialism. The lectures on the Philosophy of Literature are now in press, and will shortly be issued in book form by B. Herder.

Dr. Pallen has been a frequent and welcome contributor to the periodicals of this country and Europe, including THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Month* (London), the *Rosary*, the *Educational Review*, and the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. An article on "The Interpretation of the 'Idylls of the King,'" published in 1885 in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and afterwards expanded into five articles for the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, called forth from Lord Tennyson himself the testimony that he had seen farther into the meaning of those beautiful poems than most of his commentators had done.

ELLEN BECK, known better to Catholic readers as Magdalen Rock, is a native of County Tyrone, Ireland. Her first poem, "A Californian Rose," was published in the *Irish Monthly* early in the year 1890. Like many of her fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, she attributes whatever measure of success she has attained in literature to the kindly and learned editor of

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that periodical, Father Matthew Russell, S.J., who from the first was ready with advice and encouragement. Miss Beck is a certificated first-class teacher, and has taught in the village school of Rock from the age of sixteen. It is her boast that she has never been, but on two occasions, out of her native county. The village of Rock, from which she takes her name, consists of some half-dozen white-washed houses built on the summit of a slight hill. It is within a few miles of the historic town of Dungannon, once the residence of the O'Neills, kings of Ulster, and famous as the meeting-place of the Irish Volunteers in February, 1782. The village is a very quiet one, possessing neither telegraph office nor railway station.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Since the time of her first appearance in the *Irish Monthly* Miss Beck has been a frequent contributor to its pages. She has also written much verse for *Chambers's Journal*, the well-known Edinburgh magazine, and prose and verse for many London journals. Contributions from her pen have appeared on this side of the Atlantic. She has also, in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Seymour, Dublin, written an operetta for Messrs. Curwen & Son, of London. Miss Beck has written many stories for the Catholic Publishing Company, Liverpool, and a volume of short tales from her pen have been published by Moran & Co., of Aberdeen.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

WORLD-WIDE SERVICES PROPOSED.

CARDINAL JACOBINI'S PLANS FOR CELEBRATING THE END OF THE CENTURY.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND SIR: You have doubtless become aware of the project, advanced by a number of men of great piety, to get the faithful throughout the universe at the close of the present century to affirm in a solemn manifestation, by a series of religious exercises, their love and gratitude to the all-powerful Redeemer of the human race.

The design of these men in this initiative was to respond to the desire of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who wished to consecrate this epoch of transition from one century to another by an extraordinary invocation of the divine assistance of Jesus Christ as a happy presage of peace and concord.

Now, the project of these personages having received the full approbation of His Holiness, and Catholic delegates from all nations having assembled in congress at Rome to promote its realization, it has pleased the Sovereign Pontiff to select me, without any merit on my part, as honorary president of the committee.

Here, assuredly, is a noble task, and I own that I am proud and happy to undertake it. For what could be more agreeable to my feelings than the occasion so favorably presented to me at the end of my days to employ all the strength that is still left me in promoting the glory of our Saviour—all the more, too, in these last days of a departing century? And what a century has been this of ours in which proud men, relying on a science unworthy of the name and displaying an activity which might be called feverish, have carried their audacious temerity to the extent of calling in question the origin of Christianity, or even presenting as a fiction, as a lying legend, faith in the divine person of the Saviour!

Wherefore we shall fervently strive to make reparation for the great injuries done to our Master, to appease God's anger by our prayers, to exalt in pæans of praise the holy name of Jesus Christ, who is the splendor of the glory and the perfect image of the substance of God. Such will be the task in which we shall put forth all our zeal at the dawn of the new century.

Uniting, therefore, as closely as possible under one head the efforts of all, by striking acts of piety and reparation, by the publication of desirable works, by the great voice of the best daily papers, and, finally, by public demonstrations of affection for the Roman Pontiff, we shall easily succeed in celebrating these grand solemnities in the joy of our hearts, and in an imposing concert, as it were, of the voices of all nations. In this way we shall clearly show forth our close alliance of will, the wonderful unity of the church, and the perfect union of the faithful with its head. Moreover, the triumph of the cross, the only source of salvation, being thus verified throughout the universe, human society will escape unharmed from the perils of imminent ruin, and will happily enter upon a path of peace and prosperity at the beginning of the next century.

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I entertain the happy expectation that your lordship, as well as all other bishops, will consent to give your powerful support to myself and the committee established at Rome, and, above all, that you will devote your best efforts to the creation of a national committee for the same object.

Awaiting your answer, in order that we may all agree on the measures to be adopted, I earnestly implore the Lord Jesus Christ to vouchsafe in his infinite bounty to hear your lordship's prayers.

Yours most fraternally and devotedly, CARDINAL JACOBINI.

FATHER HECKER.

HIS YANKEE TYPE OF CHARACTER AND THE FRENCH CATHOLICS.

(From the New York Sun.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—*Sir:* It is not a little significant to note with what eagerness many thinkers in Europe are watching the development of American thought, especially in religious matters, and are looking to the fresh vigor of our younger civilization for their inspirations. Leo XIII. has made no secret of the fact that not a few of his progressive ideas as well as his broad humanitarian notions he has acquired from American sources. He owns up to carefully reading a copy of the Constitution of the United States given to him by President Cleveland some time ago, and it gives him not a little delight to buttonhole some American prelate or publicist, and, while telling him how much he loves America, to gather all the knowledge he can of American ideas and the trend of American thought. Formerly the wise men came from the East; his wise men come from the West. Leo in this capacity represents a large and growing class among the thinkers of Europe.

A notable instance of the same spirit is found in the publication lately of two appreciative articles on Father Hecker in *Le Correspondant* by the Count de Chabrol, and now there appears a translation into French of the Life of Father Hecker, apropos of the publication. Abbé Klein, professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, summarizing the intellectual position of Hecker, speaks of him as the prophet of the future—the one who has blazed the way to the best progress in religious matters.

Abbé Klein is one of the stoutest exponents of the Leonine policy in France, and, like Leo, he is a strong believer in the vitality of ideas. He says of Hecker's "Life" that "no book has appeared within fifty years which casts more vivid light upon the present condition of humanity or the religious evolution of the world, on the intimate relations of God with the modern soul, or on the existing conditions of the Church's progress."

The type of Yankee character he finds in Hecker is so unconventional and at the same time so refreshing, so full of straightforward simplicity and guilelessness, so utterly lacking in that peculiar French trait, diplomacy, that he falls in love with it at once. Still, he does not fail to see the far-reaching influences of Hecker's ideas, and he realizes that, like all pioneers in intellectual or spiritual movements, Hecker will be appreciated fifty years from now far more than he is to-day. He says: "Nothing is so affecting as to follow the intellectual, moral, and religious evolution of this free and confident youth. As in a sort of interior drama one beholds God taking irresistible possession of his soul and leading it by a manifest influence to the highest degree of perfection. With the difference which belongs to their epochs, he reminds one of St. Augustine. The latter was

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attracted to God from a corrupt life. Hecker was profoundly moral, filled with a strenuous desire for the light, but without any model of the religious life, and even repelled from the Church by the external appearances which Catholics retained from an age gone by. He has traversed the whole space which to-day separates from the Church a Yankee unembarrassed by the accidental institutions of the past."

When the searchlight of Rome was being thrown on the difficulties which ultimately culminated in the institution of the first American religious community, now known as the Paulists, one of the Canadian bishops said to Pius IX.: "Holy Father, I should not be at all surprised if you were to canonize one of these Yankee priests some day."

The applications of the inventive genius to the industrial arts have undoubtedly produced more changes in the world in the last fifty years than were formerly made in several centuries. Such changes in the social world do not go on without reacting profoundly on the moral condition of humanity. They require, and, in a certain measure, they call into being more knowledge, more energy, more independence, more initiative, and a greater change of the conditions under which one lives; and all this newness of environment creates new ethical problems which constantly demand solution in public life as well as settlement in private conscience. The passive spirit which was the honor of an epoch in which one had only to follow the current, must everywhere give way before those active virtues without which the cause of morality cannot stand.

In these changing conditions Hecker had the greatest confidence in the inborn ability of human nature to adjust itself from a spiritual side to the new order of things. He saw that the trend of all these movements was in the direction of larger liberty and greater intelligence, and that the office of religion was not to curtail liberty and intelligence, lest perchance they be abused, but to encourage and direct them. Not a few were possessed of the idea that religion was a huge central despotism in the hands of a hierarchy whose chief business was to repress the legitimate aspirations of the heart for what are the idols of modern life—liberty and intelligence. Little wonder, then, that agnosticism was the full flowering of such reputed antagonism. But the system of mysticism of which Hecker was the best exponent emphasized the fact that the "kingdom of God is within you." Every legitimate aspiration for what is good is from the interior spirit of God, and the practical end of the true religion is simply to submit each soul individually to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The external authority which alone has been endowed with the prerogative of infallibility must be merely the standard by which we are to measure the rectitude of the interior action—the track on which the train is to run, while the motive power is in the engine. The initiative to individual perfection must not be the principle of authority outside of one's self. Where this is looked to and depended upon the result is the drying up of the secret founts of individual life. But the growth must be from within, as the tree grows by a life all its own. The action of the priesthood must be to dig about and fertilize the roots that the tree may get its best development. "The better the man, the better the Christian." "The individuality of the man cannot be too strong, or his liberty too great, when he is guided by the Spirit of God."

It is not without its significance that these very principles have been enshrined in the latest encyclical letter of Leo on the "Mission of the Holy Spirit," and too little notice has been taken of these luminous affirmations of the great watchman on the tower of Israel.

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During the last three hundred years the polemic effort of the church has been to defend the outer ramparts of the citadel of her power—the external authority. This work found its logical culmination in the Vatican Council, whose definitions placed the coping stone on the fortified walls. Now, says Leo, the battle of three centuries is done; turn now to the inner beautifying and sanctification of souls.

Hecker's life had been the practical studying out of all these vital principles, and he burned with the most intense desire to tell his countrymen that the Catholic Church gives them a flight to God a thousand times more direct than they ever dreamed of. They think the authority of the church will cramp their limbs. He was eager to explain to them that it sets them free, clears the mind of doubt, intensifies conviction into instinctive certitude, and quickens the intellectual faculties into an activity whose force is unknown among those who are always inquiring for and never gaining the truth. And with his profound confidence in the future of the religious life in America, he believed that the Latin race, with its predilection for external institutions and monarchical forms of government, had crowned its religious work in the Vatican Council, and that it was given to other races to lead in the development of the interior virtues of religion.

Abbé Klein has assimilated these new and vigorous ideas in a wonderful way for a Frenchman, and his voicing of them in French for the religious thinkers of his own people is like a strain of sweetest music from another land. What is the matter with French Catholicism? Why is the practice of religion so formal, obedience so servile, and the church so sterile? Because so little has been made of the interior spirit. The walls of a dungeon have been built around and the doors have been shut upon the religious spirit. Souls yearn for the light. They gasp for the fresh air. Hecker's spiritual views, which are, after all, but the approved teaching of the best mystical writers, are like a deep breathing of oxygenated air into these souls; they bring a new light into their eyes and a new vigor into their step. Little wonder that with yearning eyes the best thinkers eagerly scan the religious horizon of the Western World for this new light.

CATHOLICUS.

NEW BOOKS.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, Paulists, New York):

Historical Papers, No. XXIV. The Landing of St. Augustine. Rev. Sydney J. Smith, S.J. *Indifferentism.* Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J. *The Jesuits.* By Comtesse R. De Courson.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

Physics for Grammar Schools. Harrington. *A Study of English Words.* Jessie Macmillan Anderson. *Advanced Music Reader.* Vol. vii. of "Natural Course in Music." Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Theologia Moralis Decalogis et Sacramentalis. Rev. Patritius Sporer, O.S.F. Edited by Rev. F. Irenæus Bierbaum, O.S.F.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. H. De Balzac. Translated by Ellen Marriage. Preface by George Saintsbury.

APPLETON & CO., New York:

Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work. Archbishop Edward Benson. Introduction by Bishop H. C. Potter.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SOME time ago Cardinal Gibbons, in an interview approving the Champlain Summer-School, made this significant statement:

"Our clergy and laity have never had any central meeting-place where all could gather without awkwardness and amicably discuss questions of interest to all. The success of the congress held several years ago in Baltimore showed the need of it. The plan of the Summer-School seems suitable for this purpose. Pupils and teachers can meet at its reunions and learn to know one another outside the school formalities. Educators can compare notes, specialists can meet and confer. This bringing together of theorists and men of affairs, clergy and laity, religious and secular, cannot but have a good effect if wisely and safely managed."

The results that may be justly claimed for the session just closed of the Champlain Summer-School are highly gratifying to all concerned, and especially to the representatives of the American hierarchy whose timely words of encouragement gave strength to the workers. During seven weeks at Cliff Haven clergy and laity, theorists and men of affairs, have had opportunities to meet and discuss leisurely important questions representing many phases of Catholic thought and activity. In many ways the sixth session of the Champlain Summer-School, extending from July 11 to August 28, accomplished satisfactorily the same plans proposed for the first Catholic Congress at Baltimore. For the time being an intellectual centre was established of far-reaching influence on Catholics in general. The keen appreciation shown for the intellectual treasures displayed in the lectures and conferences can hardly be realized by those who were unable to be present.

Among the pioneers who assumed responsibility for beginning the Summer-School was the distinguished Brother Azarias. What he wrote in its favor for the Catholic Congress at Chicago, in 1893, may be now read with profit as showing that he accurately described the need of such an undertaking. These are his words:

"The primary import of the Catholic Summer-School is this: To give, from the most authoritative sources among our Catholic writers and thinkers, the Catholic point of view on all the issues of the day in history, in literature, in philosophy, in political science, upon the economic problems that are agitating the world, upon the relations between science and religion; to state in the clearest possible terms the principle underlying truth in each and all these subjects; to remove false assumptions and correct false statements; to pursue the calumnies and slanders uttered against our creed and our church to their last lurking-place. Our reading Catholics, in the busy round of their daily occupations, heedlessly snatch out of the secular journals and magazines undigested opinions upon important subjects —opinions hastily written and not infrequently erroneously expressed; men and events, theories and schemes and projects are discussed upon unsound principles and assumptions, which the readers have but scant time to unravel and rectify; the poison of these false premises enters into their thinking, corrodes their reasoning, and unconsciously they accept as truth conclusions that are only distortions

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of truth. It is among the chief purposes of the Summer-School to supply antidotes for this poison."

* * *

It is a great advantage to the reading public when specialists consent to prepare a list of books. Rarely do we find any lecturer that has given such a satisfactory bibliography as the Rev. M. J. Flannery, director of the Fénelon Reading Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y. His object in preparing it was to supply guidance for those who wished to continue the studies in Christian Art outlined in his lectures at the Champlain Summer-School. The list is here given:

Æsthetics, Schlegel (Scribner, N. Y., 1880). Essays on Beauty, Blackie. First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty, Hay. Analysis of Ornament, Wornum. Principles of Form in Ornamental Art, Martel. Early Christian Symbolism, Palmer, Northcote, and Brownlôw (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, 1885). Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy, C. L. Hemans. Symbols and Emblems, Twyning. Christian Iconography, Didron. Christian Art and Symbolism, Tyrwhitt. Early Christian Art in Ireland, Stokes (Chapman & Hall, London, 1887). Principles and Limits of Expression, Bellars. The Ideal in Art, Taine. Le Spiritualisme dans l'Art, Levêque. L'Architecture du V^e^ au XVII^e^ siècle et les arts qui en dépendent, Gailhabaud. Sacred Art, Maitland. Sacred and Legendary Art; Sketches of Art, Jameson (Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1887). Contribution to the Literature of Fine Arts, Eastlake. Religious and Military Life in Middle Ages, Lacroix (Chapman, Hall & Co., London, 1874). Dictionnaire raisonné du mobilier français de l'époque Carlovingienne à la Renaissance, Viollet-le-Duc. Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament, Pugin. An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture, Pugin. Recollections of Augustus W. Pugin, Ferrey (Edward Stanford, London, 1861). Renaissance, Symonds. Renaissance, Burkhart. Renaissance Sketches, Walter Pater (Macmillan, New York, 1887). Ecclesiologist, Camden Society. Ruskin's Works (John Wiley & Son, New York, 1885). Art of Illuminating as practised in Europe in Early Times, Tymns. Pilgrims and Shrines; Patron Saints; Christian Art in our own Age, Eliza Allen Starr. Divers Works of early Masters of Christian Decoration, Neale. Church of Our Fathers, Rev. Dr. Rock (J. Hodges, London). Vestiarum Christianum, Marriott (Longmans, Green & Co.) Monasticon, Dugdale. Church Vestments, A. Dolby (Rivingtons, 1869). Mediæval Art, Von Reber (Harper Bros., 1887). Ecclesiastical Art in Germany in the Middle Ages, Dr. Lubke (Thos. C. Jock, Edinburgh, 1873). Mediæval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy, C. L. Hemans. Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, Labarte. The Fine Arts of Italy in their Religious Aspect, Coquerel. Preraphaelitism, Young (Rosetti). Père Besson, Sydney Lear (Rivingtons, London, 1877). A Christian Artist of the Nineteenth Century, Sydney Lear (Rivingtons, London, 1877). Cyclopædia of Painters and Painting (Scribner's, New York). Journal of Art (Appleton, 1875). Cathedrals of England and Wales (Cassell & Co., 1884). Lives and Works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, by R. Dreppa and Quatremère de Quincy (H. G. Bohn, London, 1856). L'Archéologie Chrétienne, André Pérate (May & Motteroz, Paris). Wonders of Art and Archæology, Lefévre (Scribner's, 1886).

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As reports regarding the establishment in Washington of a Catholic college for women have been prematurely circulated, it was deemed advisable by those immediately concerned to publish an authoritative statement. Since the establishment of the Catholic University of America at Washington inquiries have

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been made as to what the Catholic Church is prepared to do for the higher education of women. It has been decided to establish in Washington a woman's college of the same grade as Vassar, thus giving young women an opportunity for the highest collegiate instruction. The institution is to be known as Trinity College, and will be under the direction and control of the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose mother-house is in Namur, Belgium. This congregation of religious women is devoted exclusively to teaching; their colleges in Belgium, England, Scotland, and their academies and parish schools in the United States, have won for them high distinction in educational work. Trinity College will offer to its students all the advantages of the best American colleges, and will have, in addition, those benefits that come from education given under the direction of experienced religious teachers.

The Sisters of Notre Dame have purchased twenty acres of land near the gateway of the Catholic University, at the junction of Michigan and Lincoln Avenues, and plans will be at once prepared for a suitable college building. The establishment of this college in the City of Washington offers opportunities to the students which can be found in no other city of our country; the libraries and museums, as well as many of the educational institutes and the scientific collections, offer advantages that cannot be equalled elsewhere in America, while its close proximity to the Catholic University will give to the students the rare privilege of following regularly the public lecture courses, or private courses by specialists having the endorsement of the university.

It will offer three courses of study, each extending through four years—the classical course, leading to the degree of bachelor of arts; the scientific course, leading to the degree of bachelor of science, and the course of letters, leading to the degree of bachelor of letters. All the courses will ultimately lead to the degree of Ph.D.

This college idea has been under consideration for some time, and has met with the cordial approbation of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore and chancellor of the university, who welcomes its establishment in his diocese and near the university as a providential step in the higher education of Catholic women. It is to be a post-graduate school, and no preparatory department is to be connected with it. It is intended to supplement the good work of the academies and high-schools throughout our land, and the candidates for admission must have certificates of graduation from such school, or pass an examination before entering equivalent to such graduation.

Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, when questioned about this matter, stated that everything that could be done consistent with the interests of the university would be freely rendered for the encouragement of those who have so generously undertaken this great enterprise. He expressed himself as confident of the ability of the Sisters of Notre Dame to establish a first-class college, as he has had experience with them as teachers during the whole period of his ministry, and could certify to the thoroughness of their instruction and to the evident determination of being satisfied with nothing less than the best in all the departments of education which came within their scope. He feels confident that great success awaits the enterprise of the sisters, and is pleased to see their college seeking the friendship of the university, for in so doing they desire to be in close touch with the bishops of the church, under whose direction the university is placed. At least one answer is given to our Catholic women with regard to higher education; for the university frequently

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receives letters from all parts of the United States making inquiries concerning it.

For further particulars applications should be made to Sister Julia of Notre Dame, K and North Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Twenty-six years ago the late Father Hewit wrote an article on the Higher Education, published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for March, 1871, in which he showed the necessity of advanced studies, especially in philosophy. Some passages will show the line of his argument at that time: "All modern literature is full of erroneous, pernicious, and infidel maxims, data, and conclusions. The extensive and miscellaneous reading in which our young people indulge will fill up their minds with false notions which are logically irreconcilable with the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Thus a state of mental contradiction will be unconsciously, gradually, but inevitably produced, which will breed difficulties, perplexities, temptations against faith, and in many instances will result sooner or later in secret or open apostasy and infidelity.

"Young women as well as young men are exposed to these dangers, because to a great extent they become familiar with the same kind of literature. Women are engaged in editing, writing, translating, and teaching. It is often the case that a priest will be obliged to call on his philosophy and science to remove the doubts, solve the difficulties, and instruct in sound religious doctrine the minds of the female catechumens who come to him to be prepared for reception into the Catholic Church, or to be re-established in the faith from which they have been drawn away by a bad education. Women in our society, if they are intelligent and educated, come in contact with the intellect of men, and share in the intellectual movements around them in such a way that a sound instruction in the philosophy of religion is of great utility to keep them safe, and to give them a wholesome influence both at home and in the society around them.

"The great point to be gained with the coming generation of Catholics is to make them see and feel the grandeur and magnificence of their religion, that they may glory in it, and that all their pride and boast may be in their faith and in their Catholic descent. It is time to break the prestige of heathenism and pseudo-liberalism, and every other illusion, and manifest to the multitude that which has so long been known to the *élite*, that there is nothing in the earth really worthy of admiration except the Catholic Church, the spotless bride of the Son of God, the queen of the world, for whose sake the nations have been created, and for whose glory and triumph alone time is prolonged."

* * *

The words non-partisan and non-sectarian are frequently used to cover secret hostility to Catholics. Mr. G. Wilfred Pearce declares that

"It is in vain that the student searches the 'non-partisan' histories for an acknowledgment of the fact that the great elements of our institutions, namely, representative government of the Christian type, electoral franchise, manhood suffrage, written ballot, written constitutions, bills of rights, reciprocal oaths between rulers and their people, trial by jury, limitation of laws of labor, fixed compensation for labor, sanctity of human life, and the recognition of the woman's rights in the marriage law as standing upon an equal footing with those of man, came from the Catholic Church alone.

"The Republic of San Marino has existed in papal dominions more than fourteen hundred years, and therein that form of popular government, which in

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our country is called the New England Town Meeting, has been in use for a period which antedates the time when the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes departed from the sand-dunes that front the Baltic Sea and invaded Britain. The saint who founded San Marino instituted the town meeting after seeing the same form of government among tribes in the north of Italy. In the Germanicus of Tacitus is an excellent description of town meetings. Our Federal Constitution does not contain a line which cannot be found in a complete edition of *Esprit des Lois*, the greatest French book of the eighteenth century, written by Baron Montesquieu, whose body was interred in St. Sulpice's Church, Paris, exactly thirty-seven years before the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia.

* * *

Reading Circles cannot dispense entirely with the daily papers, if there is a desire among the members to discuss current events. Judicious readers should always refuse to give time to the news of notorious criminals and the other calamities displayed in prominent headlines. The following opinion of an exchange editor may be profitably discussed:

I am reminded of that highly accomplished and thoroughly amiable editor, John H. Holmes, one of the owners of the Boston *Herald*, who, in a recent number of *Munsey's Magazine*, has been profitably discussing journalism, new and old. Among other striking remarks is this:

"In the whole range of journalism there are to-day probably not more than seven or eight thinking newspapers. All the rest are echoes. A man who reads the daily exchanges of the country may see an idea travel from the Atlantic slope to the Pacific and from the Pacific to the Atlantic as visibly as a train of freight-cars runs over the Vanderbilt system."

As an exchange editor, off and on for years, I can agree with this, but should be inclined to raise the limit. There are at least a dozen papers in this country that present evidence from day to day of original thinking, and, considering the tremendous rush and pressure of newspaper life, reflecting all life in America, this is marvellous, almost miraculous. There are also men with high ideals in editorial chairs—plenty of them. I remember a conversation I once had with Holmes when on his staff. An educational article of unusual length had been sent in, and one of the sub-editors did not agree with me that we should give space to it. We appealed the case to Mr. Holmes, and the argument was made that there was no money in printing the article. Holmes's eyes snapped a little, and I was encouraged to proceed with my plea in favor of the contribution. Soon as I finished he said gravely: "I should be sorry to think that I was publishing a paper simply and solely to make money." Holmes has but one bad habit—he will keep manuscripts occasionally till moth and rust have corrupted them. I know one case where he has had an author's story for seven years. It was paid for handsomely, but the author considered it one of his best tales, and therefore felt aggrieved.

M. C. M.

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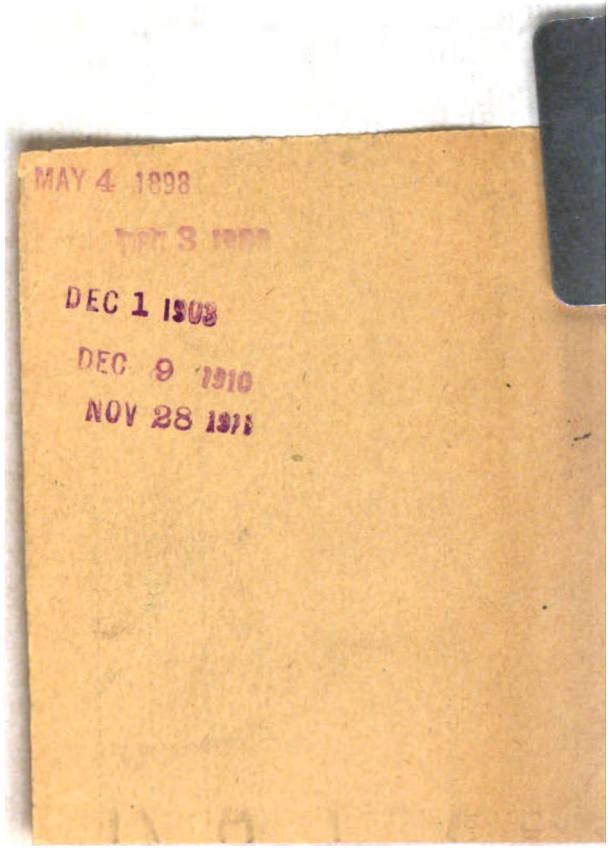
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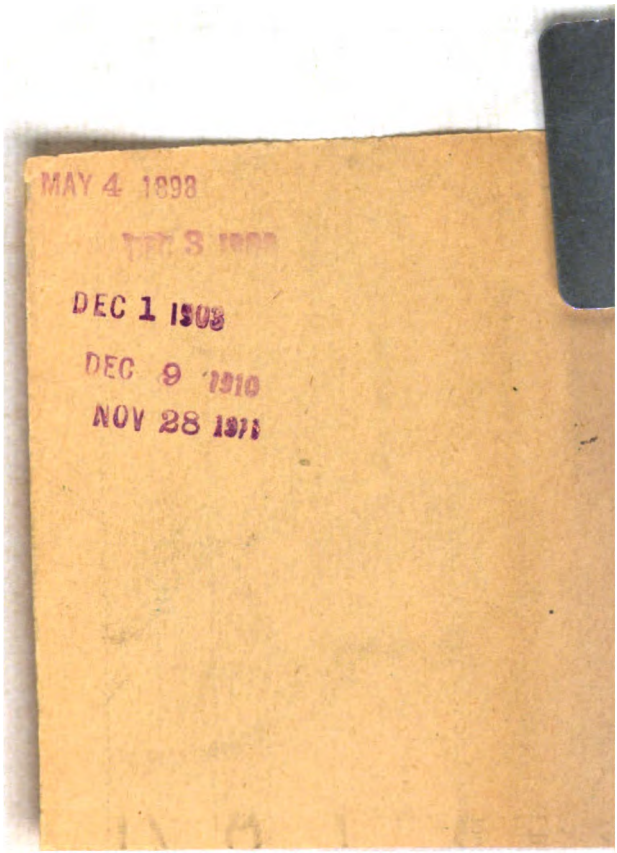
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